

Montreal, July 2nd. 1921.

My dear, devoted Morris:-

When Mr. Turtle reached the office this morning, he was greatly surprised to find me there, presuming that I would take the entire week-end off, and told him if he felt that way, I would go to the next best place - the doctor. Accordingly I hid me hence and parted with a perfectly good ten dollar bill, to be told that I am to continue taking the tonic and to return Tuesday. And the good soul also threw in an electric treatment which consisted

of sitting on a chair with hands placed on knobs at each side of the chair. There is no sensation whatever but I suppose there is something to it - he calls it an internal bath. I feel so silly having "nerves" - it is a disease of the wealthy and the lazy classes - I am a member of the latter. Doctor says I am really ill and if I am to have confidence in him, must not doubt it. There will be no room for a repetition of this trouble when my beloved Sancy is by my side. You shall be my confidante and your tenderness and nobleness will overcome

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even real fears - to say nothing of
groundless ones.

If my adorable man thinks he is
wasting time with the boys and feels
in the mood for studying, you ought
to follow your inclinations. Dr. Morris
seems very peculiar in his attitude.
However I am under the impression
that he is a splendid man at heart
and a true friend of yours. At any
rate I can imagine your relief in
having liquidated your indebtedness.
It is intensely gratifying to me as well.

I do so long to live up to your ideal,
sweetheart, and have no doubt but
that we shall be able to help each other.

With sublime thoughts and aspirations that suppress my being, it seems a paradox that the thoughts of going away and keeping house should disturb my peace. They are deep in my sub-conscious mind, having been there for many years, but I always consoled myself with the assertion that I would never marry an out of town man. Such is life. But doctor says he can correct the trouble.

I cannot recollect having met Mr. Reinhorn. The only way to find out if he is not mistaken in my identity is to ascertain who this girl friend of mine is. I asked Sarah Wiener (she has known me fifteen years) if she

knew him. She does not, but her brother, Dr. Judah Wiener, a recent graduate in dentistry, does.

Mr. Sugamaw also must be mistaken, since I have never visited the Gittleson's home. The wonderful person there men have in mind must be my double.

To-morrow being Sunday and the usual outing being in order. I shall have no opportunity to write, but shall send another

of your roses which must speak
for itself. The heat has been
almost unbearable there past
three or four weeks, with no rain
to relieve the humidity. Poor
Ben is sweltering in New York and
working very hard. He will
need a long vacation upon his
return.

With very tender thoughts to
the king of my heart, I am
Entirely yours,
Rosana.

P. S. Lily and her family have left to spend the summer at a lovely place in the Laurentians, known as Belisle's Mill, Que. A letter addressed there would reach her. Sarah, too, left last week, for the same place, and so did Harry to spend a week. Freda, I believe, left to-day to spend the week-end with her beloved.

Would you believe that your Father, too, is up there with the bunch? I believe the factory

closed down for a week and he decided to take advantage of the country pleasures. Only Milly remains in town and I shall phone her to-night. I have neglected your family and all my friends and they say they will never forgive me. but am sure they will with a little coaxing.



Mr. Morris Soskin.

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