

Montreal, March 7th, 1921.



My own:-

A few minutes before your wire arrived, I happened to be thinking of telegrams and felt that you would eventually wire for one reason or another. Imagine my surprise when yours came. I expected to read something on this order. "Have changed my mind. It was only a dream after all," or "Am weary of your whims and fancies. Please release me." It is too bad you have had to worry about my mail. I have written almost every second day, and sometimes, every day, this being about my ninth.

And your two letters arrived this morning. What noble sentiments you express! Things I had felt, you stated, and thoughts that had been mine you voiced. You leave little for me to say. After reading your letters, I sat in a trance. The most exquisite sense of helplessness came over me, and I could have died from sheer happiness. But it does not matter if I die - please continue to love me - such a death were Paradise.

I note that you are anxious to tell your folks of your happiness. I can understand how you feel, dear, and perhaps it would be best, but I do not like to think of anyone discussing my affairs, especially when I have nothing definite to tell them. If your family lived out of town it would be entirely different, but you know how the news would spread in Montreal. I should like to wait until three or four months before the wedding, when we ^{will} have made all our plans. My only argument in favour of the announcement would be to stop male attentions. Think of your white sanded flower telling deliberate lies when refusing invitations - it is horrible. Am enclosing a wire I received this morning from New York which is self explanatory. I told this

friend some time ago that I intended going down on a shopping tour, but have changed my mind. I shall wait now until you tell me I may start to think of a trousseau. You're lucky to be the man in the case!

If only you were here, wouldn't our hours together be wonderful, now that our feelings are mutual? I think you shall have to court me after marriage. That last word fairly thrills me - it means the consummation of every hope and dream of the past. I am consistent sometimes, but not noticeably.

There are times, dear heart, when words are inadequate to express my feelings. Were you here now, I should

2.

sit by your side with my head against your breast, my arms turned around your neck, and you would surely understand.

Does anyone besides myself read your letters? I have read extracts from them to Mother - only what I should like my own daughter to read to me under the circumstances. My parting with Mother will be a terrible thing, and I want to make it as light as possible. I can help by showing her your need of me. I need not add that parts of your letters are sacred to me alone.

Do not forget to tell me about your trip to Seattle. And more important, I should like to have copies of your addresses.

You wish to be made familiar with my wishes. I should like to know details of your business, figures included, so that I may know just how far we are from the coveted goal! I shall have at least \$5,000. at my disposal, but that will have to include my trousseau and wedding expenses. A wild thought runs through my mind - that Father, Mother and I could go to Edmonton, you could come there, and we could be quietly married in my sister's home. This would save the expense of your trip East, and on my part, a large wedding if you came here. All this is probably a long way off but I'm a devil on planning. My friends would never forgive me for marrying that way, but, of course, it is all mere conjecture.

Please do not worry again if my letters do not arrive just when you think they should. Bad news travels fast; no news is good news.

Yours until you change your mind.

Loana.



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