

I succeeded in getting our sidewalks open, and even though I didn't do a particularly neat job, but made the walks passable. February is always our snow-month up here, and this particular February seems determined to keep up the record.

Herman received your letter with the dollar in it on the morning of his birthday. As I had previously given him a dollar he felt quite rich and went with his mother to the "Movies" that night. He was agreeably surprised and quite grateful for the remembrance and will no doubt write to you before long. Prof. Stukel's daughter (adopted) was married in the Seminary Chapel on Throve Tuesday at High Noon. They had a great feed for the guests, keeping them for both dinner and supper. Dr. Hoffmann and his wife and Bonnie and I were invited down for supper. Besides the eats they had smokes and drinks in plenty. We stayed down there so late that I didn't have a chance to attend the Seminary skating party, which took place that same night. I understand, however, that it came off with the usual éclat. Mrs. Rumball, our next door neighbour on Jefferson St., died last night in St. Mary's Hospital (Catholic) in Kitchener. She was taken down there just a week ago with some sort of wound trouble and underwent an operation from which she did not recover. I don't know, but wouldn't be surprised if she didn't bring the trouble on herself, as like so many women she was dead set against having children. She had three and leaves a baby just 7 mos. old. The doctors say she died of "flooding." She will be buried Tuesday afternoon from the Undertakers' parlours. It leaves Mr. Rumball in a pretty bad way as they are very poor. He has his mother with him, but she is an old English lady who is good for nothing as far as work goes and is also beginning to be quite childish. Gerie Woodburn is still there, but she is young and inexperienced. So I don't know what he