

To Peter Leacock

June 28/84

My dear father,

The little ones all started for the lake this afternoon; they went this morning but they missed the train. The party were 8 in all, carrying about 10 trunks and some ½ dozen dogs & cats; In order not to be late they went to the station about an hour early, and, true to their orders not to go on to the platform, they sat patiently in the car for the best part of an hour before the train started. Of course they forgot some of their luggage. Miss Wilson headed the young Israelites and Miss Bertha made an able second. There will be probably be a notice about in to-morrow's mail headed "Departure for happy hunting grounds" or something of that sort. Do you remember the fuchia which you got for mother at a butcher's shop on Queen st? There are 76 buds on it now & the Italian primroses & violets are doing well. I got some checkers down town and Mother & I played three games; I beat her in all of them, but she says it was only because she got stupid at the last, or the baby cried in the middle, or she thought that king was a common, or something of that sort.

Mother wants me to tell you that it was not the children's fault that they missed the morning train, as they were all up at half past four, in fact they hardly slept at all, and their trunk had been packed about a week before.

Mother was out in the yard for the first time yesterday and had all the pleasure of beating me in a game of croquet; she put in down in her diary (at least its very likely) in red letter capitals.

Yr affec^s son
Stephen. B. Leacock

To Peter Leacock

January 4, 1886.

My dear Father

Mother has been very sick from taking too much medicine but Dr Strange was here today and saw here and gave her some new medicine instead of the old. She seems better tonight and ask- me to write to you: it would be better if you could come down. Flora arrived all right this morning. Baby is quite well.

Your affec. son
Stephen B. Leacock