

June 4th, 1903

My Dear Friends,

So much has happened since I last wrote that I hardly know where to begin. Firstly, I have to tell you of a very sad occurrence. Our poor friend and neighbour Mr. Young took a chill during the severe weather a fortnight ago. He seemed to unwell when my husband went up to see him in his own tent 1/2 mile away that I suggested to Willie to drive him down to us as Barnes had gone down to Battleford to fetch back some implements etc. and his tent was vacant for some days, then we could look after him. We went for the camp doctor who thought it was a serious case. Friday and Saturday became gradually worse and was very delirious. Two doctors came on Sat and there happened to be an experienced nurse in camp and he came out to remain the night Sat. I was alone with the poor fellow whilst Willie drove the doctor s back to camp and fetched the nurse during which time he told me he knew he was going to die and wished me to note down his wishes and write a cable to his wife. He wished Willie to take charge of everything until such time as we should receive instructions from his family. He passed away at 3:30 am on Sunday, May 24th after only four days of illness. It was an awful blow to us as you may imagine. We had been such good friends and he and Willie were so much together. He was buried the same evening at 7 o'clock on his own ground, the Dr. and Mr. Lloyd making all arrangements.

We cabled to the poor wife in Munchester, and I wrote her a long letter giving her all the details and we are now awaiting instructions from her. They were coming out this month. He has 4 children, two sons 18 and 20 and two daughters 16 and 13.

We have the satisfaction of knowing we did everything we possible could to save him. It all seems like a dream.

Ever since this sad event we have had glorious weather and as one looks around on the lovely green grass and the bushes all in thick foliage one can hardly realize that a fortnight ago the ground had been covered with snow. Willie has been working very hard. He started ploughing (as I told you in a former letter) on May 16th, the day after we arrived here. Now, June 4th he has 5 acres ploughed, $\frac{1}{2}$ acre into potatoes, 1 acre barley, and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ oats. The latter are already well up and looking splendid.

About a week ago we managed to buy a nice cow and calf and I can assure you that I feel quite proud that I am not only able to have a nice drop of milk for our own use but I supply our neighbour with a quart a day, and yesterday we all thoroughly enjoyed a good cup of cream for tea. What a treat it was!!

Next Monday Barnes goes off to Onion Lake, Fort Pitt to fetch lumber to start our bungalow. We have chosen the site so I suppose it will be commenced in a fortnight's time. We have never received any home papers yet. We are going to camp this eve in hopes that the mail may be in. Barnes brought a few letters back from Battleford's, father's, Miss Harvey's (with good news of my darling Little Eric), Lillie Laxton's and Mr. Rogers'. How we poured over those letters! The first from home!

I can quite understand the alarm felt on our behalf on reading all the reports, but there was a great deal more truth than fiction in them. Mr. Barr did not carry out all he promised (though we have no cause to complain as he has always dealt very fairly with us). But there was no provision for the people on their arrival

or on the journey up to the Colony either in a way of provision or accommodation, and great sufferings in consequence, more especially among the women and children. But everyone is loud in their praise of how the women have faced all hardships and privations the they were no trifles I can assure you.

Mr. Barr is pretty well out of it now I think, but we have a splendid man in his place the Rev Lloyd and he is doing everything that can be done for the benefit of the colonists. The say Barr will be arrested but I don't know if it is true. Mr. Lloyd has gone after him to Battleford and all the Stores Committee and there is evidently something wrong somewhere. We are all right and have lost nothing through him he has always been especially kind to us in all our dealings with him.

I forgot to mention when telling you about the cow that one of the young fellows who brought it up to us was called Lyle and he told us he had an uncle of that name living at Newton Abbot. He is a clergyman but retired. We are just tortured to death with mosquitoes the poor children are nearly driven crazy with them. We have to cover our faces with mosquito netting in order to rest at all. I must now close as it is time to get done and be off and I want to post this in camp to-night. I am with my usual appeal for news from all our friends who can find time to write if only a few lines also anything in the way of literature. We haven't seen an English paper since we left home. With best remembrances to all and love to dear Father and Frank,

Yours ever sincerely and affectionately,
Alice Rendell