Cobalt Ont.
25th Nov. 1896.

My dear Mrs. Bleeker,

I had hoped to write you a long letter this week, but have had so many interruptions from it is almost time to post. Thank you so much for your good wishes for my birthday. I feel I am getting old, fifty-two, I am getting grey and almost toothless, and I dread becoming false teeth.

You will be sorry to hear Harry is very poorly, the Dr says nervous depression, he has ordered him to take a month's holiday, and to go right away so as to

have entire change - Harry often
reminds me of his Father, he looks
on the dark side of every picture -
The rest of the family are flourishing
with the exception of Colds -
We have had continuous South
Easters for a fortnight, but must
not grumble as it has given them
rain up Country -
The South Easter dry up the
gardens, and all the pretty
flowers are gone.
I do hope you are feeling
stronger since the cold weather
and having a good domestic
in the Kitchen -
One can hardly believe, this
day month will be Xmas day
from this year has flown
and what wonderful troubles
it has brought. We all hope

1897 will be brighted, but
but that terrible misdeeds
breaking such strides, there is
a very black outlook. It will
mean starvation to the nations.
Dear Mr. Bleek I have
much pleasure in enclosing
your draft,—
Hundred commendations to
your daughters and with
much love to Journey &
sisters Believe me
Sincerely Yours
Betty Kruger