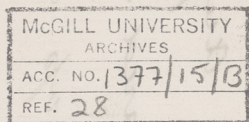


Rideau Club,
Ottawa.



May 24. 1891

My dear Walter,

Last Sunday I was
in Montreal & at the time spoke
seriously of writing to you, but
the idea did not materialize.
Today is again Sunday & I write
but write for the purpose of marking
time & indicating that you might
expect to hear from me if there
I happened to be anything say, as
there is really nothing to communicate.
I was glad to know that you had
a pleasant passage & did not
suffer very much on the way, but
noticed by the telegrams that you

Must have experienced what
 unaccountable weather after getting
 to England. Here we have had all
 sorts of weather, cold one day &
 boiling hot the next & now it is
 becoming very dry & the air has
 been more or less smoky for a
 couple of weeks in consequence of
 forest fires. Today I have
 been taking a complete holiday, by
 way of a change & returned
 late from a long twenty-four
 mile drive into the Country with
 Nellie, having at the outer end
 of the drive ramped all over
 a hill on which pits had
 been dug for 'phosphate'. Sooner
 speaking I endeavor to celebrate
 a holiday by paying a visit of a

few hours to my office - not particularly for the purpose of doing anything there but merely with the object of pursuing a course of continuity & habit of continuing to live. I shall have to go down to Montreal on Wednesday for the meeting of the R.S.C. of which meeting you have no doubt heard, & stay there Friday three days - perhaps the last visit before starting for the West, which should occur not later than the middle of next month in order that I may do anything there. My last year's report has not appeared above the horizon yet, but I have long ago given up all hope of finishing it in decent time & as no one will miss it except myself I have decided that it is not worth worrying over. It makes us feel an awful fraud when people present us with L.S.D.'s etc & other compliments on some while what I do is any done because I feel too stupid to engage in anything else & take too little interest in the whole affair to get out of the rut.

My love to you.

Yours
George