



Montreal  
July 3<sup>d</sup>. 1877

My own dear wife,

Here I am  
writing again & just because  
I can't help it. Truly I never  
thought I'd come to this;  
but if I didn't say a few  
words to my wife before  
going to bed I probably would  
not sleep all night. This  
was club night, and the  
meeting to be at John Dou-  
galls; but for various reasons  
I stayed at home. First of  
all I felt cross & out of  
sorts & had no wife to  
cheer me up; then Hannah  
too came over with some  
plants which I had to

set out, and afterwards,  
feeling that it was a sin  
to let them go to waste, I  
picked a quantity of peas  
and intend sending some  
to the Browns or somebody  
else in the morning. By  
this time it was far too late  
to think of going to the Club  
so I came in and finished  
some writing which had  
to be done to-night and  
then had a hunt from top  
to bottom of the house in  
search of a wisp of a cat  
which was kicking up  
a row.

I suppose you will  
get letters from George soon  
as Mr Selwyn heard from  
him to-day. The letter was

from Kamloops, but from what Mr. S. told me consisted chiefly of geological details. By the way, would you be very angry if I came to Metis sooner than expected? It is just possible that I may have to go down a little earlier, as Mr. Selwyn is anxious for me to do a little field-work for him near Metis, but I cannot say certainly as yet.

The first coat of paint was put on downstairs to-day, and is a great improvement. I can assure you Johanna has been pulling the spare room to pieces to-day as the painter expects to get up there to-morrow.

I have to thank somebody  
- your mother I suppose -  
for some very delicious rasp-  
berry vinegar which is rap-  
idly disappearing. When it  
is finished I think I shall  
get some more lime juice.  
I hope there will be enough  
Carrants left for the jelly,  
but Hamilton says that the  
mice are committing fear-  
ful depredations.

And now I must stop my  
scribbling as I want to take  
a hot bath before going to  
bed to see if it will put  
me into a better humour.  
I am grieved at not hearing  
from you to-day, but know  
that it is not your fault.  
I hope for a letter in the  
morning. A horrid bat is per-  
sistently attempting to fly in  
my face as I write so I must  
stop. Kiss my boy for me & believe me  
Ever your own B -