

one on being a man of my age
and on being a man of my age
the 22nd of July 1884
Montreal, Aug 22nd 1884

Dearest Love,

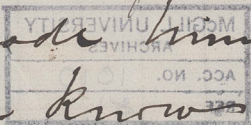
I wish I had time to
fill the sheet of paper which the
fates have allotted to me - I mean
of course with something worth reading.
No doubt you have wondered at not
hearing from me during the last day or
two, but the reason of my not writing
has been that I could not get a chance
owing to my having been away with Prof.
Bonney in the St. Jerome country. On
my return this morning I got your two last
letters and was indeed pained to hear of
your unfortunate accident. I should
have had the entrance to the hotel improved
before leaving, but neglected it as well
as many other things which I should have
done for your comfort. You do not know
how much I miss you, and with
how little pleasure I look forward to
the approaching festivities because my
"Cleric wife," and what is more my good
wife is not to be with me. For several
days I have been on the point of telegraphing
to you to come up and see me - I cannot

know what to say or think about the matter. My head is rather better, but my brilliancy will certainly not add to the reputation of the University. I have also abandoned the idea of reading a paper on Iron as I have really no time to write and besides find that in the Section on Economics there are already more papers than are wanted. In the next place I am thinking of declining to act as Vice-President of the Chemical Section if I can get a substitute appointed. I fear your father will be greatly disgusted with me if I do this, but am sure that I can be far more useful in a private capacity than as "a hoffer".

The dinner at Morris' was pleasant enough considering the heat. Rev Barclay and his wife were there. It was the first time that I had seen her and I took quite a fancy to her because she spoke of you as my "clever wife" and made herself generally agreeable.

Lindsay Russell turned up this morning. He is coming to the meeting and I have offered him quarters during the week. He will be a pleasant fellow to have and will not be offended if I do not show him special attentions.

Prof. Bonney is an odd sort of man, but made himself very agreeable during our trip. He knows a good deal but does not strike



one as being a man of mighty mind or
of corresponding modesty. The country we saw
about St Jerome was very beautiful & Romney
evidently enjoyed the trip amazingly. I too
was glad to see something of the geology of the
region which was in many respects new to
me.

We certainly have had a roasting here.
To-day it is rather colder, but still close.
Your mother has stood the heat pretty well
on the whole but complains of feeling
very limp to-day. She says that you must
excuse her for not writing as she has had
so many things to think of. To-day she gave
me the brownish umbrella and three pairs
of beautiful kid gloves which was most kind.
Your father also gave me a beautiful piece
of imitation aventurine made in Venice.

I have not seen Bover for several days
and so have heard nothing about little Redpath
but think you are wise to keep aloof. If
Clare still seems husky I fancy that a
week's jaeger of touch of mustard of you would
be good for her, if you can get her to jaeger.

It is time for me to post this, so with love
for yourself and the dear wee chicks I am
Your loving B.

P.S. I will send you by post to-morrow a packet
of stockings which your mother says you are anxious
to get. Pray be careful of yourself,
Dear!