



Banff Springs
Sunday July 22^d/88

Dearest Anna,

After a few days
of varied and rather rough
experience I got back to
Banff yesterday and am spending
Sunday here. I hoped to find
Mr Scarth here, but was again
disappointed. He seems to be
still detained with his companions
Crofters. Yesterday I telegraphed
to him ~~telling him~~ to the effect
that I was not going to wait
here for him longer, but going
on to the coast and that I
would meet him here later
if it suited his Lordship. I
feel that it is a pity to spend

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so large a proportion of my time in one region when there is so much to see further west. Of course if I knew definitely what he wishes to have done in this region I would stay and attend to it, but I do not care to ~~stay~~ as I have been for the past week until I have seen him (Mr S) and fully discussed his objects and aims with him. If I were to wait here another week for him and after that do the work which he requires it would probably be too late for me to go to the coast at all. So after much reflection I have decided to "move my camp" westward tomorrow morning.

After leaving that wretched hole, Cannore, I spent a couple of ~~days~~ nights at the shanty (or "shak" as they say out here) of a fine -

turned about 25 miles east of
 Banff. My host was a little
 French Canadian named
 Anthony Brabant who came
 hither from Plantagenet some years
 ago and could not now be
 induced to return although he
 must lead a very lonely life where
 he is. He proved most useful
 — a regular jack of all trades —
 making a raft for me to cross
 the river on, accompanying me
 through the woods, catching trout
 for my supper &c. &c. It
 was not particularly pleasant
 sleeping in his bed, especially after
 he told me that he had not
 taken a bath for three years,
 but one had to sleep somewhere
 and I am none the worse now.
 We were through a very ~~to~~ rough
 bit of country on Friday and
 I came off with many a ~~to~~
 many a bruise and many a tatter.
 As yet I have not had a single

letter and wish that I had told you to write direct to Banff instead of to Winnipeg. George must be away south of Kamloops as I have heard nothing from him. I hope, however, that I may yet be able to see him and also that I shall find William at Vancouver. Van Home returned to the east some days ago, but I suppose Wm. has not gone with him.

I am disappointed at not hearing from you to-day, for as I am going west again I shall not get any letters until my return to Banff. I cannot realise that I have been away barely two weeks - so much has been crowded into the time and I always feel so keenly being separated from my wife and little ones.

If they were with me I should feel like remaining in this lovely valley. We could ~~not~~ live upon

trout and mountain air and
 be stronger than we are at
 home. As for myself, I think
 I am feeling the better for my
 trips. I have had too much
 violent exercise and too much
 annoyance to get fat, but after
 the exercise and worry are over
 I may suddenly blossom out
 into corpulence.

How your artistic soul would
 revel in this place! It seems
 too bad that I should be
 seeing it instead of you. My
 room is on the best side of
 the house for a view and
 one could never tire of the
 prospect which it commands.
 I wish I could describe it to
 you, but must wait until we
 meet.

I have just been talking for
 some time with Mr. Sumner who
 seems much pleased to have an
 old friend here. The weather

has been warm and dry and he sits most of the time on the gallery. One would think that he would be very lonely here, but he always seems cheerful & bright. His appetite seems to be fairly good, and I think that he looks rather better than when I first arrived here.

I greatly miss the prattle of children. There is only one child in the whole house so far as I know & he too seems to prattle. Perhaps he is awed by being entirely surrounded by grown-ups. He is with his father Mr. Burgess, Deputy Minister of the Interior, who is here on his way to the Pacific.

Your fond husband
Bernard

kindest greetings to all at Intis.

I have sent word to Scarth that I will be back here on Tuesday July 31st, ~~and~~ By that time he may have got rid of his Crofters B.