

HOTEL TERMINUS NORD  
PARIS

12, BOULEVARD DENAIN

July 21<sup>st</sup> 1906

TELEGRAMS:  
TERMINUS NORD PARIS

TELEPHONE  
405-28

MCGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
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Dearest Anna,

We were highly delighted on going to Cook's agency this morning to get letters from you and Ruth, dated July 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> respecting. I am very sorry to hear of the Macneiders' trouble and wish you would express my sympathy to Miss M. when you see her. I was also glad to hear that L. Sutherland was able to get about and sincerely hope that Miss M. may benefit him permanently. Give him my kindest remembrances and good wishes.

In the rush of getting off I fear that I must have neglected to send that cheque to your mother. I do not generally forget such things and it was careless of me. She gave me a cheque for \$100.00 & I got her tickets (3 @ 89.90 = \$29.70) and pd. 84.00 for action in Pullman, i.e. \$33.70 in all - so that the balance due her is \$64.30. I have not my cheque-book here, but if I can find a cheque will fill it out and enclose in this. If I do not send one you will have to fill out one of the signed ones that I left with you. Please give your mother

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my love, accompanied with sincere apologies.  
I forget so many things that old age must  
have me in her grip.

We were sorry not to see Flo while in  
London, but she had not returned from  
Norway. No doubt, however, we shall see  
her on our return, though we do not intend  
to spend much time in the great City.

Rankine was most kind to us and  
made B. feel very much at home there.  
A day or two before leaving London we  
called upon the Morgans (not Jimmy  
but Prof. M. + wife) at the Savoy Hotel  
and had a very pleasant chat with  
them. The voyage over had upset her  
greatly and she had been quite ill in  
the Savoy with a doctor ~~was~~ attending her.  
However, she was much better when we  
saw her and they expected to leave for the  
English Lakes the following day.

The dinner at Sir Sander Brompton's  
was a very pleasant affair - given ap-  
parently in honour of Boney who had  
no doubt shown attention to Brompton  
when he was out at the meeting of  
the British Medical Association. Brompton  
is a great friend of Lindsay Russell's and  
to this I fancy I owed my invitation. He  
had stayed with the Russells at Annapolis  
when out in Canada. Not only is he  
a great man in medical science, but  
he is a charming personage with an intellec-  
tual and highly refined face. I took to him

at once, but not so with one of his  
guests, Sir Norman Lockyer, who is a fine  
specimen of the blatant Britisher and  
who, thoroughly primed, of course, gave us  
a beautiful tirade on the iniquity of  
our government for not having appointed  
Bell as head of the Survey. Low was  
characterised as liar and as for Adams,  
Lockyer had never heard of him. Really  
some of these Englishmen are intolerable  
and fairly make one's blood boil. I longed  
to say a great deal more than I did, but  
had to bear in mind that we were guests at  
the table of a gentleman. I simply said  
that Low was not a liar and that he  
was sure to do well in the position to  
which he had been appointed — not  
making any remark whatever about Bell  
(who, by the way is over here stuffing everybody)

Sir Archibald Geikie was at the dinner  
and inquired particularly after your mother,  
wondering whether she remembered putting  
away the dough when he was going  
to put ice cream upon it. Low should  
tell her this and also that Geikie wished  
to be remembered to her. Another man with  
whom I had some agreeable converse  
was a Mr. Francis Fox, a prominent  
engineer living at Wimbledon, where  
he invited me to visit him. He told  
me that his daughter had studied  
medicine and come out on top in  
everything and then had gone down  
to live in the London slums, intending to

devote her life to the poor & degraded there. He gave me the history of each of his boys, but I have forgotten this, except that one son is a prominent dignitary of the English Church in Honolulu!

July 23<sup>d</sup> 1906

My writing was interrupted on Saturday & I have had no chance to continue it until now (Monday, 11 a.m.). We left London at 11 a.m. on Friday for Paris, via Dover & Calais. Old Kent was looking its best and Bernard was greatly struck by the careful cultivation as exhibited by the hop-fields, gardens, orchards, &c. The Channel trip on the "Invicta" (a fine new turbine ~~and~~ steamer) was accomplished in an hour and neither of us felt the slightest discomfort, but thoroughly enjoyed the fresh sea-breeze. Many of the passengers, however, were less fortunate than ourselves and we had some pitiful exhibitions of what even a slight tossing can effect. At Calais we had half an hour for luncheon and then came on by train to Paris. It was raining most of the way, but in consequence we had no dust and it was quite cool. We went to a hotel opposite the station and remained there until Saturday evening when we came on to our present quarters - the "Villa des Dames" - near the Luxembourg Palace & gardens. It is a queer old-fashioned little house formerly used by some of the Court ladies - hence its name - and was recommended to me by Mr. Fletcher of the British Museum. The guests are mainly ladies, a number of them art students, I believe, but there are a few men to keep us in countenance. ~~Not~~ Neither landlord nor landlady nor any of the

servants can speak a word of English, but though I am sadly out of practice in speaking French I have really very little trouble in making myself understood. Bernard, however, is absolutely dumb. We have a comfortable room and there is a shady garden at the back of the house where we are sitting and trying to keep cool, for it is getting very hot here. Only think of it; shortly after our arrival on Saturday evening we were passing through the little salon to go and see the garden when a young lady bounded from her seat and all but ~~through~~ threw her arms around my neck. — It was Elizabeth Sargent from New Haven, who, with her Aunt, is spending some weeks in Paris. Certainly it was odd that we should have come to the same hotel and especially to such an out of the way little place where we were expected to encounter friends. Yesterday they were going out to Versailles and urged us to accompany them; which we did and though the weather was too hot for comfort we saw a great deal ~~that~~ and had a most interesting time, visiting the Palace, the gardens and both the Grand + little Trianon where Marie-Antoinette lived a country life "away from the pomp and trying etiquette of the Court." An intense pathos hangs round the cluster of little rustic buildings where

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She endeavored to lead a simple life and the place interested me more than all the palaces put together. This morning being rather tired we are sitting in the garden reading and writing letters and as it is very hot we shall not do anything very frantic in the way of sightseeing. I forgot to tell you that on Saturday we visited Notre-Dame Cathedral, a place which seemed to impress Bernard greatly - particularly the numerous gargoyles in demon form.

We shall probably remain here only a day or two longer and then go on to Caen and from there to Avranches and Mont St Michel where a whiff of sea air will do us no harm.

I am glad to know that Mrs. Tolson is with you and hope that she is keeping well. I shall try to write to her soon. Also I mean to write a short birthday note to Clare. Pray be careful of yourself and do not overstrain the knee.

Tom Coving Bernard.

I think you had better keep the Swiss City Cheque until my return. Kindest regards to Fleet. I sincerely hope he is getting stronger again.