

Montreal March 3^d 1911.

My dear Percy—

I have the pleasure of
 thanking you for your welcome letter
 dated February 16th received on Wednesday the 1st.
 I was glad to observe you had spent
 a pleasant evening with the Col. Lyell's. Such
 details of such visits would be interesting to
 us. How large is this family? I remember one
 son I saw about 21 I think. Do tell us your
 women folks about the style of dinner
 subjects of conversation &c. You know we
 have not you in for women's rights &
 do we hardly fitted for higher kind of thoughts.

Our minute is wearing away without
 much to break the uniform tone of our life.
 Papa now I was oppressed with work
 & care as the session draws to a close. We
 have had a succession of Saturday evening entertain-
 ments

for the students. We have had larger gathering
 & more lectures & music than usual, & have
 omitted the Scripture lessons losing the opportunity
 I fear, of doing good of an abiding character. I
 hope that his bible lessons in Mr Taylor's Church is
 a substitute. I no doubt to some extent it is as a good
 number avail themselves of that instruction yet not
 so many as come on Saturdays. Our last for this
 season comes off tomorrow evening being the
 sex: students with a number of the graduates
 with, in some cases, their wives & their daughters.

I have got an ice cream freezer I have
 been manufacturing on a large scale
 for this occasion. Last time we prepared
 eight quarts & yesterday William was out at the
 Parrot farm ordering the same quantity for
 tomorrow's consumption.

Do you remember Col. Houtain? He used
 to live at Peterburgh. For the past two years he has
 been acting as Secretary to the French Canadian Miss:
 Socy. It seems to be more efficiently useful to that
 Socy. he has brought his family here & they are living
 in Mr Jarvis St. quite near us. Two of their children
 about ages with Rankine & they are quite intimate.

friends with them. Well Col. Haultain has
trouble to sail by the "Prussian" (en route)
direct to London. We dined with them
at the Lums on Wednesday evening when he offered
to carry a parcel to you, or call upon you or
in short to be friendly in any way. As he will
be busy while in London we did not wish
to trouble him to call upon you, but gave
him your address & asked him to drop you
a note with his, that you might call upon
him. I receive from him a small parcel which
I fear will lead you to suppose that your
friends have conspired to spoil your teeth,
as I do not think of anything to send that you
do not get better in London. Papa sent a
"Guns Boat" of Canada as reference should any one ask
for information on that subject. Howbeit exclaim
"bitches" "so much time wasted"! but make it
a nice Saturday walk or drive. You will find
Col. Haultain an agreeable good man. Mrs
H. is sister to Mrs (Rev) Donald Fraser, London.
I think my hyacinths must be in advance
of yours. I had all just this best & one in its prime
but we don't look like anything but artificial snow

shops, but of those we had an over a hundred
supply yesterday. Today it is thick rain. The weather
this winter has been remarkably changeable.

Mrs Walker sent me a London newspaper
tably, in which I noticed the name of Lady Lyell
as one of the prominent managers of a Ladies Club.
She only one in London. In a late letter from
Mr Bigoby he says Mr Pluckton is very patient &
busy again with Christmas duty. I suppose you
have never gone to see him. He was a particular
friend of the late Pevys Wilson & is much esteemed
by the Wilsons of Torwate. I would be so glad
that you knew him as a friend. Mr & Mrs Hankin
that he sent to me at Halsey St are comfortably
settled here. The latter is my Bible woman. The report
for this year is now in the hands of the printers when
ready I will send you a few copies & you will perhaps be
inclined to go to Mr Pluckton's with me. I particularly
wish him to see it. As I notice Mr Hankin's introduction
to the work here. Quite a long time ago I wrote to
Mr Bigoby - He has never noticed having received
my letter I wish I knew if he did.

While I write Anna is playing on the piano in
the drawing room & William on the organ
in the parlour upstairs. The mixture is more curious
than beautiful. Poor Anna she can't get poor
Chill she really does not have time to write. She is rather
stupid she is almost as tall as Rankine. Yours loving Mother.