

Toronto.

Sept. 16. 75.

My dear Dawson,

I hope you
are having a jolly
time pounding away
at the British Columbian
rocks. I hope they ain't
as hard as those limestone
boulders at the 13 mile
ridge, and if you
have an assistant
don't make him carry
such big loads of them.

as you did me on
the occasion of my
trip to the old mine Mine.
Had I received your
telegram, it would have
been something out of
the ordinary course of
business (a case of triplets
at least) that would
have kept me from
meeting you at the
station. Mine came to
hand and although I
pitched into the people
at the telegraph office
it was so long after
the message had been
sent that they were pretty
safe in denying the
receipt of it.

I had a note from your father the
other day asking me to send you a copy of the
report. I should like to have you see
it. I am sure you will find it
interesting. I have not had time
to write you more fully but I
will do so as soon as I can.
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interesting. I have not had time
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I often think and every noble pleasure
of the many happy days we have
spent together and thinking also
your wish that we will again
Fellowship be plans together, because if
we quitted we are sure. Having a
wife I cannot stay away so long
now. I long for any thing but business
maintenance I often feel that I
would give a great deal to get
all the old friends again and have
a reunion here like the banquets to the inets

Woodruff has been ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~over~~ ^{over} ~~twice~~ ^{twice} to
see me from Fort Niagara. Millman
and Boswell are enjoying London
life. I had a letter from Ward last
week. He and Galway are loafing while
Anderson and F.H. are hard at
the office work. Except I have not
got my copies of the pictures from
Topley at Ottawa, but suppose they
will turn up some time.
For the past few weeks practice

has been very high, the new fruit
does the business for the kids.

This city is about demoralized, you
cant pick up the morning paper if
without the account of some new murder,
rape, or robbery staring you in the face.
I never think of going out at night
without my revolver now.

Ward tells me Rowe is improving
very much. Write whenever you
can find time.

Very sincerely yours,

Box. 2133.

J.M. Burgess.