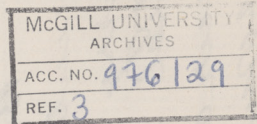


Fractured his skull - ? had fallen  
on beach! -

Little notes

Aug 15<sup>th</sup>  
1888



Dearest - Rankin,

We had in-

tended to write letters of gratitude  
& good wishes, for the 12<sup>th</sup> birth-  
anniversary of our former event, quite  
banished birthdays from our  
minds - I dare say you will  
hear several stories of the affair  
so I must give you only the  
part I know most of -

Our Wagon was holding an  
open air children's meeting near  
Art's Hotel, & nearly all the  
notes world was there - I was  
on my own share, looking after  
Baby & Eric was near by, when  
papa passed us, walking with  
Prof. Bailey & some of L. B. I'd  
changed a few words with  
them - & they passed on in the  
Cascaele direction - It c'd not  
have been 10 minutes when  
I saw papa coming back with  
an excited air & saying - Where is  
Dr Oliver? "What is wrong" I said -  
he replied - I have had a bad fall

& the present he has been pretty amenable to seeing  
though he knows it desperately hard work to  
keep quiet - I hope now that any danger of  
inflammation is over, but a little further  
quiet may be accepted - Dr D - has some  
now more so than perhaps he has here - no symptoms  
normal person could have induced paper to keep  
quiet - I am sure - Caricatures this year have  
been numerous - a child called shroubles - Mrs  
Stacey's baby - very ill - his hands joined up with  
patheric fever - & with various peculiar uses -  
Dr D - greatly objects to being stopped as he says  
to be proud about to clear, for Semmelweis says  
this job his patients -

Bismarck is still "not what" at least  
a account to his views at - Scherer - going on to  
satisfying - he had been carrying out of was de-  
quitted with level weather, thick forest, & was  
I never able to get a geological explanation - I hope he will  
get some light on the coal question that will

I believe I have fractured my skull - I then saw blood on his face, & sent Eric flying off to find Dr O. There was no one about that I could give help to - the Bailey looking stricken & dumb - never even offering papa an arm, to help him - So I flew up our path, half under my arm, & deposited him at the house - was over the fence & met papa by the time he had mounted the hill - Mother & I made him lie down at once, put hot water to his feet & cold cloths on his head & watched somewhat anxiously for any symptom of sickness or faintness, he had a very ugly wound on the crown of his head, cut & bled & quite a piece of the scalp torn off the bone - Dr O. was away & did not arrive on the scene for more than an hour, then he dressed the wound most carefully - the lint & oil silk carbolic etc - being very quickly collected from various friends & our own resources. He has insisted upon papa keeping in bed & perfectly quiet & up

would like to give a helpful opinion on the grounds  
in hand - the greater enjoyment his wife & daughters  
& Victoria & the children with the country  
& it appeared - prospects -

Price } had written this far, & was  
alarmed has taken in his horse, two & three  
wiped was out - in the last beyond the first  
step, when he had who had sitting in the  
other volubly fell over - several & uttered an  
apparent - but a moment later no leg coming  
to the surface, his father seized it - & then when  
in the evening & chattering, white cold & bright  
of course he was hastened home - red blood &  
spirit - to bed - He is otherwise child - & I have  
just been over, to see that he is all right - He  
seems so - no fever, & sleeping quietly - His mother  
is in town having had to go up to see to a  
bath, which was not - stop - asking to see  
well - & see had had full health - of the morning

2

of its pleasures - Clare looks the  
least - rugged, but she is growing  
very fast, & as she eats & sleeps  
while I need not be surprised  
if she is not very fat. Baby  
walks well now, & is a very  
energetic & independent child  
& throws stones with a skill &  
strength, that promises well if  
he meets a Goliath in his path  
at present his object is to  
splash them into the sea -  
His head is a mass of curls -  
& he is not at all like the  
other two boys - more of the sturdy  
limbed & nervous type - not so  
good for our day - I fear, but  
I shall cultivate his physique  
& not his brains, for some years  
to come -

Eric is still very much inter-  
ested in his stamps - but has  
noted most of his energy to boat  
rigging & sailing, also floundering  
spearing - He has begun several  
letters to you but literary effort  
seems to consume all his store of  
indolence & he sighs & groans  
over the task, as if it were a  
mountain - A small dose of  
French daily, is another terrible  
burden to him - & rarely tries  
my patience, & his industry -

William's Vancouver hopes  
have apparently faded away  
& I think it likely just as well  
now his prospects in the C. P. R. are

brighter - if he wd only save himself  
the trouble of making elaborate  
plans for every contingency, he wd  
have more repose - Mother has no  
doubt told you of our son Harris  
very complimentary letter, & all the  
regards ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> in the witness  
box - I fancy he will get back  
about the end of the month -  
His halcy is a much brighter & jollier  
little black than Victor, who is still  
somewhat solemn - very like Wm  
himself - very tenacious of his  
way - & I don't to any <sup>steps than his</sup> ~~degrees~~ <sup>degrees</sup>  
those surpassed by necessity - he  
conceded don't ~~agree~~ <sup>agree</sup> at all  
showing the ~~strongly~~ <sup>strongly</sup> feeling they  
ought - he gets on better with the  
older ones who will give up to him  
& play his plays - he treats my  
halcy with the same roughness  
that Con. bestows on him -

We were all sorry that you  
went - another voyage - everyone  
who knows life & has occasion to  
speak of such matters considers such  
long ~~undertakings~~ <sup>undertakings</sup>, as likely to make  
preliminary work much harder  
you Dr. Esler, was regretting that  
you were still wasting your  
talents in such a life & do  
pluck up heart of grace & begin  
the day of ~~deliberate~~ <sup>deliberate</sup> life in which  
after all, labour is not so much  
a curse, as a blessing

Take care of yourself & try to  
draw a little upon the joy it wd  
be to us all, to have you out here  
with, or near us -

With much love

Anna -