

1028/67/5

CUS417/67.5

(To Miss Jennette Osler)

Montreal
Oct 22nd [1891?]

My dear Jennette

It is Sunday night and I have just half an hour before I tumble into bed, so under the circumstances I thought a better act could not be done than to write home. First about your friend Mrs Francis, I saw the last of her a week ago last Friday and then she appeared very healthy and in good spirits, as were also the Kids. She left by the six o'clock boat for Quebec and the following morning went on board the Scandinavian. George got home on Sunday night. He has had two letters since, one written on Saturday night and the other on Sunday; they had not had bad weather and the storm which was so violent here on Sunday had [not] reached them. The ~~boat~~ was troublesome, wanting to pry into everything and liking especially any pools of dirty water, but showing a preference for grease if he could get it. There were numbers of nice passengers on board and several children so the old woman will have some company. Things are going on here much in the old style. I have got into working order and feel splendid. I indulge in a shower-bath and take some exercise for instance I was at Victoria bridge the other morning for the first time, before breakfast. Dutch is below par on week days, cannot be squeezed in at any crevice, but I manage a little on Sundays, Your letter was very acceptable I had not been at the Post for nearly a week and got a whole batch at a time, too many to read in one day, so I put some aside I got one from Chattie full of reproaches which wounded my tender heart and so to punish her I will not write to her for an age; still give her my love as she is a Sister, though a bad one. How does her Boy like Father Wood's letters? I saw him a short time ago, he asked most affectionately after both of you and told me to send you his Kindest regards and lest I should forget it (as if I should) he repeated it again as I went out. My friends are looking after my Sundays for me. Last Sunday I was at the Taylors and today I fed at Robert Palmer's Mrs Howard asked after you kindly We have Bishop Selwyn and party in town I went to St James this afternoon to hear him, he is a fine looking man and gave a very good sermon, but does not come up to one of his followers. I noticed a strange parson yesterday morning at Church who looked up to the mark, in fact before the service was over I saw he was beyond the ordinary run; when coming out of church he asked me if that was Mr Wood. I told him it was, and said he had better trot back to the vestry and see him the which he did. He turned up again at eight o'clock this morning and preached this evening from the text, "The fount of the spirit, &c". It was a splendid sermon, extempore and strongly Catholic The little Church was crowded, Miss Kerry came in with her brother, having I suppose beguiled him down. I went up afterwards with the Taylors and the Elliots, the latter leave on Wednesday for Toronto. Mr Taylor told me that George had said that the Thomas's had taken the house for seven months till the 1st of June, so that I suppose we will not see Marian back till then They miss her so much and the children seem quite disconsolate without Percy The parcel came on the very night that Marian left, but it will follow her soon as George goes home on the 20th of next month

Excuse this hurried scrawl you will think it better than none, Love to the little mother, Nellie, Chattie & all

Your affec cousin

Willie