



Montreal July 2nd /77

Dearest Anna,

I have just returned from the Baynes' & although it is rather late, I must have a little talk with you before going to bed. I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have kept Dominion Day well by getting through with a large amount of troublesome work for the benefit of the public. I never left the house all day except to go into the garden for a few minutes in order to straighten out my back a little. Notwithstanding the brute creation the flowers continue on the whole to improve. To-day a lovely verbena came out and several stocks, which, however seem to be nearly all single. I succeeded in getting enough flowers for a very pretty little bouquet for Mrs Baynes, which she with her usual good taste placed

in the centre of the tea-table
is an enormous vase big
enough to hold a bouquet of
sun-flowers. Speaking of sun-
flowers makes me think that
every one of those which
James planted is flourishing
notwithstanding my attempts
to destroy them. There was
no other company at the Baynes'
except myself and we had
a very quiet evening. Nina
was almost hors de combat,
owing to a very bad cold,
Mr B- was absent at a meeting,
Alfred too busy to come home &
Kara obliged to go out. [I thought
it was a typical Baynes tea-
party. I however enjoyed
myself very well talking with
Mr Carleton Baynes who is
really a very intelligent man.
He and his brother leave to-
morrow evening for the Sage.

Mary Hunt returned from
Boston this morning and
called to see whether you

had left. I heard her voice
at the door, but did not go
to speak to her as I was very
busy at the time.

We have had another
rather unpleasant day -
close and at the same time
very windy. If I closed the
window I was soon nearly
stifled, while if I opened it
it became necessary to sit
upon my papers to prevent
them flying all over the
room. Being a holiday I

told Johanna that she might
go out for the evening as I
do not want her to get dis-
contented. She is a thoughtful
careful girl and I think we
should try to keep her next
winter.

If you see Prof. Darcy tell
him that I passed his house
yesterday and noticed that
some one had written in large
letters, with chalk, on the steps
"Mr. Darcy is gone to Matiste."

It has no doubt been done
out of kindness, to prevent
people having the trouble
of ascending the steps and
ringing the bell for nothing.

I am eagerly looking forward
to to-morrow afternoon, when
I hope to get a letter from my
dear absent wife - absent
in one sense, yet ever present
in my thoughts. How I long
to hear how it fares with her
and my darling boy! But I
must not be impatient.

And now as I am very tired
after my hard day's work I
must say good night and
tumble into my lonely bed. If
time permits I shall add a
few lines to-morrow. A letter
from William arrived this
afternoon and I shall send
it to you ~~for~~ ^{in the morning}. I am writing
on your little table in our
bed-room.

Sunday morning. - No time to write
more as I must hurry to the office.
Please tell your mother that Hamilton has
turned off the gas & brought me my soap.
Take good care of yourself my darling and let me
hear everything about yourself and little Eric whenever you
can, only do not tire yourself. In haste your loving B.