



Montreal

August 1<sup>st</sup> 1877

My precious wife,

It is nearly  
midnight, and I am so  
stupid & sleepy that I am  
not going to write you much  
of a letter. This evening I  
went down to settle with  
Mr Baynes for the stone coal  
& O'Hara & young Bell  
walked back with me and  
stayed all evening. After they  
left I had some proofs to  
read which accounts for  
the lateness of the hour.

An interruption has just  
occurred. - I thought I heard  
somebody stealing the apples  
from the front garden, so

ran downstairs as fast  
as ever I could and out  
into the garden, but after  
beating about the bushes for  
some time and not finding  
any thorns I gave up the  
search.

I had quite a play with  
little Moggie Baynes this  
evening. She is a most amusing  
child and is beginning to feel  
quite at home with me.  
Nina says she has no more  
of the trimming yarn want,  
so I did not give her the  
money.

After dinner I was  
out in the garden and  
succeeded in finding quite  
a number of those naughty  
potato bugs. I also noticed  
that the little white fly which  
has destroyed the pansies is



now destroying the leaves  
of the apple and ash trees.

The castor oil plants are  
growing finely, and begining  
to look quite tropical - so  
are James' sunflowers.

I had a letter from  
my mother 5-day saying  
that Maria was a little  
better yesterday though still  
very ill and undergoing poult-  
icing, fomentations &c &c.  
It makes me think of the  
time when my dear wife  
was subjected to these remedies.

Thursday. - I am glad to  
hear of William's safe arrival  
& also his opinion concerning  
you. But my dear you must  
not only look young but feel  
young. With another month at  
the seaside I trust you will  
feel quite strong again.

I can scarcely believe that this  
is Thursday & that at last  
there is a prospect of my  
soon being with my darlings.  
~~I am~~ a constant terror hangs  
over me lest anything should  
prevent my leaving on Monday,  
indeed I shall not be sure  
that I have left until I get  
to Metz. Your loving husband  
Bernard.

P. S. Thursday Afternoon. —

It is just as I have been expecting my  
darling. Mr. Selwyn has returned from  
Ottawa and given me so many things to  
attend to that it will be impossible  
for me to leave the beginning of the  
week. If any one asks you why I  
am not coming sooner please do not  
say that it is on acct. of Mr. S.  
Such remarks always travel. It is better  
too that so long as I do stay I should do so  
with a good grace. It is very trying my own  
darling and very disappointing, but your old  
husband wishes to do his duty in all things and  
we must be patient. Your friend B. —