



GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA

(Museum and Office, 76 St. Gabriel Street) MONTREAL.

August 30th 1878

Again I am forced to write upon official paper and it distresses me as much as it would to eat an "official breakfast"; but there is no choice, for I am at the office and have nothing else here. It certainly is absurd to write an official letter to ones wife.

This morning I did as you suggested and took some flowers and vegetables to Mrs Carpenter. The old lady seemed quite delighted to see me and also to get the contents of my basket. She was so urgent about it that I had to promise to go there to tea to-night. She also wants me to go there to dinner to-morrow to meet Mrs Wilson at one o'clock, but as I leave at 3 and shall have a great many things to attend to I shall probably have to decline her invitation. After leaving Mrs C. I went down to pack

up Food's things, and this occupied most of my morning. I intended to do it before, but could never find the time. My correspondents who kindly kept so quiet while I was at Metz have been very lively of late and I have had to write innumerable letters. Fortunately I have just got my analyses to a point where I can leave them conveniently, that is to say, those that I have had on hand are finished. One of these was the analysis of that mineral which I picked out in the gallery at home when my darling was with me.

The painting will all be finished to-morrow. There has really been very little done, but it has taken a long time to do it. Besides the paint I have had two coats of varnish put upon the hall floor, thinking that it would keep its appearance much longer than with one coat. As for the front door, you will never recognize it, and I fear will not like it. It is too bright a red. I had a short letter from Maria yesterday.

She says that they are all about as they have been for some time back, also that my mother had received a lovely picture from you. I shall let you know what my mother says about it after I have seen her.

I saw Mrs Baynes to-day and she again presented me with half a melon from her garden. She is as kind an old soul as ever lived.

Foond is begining to get a little better and the doctor thinks he will be out of the hospital in about two weeks.

He is very anxious to find a good boarding house. What he wants is a good room with breakfast & tea. Dinner he takes in town. Do you think Mrs Carlett would be likely to have a place for him?

Now if I do not hurry home I shall be late for Mrs Carpenters tea party. I hope to hear any amount of news about you & the boy. Your fond old husband

B