



Wednesday
Dec. 12/94

Dearest Love,

I am tired and
stupid to-night - partly
the result of the weather,
no doubt. It has been
a very wet raining day
and much of our snow
has vanished. If it does
not freeze during the
night there will not be
much snow left by

morning. Con. had the good sense to stay at school for lunch as he had no umbrella with him. I told him some time ago that on very wet days he had better go in for a High School lunch. To-day he had beef-tea and buns.

There is great excitement here to-day over the news from England. It is said that Sir Geo. Thompson died suddenly at Windsor Castle whither he had gone to be sworn in as a Privy Councillor. I have not seen the evening papers &

therefore do not know the particulars.

Much of my time was taken up this afternoon by a man named Cole, a son & helms of Sir Somebody Cole one of the originators of the Kensington Art School, &c. He is a chemist and looking for something to do. Though a pleasant gentlemanly man with a good education, he probably has some screw loose. I shall try to find out about him from some of my friends at South Kensington.

I am so thankful to hear that Eric has been more comfortable - that flatulencia

is so very distressing, and
it does seem as if it ought
to be possible to relieve it.

I am anxious to hear the
report concerning the wound.

Mrs M. is certainly very
kind. I have not seen
her for some time, but
she sent word to day that
she was coming to see me
on Saturday.

I shall ask Joyce to
make some more jelly and
take it with me when I
go, along with other things.
I have examinations on the
18th & 21st, but can arrange
for Evans to take the first
one & possibly both.

Your loving Bernard,