

293 University St
Montreal.

November 24th

My dear George

Your kind thought
 for me is heart appreciated &
 welcome & I went to the fair
 that I have been one daily for
 four or five days. Since ^{visited} in search
 of a present for Dr. Blackwell & to buy
 alone, for an hour's quiet walk on
 Pine Avenue, this I have found restful
 & refreshing. The quest for a gift has
 resolved itself into the choice of a combina-
 tion clock, barometer, thermometer & compass
 in the carriage style, quite plain, all



its parts are however are guaranteed
to be of the best construction & workman-
ship. Now comes the question of inscription.

Last night, as I lay awake, a troop
of melanchromatic epigrams presented them-
selves, today they have passed as a dream.
You father too has, today, been amusing
himself thinking of something short & appro-
priate, but we all know that if you
gave thought to it we should get the
right thing. Let the following cruciatics
simmer in a quiet corner of your head
till they become palatable.

In Memoriam

of unvaried skill & kindness

J. W. D.

Your fee? — Love was

In gratitude I call this — done — J. W. D.

In grateful remembrance
of skill & kindness.

J. W. W.
"Relaxing the time".

A time-gift in gratitude
for devotion & skills

J. W. W.

In thankfulness for
skill & kindness

J. W. W.

There is no change in paper's constitution.
He has enjoyed, for two days past
sitting for an hour in front of the
bandais door to the balcony & with
one thing & another it is wonderful
how quickly & pleasantly the days pass.

The Albert Lewis mystery is assuming a shady
character don't you think? Whatever comes in
develops it is a real sorrow to all his

friends. I am further had a letter
from Rankine just after your left
on Monday which I enclose as you
may like to see it.

With all love, as always,

Mathew

[Faint, mostly illegible handwriting in the lower half of the page, possibly bleed-through or a second draft.]