

January  
Third  
1923.

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My dear Dick:

Your letter of the 14th of December came in this morning, and I am delighted to hear from you again, and particularly glad to note that you hope to visit Niagara Falls early this year. That being the case we shall look forward to seeing you at our home here in Montreal. There is no possible chance of our going away until after June at any rate.

Last year we spent most of the Summer in Montreal and a most delightful Summer it was. ~~Wt~~ ~~Wt~~ ~~Wt~~ up to Winnipeg in June to the conference of Canadian Universities and spent some time with my Mother in Western Ontario on the way back. In August ~~Wt~~ went with the Montreal Board of Trade party on a trip across the continent. We had our own special train and the C.P.R. said it was the finest train they had ever put out. While it was a trip made according to schedule still it was very delightful. We spent five days in Vancouver and Victoria. While in Victoria we went down to call on Mrs Muirhead, who with Aggie and Bertha, lives very quietly in the old place. Of course, all of them looked older but they seemed just about as subdued as ever. I did not see Jim, but I did run across Sam Matheson, Peter Lamplin, Bob Swinerton and a good many others. Before I reached Victoria, Swinerton had wired me challenging me to a game of golf. We spent a most delightful day on the Oakvale links.

Sam is still running the "Colonist" and gradually getting his head above water again. You know that in the days of the boon he spread out too much and very nearly went bankrupt. He looked well though, and I believe would be on easy street if he were not spending so much money on his farms, of which he has several. You know the way Sam does things - he buys the most expensive breeds of live stock and then houses them in buildings far better than many human beings live in. He has one farm up near Cobble Hill and