

As from: Carlton Chambers,
74 Sparks Street,
Ottawa 4. April 12, 1957

146333

Dear Mr. Meighen,

So quite a phrase from my favourite "Tush R.M." stories. "Ye could light a candle at me eye with the shame that's in it." Your very kind letter of March 22 reached me at Parkville, and I should have answered it at once. But I spent that week fighting a cold; indeed, I have been fighting it nearly ever since, and this with almost no respite from a heavy round of official duties. Then I got home to find Helen, my 8-year-old, laid up with a cold, & which Margaret, my 11-year-old, and my wife, have successively succumbed. We are all on the mend now, though I am still trying to make Harriet rest as much as I can, as she is far from fully recovered.

I need not say how much I value what you said in your letter. Throughout the unfortunate exchanges I had with Jack Farthing at the end, when he was (& to my mind) plainly not himself, I had two fixed principles: I would not let him hurt you, if I could prevent it, and I would let nothing come between you and me. You are the dearest and closest friend I have, and a friend of incomparable kindness. If anything happened to our friendship I feel almost as if I could hardly survive. This

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