Thursday
Nov. 27th 1888.

My dear Mrs Gladstone,

It is again time for me to write to you, one can scarcely believe how quickly the months fleet. I have much pleasure in forwarding you the draft for December — you can easily imagine how happy I am at present, as I hope is likely to be increased on the 6th Dec. It has to have been on the 29th of this month, but she put it off — today when in London I met Miss Wetherton. She has been laid up with Influenza fever, the worst effects she has ever had, now she is much better, but not up to the French —

Dear Mrs Gleeck I was much
grieved to hear of the death of your
dear Sister, though not surprised
for her the sweet rejoice it is a
happy release, and she was so ready
to go, but for those who are left
it is sad indeed - The poor Mother
and her husband, how sorrowfully
they must feel. For the baby's sake
I am glad her is to live for your
though I am afraid it will be
an extra tax, and you have to
work to think about already -
A telegram came for Mrs Gleeck
saying her father was very ill
she left at once, but lost in time
to see him alive she seems wonderfully
grieved up to the last he asked of
the last post came he wanted
to see her once more.

You will be glad to hear my
health is nearly full again
both summer & winter. The German
Consul General, Mr. Von Thielmann
is boarding with us. He has
the large room up stairs. We
all like him very much. There
is such a striking resemblance to
Mr. Hughes, and his manner is
the same. Only he is taller and
not so good looking. The first morning
he came at breakfast Ethel whispered
to me; "I do not like Papa Von."
I do wish the house was quite
full, and would keep so, for three
months I think only three boarders.
I began to wonder how I should
meet my expenses.

Mr. Owen's eldest Son has got an appointment up near Quantum he left on Friday; his mother is very down about it. The Mouth of Road Bay near coming back — Harry seems to think in January they will send him up country & will be promotion; I sincerely hope so. I have been out to town today and feel quite tired about writing. Write my love to Miss Floyd and tell her I will answer her letter as soon as the wedding is over and I get a little breathing time. The girls unite with me in kindest regards to you all.

Ever dearest love
Your loving Son
W. Westfaught.