

Essex, Ont  
Mar 18<sup>th</sup> 1910

My dear Lois

Here are two new names for you - yesterday Hagersville and today Essex. Later in the day it will be Amherstburg and Detroit.

I have been in Toronto only one day (Sunday) since the 7<sup>th</sup> Mar.

I am hoping to find a few dozen letters waiting for me today or tomorrow.

I want to try to get home tomorrow evening.

If you or Mrs. H. took one of these trips with me you would either be very interested or very bored

These small towns are still just as interesting to me as they can be.

Everyone who catches up to you on the street walks along with you and has a talk until the ways part and everyone in town is better known by their first than by their second name. If I say "do you know where I could find Mr. Thompson?" it will be "Who, Jake? come right along I'm going down there myself."

If I'm going far I can generally get a drive from the first cart that happens to pass and everyone seems about twice

as anxious to help you in any little thing, as they would be in the city.

It seems as if I should have been a farmer. - not one like Bernard, about a thousand miles from neighbors but like one of these beggars who seem to work when they feel like it and have one glorious "bum" in the wintertime.

I have 'nt heard a noise like a peech dropping into Toronto yet, but I've got my ear to the ground.

Outside there is a farmer boy helping his girl and her

Mother to get on the street car with a case for eggs and 3 other baskets. Now the car is sliding away and he looks as if he had lost something.

They're a great crew - pretty much like other people I guess.

Perhaps not one person in a hundred in Montreal realizes how many of these towns are tied together by electric roads.

I saw Zimmerman in Hamilton the day before yesterday. He is still dreaming of going back for a graduating year.

Give my kindest regards to the family and I shall be ever so glad to hear from you when you find time. Love from, Yours truly, C. W.