

Description of  
Alberta E

en route Brockville to  
Ottawa (on a bumpy  
train) Tuesday  
March 26<sup>th</sup> 1912

My dear Lois

I have mislaid  
my pen and so must write you in  
pencil.

"Just for instance" I will enclose this  
"adv". It makes me feel quite perky  
to think that there are some people  
anyway who might figure on an  
outfit five times less expensive  
than ours.

You will be charmed to hear that  
I will have to go to Kingston again  
next Tuesday. You will also begin  
to see why things that cost \$500<sup>00</sup>  
must be sold for \$1000<sup>00</sup>. The difference  
is what the world pays for the

privilege of competition.

I have been quite good, having written to my mother and to Terence. Poor kids I wonder what kind of an Easter holiday they will have!

I wonder how Lorie has been living up to her good resolutions! Have you been taking that walk out to the Hunt Club with Consie?

I bought a box of (50) formamint tablets to use for my cold. They are very pleasant to use but I can't say that I have noticed any results yet but I shall keep on till the end of the week and see what happens. Dozens + dozens of people seem to have exactly the same kind

of cold. Don't you get it too?

I get into Ottawa by five o'clock, so perhaps I shall go up and see Mrs. Dawson in the evening.

I have seen hundreds of crows. It is wonderful that they find enough food to keep them alive for the next two or three weeks.

I love this part of the country. The Almonte district always feels most like home to me. It is surprising what strong and lasting impressions a boy forms before he is ten years old. I love the cedar and the second growth maple. Somehow they seem to make up the real bush to me where you can get partridge

4

and have if you look carefully and  
fire quick.

I remember just a little later in  
the Season when the first warm  
days came so that the creeks  
used to run so full that it was  
fun to cross them, Sam Green and I  
used to start out on Saturdays and  
always come home late for tea. Some  
days we used to take lunch in our  
pockets. I guess that must have  
been during the Easter holidays.

We knew ways that were rocky  
and not very wet and we used to  
lead each other across the creeks  
as often as possible because it felt

exciting. Eventually we would come to a rocky place where there was a slab of granite with another slab that jitted out and almost made a roof for us. We used to crawl in there and the sun used to keep us warm till we waked up to the fact that it was late for tea.

It used to be first talk low and pretend that the woods were alive with scents and Indians.

(We are in Carleton Jet, just about nine miles from that rock now and it always gives me a queer sensation to think of it.)

They say the right time to begin educating a boy is a hundred years

6  
before he is born. But if you can't  
do that I think the best thing to  
do is to bring him up until he's  
ten years old in a place where  
he can get out into the <sup>real</sup> real old  
original bush.

I believe half the pleasures I  
enjoy are appreciated because I  
learned the art of appreciating them  
during my four years in Almonte.  
All the different scents are a pleasure.  
The smell of the rocks and the moss  
and the elms and the cedars, the  
different scents of the water and  
the snow and the melting snow,

Later the different scents of the flowers  
and the buds are all eagerly  
welcomed and fill the mind with  
harmony purer and sweeter and  
now refreshing than the most  
exquisite music.

Back to earth! The conductor  
is collecting the hat checks and  
we are just a little way outside  
Ottawa. I will have to get  
ready.

Love Darling I hope you are  
having a nice week. Take things  
easy. Don't let imagination persuade  
you to be conscientious and do too  
many things mainly because you

don't want to do them. There are  
quite a number of things it is your  
duty to do and at ~~the~~ the same  
time they are not hard on you but  
are a pleasure. What a lecture  
Oh what!

Lois when I am away you must  
forgive me for sounding like a dying  
duck in a thunder storm. When  
I think of it I feel that I can  
not afford to spend one more hour  
away and yet I must. I love you  
Darling and the greatest pleasure  
I have is to believe, as I am  
growing to believe that you can  
love me as well. I must try to  
get this off tonight. The best of  
everything to you! Affectionately Edward. S.W.