

Train, Wednesday morning.

Dear Eva,

I have forgotten my address book. It was lying beside me on the library table. I can do without it for a day or two, but you might mail it addressed "Y.M.C. Association, Toronto," as I do not know when I may need it.

There is a dining car on this train, & no stoppage for breakfast. I must say my first experience in this line is not encouraging -
Stale rolls steamed; cold ham very tough & cut thick; little bits of dried

up fish; coffee bitterly strong and
nothing but cold milk to put in it,
& a little turned at that, the sour
& the bitter making a most pleasing
combination. To add insult to
injury, they charge 75 cts. for this
sumptuous repast.

Everything along here looks
so different from Quebec Province
of it that the country itself is
different; it is just as capable of
producing a crop of stumps; but
the houses & farming & general look
of things is so much greater.

Good-bye again; I hope you
will have a pleasant time at
Metis when you go. I felt quite
out of it at leaving last night; to

see you standing all alone at
the door was truly heart-rending.
Now you need not call this French,
it is plain English. I remember
while I was writing Monday evening
when you were out, it suddenly flashed
upon me that I would breakfast
with you the next morning. It
was quite a refreshing thought on
so sultry an evening.

I must mail here to
catch the down train.

Yours affectionately,

William.

Coventry

see you attending all those at
the best of their heart - reading
the paper and call the book

William
July 182

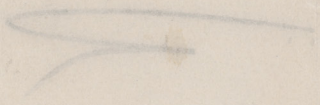
it is plain English - I remember
while I was writing the book
when you were out, it was the best

before me that I would be best
with you the next morning. It
has quite a refreshing effect on
so called in evening.

I must write you to
cut the short time.

Yours affectionately

William



Robert