

Cacoune

July 1st '08

Dear Sois

I have got your letter of Monday '08 but I am sorry to say that I must have missed the really important one which you must I suppose have written to "Three Rivers."

This one that I've got reached Quebec after we had left and was forwarded here.

You seem to write in such a chastened frame of mind that I am more than curious to see the letter which perhaps may be not "absol. pr."

I wonder if by any chance the Three Rivers mail was saved.

I'm sorry I can't give you very minute details about our trip as each day becomes hazy by the time the next day come.

Perhaps the day before yesterday was our most wonderful day - at least we paddled farther than on any other day.

Starting from St Roch at 5.10 we paddled 40 miles - with 4 intermissions for meals - until we got to a place 12 miles from here.

Then yesterday we ran in here at 9.30 AM and we were very disappointed to find that the Budden's had arrived but luckily someone mentioned that they were expected that evening so we decided to wait for them.

The first thing we did in Cacouana was to go ^{II} to the post-office for our mail. There I saw Miss Laura Turnbull. When she saw such tough customers she turned her back and looked out the window, playing with a tiny little dog. I had not shaved since I left Montreal and Hugh was positively embarrassed with my appearance. Nevertheless Hugh himself was a close second in hidiosity.

I said "Did Miss Turnbull ever see two such tramps before", and you should have seen the expression. I think the first thing she said was "Oh, I have your beards" which was a stay and forthwith we had them cut off, to Hugh's very evident relief.

This took so long that we got caught in the rain and had to run back to our things, set up our tent and get changed.

Before changing I went out and washed my only white cricket shirt so as to look still more beautiful for the evening.

We went up this time with oil-skins ^(about 2:30 P.M.) on and had a great meal at a very nice place where they dried my washing for me.

When train time came we went over to the Boudier's house and laid in wait for a meal (ascertaining first from the cook that there would be one forthcoming), and were in time to welcome them to their own home. We stayed to dinner and they were so kind that we decided to come back here to

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camp for the night and now we're just going
up to breakfast and then to lunch.

They keep such horrible hours though, -
breakfast at 9 A.M. why we've been up for hours

At four thirty this afternoon we will be
on our way again for a 14 miles run down the
line. We should make our camping place by
7 o'clock at the latest as the current here is
very strong especially that between Green Island
and the mainland.

The weather still continues perfect in our
favor and if it keeps up a few days, we
will land us in Metis (say about 5).
It is just 100 miles and we make 30 on
the good days. We could make much more
but it is a bother.

In the first time, we came upon every kind
of wild thing, showing I suppose that the
first large school of fish (herring I suppose)
was coming up the river.

Anyway we saw the place was alive with
hundreds of ducks of different kinds, swarms
of sea-gulls and crows, more than a dozen
seals and positively thousands of porpoises

We landed for lunch upon an island
(little more than a rock) which was evidently
the breeding place for hundreds of sea-gulls
(over)

and many duck.

They became quite an excited gathering. The sea-gulls kept screaming over our heads and one old duck, whose young we were apparently quite close, kept alighting on the land and water quite close to us and seemed to be trying to lead us after her. She was a very big brown duck and we saw a great many of the same kind.

Will it 8.30 so I'll have to get up for breakfast.

I am saying for Metis although not at loud for fear little Hughie might hear me

Best love to Zoie from

Edwin

...the place was ...
...of ducks of different ...
...of sea-gulls and ...
...of professors ...
...we looked for ...
...little more than a ...
...the breaking place for ...