

Ingersoll, Ont
2nd Feb 1910

Dearest Lady Sybil

I suppose you are wondering what on earth has become of me.

And now I hardly know where to begin. I was ever so glad to get your last letter, but that was ages ago.

I think I wrote just before going to spend Sunday in Brantford. Since then I have had only two days in Toronto.

The rush is getting on my nerves but I am beginning to discover that I am doing more than is necessary, according to the way the rest of the boys work.

I spent two very nice days in Stratford where I saw many of my old friends.

Then I went back there for an evening once, when I happened to be passing.

Oh! I missed an evening with Con's "Faerie Queen". A sweet young voice rang up and asked for Edward, but I failed to

guess who it could be².

I asked if I might ring her up on Saturday or Sunday, so I'll have to make a point of getting back for this week-end.

Muriel says she has something important to say to me and consequently I am trembling in my shoes. I hope she has no very scathing messages for me.

Judging from the present rush, it looks as if it will be quite impossible for me to get to Montreal on the 15th. I was hoping very much that I could manage it somehow but am afraid I'm "up against it."

Tell Con, I tried to explain to Muriel that it wasn't right for her to be here in Toronto so soon after his return to Montreal, but I'm afraid my words did not have much effect.

Say to Con that I see "Pick" McConkey and "Chic" Howitt and many more of the to

fellows from time to time. I had dinner at Pick's home one evening last week.

I hope to see Dr. Leonard on Thursday. Mr. Carter, who has been my mate in the Toronto office is going to Winnipeg in 7 or 8 days. He is about 3 yrs older than I am, stout

and frightfully overbearing in his manner, though quite unintentionally, I believe.

It makes him very hard to get along with. In his place we have a man named The Killoch. Mr. Bowman, the

manager is over us both equally.)

The Killoch seems to be an exceedingly nice little fellow. (He is a married man, with kids 4 & 5 years old.) He is clever, knows the work well, without any bluff and does not put on any side.

I am very glad of the change, as I have been restraining myself with difficulty for the last month in order to keep on perfectly friendly terms with Carter.

But if a change should make it
necessary for him to remain another
month, I would simply have to keep
"on the road" all the time, or I'm
sure there would be trouble.

Carter will never do anything for
himself. If he is hot he'll say -

"Ed, would you mind opening that
window a little; and if he wants a
book or a note, he always asks some-
one to get it for him, even when it
would be obviously easier for him to
get it for himself.

All this when we are on the under-
standing that our positions are exactly
equal.

Of course if I offended him I should
miss a lot of information about the
work.

So here I am, on the train from
Toronto to Woodstock at 9 o'clock on
Tuesday evening, - living on the fat of the land.

(on the Company's ^{5.} money), being ^{??} urged to dress well on \$50⁰⁰ per ^{month} and trying to cultivate a taste for "entertaining" people I don't know, - which I find most difficult.

I am handicapped in not knowing a cigar from a "cabbage" and am afraid I must put my clients to some torture, at times, on account of this ignorance.

I haven't seen a Montreal paper for about 3 wks.

Somebody sent me all sorts of "Campaign literature" in connection with the voting for Mayor and Aldermen in Montreal.

I feel quite interested in the result. Did someone tell me rightly that there is, or, is to be an ice-palace this year? It would hardly be cold enough here.

I am wearing thin summer gloves.

The automobiles run about Toronto and Detroit all the time but go 50 or 100 miles north and you find any quantity of snow.

I sleep in Woodstock tonight and run over to Ingersoll on the Electric car in the morning (8 AM).

In the afternoon or evening I will go to London, then Chatham and St Thomas and then #159 Madison Ave.

Perhaps the re-inforced Concrete expert could explain my final address.

In a month I shall be able to decide whether I like this work or not and whether I can make a success of it.

At present, everything is in such a transitory state that I don't get a fair show on the one hand, and on the

other hand the work cannot appear
in its most attractive form to me.

I deprive myself of a great
deal of pleasure by not writing
oftener as your answers are a great
~~the~~ treat to me.

You will understand, though,
that for the last 3 or 4 weeks,
things have not been conducive
to a quiet and peaceful letter-
writing frame of mind.

✱ Please let me have a long, long
letter - about anything, everything
or nothing - just as long as you
can without making it a bother.

Give my kindest regards to Cor
and your Mother

Later

I scribbled this letter on the

train last night but it was so untidy had I kept it to copy here in Burgessoll.

It is now lunch time. I am glad to see the result of the Montreal elections.

This letter looks to me as if it might do as a model of propriety I don't think even Mother could find anything to criticize on that count.

Well Good-bye for the present and Best Love from Edward.

from Ingersoll
Ont.

Feb 1909

Feb 2, 1910.



Miss L.S. Harrington
295 University St.
Montreal
Que.

