

Cobalt Ont

Mar 26th 1911

My dearest Lois

I said yesterday that I would write and tell you all about things here, but first I had better look through your letters, for I have not yet attended to answering them as I should.

Good for you and your "sad story." It is all my fault anyway. I have been in a bad habit of being always very self-restrained with you, because I felt that we should have to wait so long that to be other than self-restrained would make waiting all the harder. But how I could expect you to be wildly in love with such an icicle would puzzle most people. However, ~~the~~ "wait" is growing daily shorter, I sincerely trust.

Don't be sorry for sending me these two letters; they don't look a bit out of the way and please always tell me as much as you

can. It makes me much more happy and content to hear things frankly from you.

I am sorry Ruth does not approve of our somewhat desultory correspondence. But then I am much more on the jump than Ted ever was and ⁱⁿ to much more weird places. I suppose it is necessary now, but I think it seems queer to go on writing letters one after another and getting all "balled up" because the letters are not replies or answers to anyone, in particular.

My letters are like to Greenfell's prayers, as he tells about them in this little book your mother sent — they come when I feel like it and I am sure they would be uniformly rotten if I wrote, by rule, every evening.

By Golly I see you say that "it is the right thing to do to write every day." I beg a thousand pardons for the above.

I'll write, of course, much often than
 I have since I left but please say
 that I may be excused from the "proper
 rule until we tell people. Then I'll
 do exactly as your Majesty wishes. - In
 fact I will now if you like.

I hope your new blouse is as nice
 as your things always are and that you
 like it as well as I should if I could see
 it.

It is fine that "Ethel" seem so nice.
 and it is quite a tribute to his sisters
 when Bernard falls in love with a girl
 who might almost be a "Harrington" from
 your description.

I will write to G. M. ^{nana} ^{Walter} but not until
 I have bought a pen. Mine seems gone
 for good and this is like writing with
 a table leg.

Good for Clare! I've got 5 trunks here
 when you want another "bottom drawer" just

let me know and I'll ship you a few.

You tell Ruth to write me a letter telling me "the way I should go". I have an idea she would like the occupation and besides I'll bet she would teach me a few dozen things.

Now for Cobalt! I intend to send you a few post card photographs. Some of them are rather interesting but not as much so as the ones one can't get now of the town before the stumps were taken out of the streets.

This morning Ben Cooke, our drill and mining specialist who is responsible for the sale of drills in Cobalt and is permanently stationed ~~at~~ here — and I went for a walk. I say "this morning" — it was morning to us but afternoon to most people as we did not manage to get.

'round to breakfast until two o'clock -
this being our (real) holiday.

Being too late for anything else
we went over and had half a chicken
each at the restaurant. Then we
divided an apple pie between us
and had a slice of about 6 sq in of
cheese.

As stated in a previous letter, This
place agrees with me.

Then we strolled down the sappy
long main street past all the stores
and banks, past the newly built up
~~main~~ burnt section, down through the
foreign quarter on the Mississippi property
till we came to the road and track
towards Haileyburg. Then we turned back.
The foreign section shows about the only
original old houses built in the early
days, that are left standing at the present
time.

at the time of the first rush, 6 years ago, hundreds of claims were staked and probably over a hundred were called mines and companies formed to operate them. Now there are not more than about 30 worth considering and only 10 or 12 good big mines. Most of these have got Rand drills and our warehouse is here to supply them with repair parts. Besides these, in the old days we sold a lot of air compressors. Later, two companies were formed to make air and pipe it to the different mines. Both of them are in trouble. To pipe air half a dozen miles in a 10 or 12 in pipe is pretty expensive and besides people are continually stealing air from. Consequently their service is not satisfactory and it is possible that we may sell a few more compressors this year.

It is remarkable what a lot of prospecting is going on. If you take a G.T.P. map you will see a block of country lying between the G.T.P. and the C.P.R.)

Parties of men go through all the woods North of the C.P.R. line from North Bay to the 500 and go as far north as the G.T.P. An old friend of mine, in fact, (Bob Halbert) has just come back from a trip as far north as James Bay and the men walk from here and from Porcupine across to the Quebec boundary and beyond. -

Possibly great things may develop, it is everybody's business to be optimistic up here anyway.

I am hoping that I may be let in for one of these trips say for a month. I want the experience of a month in the bush in summer and one in winter.

8.

next week (say Thursday) I may have
to go to the Zoo.

I find I really don't know enough
yet to tell you about properly but I will
as things turn up.

In the mean time the weather has
changed its mind and everything is
soaking wet. We had a wire today (Sunday)
to rush an air receiver into Gwaganda
Monday if possible on account of the break up.

Well Tiny, I have been ^{resting} ~~resting~~ all week
because I had everything ~~was~~ in a mess. Now
my room is tidy and I had the pleasure
this morning of lying in bed and gazing
contentedly at my three pictures of the nicest
person in the world to whom I should have
been writing instead of looking at her picture
and dreaming day dreams of a happy time
when I shall no more be hungry with a lonliness
that is sometimes almost an ache. Here's success
to the day dreams and love from the bottom of
my heart the object of them - to your darling Lois -
and all good wishes from Yours, Edward Sh.