

Canadian Pacific Railway

EN ROUTE

Sunday Afternoon

26 Nov 1922

near Ogrose

My dearest Lois

An Englishman who is teaching in the medical Faculty at McGill asked me to tell ~~me~~ him what Canada had to offer to an Englishman. I could not tell him until at lunch time I sat down opposite a big English woman with a small boy two years and eight months of age. She left Calgary with her 3 children aged 8, 5 & 2 just 5 months ago to spend 12 months in England after having been out here with her husband for 10 years.

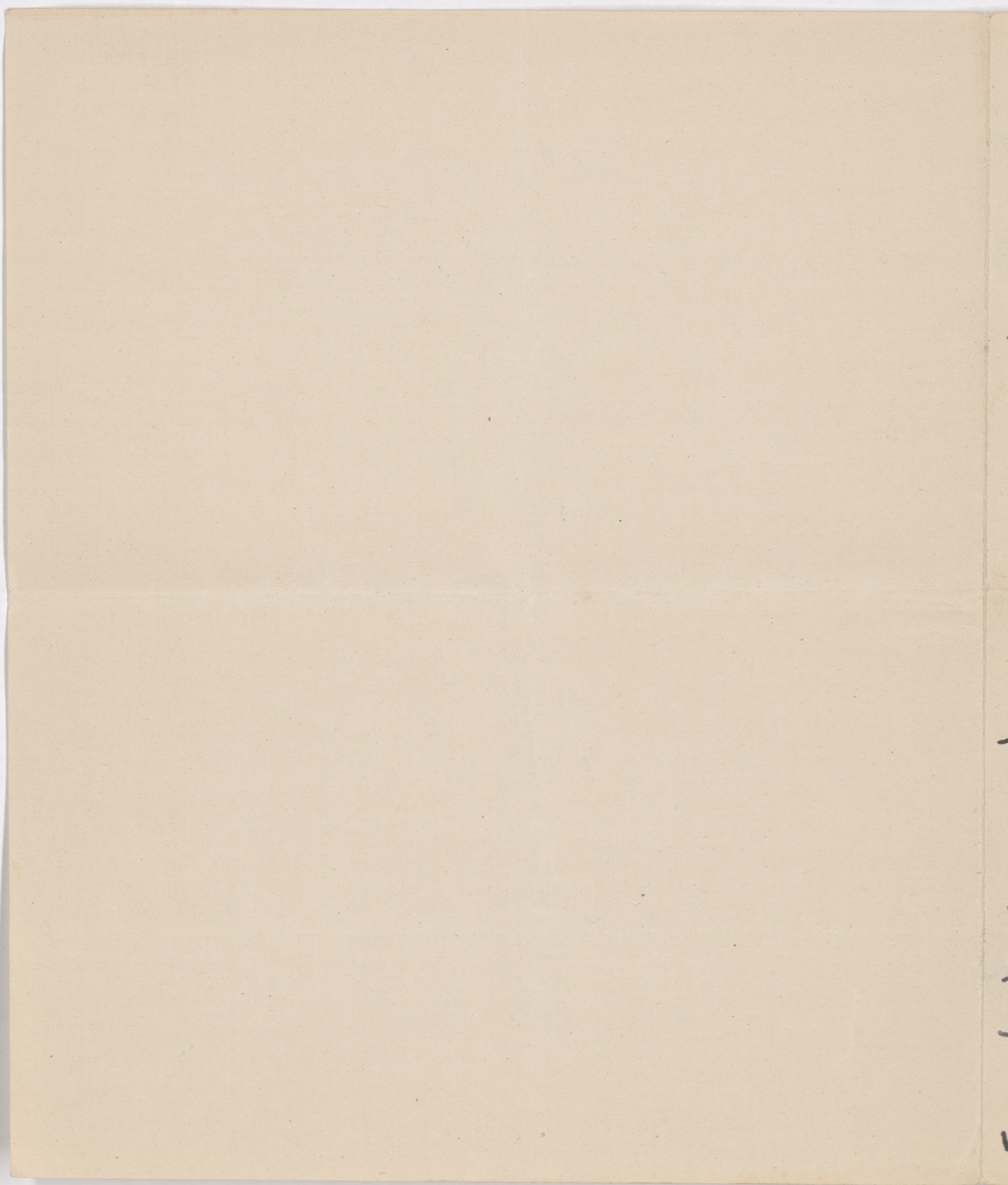
In England she paid visits to her ² sisters and to her husband's sisters. She would put the children to bed at 6 o'clock but they would keep saying their prayers and crying for their father and when she had got them to bed she would go to her room and cry like the children. The children kept asking when the fog and wet weather would be over and anyway she just had to write her husband to please book her passage back to Canada as soon as possible. Her English sisters and brothers could not begin to understand how she could want to cut her holiday down from 12 months to 5 months but she just told them that she had had

enough, that it was too ³quiet in
England for her and that if they
ever wanted to see her again they
would have to come out to Canada.
She said her trip had cost \$1000⁰⁰
and said it had been pretty expensive
experience but I suggested that it was
probably not so dear as she and her
husband would have all the experience
they wanted to last for a lifetime and
with this she very heartily agreed.

I asked her what her husband was
doing in Calgary. She replied that
he drove a milk waggon! By he
was a lovely man, a baker by trade
but he was driving a milk waggon
just now. To hide my surprise I

asked whether they lived ⁴right in
Calgary. She said Yes, about
3 miles outside the town. They have
a garden but he had not tried to
work it this year because she was
away. Every day he would bring
home a brick of ice cream. As soon
as they got to England the children
began asking for ice cream and
she had bought them some. It had
been terrible! They don't know how
to make ice cream in England!

Whenever she wants to give a
party at home her husband helps
her. He is a baker you know and
can make wonderful things.



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She thinks married life is just what you make it. Anyway that's how she feels about it. Her husband is a little bit of all right and she is never going to leave Canada again.

I thought if Stephen Leacock got hold of this little tale he could probably work it up into quite a story.

Afterwards I talked to the head waiter in the dining car - a young fellow about 28 years of age. I asked him why he kept on living in Canada. He told me he lives in a little house in Montreal. His landlord is very

backward about ⁶ putting on a new
paper or in making any little repairs.
In Liverpool after one had been
12 months in one place the landlord
was usually very generous about
making the place look nice. Also
he had had a good position in
Liverpool. Nevertheless he could not
stick it. He got restless and had
to come out to Canada again.

So apparently our country has
some attractions.

Well I have not got much to say,
except to tell you what other people
tell me.

With my best love to you & the kids

Yours affectionately
Edward.

