

New Germany, N.S.,
April 2, 1908.

Dear Mother:-

Your most welcome and highly appreciated letter was received several days ago and found quite interesting. My time is never so completely taken up but that I have ample leisure to read all the letters that you see fit to send. There was, however, one word in your last letter which for the life of me (without meaning to criticise your writing, which is usually quite plain) I couldn't make out. It was in connexion with the 12 hundred rooved things that you sold at one dollar per hundred. What those things were I do not know, nor have I the least idea. I thought when Herbert came up I would get him to try his hand at ciphering it out for me. He is coming up Saturday morning and will bring his family 'with', as the Lunenburg Dutchmen would say. He wrote me that they would probably stay till Tuesday, though, of course, Sunday and Sunday night - Herbert and I will be away in the Newburn - Woodstock section. I am going to see Bonnie and make arrangements to sleep them at my father-in-law's. I am sure they would be glad to have them part of the time anyway and they can keep them over night - better than we can. I read Bonnie your letter in reference to what you said about my not postponing my marriage on the ground of missing a world of happiness and she said, "I say so too." So I guess that settles it, and for better or for