

Mahone Bay, N.S.,
June 16, 1910.

Dear Mother:-

I will try to write you a few lines to-night though news is scarce, and my letter will probably be proxy and short. It rained all last week with the exception of about a day and a half. Sunday of this week was also a dull day with fog and heavy mist, but for the last three days now we have been having the most beautiful weather, about as near perfect as it could well be. Everything looks its best now. All the fields are green apple trees and flowers of various kinds are in blossom and the whole country wears an aspect of brightness and freshness of which you have no equal in the South. We have several trees in our lawn that are surpassingly beautiful just now. One is an English Thorn tree so full of flowers that you can't see the leaves. A second is a native Mountain ash and a third is an English Mountain Ash, both of which are full of large clusters of blossoms. Besides these we have three or four other kinds of ash and a couple maple trees which are fine shade trees. Our climbing vine is putting out nicely though owing to its being tramped upon through the winter it will not be as pretty as last year. I planted some time ago a crimson ramble. It hasn't amounted to anything yet, but is beginning to show some signs of life, and I think it will grow. I planted a little bed of nasturtiums

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phlox which are just beginning to come up. Our garden is starting to make a show. The beans, corn, potatoes, cucumbers, beets, salsify etc are all just popping out of the ground. The lettuce and the onions are looking quite fine. I think I will get into the garden with a hoe about next week. Yesterday Mr. Charles McCall, our next door neighbour, sent us over a large slice of a salmon which he caught. It made enough for two meals and was fine. To-day I bought two dozen scallops, of which we used about half for supper to-night. I think they are about the finest of all shell fish. Last evening we were invited out to tea and had our first mess of lettuce this season. Strawberries will be ripe now in a week or so, and the prospects are that they will be quite plentiful. Tuesday we had Rev. and Mrs. Brewer to see us. They came in the morning and spent the day. They are very nice and we enjoyed their company very much. Mrs. Brewer is going to her home in Gettysburg, Pa., on a visit Monday. She expects to be gone a month or so. Rev. Buchholz and wife are expected at Bridgewater the last of this month. The last word from Mr. Bailey whom we were thinking of calling as Supt. of the Orphans' Home is that he cannot accept the position owing to the opposition of his family. I am sorry as I felt that his coming would be the making or saving of the Home. Caroline will be a year old Saturday. He is quite an active little chap for his years. You should see how he runs around now. We take him out

Every day now sometimes in his cart and sometimes in the waggon. He likes to drive and shakes the reins in great style to make the horse go. The little fellow has a sore eye just now. He got some soap in it the other night but I think it will be all right in a day or two. I preached at Chester and Indian Point last Sunday. The day was dull and cold and rainy, and I didn't have very large congregations, but had a long drive. It was about half past nine when I got home Sunday night. The school will close here next week. Then we will be alone again, as Elsie who has been with us since we came down will be going home. Bonnie is having a suit made and is very much disappointed that it will not be done for next Sunday. I will have to try to get a girl to come in on Sundays, so that she can get out to Church at least once a day after Elsie is gone. Miss Mason, Mr. DeLong's girl, is up here now. She and Bonnie are practicing duets together. She comes around quite frequently. I don't know though how she and Mr. D. are getting along. She is not wearing any engagement ring yet at any rate. I suppose things are pretty quiet in Fort Harker now since the colleges are closed. As I am out of news and ideas I will now have the "commencement" of my letters. With love to all, I am

Affectionately your son,
Carroll H. Little.