

Bridgewater, N.S.,
July 11, 1912.

Dear Mother:-

There is no news of startling interest to narrate, but I will try this morning to write you a few lines anyway. We have been having a frustrated spell of extremely hot weather for the past week or more. It is slightly cooler this morning, but hot enough yet and very dry and dusty. I think it has been hotter than it was when you were up last summer. Tuesday the thermometers registered 98, 99, and 100 and I think it was just as hot yesterday. And for over a week now it has been up in the nineties every day. There is still no prospect of rain. It has brought on the haying a little earlier than usual. We began here day before yesterday. The crop is better than last year and I think we will make twenty-five tons of Timothy hay and seven or eight of marsh hay. The crops of grain and trees also look pretty well and do not seem to be hurt much yet by the drought. Our roasting ear corn looks especially good and we have an abundance of it planned too. We have about a thousand cabbage plants which are also doing nicely. The potatoes of which we have over 18 bushels planted are growing fine, and our cucumber, squash and pumpkin vines are coming along fine. On the whole I think the farm will

do pretty well this year. I was over at Mahone Bay in the interests of the Home Tuesday and collected \$22, but I already have it nearly all spent and should be out again. But as my horse is needed to run the ratter I can't get away very well. This is our hardest period in the year to make ends meet, but in a month or two I think we will be all right. We intend holding our annual Orphans' Home Picnic on Aug. 8 and the Weitzel's Lake Picnic Sept. 6. Between the two we ought to get in three or four hundred dollars. Mrs. Gunn came down to visit us last Monday and is with us now. Donald isn't as heavy or as tall as Herman. He isn't nearly as handsome or good natured either nor does he talk nearly as much. Herman can put two or three words together now and will attempt to say almost anything you tell him. He speaks his own name quite plainly. I took tea with Mrs. Abram Ernst in Mahone Bay the other evening. She and her girls are going with Mrs. Mader (nee Millie Ernst) to the Canadian west the 24th of this month, and in Sept. they are going to California near Los Angeles for the winter. I am to preach next Sunday evening at Mahone Bay and install Pastor Bernon and on the 4th Sunday morning I am to preach here at Bridgewater at the jubilee service in commemoration of the

cancellation of the debt on the Church. We received a card from Mabel written in Paris some time ago but did not answer it as we did not know how long she intended to stay there or whether there would be sufficient time for her to receive a reply. I suppose Bickle is in Washington yet? You might give me his address if you think of it. I might be able to write to him some time. Pastor Buckholz is going away on a month or six weeks' vacation about the first of August. I will probably have to supply a part of the time. Caroline is growing fast and is getting quite brown from being out in the sun nearly all the time. We still get some wild strawberries to eat, but have put up none yet. I haven't noticed strawberry on the market here and don't know how the cultivated crop will be. Blue berries are ripening now. We had some that the children picked the other evening. Last night we ate our tea out in the orchard under the trees. I wish we could go for a camping trip to the Lake again during this hot weather. But I must close. With love to you all and all good wishes,

Dan

Most sincerely yours,
 Corrolet Little.