

Waterloo, Ont.,

Dec. 11, 1917.

Dear Mother:-

I had intended to write to you last night but we had such high wind and it was so cold that I couldn't keep my study comfortable enough to stay in it and didn't find it very convenient to write elsewhere. So I put it off till to-night and from Tuesday night till Thursday night inclusive my time is pretty well occupied till high bed time i.e. eleven or twelve o'clock. Saturday and Sunday we had the heaviest storm of this season. It snowed for two days and the snow was accompanied with very violent wind and severe cold. Sunday none of us got out to Church at all except the children who went to Sunday school in the afternoon. It kept me busy all day keeping the fires going and shovelling the walks open. It was the busiest day of manual labor I have had this long time. In one week from to-day I burned one ton of coal, \$9⁵⁰ worth. I am altogether out again but succeeded in getting another half ton from the dealer which I expect will be up early in the morning. In a big house like this it takes an immense amount of fuel to keep it warm in winter. The Board

however has promised to stand the expense of
all but eight tons and I think I have already
burned about six. But as I have been using
furnace coal also for the kitchen stove I will
have to pay for a couple more tons. The coal
is still very scarce, but the dealer thinks he will
have plenty before long as navigation is now
closed and shipment by boat has ceased. In
Kitchener they have no hard coal at all at pres-
ent. I am so situated here that if I do run
out I can borrow from the Seminary by carry-
ing it over as I have done a few times already.
I suppose you have read of the awful tragedy
at Halifax. It seems to grow in magnitude with
later accounts. Two of the still missing victims
were Mr. Wm. Skittle and son Carl formerly
of Mohone Bay and my parishioners here. They
are the uncle and cousin respectively of Mr. Skittle
senior in our Seminary. So far these are the
only names that I knew among the dead
in Halifax though I imagine the young Post
of Mohone Bay who was killed was Mr. Bertie
Roa's son, also one of my former parishioners.
We have heard no word from the Measons,
though Mr. Skittle tells me that they were
outside of the danger zone and probably
therefore safe. We haven't heard whether
the Church was badly damaged or not, but

it is likely that it was, as it is in the district
 that was hardest hit. It will be a sorry Christ-
 mas for Halifax and its people. I don't think a
 greater disaster ever befell our American city. It
 is now less than a week till our election which
 will be held on next Monday. I don't know, but
 it looks now as though Laurier will win out.
 You will probably hear the result before my next
 letter arrives. People are becoming restless under the
 inflation of prices which makes living increas-
 ingly harder and there is a silent sentiment
 against conscripting young men for fighting
 in Europe which the government will find it
 exceedingly difficult to overcome. However, we
 will soon see how things will go. Time flies very
 rapidly here at the Seminary. Where one is so
 busy the week is gone before he knows it. I like
 the work very much and have reason to think
 that I am giving general satisfaction. Christ-
 mas will soon be here, but we have no vaca-
 tion, only from Friday before till the day after
 Christmas. However this is long enough as I
 have no place to go and very little money to
 spend. The children are all well. Arthur didn't
 go to Sunday School Sunday on account of the
 snow storm. He is the surdiest lad I have.
 Little Robert doesn't talk yet except an occa-

sonal word now and then; but he under-
stands every thing you say to him. He is a very
sweet little child; I suppose I will have to
stop here as I have one more lesson to get up
to night and it is already late. With kindest
regards and best wishes I am

Most faithfully yours

Carroll Little.