

FOR YOUNG CANADA

[Canadian boys and girls are invited to make this corner their own. The editor of this department is anxious to come in touch with the young people from Victoria to Halifax. She would like them to write her brief accounts of their home life, on the prairie or in the big cities, among the mountains or down by the sea. Their letters will be published, and their questions answered in as far as possible.]

This picture just about speaks for itself, but I must tell you just how it happened. This little Kittie belongs to Elsie, and was given to her when she had to stay in the house a long time, on account of a broken ankle, and Puss helped to pass many a weary hour for her. She is a dear little Kit, and Elsie declares she understands everything she says to her.

Well, one day, when the doctor called, before he went away, Elsie wanted to show him Miss Puss, but she could not be found, although high and low they looked for her. However, when the doctor went down stairs, and stooped to pick up his hat, which he had left on the floor in the drawing-room, there lay Kittie sound asleep, all curled up in a little soft ball. He took up the hat carefully, so as not to waken the little sleeper, and went upstairs again to show Elsie. How they all laughed! Elsie was so delighted with Kittie's new bed, that she begged an old hat from papa, and there her pet sleeps every night.

I stood at the window one day watching a snowstorm, and thinking,--thinking how cheerless would be our winter without the snow, which covers everything with its lovely, white softness even to the unsightly heaps of clay and stone, which the industrious grass had failed to reach last summer, and making, for a time, the poor man's garden as beautiful as the rich man's lawn; thinking, too, as I heard the shouts from the hill close by, how much the snow means to you children, and how you love to tumble and romp in it.

But do my little friends ever think of the little children of warm countries, who never even see snow? And as for sleighs and skates and snowshoes, they do not know the meaning of them. Let me tell you about a little girl who came from a land where it is summer all the year. Helen Clark, whose home is in India, came to Toronto one summer, to spend the year with a Canadian auntie.

Her surprise at everything being so unlike that to which she had been accustomed, amused her little cousins greatly; but they were most impatient for winter to come, for they knew she would have endless surprises then. One day in November she stood looking out of the window, and suddenly they heard a scream. "Oh! auntie! see the white feathers falling from the sky! Oh! do come quick."

How the children laughed at her excitement over her first snowstorm.

She rushed to the door and caught the white flakes on her little pink palm, and watched them eagerly as they changed into little water drops.

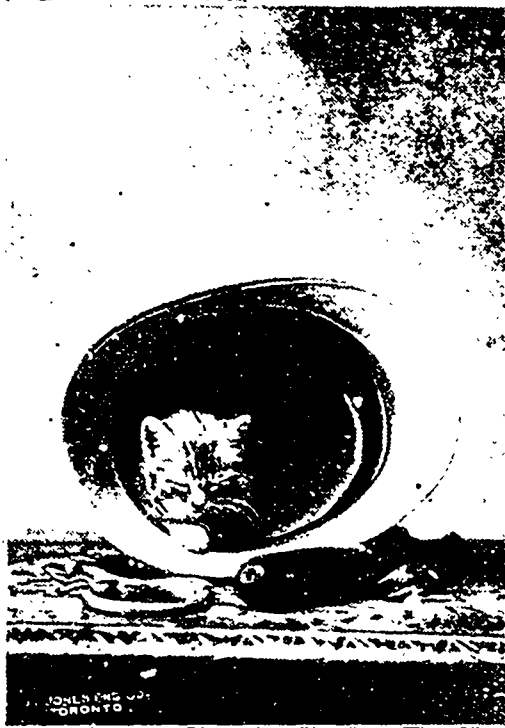
Her delight at her first slide, of a few days before, was nothing compared with the joy of this new wonder.

What a winter it was to Helen, and what lengthy letters she wrote home to her little India playmates, who did not know what cold or snow or ice meant, and who could not imagine how anyone could live in such a dreadful country, where there are no flowers nor fruit growing for more than half the year.

However, when Helen went back to India, and told them what fun she had had—sleighbing and skating and snowshoeing,—they felt quite willing to come to Canada, if they ever had a chance.

And now my dear little "Canucks," who almost "live in the snow" (as your mother says), on these lovely wintry days, do you know there are some children who really do *live in the snow*? Up in the most northern corner of our half of the world, is a country called Greenland. "Whiteland" would be a better name, for here it is winter nearly all the year; and here, in this land of snow, live our little Eskimo brothers and sisters.

Their house is made of blocks of ice, covered with snow, and is shaped like half an orange; with door so low, that the people crawl in on "all fours." There is but one window, with a block of ice answering for a pane of glass. They have no horses in Greenland. It is too cold for them; so they use the reindeer, instead, to pull their sledges. The reindeer also supplies them with meat



and clothing. Little boys and girls are dressed alike, in fur trousers and jacket, made like their papa's; and sleep on snow beds, rolled up in fur blankets.

They cannot make fire, as we do; so heat their houses with a stove, which is really a big lamp, in which they burn whale oil.

They have to eat a great deal of fat to keep them warm, and even their candy is made of reindeer tallow, and, I suppose, tastes as good to them as chocolates do to us.

Eskimo children do not take baths, as you do, and one would have to wash off a great deal of oil and dirt before being able to see just what they really look like.

The babies are not nearly as dainty as our sweet, frisky little Canadian pets, but probably their dirty little faces get just as many fond kisses from papa and mamma Eskimo as our babies do.

On the whole, the children up in Greenland enjoy their long winter, and amuse themselves very much the same as you do. They ride down hill, and are drawn on sleds by their white dogs, and occasionally, with father and mother, have a long reindeer drive.

They do not have schools, but learn at home.

Now, would any of my little friends trade places with an Eskimo boy or girl?

COUSIN MAUD.



Housekeeper's Corner

There is nothing displays the culture and taste of a hostess more than the table and bedroom napery. Linen Damasks, such as will stand the wear and always look well, cannot be produced in the cheaper qualities. In purchasing linens, one may very easily be misled, as there is a glossy finish given to all Damasks that in some cases is made to cover a multitude of defects. If people would only insist on having such linens as "The Shamrock" and "Old Bleach" makes, that have been winning the highest awards at all the world's exhibitions ever since such were inaugurated right down to the present time, there would never be an unfavorable impression created. In this class of Linen Damasks, we have Table Cloths two yards, two and a half, three, three and a half, four, four and a half, five and six yards long with napkins to match, which represent the very finest linen productions in the world.

Just now we show a full assortment of other warrantable makes of Linen Damask Table Cloths, two by two and a half yards, for two dollars, two twenty-five and two fifty; also a large lot of extra long cloths, three, three and a half, four, four and a half, five and six yards long, which we are clearing out at greatly reduced prices. Some of these are very beautiful in design, and extra value in every respect. We have Linen Damask Table Napkins to match all these, from one thirty-five to two fifty a dozen.

We are making a special display of Brown and White Turkish Bath Mats, Bath Robes and Bath Towels. Our Brown Linen Bath Towel for twenty-nine cents is the best value obtainable.

Blankets, fine quality, from two fifty to five dollars a pair.

White Marseilles Quilts, full size, two fifty, three dollars and three fifty; Cot and Crib sizes, sixty-five cents to one dollar and ninety cents.

Honey Comb Quilts, one dollar to one fifty. In Eider Down goods, we are showing some very special bargains. Our Satcen covered, reversible (beautiful designs) Down Quilts at from five to fifteen dollars are unmatchable outside our warehouse.

Tapestry Table Covers from one fifty to five dollars each, and large sizes from two to twelve dollars each.

Nottingham Lace Curtains in white and ecru, three yards long, one dollar and one fifty per pair; three and a half yards, two to four dollars; four yards long, two fifty to seven fifty per pair.

Cotton Sheetings, bleached, twill, from sixty-four to one hundred inches wide, at from twenty cents to seventy cents per yard.

Bleached, plain, from fifty-four to one hundred and ten inches wide, from eighteen cents to seventy-five cents a yard.

Unbleached, twill, sixty-four to ninety inches, from twenty cents to thirty cents.

Unbleached, plain, fifty-four to ninety inches, from sixteen cents to thirty cents a yard.

Cotton Pillow Casings, bleached plain, forty to fifty-four inches, from fifteen to thirty-five cents.

Unbleached, plain, forty to forty-five inches, from ten cents to twelve and a half.

Best circular, bleached and plain, all widths.

This little sketch of some of our ordinary lines in housefurnishings of the highest class is given, so that you may be posted on what you can get good things for, when next laying in your supplies for household needs.

Our Mail Order system is so complete that through samples and correspondence you can be served just as well as if you were on the ground.

JOHN CATTO & SON,
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