

CANADA

women. Tables are laden with good Christmas fare, and everywhere hospitality is the order of the day. Outside, icicles make a fringe to the roofs, the snow lies piled high, often above the level of the windows, and the trees bear a coating of snow and ice. The crispness in the air, despite the cold, is delightful, and sleigh-bells jingle merrily to an accompaniment of crunching snow. Sometimes King Frost, in an amorous fit, kisses our ears too rudely for politeness. Now and then an avalanche of snow from a tin roof overhead perils one's life; occasionally there is danger of upsetting in a *cahot*; oftener still there is likelihood of being buried in a snowdrift, but, take