

# CAT · GOSSIP

VOL. 3

Edited by H. C. BROOKE

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## D.O.R.A. IN THE FELINE WORLD.

We wonder how many of our readers noticed that very clever and but too-true skit on this nation in the "Daily Mail" a few weeks ago? A Wolf, unable to reach the Sheep, vented his spleen by insulting them. "You poor mutts," said he, "remind me of the British Nation!" The taunt went home: an aged Sheep, raising his head, replied, "You forget, Sir, we, nous autres moutons, we can eat and drink whenever we feel inclined!"

Well, England has attained the proud eminence of being the most faddist-ridden, mustn't do this country there is, and, what is worse, the public weakly puts up with it all, nor, as long as Puritans sit in high office, is there any hope for improvement. The English of to-day are so well disciplined, so brought to heel, that nothing would make them kick—unless, we think, their football were stopped. Then would come a Revolution! But

### DO WE WANT DORA IN CATDOM?

"Paul Pry" last week made some comments which we think worthy of a little consideration. Is it not a fact, he asked, that the Cat Fancy is likely to have its liberties encroached upon?

It has been announced that a movement is on foot to **make** people selling cats abroad announce the fact in the "official organ." We regard this as an infringement of the rights of the individual. There is no earthly reason why such sales should not be announced—in fact, we freely admit that as a mere matter of business most people desire to give such sales every publicity. But when it comes to **compelling** people to do so, and that in one particular place, it becomes quite a different matter. That is interfering with the liberty of the individual. A sale is the affair of the buyer and seller, and if for any reason they wish to keep it dark, who shall say them nay? Possibly a foreign buyer may wish to keep the sale quiet until he or she can produce the cat as a surprise at some Show (we've known many such cases in dogs). Has the buyer not a perfect right to do so? Again; we know many people do not like and do not read "Cat Gossip"—but also we know, even in the "Fancy," there are quite a number who do not like, nor read, the "official organ." What right has a small clique to lay down the law that such persons **must**, willy-nilly, publish

their affairs in any given paper, quite irrespective of their personal wishes in the matter?

Give him an inch and he'll take an ell, is an old saying, particularly applicable to some people (in every rank and calling) who, being in office, feel called upon to assert themselves by laying down the law upon all kinds of matters.

Again—and here we would like to mention that we are assured by "Paul Pry" that whatever he mentions **is spoken of in the catty world**—he invents nothing—he merely takes up rumour and puts it in a concrete form; but also, knowing Rumour to be a lying jade, he **asserts** nothing; he asks merely "Is it a fact, as people are asking?" Well, it is rumoured that a certain section having (as they are perfectly entitled to do) decided that at their Show only certain professional or semi-professional judges shall adjudicate on Best in Show and similar specials, hope by means of their influence to make this rule compulsory on all Shows.

Is it true, or not? Si non e vero. . . . If it be true, here again we see the pussyfooting of a feline Dora

Such a matter should be entirely for the judgment of the Fancy, and not be decided upon by a small and possibly more or less interested clique.

Thus the liberty of the individual is lost!

THE EDITOR.

## LONG-HAIR LORE.

By MRS. CAMPBELL-FRASER. (Phone: Hendon 1019).

Gay doings at Gaybrock. Two beautiful blue-eyed white Persians—White Foam and Snowdrop, the first by Ch. Minley Surprise, ex Swinton Sprite, the second by the same sire, ex Ch. Minley Venus—have just sailed for New South Wales, Australia. They were an exquisite pair, and are to become the property of Mrs. Cochrane and Mrs. Lonsdale respectively. Miss L'Estrange Walsh tells me the sale was effected through the kindness of Mrs. B. H. Soame.

We members like to talk over our first Show. Here are First Show Impressions as given by Mrs. S. G. Tomlinson, Hoole, Chester: "December, 1924, I received a letter from Mrs. Plumpton stating a Cat Show was to be held in Manchester, and that they would be pleased if I would show. I wrote stating I should be delighted to do so, and I entered Lady Maythorpe, and her first baby, Sphinx, a kitten of

three months. We arrived where the Show was to be held, and after climbing a number of stairs finally reached the room, kindly lent us by the Rabbit Fanciers. I penned my exhibits, and then had a look round at the other cats and kittens. What impressed me first was the magnificence of the eyes; my second impression, the size of the blue males—Lancashire Blue Jacket, in his full splendour, never to be forgotten. Some one then told me we had a Champion present, and as I had never seen one I was naturally desirous to see it; however, I was disappointed with my view, and said "I wondered that cat had ever pulled off a Championship"; in those days I knew nothing much about points or colour, so may be forgiven; now, understanding more, I realise that cat well deserved her full honours. The next thing brought to my notice were the special prizes on the table, but I took little notice of them as I didn't expect any were likely to come my way! What an excitement when judging commenced; how my heart beat! How we all gathered round! Mr. and Mrs. Coombes sat on the backs of the chairs to get a better view, and Mrs. Shirly grew hot and flushed. Miss Love was the only calm one, she being used to the excitement of Ch. Shows. Presently R went up on Lady Maythorpe's pen, and, all eagerness, I asked what R meant. But the final climax came when Sphinx was taken out for "Best in Show," and won the Silver Spoon given by the M.C.C.C. for members competing. From that small beginning we are now a full blown Club—the L.N.W.C.C.C.—with a full membership, hoping the day will soon arrive for us to have a Ch. Show of our own."

And many and many a time since then

Have I sat and mused in my lonely den,

And longed for my first Show to come back again!

Re Dainty Ladye of the Court's litter, Mrs. Oglethorpe writes from Bournemouth: "Lady Eardley Wilmot has asked for the first refusal of my best female; however, I find there are two females, equally good so far, and the tiny one I thought was a girl, is a boy! I hear from home that all the pets are well, the kittens becoming more advanced daily! Lady Fayre is the quaintest thing imaginable, she dashes about the garden like a piece of quicksilver—takes the lawn in one bound, and lands on top of the greenhouse, and the next moment is through a window, up the stairs, and out of another window! At present she sleeps in The Aristocrat's kennel; they are the greatest pals."

A 16th century proverb: "It is a sotyle mouse that slepyth in the Catty's ear."—Richard Hilles. This is ancient wisdom, can we better it in 1928?

From Kingswood Avenue, N.W., Miss Winifred French soliloquizes: "Now I seem to remember an intimation some time ago that only **good** news was required for 'Cat Gossip,' and in that case what is a poor would-be breeder to do?" The dream of my life, as you may remember, is to breed Brown Tabby Persians. At the beginning of the present year I

had, in some cases as part-owner only, six young B.T. queens, only one of whom was a 'show specimen,' but all of whom possessed to my partial eye certain possibilities. This is what happened: In March poor little Joanna Godden, a daughter of Brown Deer, died; in April Thyrsa Honey, mated to Bennie of Serrano, had four silver tabby kittens—not a brown tabby amongst them; in June, Lorena Middleton had one tabby kitten, born dead; a week later Stella Mount had three kittens, two silver tabbies and one cream, all of whom died during the hot weather; in August, Jenny Mallard, my best queen, mated to Creame Bunne, had two fine tabby kittens, and lost them both within a week; now little Kitty le Couteur, half of whom belong to Miss Longley, has just had four brown tabby kittens by a stud as yet unknown to fame, and behold three of them are mackerels. As if all this were not enough, my little Humphrey Lyte, a brown tabby kitten with a wonderful coat, given to me by Mrs. Bryan to console me in my losses, developed intestinal trouble last week, and had to have all the fur cut off his hind-quarters. Truly the Gods of Catdom hold me in derision!—and yet I am asked why I do not send any news to 'Cat Gossip?' By the way, can anyone tell me why mackerel tabbies should be eligible for prizes if short-haired, and not if long-haired? It seems a little inconsistent."

More than one hundred and twenty years ago the little seed was sown which was eventually to develop into that wonderful world-wide display of cero-plastic art, housed to-day in that palatial building in Marylebone Road, London, and known to all as Madame Tussaud and Son's Exhibition. Madame Tussaud was born in Berne, but came with her mother to Paris, to join the uncle who taught her the art in which she became so proficient. She taught the French "noblesse" of the Court the art of making wax flowers, and when many of their lovely heads were laid low, and the terrors of Revolution were over, Madame Tussaud, who had shared a prison lot with the beautiful Empress Josephine, determined to make her future home in England. Here she lived and worked at her art for nearly half-a-century, leaving this wonderful museum of present and past notabilities to be carried on by her children's children, and they have been faithful to her ambition. You are now, my readers, wondering why I am telling you all this in our Cat journal. Well, it is just this—amongst all the wonderful personalities to be found gathered together in marvellous array, both a dog and a cat are present—Sir Walter Scott with his devoted retriever, and little Dick Whittington with his friend the black cat—two very charming figures—helping in their own little way to complete the picture.

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\* We think Miss French is mistaken. "Cat Gossip" wants ALL news—though good news is, of course, the most welcome.—Ed.

## GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

YET more complaints have arrived of non-delivery of our Siamese Show Number. It bears out the theory we have always held, that some postal officials, if (perhaps in the course of their duty looking for prohibited enclosures) they notice a paper which excites their interest or curiosity, are in the habit of keeping it, either temporarily, resulting in delayed delivery, or altogether. The fact that this specially interesting Show Number was stolen practically wholesale, bears out our theory. We must ask subscribers who do not receive their copy—the papers being regularly posted before 5 p.m. every Wednesday—to interest themselves in the matter, and make formal complaint at their Post Office **every time** the paper does not arrive, or arrives unduly late. Constant inquiry may, “perhaps, put the wind up” some of the pilferers.

We were delighted to receive a welcome letter from our dear old friend, Mr. Sam Woodiwiss, who writes—what we ought to have remembered: “Mr. A. A. Clark was the Treasurer of the N.C.C. up to 1895, and, in fact, the ruling person of the Club; if alive now he must be very ancient. . . . I believe I started exhibiting Cats at Cruft’s in 1894, entering three S.H. Silver Tabbies. It was about that time I bought Ch. Xenophon from C. Heslop for £25, and my brother started the Fancy by purchasing two wild Tiger Cats from Mr. G. Billett. I gave up after winning nearly all I could at the N.C.C. As you truly say, the Cat Fancy could be very different if the breeders would wake up. Last week I was judging Red Poll Cattle at Birmingham, and was staggered on going into the rabbit tent to see the many new breeds that have come into being. **They** are, indeed, a progressive body. I wish your paper every success, it well deserves it.”

So there we have the opinion of a world-famous breeder, judge, and exhibitor of all kinds of live stock. We well remember his beautiful cattery at Finchley; the Wild Cats we referred to only a few weeks ago in “Cat Gossip.” We ourselves first showed Cats in 1895, with Manx at the Palace, Mr. Woodiwiss’ Manx King being 1st, our Kater and his son, the infant future Ch. Katzenjammer, 2nd and 3rd. At that time, too, the “Sedgemere” Bulldogs were the most celebrated team in the world.

Has anyone a male Abyssinian kitten? (See advertisement.)

HIGHBRIDGE (Somerset) Fanciers’ Show, November 21st. Mrs. Hon. Secretary Atfield hopes for a good entry. More particulars shortly.

## CAT CALLS.

Kindly permit me to explain why we are not holding an Open Cat Show this year. We had arranged in our programme for 1928 an Open Cat Show on 7th November. When, however, the Championship Show dates were fixed we found that one was on 8th

November, and several others were near about the same time. Our Cat Section Committee decided, therefore, that it would be unwise for us to have an Open Show, as we could not expect to get enough entries. I have been blamed for fixing the date of our Show so early, before the Champion Show dates are fixed, but as we have Poultry, Pigeon, Rabbit, etc., Sections also to contend with, it is impossible to leave the dates open to suit one section only. I am wondering if Secretaries of Societies such as mine could have the dates of these Shows at the end of this year for next, so as to enable us to fix the Cat Show dates at the Annual General Meetings of our Societies in January, as we do in other sections. I have this year had kind offers of Specials from Mrs. Campbell-Fraser, Mrs. Allen Maturin, and Mr. and Mrs. Yeates, and suggestions from them on this matter will be a great help.

L. F. CHITTY, Secretary.

Bournemouth and District Fur and Feather Society.

Eastville, Redhill Drive, Winton, Bournemouth.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Thanks for “Cat Gossip,” received this morning, it is like an egg, “full of meat.” The illustration of house and run is good, and can be extended ad lib. I have been wanting ideas on that point for some time.

Mrs. Campbell-Fraser’s remarks as to liberty or confinement open up a big topic. I have not a lot of experience with pure-bred cats, but, so far, I am all on the side of partial confinement. I have noticed for many years that my farmyard cats, who live about the buildings, and seem to spend their time mostly hunting mice, rats, rabbits, and birds, never carry much flesh, and are subject to all kinds of unnatural deaths, traps and accidents of various kinds, and during the last four years I have had no less than five die from poison, no doubt laid down by neighbouring farmers. Well, these risks seem to me too great to run with valuable cats, which, moreover, we don’t want in a half wild condition if they may be wanted for exhibition purposes at any time. Growing kittens, my experience goes to show, do best confined, at least at night, and as to male cats, well, if they are not confined periodically they will disappear for days at a time, and often come back in a weary, worn, and sad condition, evidence that they are only living up to their nature, and seeking for themselves a bride. Another thing, cats are most affectionate creatures. My Siamese follow me into the fields and woods like dogs, and often I think how easy it would be for any passer-by to pick one up and adopt it as their own. Moral: I am going to make arrangements to keep all my Siamese in confinement, with liberty when I am there to see they don’t stray and get into mischief; they are in perfect condition and health, and that should be sufficient testimonial to the system of partial confinement.

H. S. HIRST

(Member Siamese Club).

## TRUE STORIES OF CATS.

CONTRIBUTED BY MISS EDITH NEWTON.

## (II.)

Our next-door neighbour once had a tabby female cat who came over the wall and made our acquaintance. After that, whenever we went into the garden she would appear beside us, and follow us about just like a dog. Often my garden work would necessitate my walking backwards and forwards to the kitchen garden, and every time this cat would come tripping after me, and if I stopped to do any job would sit down beside me until I had finished it. When winter came she would spend hours on our window-sill, waiting for a stroke and a kindly word. By-and-by we missed her for a few days, but one afternoon she appeared on the back steps with a kitten, of which she was very proud, seemed to like us to admire it, and did not in the least mind our picking it up. Of course, I took the kitten home again, but next time the cat brought the whole family of four, one by one, and laid them at our back door. Each day she would repeat this performance, and each day I would take them back, until at last I was obliged to make an arrangement with our neighbour to keep the kittens at our house, until they were old enough to be found homes. This cat was a splendid ratter, and when she caught and killed one, would often bring it over the wall and show us what she had done.

## (III.)

At one time we had a black and white male cat, who, like all the cats we have had, was quite a companion. We moved to another neighbourhood, and at the time we could not find him anywhere. Our house remained unoccupied for some months, during which time we used to go fairly often to see if the cat had come back, but without success. After five months, however, we found him in the garden, and he was delighted to see us, so next day we took a basket, which we placed in the kitchen while we looked over the house. On coming downstairs we found puss comfortably sitting in the basket waiting for us. Although he had to be carried some distance in it he never struggled or made any noise. On reaching his new home he went straight into the garden, climbed up a high lattice, where he could get a good view, and after looking about and listening for some time, came down and followed us into the house. He settled down at once, and never attempted to leave us, nor to return to the old neighbourhood.

At another time a black Persian cat lived next door to us, and being rather annoyed by a puppy that was introduced later, took to opening the latch of our scullery door, and walking in, remaining till the cats' meat man called with his meat, when he went home, only to return when the meal was over.

## THE BEGGAR CAT.

Hunting after crusts and crumbs, gnawing meatless bones,  
Trembling at a human step, fearing bricks and stones,  
Shrinking at an outstretched hand, knowing only blows,  
Wretched little beggar cat, born to suffer woes.

Sleeping anywhere you can, in the rain or snow,  
Waking in the cold, grey dawn, wondering where to go;  
Dying in the street at last, starved to death at that,  
Picked up by the scavenger—poor tramp cat!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## THE PROBLEM OF THE "STRAY."

(By Capt. MacCunn, Assist. Secretary R.S.P.C.A.)

A statement to the effect that "the greater the interest in any particular animal, the worse off that animal is" would bring, no doubt, a chorus of dissent. The paradox, however, has much truth in it—at least, where a particular kind of "interest" is concerned. That, for instance, of the breeder, the exhibitor, and the retailer, is apt, not unnaturally, to be confined within the narrow limits of the "aristocracy" of the animal world.

The desire, openly expressed in some quarters, to support the export of horses for butchery, as a means of getting rid of the equine "misfits," is one example. Some of the proposals regarding stray dogs in recent legislation is another. In a word, to many people the interest in an animal lies not in its



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affection and companionship, but in its "points" or its commercial value.

It is a pity that it is so, for these very people, by their intimate knowledge of the proper care and treatment of the creature concerned could do so much to help the ignorant owner, and, incidentally, the animal he possesses.

In the case of the cat, this is peculiarly evident. There are Cat Societies and Cat Shows; Cat Breeders and Cat Exhibitors; papers and books dealing with the points of cats and how to judge them; and a vast amount of money, energy, and interest is displayed in the beautiful animals concerned.

Now consider the other side of the question.

Every year one Humane Society alone, the R.S.P.C.A., painlessly destroys about 100,000 stray and unwanted cats. Into their merciful hands pass blind cats, verminous cats, starving cats, sick cats; in fact, every possible phase of feline misery.

A proportion of the animals mercifully destroyed by the R.S.P.C.A. and other Humane Associations is, of course, old pets, or, at any rate, not "strays." A great quantity are so, however, and have become wanderers through the carelessness or stupidity of their owners.

The chief cause of the army of "strays" is undoubtedly the selfish and cruel habit of keeping unwanted kittens. People say, and often believe it, that "they cannot bear to destroy them." Such delicacy, however, does not prevent them from turning the animals adrift, or giving them away to anyone, when they are past the interesting and amusing stage of kittenhood.

(To be continued.)

**GAT BITS FROM THE LIBRARY.**

Inside half the shops a cat, collared and chained, dragged and tugged and mewed—rather weird-looking pussies most of them, for the older the cat the greater the luck it brings in old-age-venerating China. And the cat is the animate (and not voiceless) luck-bringer of China—almost sharing pride of place with the Hearth God himself in every Chinese village home. For the Hearth God is The Hearth God, sacred to home life, unmindful of grosser business affairs. Dogs roam at large throughout China, but cats must live on the chain. Dogs run loose in China—and why not, since a Chinese dog will only bite foreigners and beggars, but cats are almost always collared and chained. For the luck may go out with the cat, and, unlike the cat, not come back. And since the older and uglier the cat is, the greater and surer the luck it brings, while kittens may be allowed some natural freedom of limb and of play, cats of more dignified and more responsible years rarely are allowed any at all. But centuries of such usage have not reconciled the Chinese cat in the least, and they make up for their monstrous curtailment of prowl by a fiendish and perpetual freedom of screech. They yowl all the time in one great, shrill, discordant unison of indignant protest.

Louise Jordan Miln, in "The Soul of China."

Pair Pedigree SIAMESE KITTENS; 5gns.; or would sell separately. Male by Ch. Tai-Long, ex Watana; Female by Ch. Bonzo, ex Bona.—HUME, 14, Hawthorns, Finchley, London, N. 3.

**CROYDON CAT CLUB.**

A Committee Meeting was held at Miss Hill-Shaw's house on October 11th, the Chairman being present. The following judges were appointed for next Show in January: Siamese, Mrs. Cran; all other Shorthair, Mr. H. C. Brooke; Blue L.H., Miss Langston; Chinchillas, Silver Tabby, Smokes, Household Pets, Miss Adams; Blacks, Whites, Brown Tabby, Mr. Norris; Red, Cream, Tortoiseshell, Captain Powell, Mrs. Campbell-Fraser to be asked to referee. To encourage the variety a class will be given for Golden-Eyed Whites, L.H. or S.H., Captain Powell to judge. The Committee expressed its sincere gratitude to Mr. Brooke for coming the long distance to judge without fee, and also to Mrs. Cran for her promise to come if her health permits.

H. HILL-SHAW, Hon. Secretary.

**BOOK REVIEW.**

The condemned cell—the night before an electrocution. Three literary men condemned to death for the removal of a scoundrel—(only in these "sloppy" days no one must take the law into their own hands). But only two shots had been fired. The Governor of the State enters, with a blank pardon for one—he leaves it with the three to fill in as they desire. They decide each to tell a story, the watching warder to name the best—and the teller of that story should go free! Such is the thrilling commencement of "Sing Sing Nights" (Dutton, Fifth Avenue, New York), by Mr. Harry Stephen Keeler, son of the American Siamese enthusiast, Mrs. Adelina O'Brien, of Chicago. In the course of his thirteen years' work as writer of mystery stories, Mr. Keeler has had to study such different subjects as tropical moths, Confucius, trephining of the human skull, snake-charming, green jade, embalming cats in the 12th dynasty, majolica, ancient flintlocks, dementia præcox—in fact, there is no end to his studies! But he never forgets his early love for cats!

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**ADVERTISEMENTS.** Displayed Advertisements, Stud or others, 3/6 per inch, cash, up to 4 insertions; 4 to 13 insertions, 3/4 inch; 13 and upwards, 2/9 inch. Standing Advertisements of Cat Clubs, 35 words, 2/6. Sales, Wants, &c., 1d. per word.

**PORTRAITS.** Cats standing at stud (not less than 5 insertions) can have their portraits published for the price of block and post age, i.e., from 15/6, according to size, or two done together £1 2s. 6d. the two. We challenge competition in this offer.

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All correspondence re "CAT GOSSIP" to the Editor.

H. C. BROOKE.

Bishop's Hull, Taunton.

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OUR Veterinary Adviser will reply FREE, through the columns of "Cat Gossip," to our SUBSCRIBERS' queries about their cats: all such FREE queries to be sent as early as possible to "Cat Gossip." URGENT ADVICE will be sent by post for the fee of 2/6. This nominal fee will also be charged for Post-mortems. In these cases, the query, or the body, with the fee, must be sent direct to

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NOTE.—Any bodies sent to "The Editor" will be at once destroyed!

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Hon. Sec.: MRS. WADE, 89, Alexandra Road, St. John's Wood, N.W. 3.

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