

CAT · GOSSIP

VOL. 4

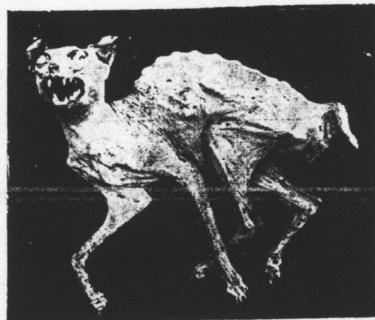
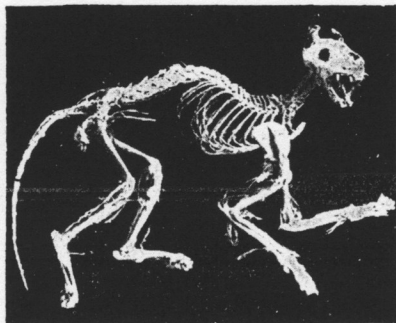
First Edited by H. C. BROOKE

Edited by E. K. WAKEFORD

No. 121

APRIL 10th. 1929

Price 3s 6d. quarterly, post free



THE MUMMIFIED CATS OF ST. POL. (From the "Revue Féline Belge." Abridged translation by H. C. B.)

The hapless cats whose portraits we give caused a good deal of interest at the late Paris Show. They were discovered in the old College at St. Pol, Brittany, between ceiling and floor; and we owe thanks to M. E. Thouvenel, of Paris, for the loan of the blocks, and to our confrère, M. Armand Steens, Editor of our Belgian contemporary, for the legend, which runs as follows:—

In 1787, when the Revolution was beginning to threaten in Paris, Brittany was still steeped in superstition. Anne Marie de Tregor, daughter of an old family of the lesser Breton nobility, shared her love between her two cats and her lover, Jean Louis, a handsome young fisherman, whom she met in secret. But she was also beloved by the son of a neighbouring Seigneur, Count Alain de Kerguelen, an equally handsome youth, but of an arrogant and cruel nature, who, unable to bear the thought that a poor fisherman should be preferred to him, vowed hatred and revenge to his humble rival. The great *Pardon of Roscoff was to take place on Sunday, and Anne had arranged a rendezvous with Jean Louis. But the Count of Kerguelen had been watching, and he had Jean Louis seized by his men and immured in the dungeons at Kerguelen. Although this was well known in the district, the power of the Count imposed silence, except in the evening, when groups of old Bretons would meet and work diabolical spells. Anne Marie was on the point of yielding to the Count to save Jean Louis when a number of old Bretons told her that they had learnt that if she agreed to

wall up her cats alive Jean Louis would be saved. Agonised at the thought of sacrificing her pets, Anne bethought herself that a year before she had saved a young girl from drowning. Yvonne le Goff, the pride of her father, who was a gaoler at Kerguelen. Hard and severe though he was known to be, could she not work upon him through his love for his rescued daughter? The Count frequently visited Jean, and finding him obdurately persisting in his love for Anne, ordered Yvonne's father to throw him into the oubliette. All seemed lost, and Anne was in despair. Must she sacrifice her innocent pets curled at her feet? Kneeling, Anne Marie murmured prayers, placing these innocent creatures amongst the hosts of the martyrs. A convent was being built in the shadow of the †Creisker. It was in the ceiling of the prayer-room here that Anne Marie caused her poor pets to be immured.

On the same day Yvonne was wandering sadly near the Castle of Kerguelen, when her father's dog suddenly disappeared in a heap of brushwood which concealed a deep hole. Endeavouring to recall the dog, she discovered an old stairway almost entirely covered up, a long-abandoned entrance to an old cellar of the Castle, and passing close to the oubliettes. Yvonne informed Anne Marie, and together, returning at night, they succeeded in piercing the wall and rescuing Jean Louis, still living, but in an emaciated condition. Thus saved, but dead in the eyes of the world, he reappeared at St. Pol in the rags of a beggar, only known to the two who had saved him.

Not long after he was fishing at high tide when he perceived the Count trapped in a quicksand. His

Notes by translator: * Pardon, a Brittany religious festival. † Creisker, the tower or belfry.

efforts to save his enemy nearly resulted in his being himself engulfed, and he was forced to watch the Count slowly disappear in the quicksands. Thus freed from his bitter foe, Jean Louis appeared in his proper person, and soon was married to Anne Marie, who did not forget the poor little creatures to whom she owed her happiness. She had embroidered upon the arms of the House of Trégor the two cats in the agonised posture she imagined for them, with the device:

“By virtue of my sufferings
I bring happiness.”

M. Thouvenel has had “lucky charms” made of these cats, which he sells at two francs for the benefit of the “Cats’ Refuge” run in Paris by Madame C. du Gast.

LONG-HAIR LORE.

BY MRS. M. ESTELLE OGLETHORPE.

(Phone: Wimbleton 2889.)

SOULS OF ANIMALS.

Such look of an immortal likeness springs
At times into the eyes of dear dumb things,
As if hereafter we must recognise
The unknown life that knew us in their eyes.

Gerald Massey.

Once on a time I used to dream,
Strange spirits moved about my way,
And I might catch a vagrant gleam,
A glint of pixy or of fay;
Their lives were mingled with my own,
So far they roamed, so near they drew;
And when I from a child had grown,
I woke—and found my dream was true.
For one is clad in coat of fur,
And one is decked in feathers gay;
Another, wiser, will prefer
A sober suit of Quaker grey;
This one's your servant from his birth,
And that a Princess you must please,
And this one loves to wake your mirth,
And that one likes to share your ease.
Oh, gracious creatures, tiny souls!
You seem so near, so far away,
Yet while the cloudland round us rolls
We love you better every day.

Anon.

Our brief, but delightful, holiday is at an end, but what happy memories remain with us of the dear friend with whom we stayed, and what joyful thoughts of a future visit we are able to conjure to our minds. One day we were motoring through Blandford, and remembering that once upon a time Mrs. Kennaway had asked me to call and see her pets when we were in that direction, we took this opportunity, and were lucky in finding her at home in her lovely old-world house set in a charming garden, through which a river runs peacefully, with swans floating quietly on its surface. We had not much time there, but we saw two happy red Persians disporting themselves in the warm sunshine in front

of the house. Mrs. Kennaway told me she was very pleased with Hillingdon Black Knight, and that there were two litters of tabbies on the way, and also a litter by Son o' Flick. As we frequently pass through Blandford on our travels I hope we may one day see more of the pets.

Jasmine of Farnborough has been on a visit to Ch. Hercules of Mayfield, and we have great hopes of a successful litter this time. She visited Ch. Hercules earlier in the season, but as she was rather late, and on the day of her arrival Ch. Hercules was at a show, the visit was unsuccessful. Jasmine, who is a very lovely little person, the winner of seven 1st prizes, and unbeaten as a kitten, should produce something exceptional if all goes well.

Juno of Pensford should have her litter to-day, but she is generally a little late on these occasions, and we all know how it feels when the long-looked-for arrivals keeps us in a state of suspense by delaying their appearance into the world. I hope soon to hear from Mrs. Thompson that they are all safely here, and then we shall have something to look forward to as these miniature representatives of a happy existence grow in health and beauty day by day.

From Mrs. Cattermole comes the news that Thomas of Emberton is six years old this month, and that his young son, who is very lovely and only five months old, weighs 6lbs. 2½ozs. He is everyone's pet, and has the sweetest disposition imaginable, one of his quaint little ways being to sit in his master's pocket.

Mr. Freeman is wishful of parting with Balburnie, who is a fine young male and a proved sire. He thinks he has found a purchaser for him, and I wish his new owner every success with her protégé. I can testify to the quality of his kittens, as I have myself bought one of them, and he is a fine little fellow. Miss J. M. Fisher has purchased a lovely female from Mr. Freeman. I myself saw this queen a little while ago, and should have bought her, but I have for some time been short of help with my pets, and as I am usually a very much occupied person, apart from this, my hobby, I was obliged to let the opportunity pass, much to my disappointment. But it is wiser to have few pets and to do them justice, than to have so many one must perforce neglect them.

Miss Harman has just been in to tell me that Stella Maria, by Blair Athol, ex Pamela of Saxony, has presented her with four very pale female kittens by her late pet, Camperdown.

Now that spring is really here I am hoping to receive more news from fanciers, because this is one of the most interesting times of year for breeders, when all the little families are arriving and our hopes are high.

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!



GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

THE lovely weather in which we rejoiced during the Easter week-end probably accounts for the very small number of letters which we have received this week. No one could possibly be expected to stay indoors to write letters instead of seizing the opportunity to work in the garden or to spring clean the cattery. Many of those who do not themselves own studs must have found themselves in a quandary, as one of the effects of the sudden warmth was to bring all the queens into season simultaneously—this was certainly so in our own cattery—and the holiday must have made it impossible to send them away for mating.

Miss O. Howey writes that her long-haired polydactyle queen, Cradley Frolic, has two handsome kittens by her orange Persian, Cradley Fay, both of them tabby males. Curiously enough, both follow their sire in having only the usual number of toes.

Mrs. Mégroz is certainly to be congratulated on the arrival of seven Siamese kittens, by Southampton Darboy, ex Greenway Cecelia, and we sincerely hope that she will succeed in rearing them all.

WE are very sorry to hear that Mrs. Allen Maturin is suffering from a most severe cold, which comes at a very inconvenient time, as she is extremely busy in the cattery at present. We hope that it will not prevent her from attending the Siamese Club Meeting next week, as she is always most heartily welcomed by her many friends in the Fancy, who have few opportunities of meeting her and hearing the latest news of the Southampton cats.

THIS week we have an interesting announcement to make. Miss O. Howey is very kindly offering a prize of 5s. for the best collection of advertisements featuring cats—she sends us as an example the personification of contentment who is advertising Savings Certificates. As these advertisements are not very numerous, cigarette cards may also be included. Entries should be forwarded to us before Saturday, May 18th, and will be sent on to Miss Howey for judging—they are to become her property after the competition.

SOME of our readers still seem to be in doubt as to where they should send their subscriptions. These—and all correspondence, except foreign news and exchanges—should be sent to the Editor, 10, Red Lion Passage, W.C. 1, and **not** either to Mr. Brooke or to the "Somerset County Gazette."

WE have just received the March number of our American contemporary, "The Cat Courier," and are filled with envy, though we hope that some day "Cat Gossip" will be equally important. The fifty pages of this admirably produced paper are packed with really interesting information about American catteries, whose owners certainly appreciate to the full the value of advertisement. Incidentally, we note that the Cat-Nip Mice, about which one of our

correspondents inquired, may be obtained from Mrs. Gertrude E. Taylor, 704, Henry Clay Hotel, Detroit, Mich., price 15c.

ACCORDING to our Belgian contemporary, the late Marshal Foch and Field Marshal Hindenberg are to be enrolled amongst the ranks of cat-lovers; also the Pope has expressed the desire to own a good blue Persian kitten, and a stud cat has been sent to Rome by a Belgian fancier to mate with a queen there to provide a kitten for His Holiness. We commend these facts to the attention of the "Daily Mail" scribe, who proclaimed that only old maids and ancient Egyptians loved cats—poor fool!

WITH OUR CATS.

BY F. M. BALLINGALL.

(Continued from Page 81.)

WE were spending the summer by the sea, having rented a house, which, like the few others in the road, was set in the midst of a large garden. It was very quiet there. The wide roadway was edged with grass; branching trees shaded the paths.

Late one afternoon my sister and I left the garden, to wander up the road, followed by our kitten and his mother. The grandmamma we did not see, nor did she ever companion our walks. As we went up the path the kitten frisked along on the grass, enjoying himself immensely. Our road was headed by a cross-road. When we reached this we were about to turn back, but the kitten suddenly darted across it, and, as he did so, two ostlers, leaning over the gate of some livery stables, yelled out, "Pick him up, ma'am! The dog will kill him! He kills every cat!" As they spoke, a terrier rushed forth, and made for the kitten. My sister caught up Tony, his mother, while I flew after the mewling kitten. The path was bordered by a very thick and high hedge, enclosing the grounds of an invisible mansion. Beyond this hedge was a wood—the trees rising out of an impenetrable undergrowth of shrubs and grass. The kitten, in his terror, forced his way under the hedge before I could reach him, and the dog, ignoring my threats, scrambled after him. Incensed, for I knew the men had purposely let the dog out, I promised them punishment if the kitten were hurt. But I had only a few words to spare, for the kitten's plight was my chief care. We could not see the dog or kitten, but we could hear the pitiful little mews, the dog's snarls, and the noise of the broken boughs as the terrier crashed through after his tiny prey.

I ran a good way down to the gate, only to confront a long avenue, passing between the same impenetrable barrier of trees and undergrowth as far as I could see. I rushed back, and saw the kitten scrambling up the massive trunk of a tree close to the hedge. It was wonderful to see how those tiny claws clung to the bark, yet every moment we thought

he would fall into the cruel jaws of the dog leaping up from below. The dog was not visible, and the kitten was now beyond his reach, and always climbing higher, as he cried piteously. So furious were the bounds of the dog that it seemed certain that terror would seize the unfortunate little one, and cause him to fall.

At this moment a loud cry startled us, coming from the ostlers, who had never moved to offer help. "Stop her! She'll be killed!" Turning round, we saw a cat coming from our road to the hedge. It was the kitten's grandmother! I rushed to pick her up. Easily she evaded me, and, just as if I had directed her to it, she made for the hole torn by the dog, but really quite invisible from the road, and passed through!

Then ensued a time of acutest apprehension for us. Blackie had gone straight for the dog. We heard him snarling and growling; we heard the branches breaking, the long grasses being torn, as the pursuit grew more and more clamorous, and every minute we feared to hear our dear cat scream as the dog caught her. The kitten, terrified, was always climbing higher, and now sat mournfully on the fork of a bough, uttering piteous little cries as the battle raged below. We were quite helpless; not a single person passed.

Then the chase came close. We could hear the dog's loud pants, but nothing of the cat—only wild dashes to and fro, and, lastly, a deadly, close pursuit along the inner side of the hedge. Blackie was evidently racing for the hole, with the dog panting, stumbling, after her. I ran to it, and waited to snatch her up, if possible. And out close beside me, scrambling through, puffing and blowing, came—the dog! His tongue lolling out, his eyes staring, the coward rushed across the road—and Blackie after him!

"Open the gate!" I cried. The ostler opened it a little, the dog pushed through, and he banged it in the face of the heroic little cat!

"Well, I'm d—d!" exclaimed the stupefied man, as he and his companion actually took their arms off the gate, and drew back, while Blackie again and again leaped furiously up against it, and no doubt would have succeeded in scaling it, but that suddenly a long pitiful cry reached her ears! In a moment she turned, was through the hedge again, and running along towards the kitten's tree.

Soon we saw her come into sight; quickly clambering up to where the kitten sat, she began to croon to him, and lick him, while he uttered plaintive cries. Presently she was coaxing him to descend, but it was easier for him to go up than come down. When at last she got him to move he went head first, swung round, and hung by one tiny hand for a few dreadful seconds. Then he somehow recovered hold with his other hand, and hung so, while Blackie kept close to him, and spoke to him continuously. So, urged by her, he began to descend—in the proper way, now

—but at every move he made downwards he protested in a very agony of self-pity.

At last, to our intense joy, we heard him fall lightly on the ground! There he seemed determined to stay, for Blackie's remarks met with nothing but feeble little mewes, indicative of a desire to avoid any further adventure. Yet she prevailed in the end. Very slowly we followed them, as they passed along, always with the kitten's protesting cries, growing now very languid, till gladly we saw them emerge—Blackie almost covering the mite with her body as she brought him through. I picked him up; my sister still held the trembling mother; I went over to the ostlers, and told them they were as cowardly as their dog. Then, Blackie walking quietly beside us, we sought our house, laid the kitten in his basket, placed food before his guardians, and left them to recover from the terrible excitement, and Blackie to rest after the fatigue she had endured for love's sake.

We never could imagine how Blackie became aware of her grandchild's need of her. Our house was almost at the sea-end of the road, and she was certainly not in sight when we reached the top of it.

Copyright.

BIRTHS.

March 31.—Mrs. Mégroz' Siamese, Greenway Cecelia, 7 fine kittens by Mrs. Maturin's Southampton Darboy—3 males, 4 females.



for
**WEANING
&
REARING
KITTENS**

AND FEEDING INVALID CATS

A SUBSTITUTE for the milk of a Queen; a wonderful food for weaning and rearing kittens and feeding invalid cats.

Kittens reared on LACTOL thrive remarkably and do not suffer from indigestion, vomiting, diarrhoea, rickets, etc., as when given cows' milk, or other foods.

KITTENS LOVE LACTOL.

In Tins, 1 8 and 6/-; Large Tins, 25/- (carriage paid).

"HINTS TO CAT LOVERS."

A complete guide to the care and treatment of cats and kittens in health and sickness. Price 2d. from Chemists' Stores and Corn Merchants, etc., or

PRICE 3d. (POST FREE)
from



A. F. SHERLEY & CO., Ltd.
(Dept. E 6), 18, Marshalsea Road, London, S.E. 1.

CAT CALLS.

(Publication of letters does not necessarily indicate that they represent our views.)

To the Editor, "Cat Gossip."

May I, as a breeder of Siamese cats, both before and since the war, say how thoroughly I endorse all that Miss Forden has said in this week's issue of your valuable little paper.

Siamese Cats do not require "coddling," they require just the ordinary care and attention that anyone would give to anyone, be it human or animal, that one loved. I am certain from experience that, provided the Siamese has a warm draught-free house and plenty of bedding, it is quite unnecessary to have the cattery heated. My present queen, Chara Mana, has slept in her unheated house through all the bitter weather we have lately had, and has never had so much as a cold. She was also, during the very coldest of the cold spell, sent a long distance to be mated, but was sent back the next day, as the stud owner said she, Chara, had mange. This was very amazing to me, as only a fortnight or so before she had won two third prizes at the S.C. Show. If she had not been a hardy cat she would never have been able to stand the journeys she did in that bitter frosty weather. She has recently been mated, and I am looking forward to some splendid kittens early in May.

Don't, therefore, let it be imagined that this most delightful of all pets is so very delicate; they do not require wrapping up in cotton wool, they just require the ordinary love and attention that any lover of animals will give to their dumb friends.

(Dr.) JOHN AYLEN.

Halesworth, Suffolk, March 28, 1929.

TULIP SEASON IN HOLLAND.

Private Party leaving England April 9th and April 18th, for Visit to Bulbfields and Old Historical Towns.

TEN DAYS' TOUR, £14.

Apply MRS. McLAUGHLAN, 98, Bethune Rd., N. 16.

PAINTINGS OF CATS AND OTHER ANIMALS,

From £5 5s.

DRAWINGS IN COLOUR OR BLACK & WHITE,

From £1 1s.

Work can be done from photographs if desired.

STUDIO, "Cat Gossip," 10, Red Lion Passage, W.C. 1.

FOR SALE, WEST HIGHLAND DOG, 4½ months, by Ch. Opidan Chick and good bitch; good points, lovely head, and healthy; 4yrs. KITTENS, by Bubbles, booked now at half-price.—MACWATT, The Gables, Wareham, Dorset.

THE ANIMAL GUEST-HOUSE Guarantees Every Care and Attention to all its Visitors. Cats from 4s. weekly.
MR. & MRS. LEA, Linwood, Ringwood, Hants.

SIAMESE KITTENS FOR SALE; two months; lovely eyes; by Prestwick Puteh Punya, ex Ninka-Me.—MRS. BURKE, 3, Sydney Place, S.W. 7. Ken. 9564.

TORTOISE & WHITE QUEEN; mated Black Knight; £2. RED TABBY QUEEN; 7 months; by Garboldisham Boofum; 30s. TORTOISESHELL DITTO; 5 months; 25s. CREAM QUEEN on Breeding Terms.

MRS. KENNAWAY, Spetisbury, Blandford.

FAMOUS MENDIP BLUE PERSIANS.

MILORD O' MENDIP.

Fee 2 Guineas. Sire of winners at every Championship Show.

JOHN OF BEDALE.

Fee 2 Guineas. Proved sire. Wonderful young male, winner of two Championships. Excels in head, bone, and eye.

MERLIN O' MENDIP.

Fee 35s. Grandson of Milord. Proved sire. Lovely head with exceptionally full cheeks.

Russian Blue Short-hair Kittens usually For Sale.

MRS. F. H. STEVENS, Hanham Court, Hanham Abbots, near Bristol.

Stations: Keynsham, G.W.R.; Bitton, L.M.S.

AT STUD.

HILLINGDON BLACK KNIGHT.

By Black Justice, ex Heathside Black Chiffon. Winner 1st and Championship Croydon and Kentish Town.

Grand Black; Sound Colour; Heavy Coat. Fee: 25/- and Carriage.

Personal care. Close Station Spetisbury.

MRS. KENNAWAY, Stephens Plot, Spetisbury, Blandford. Telephone: Sturminster Marshal 23.

No. 10 "REMINGTON" TYPEWRITER FOR SALE.

Little used. £6 15s.

TILLEY, 11a, Red Lion Passage, Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

THE KINGSWAY TYPEWRITING OFFICES

(Bureau Licensed annually by the L.C.C.),

Kingsway Corner Buildings,
109, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.

Telephone: Holborn 5979.

TYPEWRITING. DUPLICATING.
SHORTHAND. TRANSLATIONS.

THE ANTI-VIVISECTION HOSPITAL, THE BATTERSEA GENERAL HOSPITAL

(Incorporated).

BATTERSEA PARK, S.W. 11.

Please send a Generous Contribution for:—

- (1) Main Hospital,
 - (2) Cancer Department (Non-operative treatment),
- To the SECRETARY.

Help to save CATS and Dogs from terrible tortures by joining the

BRITISH UNION FOR ABOLITION OF VIVISECTION.
Office: 32, Charing Cross, London, S.W. 1; or the
LONDON AND PROVINCIAL ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY,
Office: 22a, Regent Street, London, S.W.; or the
NATIONAL ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY,
Office: 92, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.

MALE SIAMESE KITTEN; 4 months; cheap to a recognised breeder.—ELLABY, Ruthven, Horley.

Advertising Rates and Subscriptions.

"CAT GOSSIP" is only obtainable, as yet, through the post. Price **3d.** per copy, post free. Three months. **3/6**; six months. **6/6**; cash with order.

ADVERTISEMENTS. Special Rates for a short time only. Displayed Advertisements. Stud or others, up to 4 insertions, **3/-** per inch: 4 to 13 insertions, **2/6** per inch: 13 and upwards, **2/-** per inch. Small Advertisements, **4d.** a word: three insertions for the price of two. All rates cash.

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. For Cats not advertised at stud the portrait fee is **£1 1s. 0d.** [N.B.—The Blocks become the property of owner of cat, and may be used for printing stud cards, advertisements in Schedule, &c.]

All Foreign News and Exchanges to be sent to the Foreign News Editor, Mr. H. C. BROOKE, Bishop's Hull, Taunton.

All other correspondence re "Cat Gossip" to the Editor and Proprietor,

Miss WAKEFORD, 10, Red Lion Passage, London, W.C. 1.

Telephone: Holborn 3894.

AT STUD ROYAL SIAMESE.

KITYA-NAMA (Reg. 12831).

Winner of 13 Firsts and 2 Ch. Certificates. Son of Ch. Simzo and Grandson of Ch. Bonza, Ch. Simple, and Siam of Bangkok.

SOUTHAMPTON PRINCE SAPPHIRE (Reg.).

Winner of 9 Firsts and Special.

SOUTHAMPTON NI-PERM (Reg. 12604).

Sire of S. Prince Sapphire.

SOUTHAMPTON DARBOY (Reg. 13312).

Sire of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Prize Winners at Siamese Club Show, 1928.

Fee 30s. and Return Rail Fare.

Kittens now For Sale by above.

MRS. ALLEN-MATURIN.

53, Milbrook Road, Southampton West.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE COURT (14695)

(By Dazzler of Henley, ex Dainty Ladye of The Court.) "A most charming light blue cat, on the small side. Coat of lovely quality, with a beautiful head and tiny ears, well furnished face, cobby, and with good bone for his size. Also very sound, and a most attractive exhibit. His eyes are good." (Mrs. Slingsby, N.C.C. Show, 1928.)

To a few approved Queens only.

Fee 2gns., except to Queens already booked.

MRS. OGLETHORPE, 18, Berkeley Place, S.W. 19.

Phone: Wimbledon 2889.

AT STUD BY APPOINTMENT TO APPROVED QUEENS.

SIAMESE. CROHAM-BOI-BOIS and CROHAM VICHNOU (Imported).

Fee, **30/-**, plus carriage. Fee payable in advance. Queens met by appointment London Termini. Kittens generally for sale.

Mrs. H. BASNETT, "Wyberton," 16, Byron Road, Croham Heights, South Croydon, Surrey.

Telephone and Telegrams: Croydon 2848.
South Croydon Station, Southern Railway.

WANTED, Small Offer and Kind Home for Brother of 1st Prize Shorthair Kitten (Smoke).—16, Byron Road, South Croydon.

SIAMESE CAT CLUB.

President: MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE.

Organised for Advancement and Improvement of the Siamese Cat. All interested in Breeding and Exhibiting Siamese Cats are invited to join the Club.

Many Cups and Trophies offered at every Show.

Annual Subscription. 5s.; Entrance Fee, 5s.; Life Membership, £3 3s. The Siamese Cat Register, invaluable to every scientific breeder, 5s. 6d. post free.

The Club's Pedigree Forms, in books of 25, 1/8 post free.

Hon. Sec.: MRS. WADE, 89, Alexandra Road, St. John's Wood, N.W. 8.

SMOKE STUD.

CH. TARZAN OF THE COTTAGE.

Son of Shaitan's Son, Grandson of Ch. Alderbrook Shaiton. Grand head. Sire of many winners, including three 1st's and one 3rd in Kitten Class, Croydon, 1926.

Fee, 30s. (prepaid) and carriage.

ALSO BLUE.

JOHN OF DOWNSIDE.

Fine son of Barry Bluejohn. Massive wide head, small ears, short nose, orange eyes. Sires First Prize and Cup-winning Kittens.

Fee, 25s. (prepaid) and carriage.

Mrs. KIDD, 32, Carshalton Pk. Rd., Carshalton, Surrey. Tel. Wallington 1773. Queens to Miss Atkinson. No. 33.

AT STUD.

GALDORN.

1st, Ch. Gorgeous Red Tabby; good head and eyes. Sire of winners, including Chintz, the winning (Best in Show) Kitten C.P. 1928. Sire, Ch. Shazada; dam, Ch. Princess Salyana. Very gentle with queens. Fee 30/- Also

PRINCE BOSCOE.

Massive Cream. Sires winners in every litter. Sire of Ch. Ginger Belle of Barnsley. Sire, Ch. Red Leader; dam, Brabourne Witch. Fee £1s. 1s.

MISS E. M. HILL, Galbraith, Beltinge, near Herne Bay, Kent.

MISS E. K. WAKEFORD'S RUSSIAN BLUES AT STUD.

PRINCE IGOR OF CLEAVE.

A very handsome young son of Ch. Prince Mordkin, possessing really green eyes. Challenge Certificate winner at Croydon and Kentish Town. Proved sire of typical kittens. Fee 25s., and rail charges.

COSSACK.

Fee 21s., and rail charges.

Kittens can be Booked Now, ex winning queens.

CLEAVE CATTERIES, Biggin Hill, Kent.

AT STUD.

BUBBLES OF HANLEY.

By Milord o' Mendip, ex Pinkie of Hanley. Winner of Challenge Certificate 1927.

Large even cream, massive head, and good eyes. Sire of winning kittens, which excel in eyes.

Fee £1, and carriage.

MACWATT, The Gables, Wareham, Dorset. Telephone: Wareham 67.

SERVANTS AND SITUATIONS.

Try a 2/6 advertisement (not exceeding 21 words) in the "SOMERSET COUNTY GAZETTE" series, circulating over 26,900 a week.

Address: GAZETTE, TAUNTON.

