

WILL YOU HELP to STOP IT?

Tetany is a painful disease characterized by muscular spasms. It occurs in connection with typhoid fever and also after removal of the thyroid and parathyroid glands. The cutting out of these glands was recently employed in **experiments on cats** in order to induce artificial tetany. The procedure is fully described in the **Journal of Physiology** dated March 28th, 1945. Here is a brief extract:—

"In the eleven cats from which the thyroid and parathyroids were removed very varied symptoms developed after 20-30 hours. Five cats showed twitchings all over the body, with periodic tonic and clonic contractions which became very pronounced when the animal tried to walk. The cats sometimes had difficulty in breathing, became unable to stand up, and showed a series of symptoms similar to those previously described for cats and other animals. Three of the cats showing severe symptoms died, presumably during an attack at night time, before electric recordings were done. Four cats were less affected, showing occasional twitchings, trembling and shivering after exertion, repeated shaking of the paws and of the head."

Even these "less affected" cases should be sufficient to shock the conscience of anyone possessing a heart of pity. Notice, too, that three of the cats apparently died during the night, when evidently there was no one about to attend to them. This exposes the spurious claim, often made in defence of vivisection, that as soon as the animal victims develop severe pain they are put to sleep.

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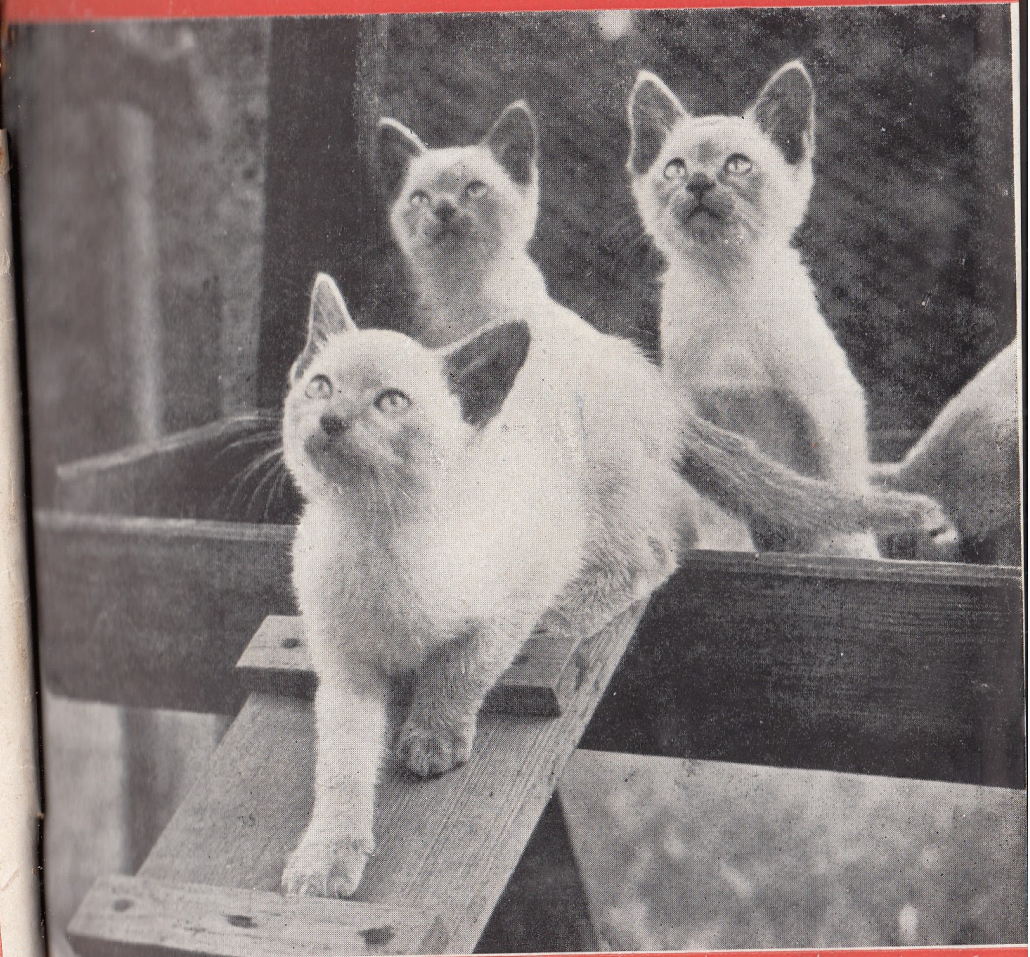
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CATS ^{and} kittens

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER

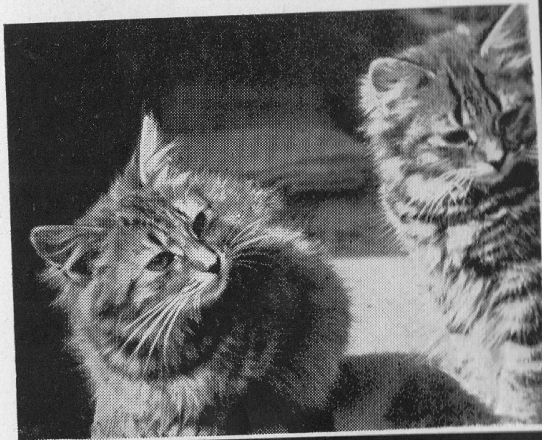


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AND HISTORY.

JANUARY, 1947.

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"Red walls Snowstorm," owned and bred by Mrs. E. M. Hacking. Photo by Joseph Wilday.



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CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



JANUARY, 1947.

Editor :

MERCIA STACY

Editorial Offices:

1, Grosvenor Crescent. St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.



G. Pennethorne.

WAITING FOR THE THAW.

The Picture on the cover is by Mirror Features.



Deportment

Cats, no less liquid than their shadows
Offer no angles to the wind.
They slip, diminished, neat, through loopholes
Less than themselves; will not be pinned.

A. S. J. Tessimond.

Sometimes ascending, debonair.
An apple tree or lofty pear,
Lodged with convenience in the fork,
She watched the gardener at his work.

"The Retired Cat," William Cowper.

A cat is the only creature that can enter a room with
absolutely unconscious dignity, be fierce without awkwardness, and
idle without becoming fat.

"Fancy Farm," Neil Munro.

Cats drip over the fences and slither like syrup over the ground
to look for fish-heads.

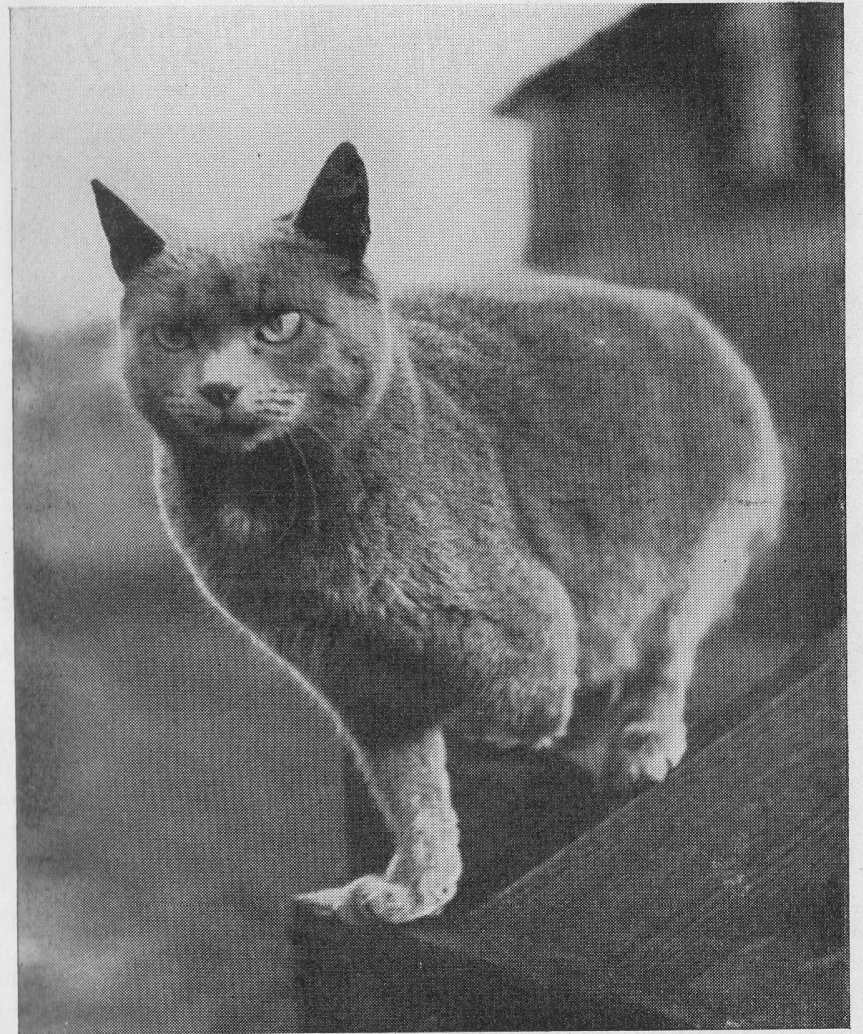
"Cannery Row," J. Steinbeck.

He was one of the heaviest-footed cats I have ever known,
and when he was "in one of his moods," he would deliberately
jump upon a mantelpiece or a dresser and scatter the ornaments to
the ground.

"One Fair Daughter," Owen Rutter.

Who are you, gray mysterious visitors,
Who thread the world on ghostly silent tread.
You walk our streets with furtive slinking step,
You scuttle into darkened alley-ways.

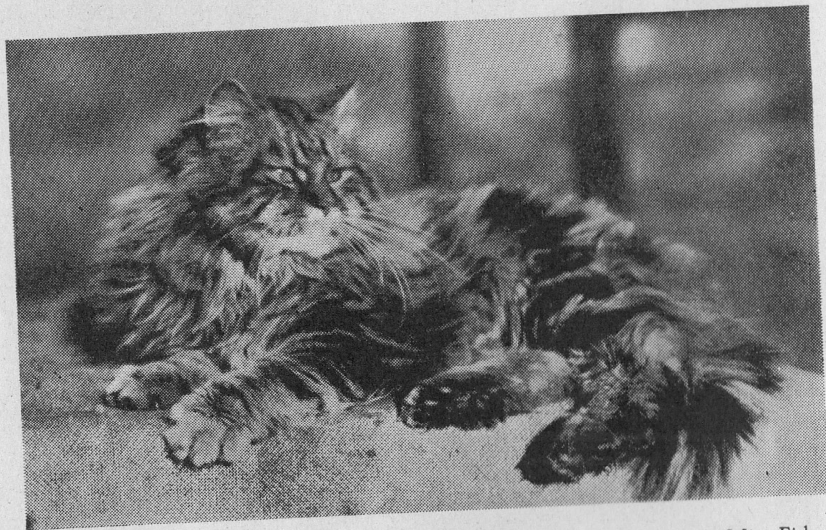
"Cats," William Wallace Whitelock.



George Gemmill.

This is Tinker, who lives at a garage just outside Appelby, Westmoreland. He lost a leg some years ago in a "gintrap," but gets about amazingly well without it and seems as bright and active as an ordinary cat. Isn't it time, however, that there was some legislation against these horrible traps?

About Tim—A Tabby



Miss Fisher.

By J. D. FOWLER.

A spear of silver slit the grey cloud in two and sent a shaft of thin morning light into the world. A cool breeze scrambled through the leaves of an apple tree and swept the dew soaked lawn. The great cock of Meadow Farm uttered his first triumphant cries of the day and was followed at respectful intervals by all the lesser fry of the neighbourhood, and Tim, a large Persian Tabby strolled out of the clover fields and down the road towards his home.

He walked as usual unhurried and sedate, placing his

paws with the precision of Pavlova, and brandishing his tail in the air. He gazed before him with the sphinx-like stare peculiar to cats, but an observer would have noticed glints of feline satisfaction emanating from his green-grey eyes. For, to quote a popular phrase, "Tim was in the pink." In the dim recess of his brain remained a vague but pleasant memory of a pleasant night. A dark, busy night full of the scent of frightened field mice, the excitement of the hunt, and the kill.

The delights of the new day

mingled with his memories. He felt the cool air stir his fur. Thousands of delicious smells flowed from kitchens of houses he passed, mixed with the scents of nature making an odour overpowering in its beauty and suggestiveness. Also, dangling before him was the alluring prospect of breakfast in his own warm kitchen; a saucer of milk, a plate of fish, cod maybe, or even better—lights. And lurking in the realms of dim possibility was the chance of a sleep on his Mistress' bed.

Tim reached his own kitchen door which was open, and glided serenely through. The Man and Woman were both there but he took no notice of the Man, whom he disliked for to Tim he was just a raucous voice which disturbed his peace when scratching in the flower beds. To the Woman—Giver of Cod or Lights—he sidled lovingly. She indicated his saucer and eating bowl. With a great feeling of expectation his whiskers explored first one, then the other.

In the saucer? Milk—as usual

In the bowl? Sardine tails! Stale ones at that! Frustration flooded Tim's soul.

"No Cod?"

"No Cod!"

The anguish of disappointment wrung a wail from him.

He sat on the hearth rug and

remembered—the bed. For some reason, unexplained, the Woman objected to him using her bed. Tim had to sneak up there without her noticing. It was difficult.

Like a grey shadow, he drifted behind her—through the door, up the stairs. A vision of the bed, all glorious in its feather softness, drew him on—up, up—Nearly to the top of the stairs.

Then two boney arms clasped him tightly round the middle.

"Oh, you naughty pussikins. You bad little kitten!"

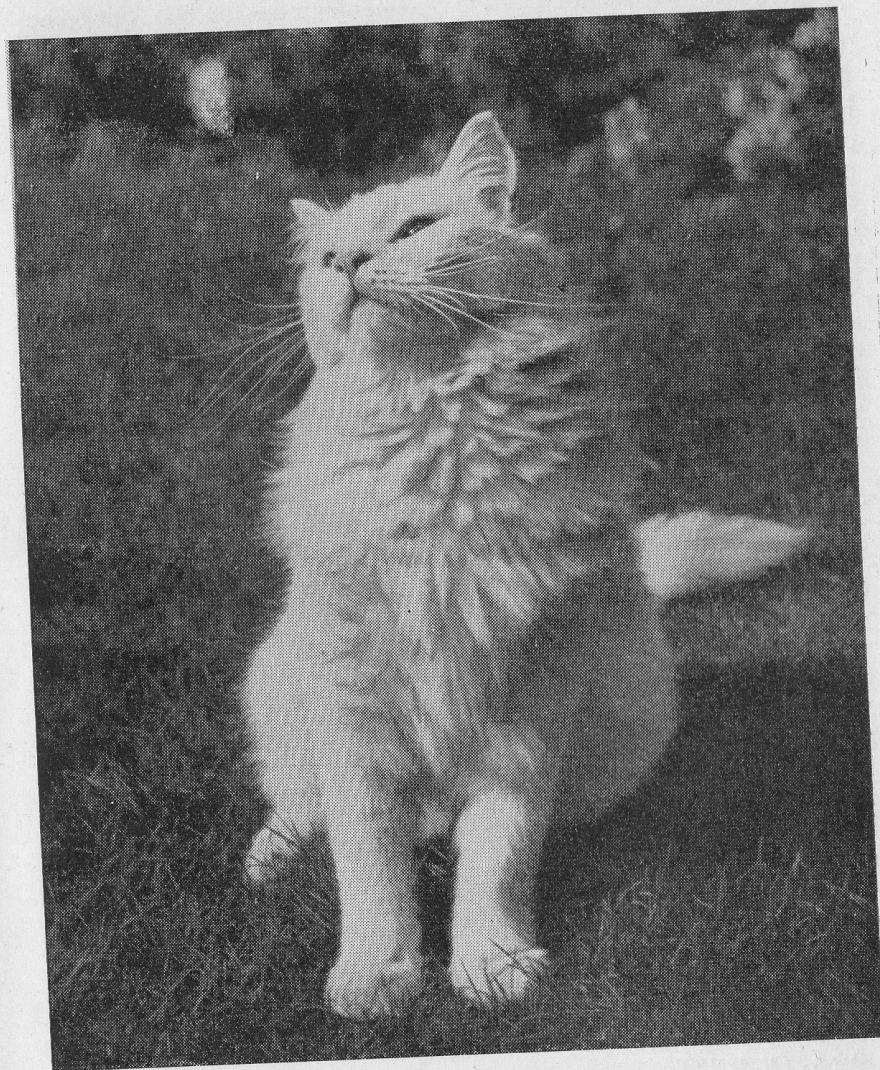
The arms descended with him and slung him out of the back door. Tim recovered his dignity and, with murder in his heart, went and sat on the shed.

The sun rose, and the tabby stretched himself in the soft warmth. A butterfly flew past en route for the sweet peas. The hens of Meadow Farm clucked contentedly.

The kitchen door opened and the Woman came out. With his left eye, Tim watched her leave the door ajar while she picked some flowers.

In a flash he entered the house. The vision of the bed shimmered before him as he went up, up, the fourteen stairs.

He was there—on the bed. He burrowed into the soft white pillows. He melted into the silken coverlet. He slept.



Dorien Leigh.

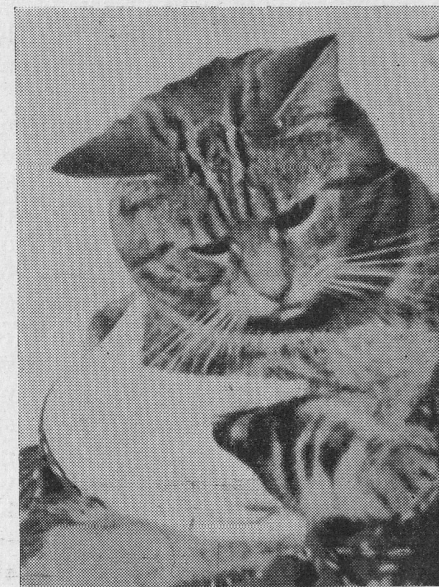
"DON'T YOU THINK I'M BEAUTIFUL?"

The Story of Michael

— :: —

By

MARIE K. O'BYRNE.



HE is a tabby with a patch of white at his throat that gives unusual life and character to his face, but a sandy tinge underneath his body betrays his mixed parentage. His mother was pure Persian, his father a sandy cat of doubtful origin.

Michael was born in a mean street at the back of the Grand Hotel, Brighton. When I went to choose a kitten, five assorted little creatures were placed in my lap, and the male tabby straight-away adopted me by crawling up to my shoulder. From a rather mediocre kitten, he has grown into a fine animal, with a coat that is the admiration of

his friends. The first few weeks of his life were spent in such cramped and overcrowded conditions, he had not a chance to develop. I always remember the first evening he came to me and with what a sense of well-being he stretched himself to his full length in his spacious cardboard box, lined with shavings and an old shawl.

Now he has established the habit of coming on to my bed and in the early hours about 6.30 a.m. I feel a paw at my shoulder, gently persistent until I put out my hand and give the desired caress. Michael is not easily taken in. Any pretence at

being asleep is quickly detected and he continues to use his paw till I open my eyes—sometimes poking a cold wet nose under the bed clothes, to find out the truth of the matter.

I thought I should never have to part from my pet. Alas, the first parting came when he was eight months' old. I was precipitately torn from him through sudden illness. All through a long night of pain and sickness, alone in a flat, Michael was my only company. He never left my bed, sitting on top of me, his bright eyes, full of distress. What was the matter? At length, tired out, he curled up on the pillow close to my head. The following day, he scarcely left my room. Late that November evening, the ambulance arrived to take me to hospital. Terrified at the commotion, Michael darted under the bed—that was the last I saw of him—going up on the trolley to the theatre, my last conscious thought was of that bundle of fur sitting determinedly on my tummy. It was not until later that I learned how inconsolable the kitten had been for the first few days, refusing to touch food and wandering disconsolately about the house. A friend eventually gave him a temporary home—What joy when I was able to have him again.

During the War years, life

was difficult with no settled home. There was much unavoidable moving about.

At one post I held there were no other animals and Michael with a lovely garden to himself, spent the summer days among the flowers or sunning himself on the lawn. At evening, he would come in with his coat smelling of sweet herbs. Unfortunately, I had to give up this work and poor Michael had perforce to leave his garden. We stayed for a time in a cottage not far from the house. He would steal back to his old haunts, and entering the house unnoticed, would be found on the bed in his old room, refusing to be dislodged.

Later we went to an old Manor house in Devon, standing in beautiful park-land. Michael spent golden hours perched on the stone balustrade of the south terrace, with an air of being lord of all he surveyed. His happiness here was perfect, for everyone made a fuss of him and many a delectable morsel from the kitchen found its way into his feeding bowl.

I have always made it a point that my cat should enjoy his liberty, realising that no amount of petting can make up for freedom. In quiet country he will follow me through lanes and across fields for quite a distance. Knowing his own limitations, he

will stop when he thinks fit and dive into a cottage garden or jump on to a stone wall and either wait for my return or find his own way home.

As a young cat in Exeter, he played and frisked in the old Churchyard of St. David's which adjoined the house where I was then living. One summer morning, I was sitting in the churchyard with young Michael playing hide-and-seek among the tombstones. All at once he vanished (a dog was seen loping up the path). I called and hunted in vain. Reluctantly, I went on to a belated lunch—much too worried to eat. Later, in the afternoon, I decided to make another exhaustive search. When I opened the door, there was the youngster sitting on the mat, looking extremely pleased with himself!

Once, however, he did get lost.

I then inhabited a ground floor room with a French window opening on to a pleasant garden, facing a busy thoroughfare. Army lorries, and heavy traffic of all description streamed up and down day and night. Someone or other was always carelessly leaving the gate open. One afternoon when I came in, the tabby was missing. He was nowhere in the house, and not in the small garden. After a while, I became anxious.

Dusk fell, still no Michael. Supper of his favourite rabbit waited in vain in its accustomed place. Further search was futile, and sick with apprehension, I went to bed, but not to sleep. I saw his mangled form lying on the road, or worse still, he had been stolen like many another cat for his handsome pelt. I must have dropped off to sleep at last. When I awoke, I instinctively flashed on my torch—perhaps he was there after all—it only revealed an empty basket and supper untouched. Before dawn broke, I got up and went to the window. I was just turning away, when I saw something—a small grey shadow—I opened the window wide and a little cat came sneaking into the room. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Very softly, I closed the window. Taking no notice of me (this purporting to be a true and faithful record, I cannot suppress the fact), the truant stole up to his supper plate and fell upon the rabbit like one famished. I let him appease his hunger, then I took him in my arms and hugged him. When I got back to bed, Michael jumped on to the chair beside me, seeking a caress. I talked to him very seriously, this escapade demanded severe measures. He gazed at me earnestly—somehow he seemed to understand that he had transgressed—he

continued on page 27.

Cats of Legend—and History



I. THE FIRST CAT.

In Eden's garden, so they say,
 No cat was found with Eve to play.
 Perhaps that's why the serpent's tale
 Beguiled poor Eve, and brought her tale
 Driven with Adam far away,
 Still no cat cheered them on their way.
 Then came the Flood;—in Noah's ark
 The mice and rats would, after dark
 Destroy the food; Noah confided
 To God his plight, and straight was guided
 Thrice oe'r the lioness' head
 To pass his hand. Then, it is said,
 From her wide jaws there sprang a cat—
 The very first! Just think of that!



By M. F. NORMAN.



II. THE HERMITS CAT AND POPE GREGORY.

There were two saints—Pope Gregory
 And a Hermit old and poor,
 And for both there waited a heaven of bliss,
 When they passed through Death's dark door.
 When an Angel told the Hermit this,
 He exclaimed, "But who am I
 To have equal rank with the Holy Pope,
 When my time has come to die?
 For here I have only my pussy-cat,
 But he is rich and grand,
 And how I can equal so great a soul
 I cannot understand.
 Then the Angel said, "You are richer than he,
 For you love your cat right well,
 The Pope cares nothing for all his wealth;
 He loves to save souls from Hell."



"Let Take a Cat" I.

By JAMES E. CARVER.

AN eminent author once declared that nine out of ten proper men will always throw their books at a cat. At night time, yes, perhaps, if the neighbours' cats are creating too much of a furore on the garden wall. But that is a forgivable and understanding irascibility.

As a matter of fact our scribe is in a minority. Most men like cats and admire their qualities, and as far as literary men are concerned, most of them have delighted in their company.

The reason is, perhaps, not far to seek. Generally your author is an irritable kind of fellow, and full of nerves, and the sight of a cat squatting peacefully on the hearth, or in the sunshine, helps to bring serenity and peace to his restless soul.

The cat is well-known to witchcraft, pantomime and fairy story, and Field-Marshal Montgomery once referred to an aspect of certain operations in Normandy as "the cat's whiskers."

Yet it has been said the cat is less fortunate than the dog in the homage paid to him in literature. I am not so sure about that. It would not take long to quote all the authors who have not liked cats, but to mention

the names only of those who have loved and written of them would take pages.

They would include William Cowper, who, as one might expect, always liked a cat near him, Sir Walter Scott, Herrick, Tennyson, Swinburne, Charles Lamb, Matthew Arnold, Andrew Lang, Lafcadio Hearn, Samuel Butler, George Borrow, Thomas Hardy, George Moore, and Keats, with "Gaze with those bright languid segments green, and prick those velvet ears."

On the other side of the Atlantic there was Henry James and Mark Twain and in France, Pierre Loti, Anatole France and Baudelaire. The last wrote many pieces in praise of cats and spoke of how

They take, brooding, the noble attitudes
Of sphinxes stretched in deepest solitudes,
And glints of gold, as in a sandy stream,
Vaguely bestir their eyeballs mystical.

We can go a long way further back than any of these, however, and still find admirers of the cat. At the end of the eighth century nearly 1200 years ago—an Irish monk or hermit wrote a poem

to his white cat, Pangar drawing a delightful comparison between them.

The pet shared his cell and the poem showed how Pangar's craft (hunting mice and rats), and his own work on theological problems resembled each other.

Pangar, my white cat, and I
Silent ply our special crafts,
Leaping up with joyful purr,
In mouse fur his sharp claws
stick;

Problems difficult and clear
With my spear (quill pen) I,
too, transfix.

About 450 years later another monk was writing about cats. He was Bartholomew, an English Franciscan, and in a medieval encyclopaedia compiled by him (cir. 1250) he wrote a capital description of a cat: "A right heavy beast in age and full sleepy, and lieth slyly in wait for mice; and is aware where they be more by smell than by sight, and hunteth and reseth on them in private places; and he taketh a mouse, he playeth therewith, and eateth him after the play. And maketh a ruthful noise and ghastrful, when one proffereth to fight with another, and unneth (hardly) is hurt when he is thrown off a high place."

One of the most charming of early references to the cat in English literature is by Chaucer in the Manciple's Tale, where in

a few lines he sums up the ineradicable hunting instincts of the animal beneath its cloak of domesticity:

Let take a cat, and foster him
well with milk,
And tender flesh, and make
his bed of silk,
And let him see a mouse go
by the wall,
Anon he waiveth milk and
flesh and all,
And every dainty which is in
that house,
Such appetite hath he to eat
the mouse.

Boswell is one of the few writers who professed not to like cats, but in his famous biography of Dr. Johnson he says one of his finest tributes to the bluff old doctor who, beneath an outward gruff exterior, concealed one of the tenderest of hearts, when he speaks for his affection for cats.

He says, "Nor would it be just under his head to omit the fondness which he showed for animals which he had taken under his protection. I shall never forget the indulgence with which he treated Hodge, his cat, for whom he himself used to go out and buy oysters lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature.

"I recollect him one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much

satisfaction, while my friend, smiling and half whistling, rubbed down his back and pulled him by the tail, and when I observed he was a fine cat, saying, "Why, yes, sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this," and then, as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, "but he is a fine cat, a very fine cat indeed."

"This reminded me of the ludicrous account which he gave of Mr. Langton, of the despicable state of a young gentleman of good family. "Sir, when I heard of him last he was running about town shooting cats." And then in a sort of kindly reverie, he bethought himself of his own favourite cat, and said, "But Hodge shan't be shot; no, no, Hodge shall not be shot!"

In the Natural History Museum, London, are the mortal remains of a cat which Dr. Johnson may have petted and David Garrick might have called Poor Puss. It was found by the housebreakers when the Adelphi Terrace was demolished, in the ceiling of the upper room belonging to the house where Robert and James Adam, the builders of the Adelphi, lived.

Next door lived David Garrick, and there he entertained his famous friends, Sir

Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson among them. It is a pleasing fancy to think they also knew the cat next door. Robert Adam, David Garrick, and Samuel Johnson all rest in the Abbey, and Sir Joshua lies in the crypt of St. Paul's.

One of the cats immortal in English literature, and also an eighteenth century one, is Selima, whose sad end is told in the beautiful ode, "On the Death of a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes," one of the best-known of Gray's poems.

To be continued.

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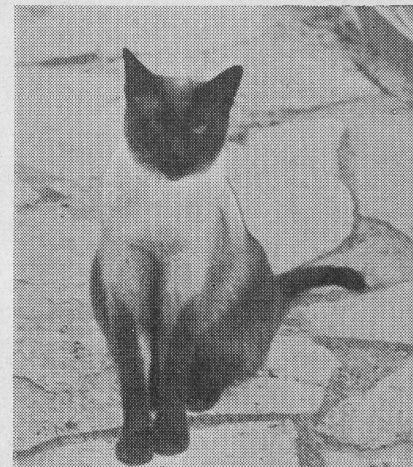
A TRUE TALE ABOUT A SIAMESE. By K. A. UNDERWOOD

WHEN in the Summer of 1938, my husband and I decided to take our holiday in the South of France, there arose the problem of what to do with our two Siamese cats, Miski and Miska, known to all and sundry as The Miskis!

About Miska I had no illusions whatsoever, good food and a certain amount of comfort was all she demanded, but Miski was quite a different proposition, because for Miski, I am the only person that matters; Miski adores me and I adore Miski. After many enquiries, and much thought, I finally decided to leave him, accompanied by his little sister Miska, with a lady who had her own Catteries, in the country, and with whom I knew he would have every care. They were to have the run of a very nice 'cat house' with a large wire enclosure full of small bushes, in which they could play about.

The day of parting arrived, and feeling none too happy about it and with certain misgivings, I left them with Mrs. X, and my husband and I crossed to France and motored down to The Riviera.

Two weeks later I was one morning lying in bed, marvelling at the blue of the Mediterranean, and awaiting the early cup of tea, it being 7.25 a.m., when I heard Miski crying outside my door! So real was it, that although I knew it was completely impossible that he could be there, I rushed to the door, and hunted up and down the corridor outside; there was nothing, and on making enquiries in the Hotel later on I was told that there was no cat at all in the place, and that no one had ever seen a Siamese cat in the district.

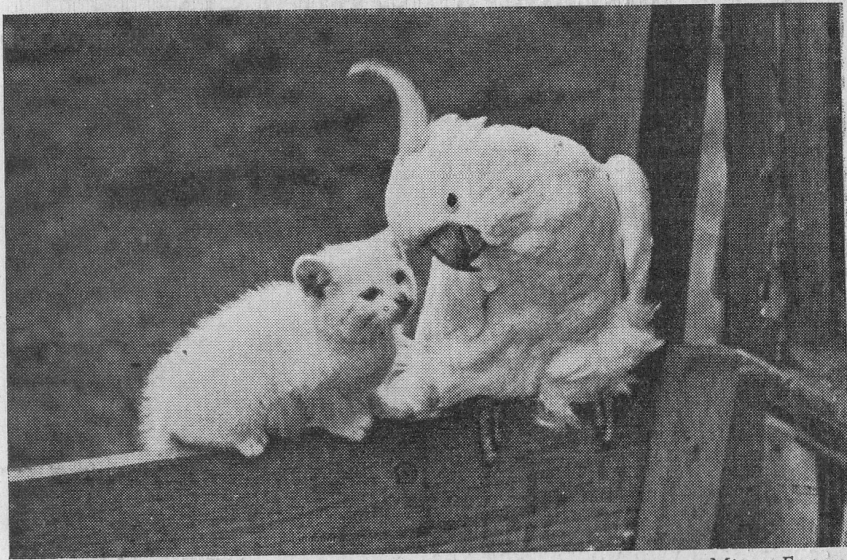


MISKI.

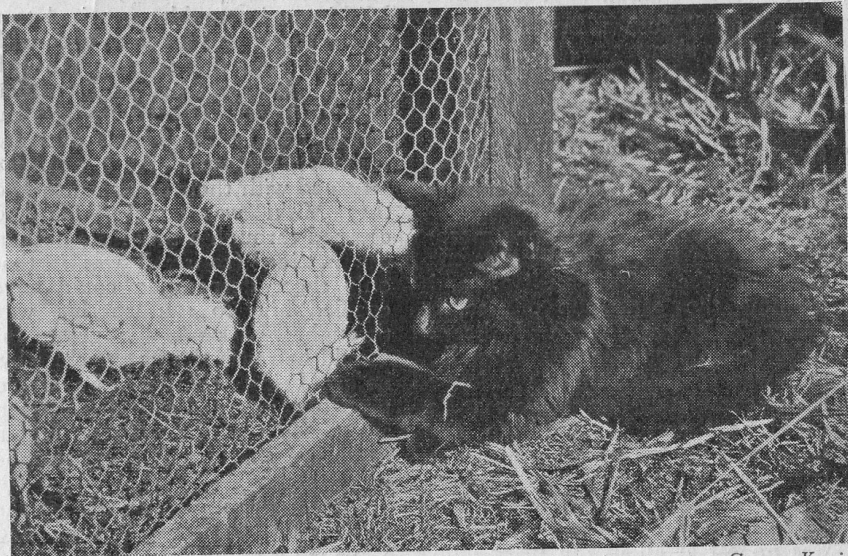
As the day wore on I became more and more uneasy, I felt that Miski was in trouble, so wired to a friend to get into touch at once with Mrs. X. And this is what I heard.

Mrs. X, as was her usual custom, had at 7 a.m. opened up the cat house, and let the Miskis out into the wire enclosure. At 8 a.m. she returned with their breakfast to find that Miski was gone! He had escaped through a tiny little hole in the netting (so small was it that only sheer desperation could have enabled him to squeeze his way through. His peril was great, for should he reach the forests close by, before being captured, he would probably never have been seen again. Most of the villagers lent a hand and this dreadful catastrophe was averted.

Mrs. X was unable to tell me the exact time between 7 a.m. and 8 a.m. that he escaped, but that did not matter, as Miski himself had told me.

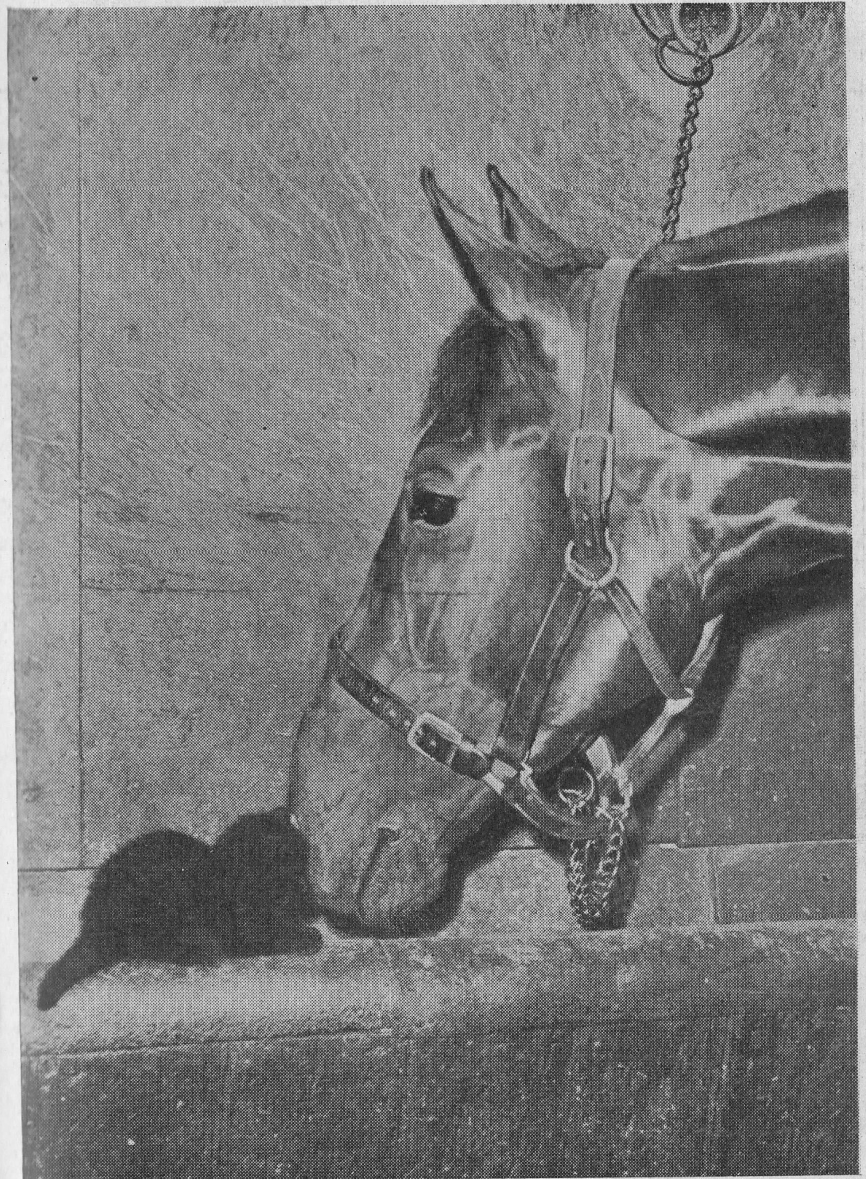


Mirror Features.



George Konig-

CATS AND —



Topical Press-

— STRANGE FRIENDS.



Mirror Features.

Your Cat and Ours

By FELISIA.

CATS and Kittens office is full of cats, cat pictures, cat drawings, cat poems and a whole heap of cat stories. There are also three real live cats. Why! with all these cats do we not get crazy and throw the lot out of the window? instead of finding ourselves again and again burning the midnight oil to read that one last story. Surely it is because in every story, every incident we see something of our own three lads, "Ha! Ha!" we say" that's just what that monkey Peter does," then another chuckle, "How like that old tough next door!" and so all cat lovers, as they read these stories see in their minds eye, the quaint and comic antics of their own precious pets.

There has been a lively correspondence going on in the Eastern Daily Press, started by a reader writing under the pseudonym of Felix who said a number of rather unfriendly things about cats, and then went on to say that it was a disgrace that cats should be allowed to drink milk which should be given to babies, that he possessed a cat and a dog, but the cat was never given milk, or allowed inside the house, but kept in the

out-house to deal with the rats! About five people wrote on behalf of the cat, we did not see one on behalf of Felix.

Our own contribution could have been, that cats generally like milk, but we know of at least one magnificent red Persian who has never had any, (she lives in a business building where no milk has been available), but surely it is a poor reward indeed for service, if Felix cannot share a warm place by his fire, and a little powdered milk—unfit for babies. He also suggested that cats were dangerous to children because they had worms. Our answer to that one would be, no one should keep any animal, unless prepared to give it proper veterinary treatment and keep it in good health.

We have yet to meet the child who will not feel sad and a little cheated if not allowed to keep pets, our childhood memory includes about four cats, one mongrel dog, one goat, and a goodly collection of rabbits, birds and chickens, and the danger has not overtaken us yet.

Touching on the shortage of white blankets for cat shows this season, we have received a letter

from a reader in Scotland, who is prepared to crochet blankets in wool for this purpose, we assure you that we have no shares in this enterprise! but we have a sample blanket in the office, it is beautifully made and most attractive. If any breeders or other readers are interested will they please send a stamped addressed envelope, and the name and address will be forwarded to them. It is unfortunate we did not receive this information earlier in the show season.

Now about the future of our Magazine. We increase the circulation as from the December issue, so if you know anyone who has been trying to get the Magazine and has so far been unable to, tell them to write to our office at St. Leonards. By the way, we hope that you liked the new

appearance of the cover of your December copy.

We are hoping that before long we shall be able to give you a few more pages, but at the moment we cannot obtain more paper for this purpose. The Magazine was only republished in 1944, a small quota of paper being allotted to us. You may have read that Magazines have recently been given an additional amount of paper, but in our case we have to depend on supplies from our paper merchant's stock, and we are thus not able as yet to obtain the increased supply. As soon as we do, you can rest assured that we shall take advantage of it.

Any suggestions or criticisms from our readers will be welcomed.

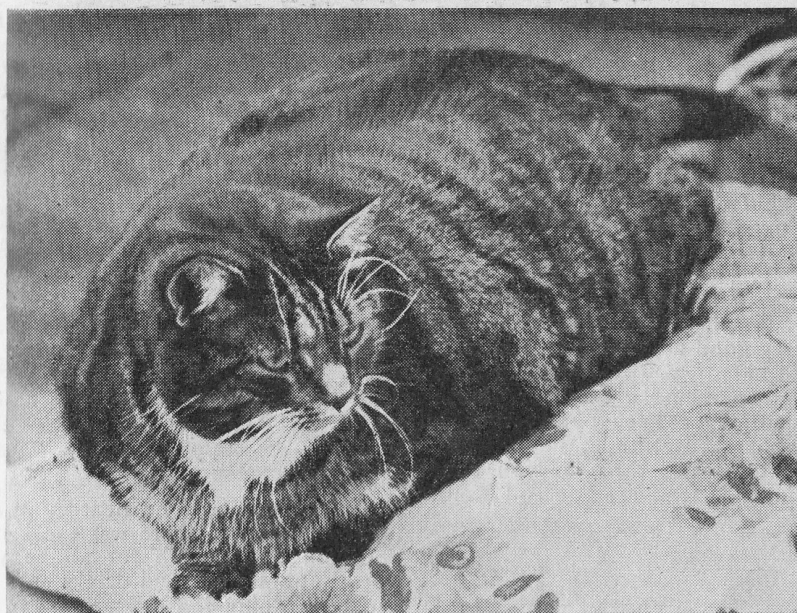
We wish you all a very happy New Year.

We apologise to those of our readers who wrote for copies of "Cat and Camera" (reviewed in our last issue) and were unable to obtain them. The demand was so great that the Publishers sold out all bound copies almost at once, but further ones will be available towards the end of January, price 9/1d. post free.

Britain's Largest Cat?

By R. W. HUNTER.

INTRODUCING Hamish, the cat which claims to be Britain's largest cat and recently threw out a challenge in the Daily Press to all other cats on his fourteenth birthday. Proud of his twenty-seven pounds of weight and thirty-six inches from nose to tail, Hamish is ready to take on all comers, whether cat or dog,



Thomson, Glasgow.

under all-in-nothing-barred feline fight rules. His address is "Garngibboch," Cumbernauld, Lanarkshire, although he expects that feline challengers of his Biggest British Cat assertion will find difficulty in pronouncing the name of his home in finding their way. Adequate first-aid arrangements, says Hamish, are available for beaten challengers—"My mistress, Miss Madge Tinto, is an ex-hospital matron, and her sister is also a nurse."

Excellent ratting and mousing facilities will be provided for convalescing challengers, says Hamish. And he will personally assist any vanquished cat to find a corner in a goods wagon on the adjacent railway, after which he will completely wash his hands—or, rather, lick his paws of them.

Excellent cat "seconds" are available for any contestant of my claim to be Britain's Biggest Cat, says Hamish, in my pals Tiger and Peter, which are fourteen years and nine years old.

Although one hundred per cent. Scottish in ancestry, Hamish maintains a discreet silence when asked who his father was!

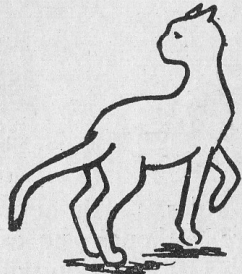
For the Children

We hope that readers will like these drawings as much as we do. They were sent in by Mary Claison, aged 12 years. We are sorry we have not room on this page to reproduce more of them—Editor.

Dear Editor,

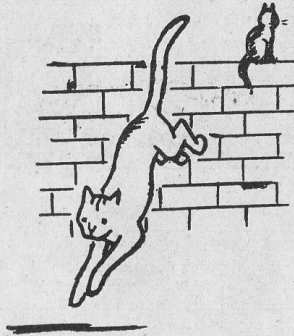
Thank you very much indeed for your kind letter. I am so pleased you liked my drawings. No, I didn't copy one, not from drawings or photos or anything. I never copy pictures except when they are of cats in positions I haven't drawn before. I must say I am not very good at getting that kittenish look in kittens; you know what I mean, I'm certain, being a cat-lover yourself and naturally a keen observer of all their looks and attitudes.

Our two cats—three, if you count the ginger kitten—are fine and I must



tell you that whenever Ginger or Mrs. Tiggin are missing (Ginger in particular) they are nearly always to be found in a little nest of grass near Kelpie, the pony! Don't you think that is sweet of them? The wee kitten is growing fast, his eyes are light blue-grey now, but we are hoping that they will grow yellow when he is grown-up, as yellow eyes in a ginger cat means the cat is a true ginger.

Mummy tried to teach him to lap warm milk the other day, but he turned his cold, pink nose up and went galloping back to his cosy chair. Then yesterday evening after tea, I was in the scullery, and there were some remains of herrings on a plate in the



cats' food corner. The next minute I looked down and there was the kitten polishing off the fish for all he was worth! now he eats and drinks as if he had been doing it for years.

There is a little girl called Mary Tiller at school, and she just loves cats. I lend her my copy of "Cats and Kittens" to read and then she passes it on to her two brothers. When he gives it back to me, I lend it to another little girl who lives in our lane, so when I do get it back after all that travelling each one has been read by four people, not counting myself and Mummy, who reads them last of all.

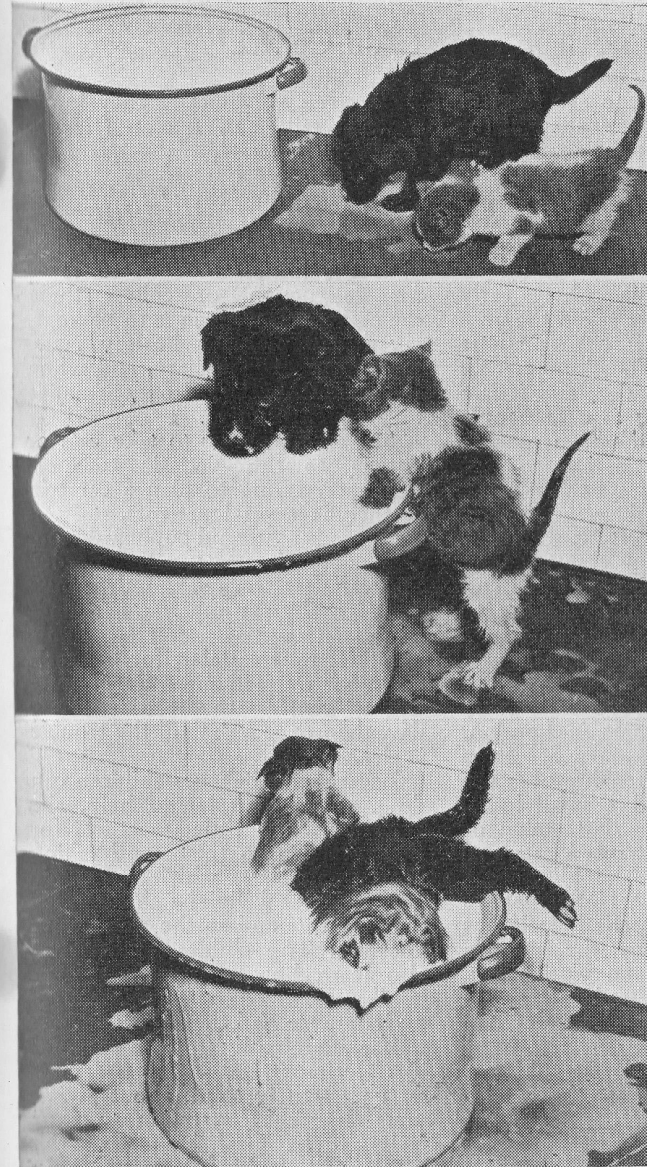
My very best love to your cats; I wish I could see them.

Yours sincerely,
Mary Claison.



THE MILKY WAY.

Jack, a Scotty puppy and Jill, a kitten are the hero and heroine of this story. They wasted no time crying over spilt milk, but give them a splash of milk and they want a bucketful. Unfortunately in their excitement to get at the milk, they both fell in and had to be lifted out. What a job it was to dry them. Needless to say, all this happened before there was any shortage of milk!



Keystone.

FIRST AID CORNER.

By HILARY JOHNS

Why not run a First Aid Centre?

THOSE of us who are fond of cats are often appalled at the worse than casual treatment meted out to them by many owners who appear to regard their cats as little more than animated mouse-traps, leave them to fend largely for themselves and, when they are ill or hurt, let them die when early attention would have saved them.

In my small way I have done what I can in my village to inculcate a better attitude to cats, and it is a constant pleasure to hear of people taking care of them, cleansing wounds and so on, before it is too late, but the other day I came across a case of such work being carried on really marvellously, and I have permission to tell you about it since I think it may be an inspiration and help to people who would like to do more but do not quite know how to go to work.

The lady in question has been working for cats for nearly thirty years. At first she was in London, where she was Honorary Secretary of the local branch of the R.S.P.C.A. She had a small lethal box for the painless destruction of sick, injured or unwanted cats and kittens and during the blitzes she put to sleep numbers of homeless unhappy cats. Then she herself was bombed out, and now she is carrying on her humane work in a country village, assisted as she has been from the outset by a devoted companion.

"I make it a rule," she told me, "to go about amongst those who have animals as much as I can but make it a rule **never** to talk to one person about another or about their animals. In that way lots of people

have given me hints as they know I won't talk, and I keep friendly with everyone for the animals sakes."

Among other things, they thus get to know of females who are about to have kittens and either have the kittens brought to them for destruction, or collect them themselves. If a kitten is to be kept, my friend picks a healthy male, makes a note in a diary, and when it is about 15 weeks old, arranges to have it neutered.

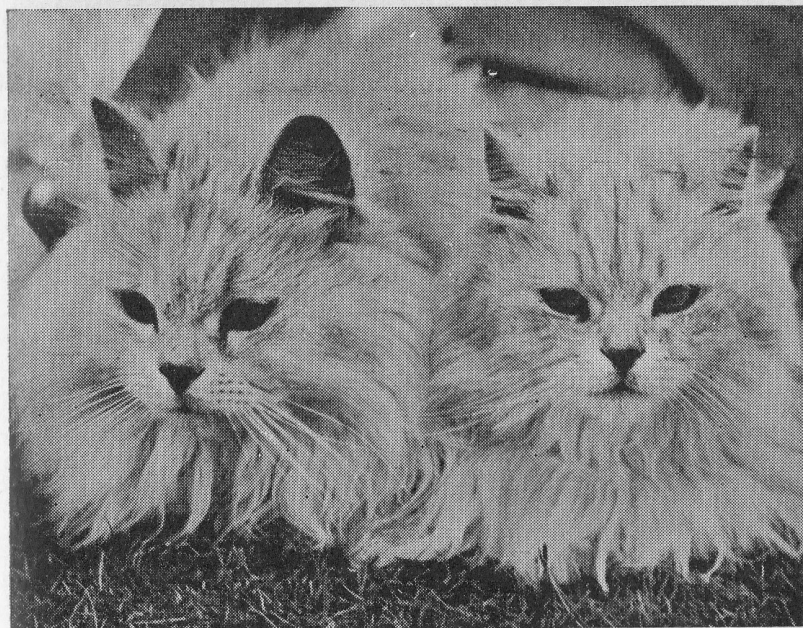
She also arranges to take cats or kittens to the vet. in town if necessary, trying to plan a car trip to include several patients.

There is a first aid cupboard, containing the most usually needed medicaments and dressings. (Incidentally she told me she finds that Lead Lotion—water 6, plumbi 1, is the best treatment for canker). A little is warmed and a teaspoonful poured gently into the ear twice a day, then once a day till the trouble is cleared).

Because she believes children can do a tremendous lot to help, she runs a regular little meeting for them, talking to them, and telling them stories which contain instruction as well. The children tell their parents and so the good work goes on. The children themselves also learn how to handle animals kindly; so much cruelty is caused by ignorance and thoughtlessness.

If you are **really** fond of cats, not just sentimental about your own, I do urge you to think about giving some practical expression to your feeling. The local branch of the R.S.P.C.A. would, I know, be only too glad to help you with advice.

For The Small Breeder



Pictorial Press.

Jan and Troy, sired by Persian Mon Desir.

Pregnancy

By S. E. ARCHER.

IT is not easy to recognise the first signs of pregnancy because queens differ so much even in their physical symptoms. With a little practice one can actually feel the kittens round about the twenty-fourth day, but the novice should not attempt this discovery until some expert has shown how it is done without the slightest possibility of damage to the queen or the embryo kittens. With a little

acquired skill one can feel round objects about the size of half-a-crown. These are the future kittens. Once you have felt them there is not the slightest need to repeat the operation, and if you find nothing in your search, do not make that an excuse for making the examination several times a day.

With some queens there is a noticeable change in the nipples on the twenty-first day. If one

remembers what the nipples look like, usually one may notice at this time just a healthy flush at the base of the nipple. At first it is only slight, but it gives one the impression that the nipples are beginning to come to life. As the days go by this freshness of colour will gradually extend up the nipple until the whole is a healthy pink. After this the nipples start to increase in size, until by the end of the fourth week there is not the slightest doubt what is to happen some five weeks later.

For the first five weeks of pregnancy the queen needs no special attention of any kind, in fact for that period the more one can forget that she is going to have kittens, the better. It is quite common for the "one cat" breeder to show a great deal of fussiness and flutter at this time. Fortunately the queen who is actually to have the kittens is by no means disturbed.

It is a mistake immediately to increase either the size or frequency of meals. In fact such a practice may do far more harm than good, for fatness is always a disadvantage as it produces loss of tone in the muscles. "Breeding condition" implies leanness, though naturally not thinness. The queen will show by her own appetite when she feels that her diet should become more generous, and at the end of the fifth week it often becomes apparent that the normal meals are insufficient. By this time there is usually an obvious increase in size in the queen. Now it is a good plan to add an extra meal, and the best time to give this is in the morning in place of the customary drop of milk. No other alteration need be made in the normal daily routine, and the queen should still be

allowed to take as much exercise as she feels inclined to take.

If the young queen still wants to jump to the window sill, let her jump. Animals are always far better judges of what is good for them than their owners are ever likely to be. If you try to check her you are far more likely to be the cause of an unfortunate accident than if you leave her alone. It is quite a normal function for a cat to have kittens, and her continued activity, even when she is getting near the end of her nine weeks waiting, is a good sign.

At the end of the seventh week the queen usually shows some signs of restlessness and anxiety, and she may well be found wandering all over the house. She is looking for a suitable place in which to have her kittens, and it is now time for you to provide a box for her. When sugar boxes were available they were ideal for the purpose, but unfortunately the day of the sugar box has not yet returned. A very suitable substitute is, however, available in those cupboard boxes in which the grocer receives his packets of cornflakes. A roll of adhesive paper such as one uses for packing parcels, and a sharp knife, are all that is necessary to make a thoroughly sound box for mother and litter. The flaps forming the lid of the box should be cut in such a way that about six inches are left of the board at the top and about four inches at the bottom. The adhesive paper can then be used to fix these flaps. Place the box on its side and you have a cheap but efficient nesting box. The six inches at the top are adequate for reducing the light inside the box, and the four inches at the bottom will prevent the kittens from getting out until they are really old enough to

be allowed to wander. Put some blanket in the bottom, and it is most probable that the queen will take to it without much persuasion. It is advisable that the opening should not face the window as for the first fortnight kittens are better without any strong light. On the other hand it is quite wrong to think that newly born kittens require complete darkness. It is a good plan to make a few holes in the back of the box, near the top, as this will improve the ventilation. Fresh air is an essential for all young creatures.

For the actual birth of the kittens it is usual to cover the bottom of the box with a thick layer of newspaper which can be destroyed as soon as the kittens are born. Do not put this paper in until it is

obvious that the arrival of the kittens is imminent, for most queens seem to delight in tearing it to shreds in an attempt to produce a bed satisfactory to themselves. When the newspaper has been removed, blanket is required and naturally one has this ready.

From the end of the eighth week onwards it is advisable to confine the queen to the room in which she is going to have her family. There can be no hard and fast rule about this, but it would be very unwise for the queen to have any accident, however slight, at this stage in the proceedings. A queen who is heavily in kitten has lost much of her agility by this time, and is better shut away from human feet and possible shocks.

THE STORY OF MICHAEL

(Concluded from Page 9).

came softly on to my bed, and establishing himself on my knees purred his apologies. How I wished he could tell me where he had been. Those pale, amber eyes kept their secret well. The mystery was never solved.

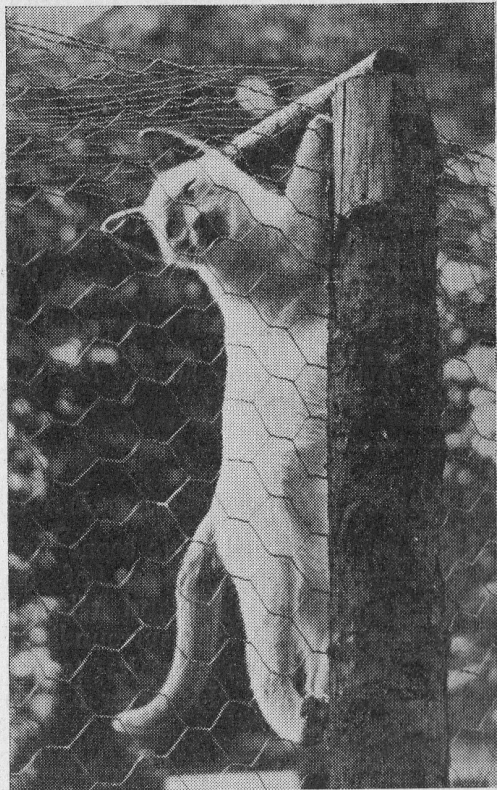
The many moves we have had, the experience of so many different homes, has served to sharpen his intelligence and develop his sense of direction. There is one friend he possesses above others, to whom he is really attached. We were guests together in her house for many weeks. She also took care of him once. When passing through the City where she lives, we always

pay her a call. No sooner has Michael stepped out of his travelling basket and taken a quick glance at his surroundings, than he bolts upstairs to her sitting-room. He never forgets the way.

Michael is a staid puss now, less inclined for travelling about than formerly. If only we could find a settled home my dream would come true of seeing my pet at his own fireside—a sleek tabby stretched out in front of the cheerful blaze, purring contentment.

Alas, for the aftermath of War, it is still but a dream.

Meet The Breeders



M. Towgood.

Get me that Ball!
(Zy azure Dah at three months).

My next visit was to Mrs. Staniforth who owns the dam of Dauntler's Lady and Beau Brutus. Bunchi had a lovely litter of five by my Oxleys Smasher, but all with the exception of two had gone to their new homes. The male I liked very much as he is so like Smasher and carries a profuse pale, even coat. I believe Mrs. Staniforth is registering him as Stanforth Handsome Hero and his name certainly suits him!

D. Brice-Webb.

VISITS TO BREEDERS.

A few days ago I visited Mrs. Harrington-Harvard who lives at Dore, Sheffield. Many fanciers will remember the lovely Blue kitten, Stanforth Dauntler's Lady who did so well in the Show Pen. Tessa, as she is called, has a lovely litter of four females by Oxley's Peter John, all four are exceptionally good, two really outstanding.

I also visited Miss Brenda Stephenson who has Beau Brutus; he has grown into a fine adult with glorious deep copper eyes and a lovely pale coat. I was rather taken by Glenshee Felicity who Miss Stephenson has just purchased. Felicity is a granddaughter of Judy of Pensford and greatly resembles her. She has a very strong chin and a pair of lovely deep copper eyes.

VISTA.

SEVERAL readers of "Cats and Kittens" have written to me telling me how much they enjoyed reading about Bomber, so I thought perhaps readers would like a story about another quaint cat. She lived a good many years ago and has passed on now to where all cats go.

When the late Mrs. Wade kept a pet shop in London, I was asked to go and see a white long-haired female she had bought from a coalman. I saw at once that she was no show cat but she looked so pathetically at me and as she needed a good home, I took her and a kitten which she was still nursing. As I wanted her to get used to me, I kept her for a little while in my bedroom. She was clean in her habits and very happy and contented but our food did not seem to please her. The kitten lapped its milk food nicely, there was no trouble about it at all. We called the mother Vista which means white in Mexican. I offered her the usual meat, fresh cooked, roasted, cut up and in a piece, then rabbit, sardines, fish, tinned salmon, etc., in fact everything we could think of. She usually had a sip or two of her baby's food and would drink a little water leaving a saucer of milk untouched. I was at my wits end what to give her and it puzzled us all, what sort of food she was used to.

It happened I was taken ill with flu, my doctor put me to bed to stay there. I had a regular help in those days and she would come in the evening for a few minutes to see that all was well. One evening when talking to me we noticed that Vista had run to the door, she began to jump up and down, scratched at the door, came to me and jabbered away most excitedly. I said "What is the matter? There seems to be something outside to interest her." Then my help told me she had bought some fish and chips on the way for her supper. So I asked her to get some more for Vista and My! Did she enjoy it! She ate a huge piece of fish and all the chips. Then she sat down grinning at me as if to say "Why didn't you think of it before?" So for quite a little while we had to keep her on this queer diet. Later on she was put outside where she could see the other cats and very gradually I got her used to our usual cats' food.

I kept her for some years and then sold her to a lady who lived with her father and uncle. Now Vista was a cat who adored men, but the father and uncle objected to another cat. A bed had been arranged for her in the kitchen, she did not sleep in it, but followed uncle up to bed. After that it was a case of which of the two men could catch her first at bed time, they both adore her. The little kitten I showed at the next show, and lo and behold, she was the best short-haired kitten in the show.

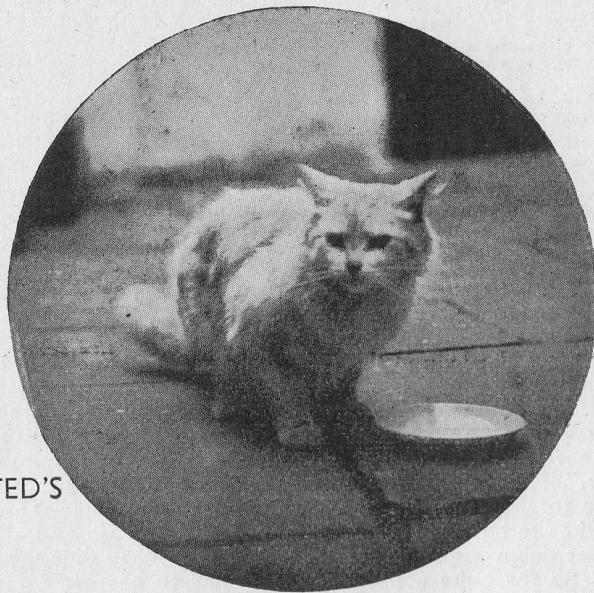
A. H. Cattermole.

BRITAIN'S Original and Premier Cat Club, is holding its 50th Show, on January 28th, 1947, at the Kentish Town Baths, N.W.5.

This Show, which marks over half a century of Cat Exhibitions, should be of great interest, not only is it the first post war all variety Championship Show to be held in London, but it is also the last show of the present season. As in the past when it was held at the Crystal Palace, and was one of the events of the year, the National Show, is not only the Mecca of the British Cat Fancy, but of the Fancy Overseas.

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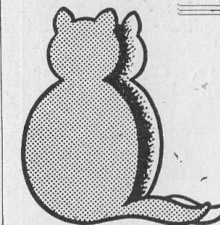
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SCO-RUSTON RAVISANT, fee £2/2/0 and carriage. (Blue Persian) sire Southway Nicholas, dam Sco-Ruston Kalisa.—Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S., Danehurst Cattery, Swaines Road, Bembridge, I.O.W. Tel. Bembridge 291.

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Miscellaneous

ALL YOU WANT to know about SIAMESE. **SHA-PASHAH**, a practical Handbook on the Siamese Cat, by Elsie Hart. Obtainable from 25, Pewley Hill, Guildford, Surrey. Price 2/6d. postage 2½d.

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Continued on next page.

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DON'T FORGET the **LANCS.** and **NORTH WESTERN COUNTIES CAT CLUB SHOW** on 25th January, at Zion Hall, Strretford Road, Manchester. Usual Cups and Specials for members, also seven guaranteed classes are included in Schedule for this Show. Particulars of membership, etc., from Mrs. Culley, 65, Westbourne Park, Urmston, Lancs.

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