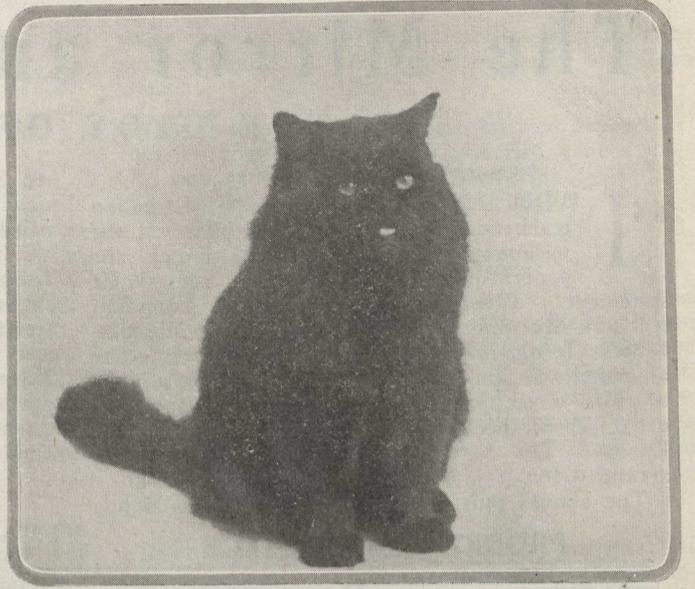


# Cat and Dog Causerie



"Shuniah," a Magnificent Amber-eyed White Persian, Reared by Mrs. Walke at the Meath Cattery, Toronto, and Sold for a Household Pet in Winnipeg.



The Protruding Tongue is Not, in This Case, a Token of Disrespect. It is Only One of "Rahman's" Points—a Champion Owned by Mrs. Hewitt, Grimsby.



The Eye of This Pommeranian Pet Must Not be Mistaken as "Game"—Although She Belongs to Miss Lottie Fraser, Champion Golf Player of Ottawa. The Blink is "Ruby's" Way of Looking Coquettish.

## A Fancy in Infancy

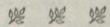
THE cat fancy in Canada is as yet in its swaddling clothes. It even lacked a place of its own at the national exhibition last year in Toronto. At least "Dogs" was over the door where I finally found the cats were; and a Scotchwoman gave me a caution—I met her coming out, the demented look on her features which her race always wears when it dwells on the ear-splitting bang of a futile "saxpence"—that going in was the flagrant waste of a dime. I went in, however, and discovered the evident cause of her irritation.



Owned by Mrs. Fred Carling, of Ottawa.

The apparent accommodation from outside the quarters was many times over the area the cat show occupied. The Scotchwoman felt she was getting stunted measure. So she was.

But quality, not quantity, was the interest. The former was there. There are other localities where you can get the latter, pray believe. As a matter of fact, the official mouth-piece lately assured the writer that last year's show was the largest yet in this country. The fact was largely due to the circumstance, he declared, that the two most prominent of the cat associations had suspended, for the first time, their natural Kilkennyisms, had effected a compromise and co-operated. That was something. For the coming season a still more excellent show is anticipated. The authorities, as well as the breeders, are sanguine.



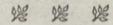
## Cradle of the Cult

THE cattery owned and operated by Mrs. Walke, Toronto, is the cat fancy's cradle in the Dominion, the mistress claims. It is known as the Meath Cattery, originally the interest of the owner's aunt, Miss Cox, who set the pace for Canada as a buyer and importer of high-grade felines and was also a famous breeder of pedigreed pets.

Mrs. Walke has espoused her aunt's hobby with keen enthusiasm, although she was slightly indisposed the day the writer called and declared her intention of letting her cats "die off." I suggested she start the killing at once when a sumptuous pussy, tailed like a fox, leaped to her lap, unasked, and silkily curled there. She smiled, the lady, not the tabby, which was Persian anyway rather than Cheshire, and was not feeling equal, she said, to taking nine lives.

I was taken to view the wonderful little house, the cattery proper. It was reached by crossing a lawn at the back—a special, real, gabled house of rough-cast. Most adequate quarters! Individual sleeping apartments, also banqueting places. Two or three of the inmates were from home. Of the rest I remember: Blueboy, a champion and the son of champions, British dyed-in-the-wool and befittingly bored; Tiddle, a champion, too, from the Mitcham Cattery; Stella, a rare brown tabby queen, a first prize cat at Toronto; and Rollo Boy, like the others, supercilious, a monstrous thing that reached his forepaws up to his mistress' waist in caress as she stood.

The mistress talked of the pussies' points—which was purest Greek to me—and showed me pictures of Meath-bred cats she had sold throughout the Dominion and in the States. We reproduce one, herewith, of the amber-eyed, plume-tailed, white creature, "Shuniah," the elegant pet of a mistress in Winnipeg.



## Results at Rahmansdale

"TREAT a cat like a cat," writes Mrs. Hewitt, of Grimsby, "and you have just *cat*; treat it like a human and you have an intelligent animal." Rather reminiscent of that character in Locke, who firmly believed in the soul of a cat and whose polyglot card proclaimed him a cat king in English, French and German—the Professor Anastasius Papadopoulos.

Mrs. Hewitt, however, probably knows; for she has had signal success in rearing constituents for her cattery, "Rahmansdale."

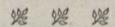
"I began seven years ago," Mrs. Hewitt writes, "with a half-breed Persian kitten. He proved very interesting and I purchased a thorough-bred mate, still more interesting—with the resultant kittens. Three years ago I bought 'Rahman,' who is King of my cattery, then a seven-months' kitten, the best black male I could buy."

Rahman's ancestors were famous. His father, "Strongheart," was known from coast to coast. His grandsire, "Black Thorn," was imported from Asia; crossed the desert on the back of a camel, six weeks on the way, when but six of thirty cats survived the journey. Rahman's mother, Champion Novajo, was a direct descendant of the noted Fawe strain of England, champions for generations.

Rahman himself began his winning at seven months of age. His subsequent triumphs cannot be detailed here. Be it mentioned, however, his trophies have come from both Canada and the States. Eleven of sixteen kittens of Rahman's get were prize-winners in 1911 at the Toronto Exhibition. Eighteen out of twenty-eight (some too young to compete) won prizes in the show of 1912.

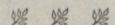
Queen cats at Rahmansdale are Pouf (Rahman's mate), Daisy B and Sallie, all first prize winners at various shows. Their kittens are bred for disposition as carefully as for points, as ill-tempered ones make unsatisfactory pets.

Mrs. Hewitt has purchased, recently, an orange tabby male of whom she expects as great achievements as Rahman's. The fancy is gaining rapidly, this enthusiast declares, and she, for one, is shipping kittens all over the Dominion, as far west even as British Columbia.



## Exhibitors in B.C.

PACIFIC COAST Canadians are interested in the Cat Cult. Owners of prize-winning cats, recently, at the Seattle Cat Show, were: Mrs. Troughton, of Vancouver, and Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Clarence Clifford, of Victoria. Two hundred and fifty cats in all were entered.

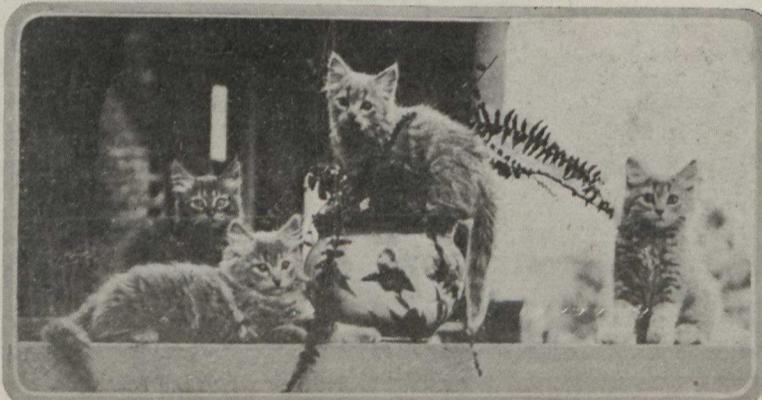


## Just a Dash of Dog

THE beautiful little Pommeranian shown on this page is Ruby, the property of Miss Charlotte Fraser, Ottawa's champion lady golfer. Ruby is a soft bundle of black (Concluded on page 20.)



"Peaches"—the Maltese Terrier, For You Might Have Thought it the Mistress—is the Parpered Darling of Miss Bayley, of Rosedale, Toronto. He Has to be Treated Pretty Much Like a Baby.



Kittens That Might be, but Really Are Not. Advertising the "Corticelli" Flosses. The Four Belong to the Private Kennels, "Rahmansdale," at Grimsby.