

load, and they are sold for—what do you think?—fertilizer. The ghosts of these Egyptian cats are said to haunt the wheat fields and beet fields and potato patches of modern England, where their ashes have been dispersed, and sigh and mew complaints to Isis and Osiris, and the other million or so of Egyptian gods and goddesses. But what Liverpool does for the culture of the land has nothing to do with what London does for the culture of cats.

The cats of Charlottetown—on the authority of an expert—are no particular breed. They are, like the boy's dog that was "mostly dog," mostly cat; and the colors range through all shades. At the London show, pure tortoise shell, and orange and cream were the fashionable prize winners—with a run on blue cats. Most of our city cats wear fur resembling in color dull northern lights or crushed rainbow, and a large assortment are what is called maltese—a sort of drab color like a first coat of paint. Numbers of black cats abound, wearing white collars and cuffs which always appear to want washing. These last mentioned back fence acrobats are a cross from the celebrated Fort Augustus breed of cats, which a few years ago were a class apart from the common run of town prowlers—and in fact were the only particular cats that ever acquired prominence on this Island. Their principal points of value were their pure black color—sometimes as much as ten dollars was paid for a single specimen, especially if it was a kitten and near election time. These cats are very gritty, prodigious fighters and so prolific that they will soon overrun our town. On account of their color they are very hard to shoot in the dark, and so they escape many dangers incident to a cat's career. They are so tough that a boot-jack hardly disturbs their serenity. It is doubtful if a bagful of these cats would bring at the present day