

THE CATS OF CHARLOTTETOWN.

WHILE reading an English newspaper a few days ago, the writer noticed a paragraph describing a cat show in London. At this exhibition the felines were represented by about 500 specimens of the bon ton—or, more appropriate, the bon tom—of the cat tribe. Medals, certificates, shields, pieces of gold plate, etc., were awarded as prizes; for the cat show was under very distinguished patronage, and the noblest ladies in the land brought tabbies there to purr.

Now, this brought to mind the neglected condition of the cats of Charlottetown—an army of redoubtable quadrupeds that we think of only to “darn,” especially when they are heard vocalizing in the stilly nights.

The writer confesses that the subject of cats has always interested her. There is something about a cat's expression that incites a belief in the transmigration of souls. Look a sleek, slim tabbie in the face, especially if she is a thief, and note the cunning look. She almost winks at you. Or observe a sly old Tom suddenly frustrated when almost in the act of committing some misdemeanor. He'll be as disappointed as a Tory at election time, but will try by his expression and the trim of his whiskers to convince you that what he was about to do was all O. K.

In Egypt, in the days gone by, when the people of that country were among the most intellectual, the cat was held in reverence during its life—or nine lives—and buried with great care and ceremony when it died. Is the recrudescence of cat worship in England a sign of intellectual growth? It is to be observed in parenthesis, that Liverpool, a sordidly commercial seaport, imports cat mummies—those that the Egyptians so carefully interred—by the ship