

call out "dirty cats; the old Chinchild thief is still there."

One day a van was at the door of Miss Susan's house, and everything was taken away—the house was empty. The old lady had gone on a long journey. Boys and dogs had taken possession of Miss Susan's old garden.

Mistress was now looking for a home for us three. One day Mrs. O'Don, the lady who used to do the washing, asked Mistress if she would give her one of us, telling Mistress she had bought a fifty-dollar stove and a cat would look so nice and warm sitting near it in the winter. She said, "I likes Peter the best, as he is the biggest of the three." Mistress said she would see; she said she would like a home for Ladyship, she was such a gentle creature. Mistress inquired of all her friends, but received always the same answer, "We hate cats;" and those that did not hate them told Mistress they had no small children to play with cats. Others said they had no rats at their homes.

Mistress thought she had better give me to Mrs. O'Don, so one evening Mistress kept me in the house and Mrs. O'Don came for me. Mistress said, "I will carry him." She put her cloak around me. Mrs. O'Don lived about eight blocks from our house. When Mistress returned her heart was heavy. Next time Mrs. O'Don came to wash, Mistress asked how she liked me. "Peter is a wise cat, Mum, so quiet always under the stove. Jim and I