



A General View of the Cat Show recently held in Toronto.

Royal Canadian Cat Show

MOST people regard a cat as a necessary evil. They may understand the breeding of cattle or of racing horses or even of chickens and pigeons, but they would never think of worrying about the breed or "form" of a cat. And yet there are people—real, live, intelligent persons—who are interested in cats, and would sooner talk about cats than about deer hunting, duck shooting or any other sport. To them it is a scientific and pleasant study.

Last week the citizens of Toronto had the honour of holding the fourth annual cat show of the Royal Canadian Cat Club and of inspecting some of the finest cats on the continent. "Sousa," a thousand dollar cat, owned by Mrs. George H. Gould of Ithaca, N.Y., was heralded as one of the greatest. It is a pure white

Persian and could readily be distinguished from the other 180 cats in the show. Nevertheless, when the judging was over, it was discovered that "Sousa" had been beaten by another cat from the United States. It, too, is a whitish Persian, though its photograph here would hardly indicate that on account of the shadow. Mrs. Dykehouse of Grand Rapids, Mich., owns the great winner.

Among the exhibitors were Mrs. W. C. Bell of Toronto, Miss Cathcart of Wadell, N.J., Dr. Niven of London, Miss Ritchings of Orton, and a number of other devotees at Tabby's shrine. Those interested assert that the show was a great success, that the collection of animals was unsurpassed, and that the "sport" has received further encouragement. Mrs. Emerson Coatsworth, wife of the Mayor, opened the show with a womanly speech.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the Courier :

Sir,—In a paragraph headed "Where Canada Stands," you say, "Has anybody ever heard a native born Canadian call any country but Canada 'home'?"

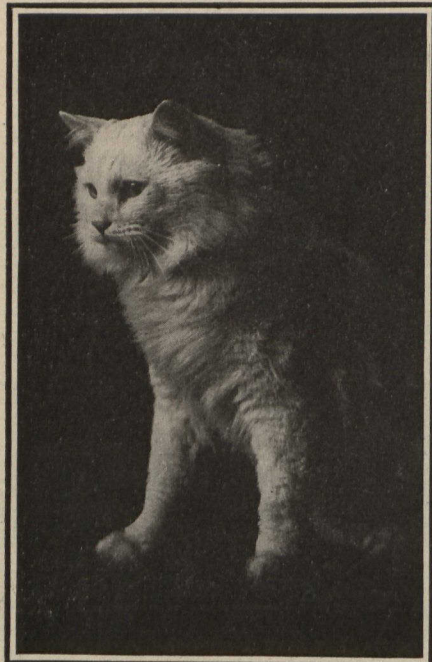
Thirty years ago it was a term in general use in Halifax among native born as well as English. "Going home" meant going to England. But the expression has gradually died out and is now never used. The last time I heard it used was in Jamaica where it seemed absurd enough to hear a coloured person speak of "going home."

When a pompous, rich brown man told an Englishman that he was going home the latter somewhat tartly answered that he didn't know there was any steamer leaving for Africa.

Yours truly,

Alice Jones.

Halifax, Dec. 5th.



Y Breyen Gwyn, owned by Mrs. Dykehouse of Grand Rapids, Mich., which beat Mrs. Gould's Sousa.

The Editor of the Courier :

Sir,—The new paper is but a baby yet; but I have no doubt you will

nurse it into a vigorous manhood worthy of yourself and the land of the maple leaf. I wish you every success in the venture.

One word of criticism! On page 5 of your first issue in an article "Where Canada Stands," the writer says, "Has anybody ever heard a native-born Canadian call any country but Canada 'home'?"

I for one, as a native-born Canadian of the fourth generation, would flatly contradict the writer, and I yield to no one in my national love of Canada. It so happened that I was brought up by my grandparents who were born in the Old Country. In that sense I may perhaps more properly speak of myself as being of the first generation in Canada. And I can testify to the fact that I learned from the English mother (or at least the only mother I ever knew) to call old England "Home." And I have heard scores and scores of others do likewise. I think the writer of your article fails totally to grasp the process of evolution in sentiment which has produced Canadianism. Our Old Country mothers who first came out, naturally retained feelings of love and affection for the land of their birth. It was "Home" to them; and their children learnt at the mother's knee to call the Old Land "home" also. If I go across the ocean, I speak of it as going "home." It is only a facon de parler, if you like; but I think there is a very pretty sentiment behind it at the same time.

Canada is my real home. My loyalty is to Canada first and the Empire always. I am not loyal to England in the sense of being loyal to my country. England is not my country; but I am proud of the land whence my mother's people came, and of Scotland, from which my father's grandfather came; and I also speak lovingly of them as "Home" as well.

I think that Kipling was wholly right and that your knight of the pen missed his mark.

Yours sincerely,

New Subscriber.