

him I was strong and healthy and a beautiful, gentle creature. He answered, "Better send him down than to let him perish on the streets."

Some time after, Mistress heard of a lady who was wanting a cat, so she called and made arrangements for her to take me. It was a small house with a yard and a fence all round so the dogs could not get over.

Now Mistress thought she would go and see Ladyship before leaving Canada. When she went the same maid opened the door. Mistress said she had called to see the cat, as she was leaving town shortly. The maid answered: "Bless your life, Mum, that cat jumped out of the window, took glass and all with her that same night I fetched her from your house, Mum. Mebbe she went back home again." Mistress felt sick, and wished she had not gone to enquire for her pet Ladyship.

Mistress told Mrs. White that she had found a home for me at last. Mrs. White said they would be sorry to see me go—and said she would like a portrait of me, adding "I will send little Ruth to see you in the summer, Peter." Ruth was Mrs. White's grandchild—she was gentle and not like Jacky, Miss Susan's nephew.

One evening Mistress took me on the car to my future home. I was afraid of the noise and struggled to get away. When Mistress and I reached my new home, the lady, my new Mistress, exclaimed, "What a big fellow! So your name is Peter? We will call you Kitty." She took me down