

After she left our house she called on the English lord, our neighbour, and told him that Three Paws had taken a chicken's head from their porch. His Lordship told her that his Sir Thomas would not even eat bear heads, and that he was the only perfect cat in Canada. His Lordship being in his eighty-fifth year ought to know.

Mistress went down to visit the case where Ladyship and Igoes used to sleep. She saw two chicken heads and several grasshoppers and dragon flies—Ladyship used to bring them and give them to Igoes to play with. Sometimes Three Paws would take one home with him too.

I was very much afraid after all Miss Susan had told Mistress, and when supper was ready I stayed behind the hill. All the trouble we ever had came from the east side of the house. Little Jack, the nephew, threw green apples at us; still we did not care for the apples, as we could climb up the trees.

A few days after the visit of Miss Susan, Miss Emily called on Mistress, saying she was collecting for the church of the Rev. Mr. Toogood. She also went over to the English lord's, and the next day they called us "dirty cats" as usual.

The beautiful summer passed away. Mistress had soon to give up the house, as Master had returned to the United States. Ladyship sat on the vacant chair beside Mistress on the porch, and I used to sit on Mistress's knee. Little Igoes would still wait at the gate, and Miss Susan continued to