

looking rodent in the cage, after which he put in his hand, not gloved nor in any way protected, brought him out and opened the front of his outer flannel shirt and let him loose in his breast. The last act was all our American friend wanted to see, and the appearance of his face as Dave unbuttoned his shirt and popped the rat in was a mixture of fright and disgust it would be impossible to describe.

A pleasant hour was spent over the wine, and arrangements were made to get some terriers in the morning and polish off the rats. This was duly attended to, and the New Yorker left Montreal satisfied that from personal experience he could tell a rat story that would bear comparison with anything in that line over the border.