

The Tale of a Rat

BY IRENE CURRIE LOVE
In Canada West Monthly.

Miss Irene C. Love, whose clever sketch appears below, is well known to Londoners, being a daughter of Police Magistrate Love. Miss Love, who is a graduate of Toronto University, was for some time on the staff of The Advertiser, where she secured her first journalistic experience, later holding responsible positions on the Toronto World, Toronto Star and Hamilton Spectator. At present Miss Love is United States representative of Canada West, through whose courtesy this story is used.

He was usually the gayest and most lecherous of all the happy tribe of drummers, and so it was with some concern that we saw him come in without a smile and seat himself heavily on one of the desks, omitting his customary slap on the back, and his irritating roar, "Hello, how's tricks?"

After about ten minutes of glum, cheerless silence which the drummers did not seem inclined to break, someone said, "Anything the matter with you?"

"Only the rottenest trip I ever had in my life," he growled. "Business bad?" "Oh, good enough, as far as orders went, but say, did you ever butt up against a week of one-night stands? Seven long days of tank towns, where you couldn't get anything fit to eat or drink, and where there wasn't enough hot water for a decent wash, much less a bath?"

Here, everyone chorled, for the drummer believes that cleanliness comes way before godliness, and is the object of much good-natured chaffing over his carefully-manicured hands. Indeed, it is even whispered that he indulges in face massages. A stationer's little finger pokes him beyond expression and not to be able to have a daily bath—why, it's an outrage!

"Cut out the laugh," he continued, "the worst is yet to come. I've been travelling out in the Canadian West, where the 'blasted remittance man,' if he has done nothing else, has succeeded in making both tubs the worse, don't you know?"

"That made it all the worse when I struck the tank town circuit, with everything but the tank in full view. Not a bathtub in the whole outfit and I was getting hotter, madder and dirtier every minute."

"My hair was full of dust, and my eyes of cinders—you know how you feel on a train when there is no parlor car on board, nothing but the festive day coach, with scuffling babies and crumby kids who start to eat as soon as they get on the train and only stop when they get off. The smoking car was dirtier than the day coach and full of a bunch of rubes who smoked two-fer cigars and I was sure the sootiest thing in seven seasons when at last someone said: 'There's a real hotel in the next town.'"

"I picked up my ears and yelled, 'A hotel, with a real bathtub, where we can get a really truly bath?' It sure did sound good to me, and all the way over there I just wallowed in my thoughts, in a large white bathtub, playing tag with a carload of soap and a vat of hot water."

"It was late when we got into town, so I made right for the hotel and sailing majestically up to the clerk, I demanded of him in lordly tones: 'Have you a bathtub?'"

"We have," he assured me, with pride. "Then lead me to it, I purred. 'Do you wish a room or merely a bath?' he asked."

"Both," I snapped, "but a bath before anything."

"Well, I'm sorry," temporized the clerk, but something's gone wrong with the lighting arrangements in the bathroom and all the servants are in bed, so there isn't any possibility of fixing up things tonight. Moreover, there's no hot water and in short, I don't think you can yet a bath until tomorrow morning."

"I glared at him. I had visions of leaping the desk and throttling him—I had—but what's the use? You know my angelic disposition. I just looked sadly, mournfully and reproachfully at him and sighed, wearily. 'Show me a room.'"

"All right long I lay there and thought about that bath. I revolved in it. I disported myself, in fancy, playfully as any child, in a Paradise of soap and water. I fell asleep and dreamed that I was a Sherman, a water-god, a Neptune. As soon as it was light, I arose, and clad only in my baby blue pajamas, I hid me to the bathroom."

"It was a dirty, dark little hole in the wall, with a filthy, old-fashioned tin tub, and there, sitting in the tub, making faces at me, was a rat. Now, I've never had the D. Ts, but if I did, I'd bet all I have that they'd take the form of rats. Lizards, pink or green, never fazed on me worth a cent, and I could go to bed with snakes. But a rat! It's got me going every time."

"One look at his Ratship and I dashed madly out into the hall, looking for help. Just disappearing round the corner was a chambermaid, so I called her, saying, 'Come hither, little one! I was in no mood for trifling. Reaching her in about three steps and grabbing her by the wrist, I yanked her back to the door of the bathroom and inquired, 'Do you see that rat, the size of a kitten, sitting in the tub and sneezing at me?'"

"She snickered. 'Why don't you turn the water on and drown the brute?'"

"I flung her from me and marching down to the office, went up to the clerk and related my tale of woe, thusly, 'Young man, for centuries I've been waiting for a bath. I come to you and you say I can have a bath in the morning. Morning comes. I go to the bathroom and what do I find? A rat, the size of a dog, running up and down the tub and barking at me. What are you going to do about it?'"

"The clerk looked up indifferently. 'Why don't you turn the water on and drown the brute?'"

"Gasping for breath, choking with rage and reaching out for air, I stuttered, all the proprietor, the clerk, the 'I can't,' expostulated the clerk. 'It's as much as my job is worth to call him at this hour in the morning. He's asleep.'"

"I don't care if he's dead," I roared. "I'd wake him, anyway, and what's more, I'll stay right here in this office until you get him."

"You can't stay in this office, dressed like that," he remonstrated. "I won't stand for it."

"Stand for it, you infernal little whippersnapper. You get that proprietor down here P. D. Q. or I'll beat your brains out. I yelled, giving as good an imitation of Tommy Burns before he was licked by the dingie as I could work up on a minute's notice."

"Yes, sir," he stammered, and I heard him tell the porter to get the proprietor that a lunatic in pale blue pajamas was down there threatening to wreck the hotel. In a few minutes down came the gentleman himself, purple with rage and blue with cold. That color combination may not listen good to you, but I tell you, it's got Turner left at the post. He was bellowing with rage and emitting short, puffing sounds like a steam engine."

"Where is he," he rumbled, 'show him to me. Well, sir, what do you want?'"

"Sir, I began, 'last night I entered your caravanserai, weary and worn and sad, unshaven, unwashed, and unshorn. I was told I might have a bath this morning, and when I went to the bathroom, what did I find? A rat, the size of a horse, standing on its hind legs in the tub and neighing at me. Now, sir, WHAT are you going to do about it?'"

"Say, I want to tell you right now that I take off my hat to the proprietor of that hotel. God! I never heard such picturesque vocabulary in my life. If there was anything in the bright lexicon of curse words that he omitted to call me, I never heard about it and if there are any depths hotter than those to which he consigned me, I don't want to know about them. He finished up by demanding furiously, 'Why don't you turn the water on and drown the brute?'"

"I got me going. You know I'm not a dead one when it comes to cussing, so I just let out a few to show him what I could do."

"Then I went up, packed my grip, shook the dust of the town from my heels and beat it back to Winnipeg. Say, come on out and have a drink. Every time I think of that rat, the size of an elephant, stamping up and down the tub, trumpeting at me, I get dry. And the drummer led the way to the bar."

"I picked up my ears and yelled, 'A hotel, with a real bathtub, where we can get a really truly bath?' It sure did sound good to me, and all the way over there I just wallowed in my thoughts, in a large white bathtub, playing tag with a carload of soap and a vat of hot water."

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RAIL-ROAD NEWS

During March 30 railway employees were killed and 23 injured in the course of their work on Canadian railways. Of the fatalities, 8 each were due to being run over and to falling material; 5 each to collisions and to explosions of dynamite; 2 to boiler explosions, and 1 each to a fall and to being caught between cars. Of the other accidents, 11 were due to collisions; 4 to being caught between cars; 3 to falls; 2 to being run over; and one each to falling material, to being struck by a passing object and to machinery.

The installation of the telephone on the Michigan Central Railway, between Windsor, Ont., and Buffalo, N. Y., was completed May 4. Connections are made with the principal points on the line and the system will be used as a subsidiary agent to the telegraph system for the more expeditious dispatch of the company's business. The results are reported to have been thoroughly satisfactory.

Commission Orders. Dismissing application of Byron Telephone Company for leave to install telephone in G. T. R. station at Komoka, Ont.

Authorizing Caradoc-Ekfrid Telephone Company to erect wires across M. C. R. in Ekfrid Township, Ont.

Temporarily approving agreements of four telephone companies entered into with the Bell Telephone Company in November, 1908, and March, 1909.

Authorizing Andover and Perth Electric Light Commissioners to erect wires across C. P. R. at Perth and Andover, N. B.

Authorizing G. T. R. to construct branch line to the Empire Manufacturing Company's premises at London, Ont.

Authorizing Ekfrid Township to cross G. T. R. east of Glencoe, Ont., with culverts.

A Plea Against Divorce

Review of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Latest Novel.

Taine said that the young Englishman entered life with every question definitely settled, while a young Frenchman entered life to investigate matters that were still open questions. This century, it would seem, is distinctly French, and the last question that it is willing to regard as a closed issue is marriage. Book after book attacks this institution from one standpoint or another, and it is interesting to find Mrs. Humphrey Ward in the line of defence with "Daphne" (Casell, 6s.).

The Law That Suits. Daphne Floyd is a daughter of the United States only by adoption. She is really a South American with Spanish blood in her veins. But she is typically twentieth-century American in her views of marriage, and, as she has millions of dollars and wonderful dark eyes, people are more than willing to listen to her. Roger Barnes, typically English, handsome, looking for a rich heiress to compensate for his father's sudden loss of fortune, attracts her from the very beginning. Barnes, however, is prejudiced against the national taste for divorce, and expresses his displeasure with stiff composure. I don't know why you should talk in that way," Daphne protests, "as though all our American views are wrong! Each nation arranges these things for itself. You have the laws that suit you; you must allow us those that suit us." Daphne is very sure about this right of individuality, of which her friend Madeleine Verrier is at once the champion and victim. Madeleine's divorced husband had committed suicide, and sometimes, like another Bangu, Roger Barnes, had to look to her. "Madame Verrier started in her chair. A face had emerged, thrown out upon the shadows by the sun-finger—the countenance of a handsome young Jew, as Rembrandt had once conceived it. Rare and high intelligence, melancholy, and premonition—they were there embodied, so long as the apparition lasted." But Daphne takes no heed of her friend's invisible combat with the dead.

Ghost-Driven. She is in favor of the American code, which, in the words of one of the minor characters, is "complete transformation of the idea of marriage." Still Daphne is willing to marry the handsome young Englishman, and in the moment of her first rush of happiness, she is walking beside her fiancé, she meets her friend Madeleine. "Her eyes were raised and fixed, as though on some sight in front of them. The bitterness, the anguish one might almost call it, of her expression, the horror in the eyes, as of one ghost-led, ghost-driven, drew an exclamation from Roger. Daphne goes her own way, with light, clear eyes, never dreaming that she, too, may some day be ghost-driven through the hard, lonely years. Three years afterwards she and Roger are settled down in an old country house, the property of his mother's family.

The Reaction. There are many things about English provincial life which the young American heiress neither understands nor wishes to understand. The country

and its traditions fall to impress her at the beginning, and end by boring her. Ancestral portraits, grotesquely restored, irritate her into the brutality of truthfulness. She quarrels wholeheartedly with an archdeacon whose pomposity accentuates his plety. She outbids a duchess in her own drawing-room for a piece of Sevres offered by a well-known dealer. In short, she is not merely fails to fit in with the quiet, decorous scheme of things but has no desire whatever to modify her conditions a reaction is almost bound to set in, and a certain Mrs. Fairmille, who had once been engaged to Roger, helps it considerably. Daphne begins to read things like this in an American quarterly: 'All forms of contract—in business, education, religion or law—suffer from the weakness and blindness of the persons making them. The marriage contract as much as any other. The duties of humanity and common sense alike show that the latter and most important contract should no more be perpetual than any of the others.' The thing is obvious. Roger is beginning to be in the way. It is beginning to be symbolic of the whole tiresome antediluvian county. Roger must go.

Father and Child. Daphne is very rich, and six months' domicile in the United States will give her liberty as an American citizen, though Roger will remain bound as an Englishman. Cruelty—there had been an arranged fall in the presence of a paid witness—and "indignities" are quite sufficient for the American court in which gives the custody of Roger's only child to the woman who had deserted him. And now for the Englishman, who refuses to touch a farthing of the money settled on him by the millionaire, his little daughter Beaty becomes the central thought of his life. He must get Beaty, even if he has to kidnap her by force, and then smuggle her across the Canadian frontier. He is planning to do this when the news is brought to him of Beaty's death. Roger is now alone in the world. He is no longer the easy-going, pleasant young Englishman, a little prejudiced, perhaps, but amiable and well-meaning. He has grown old in these brief years. Life has taught him things that he would find it difficult to put into words. Somehow or other, by some process the secret mechanism of which he had been twisted and broken, and then flung away, to piece itself together as best it can. Roger cannot begin again. And Daphne?

The Divine in Ourselves. She, too, begins dimly to realize that it is hard to begin again, that the roots of life are too complicated to be carelessly transplanted. But she is very rich and very proud, and so she endures in silence, keeping as close as she can to her divorced-widowed friend, Madeleine. Mrs. Verrier dies in a hotel opposite to the Falls of Niagara, where her husband had killed himself because of the wrong that she had done him. "Daphne, darling," the dying woman writes, "I was I who first taught you that we may follow our own lawless wills, and that marriage is something we may bend or break as we will. But, oh! it is not so.

A Mechanical Engineer

Known throughout the Northwest, writes as follows:

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Gentlemen:—I am pleased to thus express my appreciation of the comfort that your Herpiche has afforded me.

About ten days ago, the first real warm weather we had, my head began to itch as a result of irritation, and on the following day my scalp was apparently on fire. I was positively restless. In the evening I went to a drugstore and bought your Herpiche and Soap. I took a thorough shampoo and applied the remedy as directed. The irritation was at once relieved. I regard Herpiche as a splendid antiseptic, even if microbes are not present in the scalp. The use of Herpiche affords relief and benefit. No flakes of white dust on the coat collar, irritation allayed, and real comfort from a cool, clear head during the heated days, and a clean head at all times.

Signed.....

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ANDERSON & NELLES 268 DUNDAS STREET, Special Agents.

Marriage is mysterious and wonderful; it is the supreme test of men and women. If we wrong it, and despite it, we mutilate the divine in ourselves. Daphne is not convinced by this letter from her dead friend, but she determines to go to England and see what can be done for the father of her child.

Roger's Point of View. She is Mrs. Floyd now, and a mutual friend, Herbert French, is puzzled by her card when it is handed to him. He is a clergyman, and he discusses the matter with her from his point of view, and then Roger himself comes into the room, and she begins to understand the full measure of what she has done. "She looked at him. In her nature the great deeps were breaking up. She saw him as she had seen him in her first youth. And, at last, what she had done was plain to her." After a little Roger stammered out his point of view—what it has all meant to him, what it will mean to him—during the two years which the doctors have given him to live.

"Yes, I know, you didn't understand what you were doing. But you see, Daphne, marriage is —" He sought rather painfully for his words. "It's a big thing. If it doesn't make us, it ruins us. I didn't marry you for the best of reasons, but I was very fond of you—honored bright! I loved you in my way, I should have loved you more and more. I should have been a decent fellow if you'd stuck to me. I had all sorts of plans; you might have taught me anything. I was a fool about Chloe Fairmille, but there was nothing in it, you know there wasn't. And now it's all rooted up and done with. Women like to think such things can be mended, but they can't—they can't, indeed. It would be foolish to try."

No, it can't be mended. Daphne and Roger, neither single nor together, can begin again. It would be wise on the part of the numerous clever writers who air their quite logical and doctrinaire views on marriage, to read, from the human nature of it, this poignant and interesting novel.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Mrs. Aubrey le Blond, who has climbed many mountains, says that a fatiguing than a hard game of tennis. "Only a short time ago the mother of one of our members, who is nearer 80 than 70, did an expedition of fourteen or fifteen hours in the snow without turning a hair."

When the German Emperor was the guest of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Eckartstein for deer shooting he spoke every day to his entourage at Berlin over a special telephone line. This wire, 40 miles long, was specially laid at great expense to suit the Kaiser's convenience for a few days, and because the ordinary wires did not carry the voice clearly enough.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE

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Arrive from the east—5:45 a.m., 10:50 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 11:45 a.m., 11:55 a.m., 12:05 p.m., 12:15 p.m., 12:25 p.m., 12:35 p.m., 12:45 p.m., 12:55 p.m., 1:05 p.m., 1:15 p.m., 1:25 p.m., 1:35 p.m., 1:45 p.m., 1:55 p.m., 2:05 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 2:25 p.m., 2:35 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 2:55 p.m., 3:05 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 3:25 p.m., 3:35 p.m., 3:45 p.m., 3:55 p.m., 4:05 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 4:25 p.m., 4:35 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m., 5:05 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 5:25 p.m., 5:35 p.m., 5:45 p.m., 5:55 p.m., 6:05 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 6:25 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 6:55 p.m., 7:05 p.m., 7:15 p.m., 7:25 p.m., 7:35 p.m., 7:45 p.m., 7:55 p.m., 8:05 p.m., 8:15 p.m., 8:25 p.m., 8:35 p.m., 8:45 p.m., 8:55 p.m., 9:05 p.m., 9:15 p.m., 9:25 p.m., 9:35 p.m., 9:45 p.m., 9:55 p.m., 10:05 p.m., 10:15 p.m., 10:25 p.m., 10:35 p.m., 10:45 p.m., 10:55 p.m., 11:05 p.m., 11:15 p.m., 11:25 p.m., 11:35 p.m., 11:45 p.m., 11:55 p.m., 12:05 p.m., 12:15 p.m., 12:25 p.m., 12:35 p.m., 12:45 p.m., 12:55 p.m., 1:05 p.m., 1:15 p.m., 1:25 p.m., 1:35 p.m., 1:45 p.m., 1:55 p.m., 2:05 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 2:25 p.m., 2:35 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 2:55 p.m., 3:05 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 3:25 p.m., 3:35 p.m., 3:45 p.m., 3:55 p.m., 4:05 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 4:25 p.m., 4:35 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m., 5:05 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 5:25 p.m., 5:35 p.m., 5:45 p.m., 5:55 p.m., 6:05 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 6:25 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 6:55 p.m., 7:05 p.m., 7:15 p.m., 7:25 p.m., 7:35 p.m., 7:45 p.m., 7:55 p.m., 8:05 p.m., 8:15 p.m., 8:25 p.m., 8:35 p.m., 8:45 p.m., 8:55 p.m., 9:05 p.m., 9:15 p.m., 9:25 p.m., 9:35 p.m., 9:45 p.m., 9:55 p.m., 10:05 p.m., 10:15 p.m., 10:25 p.m., 10:35 p.m., 10:45 p.m., 10:55 p.m., 11:05 p.m., 11:15 p.m., 11:25 p.m., 11:35 p.m., 11:45 p.m., 11:55 p.m., 12:05 p.m., 12:15 p.m., 12:25 p.m., 12:35 p.m., 12:45 p.m., 12:55 p.m., 1:05 p.m., 1:15 p.m., 1:25 p.m., 1:35 p.m., 1:45 p.m., 1:55 p.m., 2:05 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 2:25 p.m., 2:35 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 2:55 p.m., 3:05 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 3:25 p.m., 3:35 p.m., 3:45 p.m., 3:55 p.m., 4:05 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 4:25 p.m., 4:35 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m., 5:0