



Commercial Enterprise in New York.  
SAY, BILLEE! THAT ORTER FETCH!

## TWO VENTURES.

BY HURKARU.

### CHAPTER III—CARNIVAL AT MONTREAL.

The temperature stood at 80 degrees in the Rotunda of the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, and at 20 degrees below zero outside—good carnival weather, with the atmosphere perfectly still, and the sun shining from a blue cloudless sky. The ice palace, on that part of Dominion Square, south of Dorchester Street, had a glittering brilliancy all its own, such as no photograph could catch, and no painting portray. The ground in every direction from Mount Royal on the North, away across the mighty St. Lawrence, as far as the eye could reach, was covered in its winter mantle of snow, presenting to the beholder a scene of dazzling whiteness, which it must be confessed is somewhat trying to the eyes. To return to the Windsor—at the desk looking over the list of arrivals, was a young man of medium height, with a dark moustache and good features, well dressed in appropriate costume of the season, while standing a couple of paces off was another man of larger build.

"Here they are Dugdale, Mr. and Miss Van Higgin. Arrived this morning I think you said?" turning to the clerk.

"Yes, per Central Vermont," was the reply, "shall I send your name up?"

The gentleman handed his card, which displayed the name of Guy Ralston, but the bell boy quickly returned with the news, that Nos. 125 and 127 had gone out for a sleigh drive round the city, so Rals-

ton thrusting a cigar into Dugdale's hand, proposed to slaughter the enemy, by strolling through the streets till luncheon time, to which Dugdale readily assented, the two made their way to Sherbrooke Street, along which sleighs of all descriptions were being driven, their jingling bells making pleasant music.

Dugdale had quite recovered from his accident, and was waiting orders to proceed to Algoma, to superintend part of the work of completing the line from Sudbury to Sault St. Marie. Ralston was also engaged by the same Railway Company, having been recommended by a friend to the President of the road, whom everyone knows is an American—that is, a native of the United States, as Canadians or Mexicans have, I believe, no right to consider themselves Americans.

It was a new sensation to Dugdale, in place of the hot dry sand of India, to be crunching under his heel, the hard crispy snow of Canada.

"It is difficult to fancy that you sun, which might as well be th' moon for all the warmth it gives, is the same which burns you like a red hot furnace in India," remarked Dugdale who, unless he watched himself closely, was apt to interlard his conversation with either Lancashire or Hindoostan expressions.

"Which is most to your taste?" asked Ralston.

"Precious little choice, when you are

in one extreme or the other," was the reply, "I was nigh fried to death in India, and now it seems I have come here to be frozen. Small choice I say, between rotten apples. To-day now would be mighty pleasant with the thermometer forty or fifty degrees higher, and, if you could keep the temperature at from 70 to 80 degrees, India would be paradise. But in this country the mercury occasionally drops out of sight, and I have seen it 120 degrees in the shade in Rajputana."

"Which means that you go in for the happy medium I suppose," said Ralston.

"It means that I would like to go in for it if I could," retorted Dugdale, "but the fellows who fixed the zones in our geography, made a mess of it, in my opinion. I admit India is honestly in the tropics, but calling this the temperate zone, with a difference of over 100 degrees, between the summer and the winter, appears to me a pretty heavy fraud to educate your children up to."

"Neither India nor Canada has been able to stifle that beloved privilege of the Englishman within you to grumble," said Ralston laughing, "I think your next move had better be to our country, to try whether a republican government cannot cure the bad habit."

"A little less government is what this country wants," said Dugdale, "nine governments for five millions is outrageous, and no one can wonder that, under such circumstances, there is plenty of what you call 'boodlism.'"

"What do you call it?" asked Ralston, amused at his friend's emphatic opinions.

"Robbery," was the quick curt reply—from which it would seem that John Dugdale did not hesitate to "call a spade a spade."

"You are the most charmingly candid fellow I ever met" observed Ralston, and indeed it was the brusque, almost rough honesty of Dugdale, which was one of his chief attractions to the younger man, who had hitherto, for the most part, had the artificial side of life presented to him.

Having now reached Peel Street, Ralston was debating whether he would turn down to the Windsor, before luncheon or not, when a sleigh drew up at the corner, and he was hailed by the occupants, who were Mr. and Miss Van Higgin, on their way back to the hotel. After the usual greetings, Guy was instructed to bring forward his friend, and Mr. Van Higgin immediately insisted upon both the young men entering the sleigh, and being taken off to luncheon. Madeline was looking very bright and well, although she was almost hidden beneath the fur wraps, so necessary in Montreal during the winter, but her face from the eyes downwards was visible, and the sleigh drive through the dry frosty air, had heightened the bloom on