

to call again to-day, and bring a friend. You *must* come, man."

"Well, circumstances alter cases, and I'll see *about* it."

As he said this, Rollo Thorndyke, who, during the preceding colloquy, had been busily engaged, with one knee in the snow, lacing on his webbed sandals, shook himself like a young polar bear and looked inquisitively at his companion. The two then laughed and clasped hands.

Rollo Thorndyke was a glorious specimen of budding manhood—six feet one in his stockings, straight as a dart, with deep blue eyes, cheeks like roses, chestnut hair closely curled, the shoulders of an Atlas, legs like pillars, clean shaven withal, and not an ounce of superfluous flesh about him. He stood there, the model of the Isthmian athlete. No exaggeration, reader. The same Rollo walks the streets of Montreal to-day, a trifle older than when I thus limn him, but still in form and feature, a king of men.

Laclede Austen, was not exactly the opposite, but quite unlike, nevertheless. Of slighter build and lower stature, he had dark eyes and hair and a beautiful mouth. Although an active member of this and other clubs, he was evidently much more of an in-door man than his companion.

Their little conversation was scarcely ended, when the signal for the advance sounded, and the men fell into line. A moment later and they were all off, with swinging gait and peculiar rolling of the hips which is characteristic of snowshoers. The march was slow enough within the city, the men reserving their