

The New Depot.

If it is wicked to be proud Lawtonians certainly have need for repentance. No signs of contrition however can as yet be discerned. On the contrary they roll the sweet morsel under their tongues, and openly justify themselves in their pride. They declare that they have as neat, pretty, tasteful, artistic, handsome—see Webster and Worcester for further adjectives of cognate meaning.—and altogether beautiful a depot as is to be found on the M. C. line. Two or three of the cities have larger, more elaborate and costly edifices; and a number have bigger ones, as big as they are homely nearly, but no village can boast of a depot more symmetrical and satisfactory to the eye.

When the style of architecture was first announced, some hailed it with delight; but more, we think, suspended judgment and awaited developments. A few could see nothing but ugliness in the studied roughness and irregularity of the stonework. But when the walls were up, the roof on, and the unsightly scaffolding removed, the artistic meaning stood revealed, the beauty of irregular forms cut by straight lines and relieved by massive arches. And now that it is finished, and the fine platform gives it a base-line and develops its true proportions, the unanimous verdict is, beautiful. The capricious and fantastic blending of forms, the variegated coloring of the stones, the fine effects of light and shadow, the mazy network of broken lines, the plain, but bold and massive ornamentation, all reduced to harmony and symmetry by the ground-plan forms, the vertical and horizontal right lines, the broken sky lines, and the majestic sweep of the semi-circular openings, all combine into a whole of beauty.

The north front with its unique open porch flanked on one hand by a handsome gable and on the other by the turrit-roofed, circular bay is decidedly the most beautiful; and many have been the lamentations that it could not have faced the town. And indeed "it might have been," if we could only have persuaded the Narrow Gauge with its dependencies to adjourn to the south side of the Central. But Mr. Ihling, usually so obliging, seemed reluctant to make this small concession, and after all, the south and west fronts are good enough, and *que voulez vous?* which means, "do you want the earth?"

The interior is worthy of the exterior. It would be hard to find a prettier waiting room, with its handsome oak joinerwork, its artistic wall decorations, its fine, arched windows, and its cosy bay, the ladies' especial delight.

And when our gentlemenly operators get into that shiny new office, you will please remove your hat as you approach the brass grating in the ticket window, and respectfully request MR. Smith to furnish you with a ticket, if he finds it entirely convenient.

It were unjust to omit mention of the exceedingly thorough, workmanlike and artistic manner in which the whole work has been done, from the first foundation stone to the last touch of the decorator's pencil. The consciousness that it is a thoroughly honest structure, enhances our appreciation of its beauty. To this we may add that the urbane and friendly manner of the contractors, Messrs Rogers and Ufford, won them many friends, who view their departure with regret.

And thus the Lawtonians so far from repenting, insist that they do well to be proud. They even take pleasure in the opportunity thus afforded them of virtuously warning neighboring villages that it is very, very naughty to be jealous.

And now we ask our readers, do you think you are able to *live up to* your new depot?

Visitors and travellers will now receive their impressions of Lawton from the "thing of beauty" which greets their eyes at the station. We must see to it that these impressions are justified. Why should not a village Improvement Association be formed at once to lay plans and devise means for embellishing and adorning our already beautiful town? Will not some of our intelligent and public spirited ladies and gentlemen move in the matter?

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