In the Addington Aqueduct

Manley H. Pike, in Youth's Companion.

Caldwell Ransom arrived at Lake Village with a fund of professional knowledge in his head, a Polytechnic School diploma in his pocket, and in his brave young heart a great determination to succeed.

When he began work as assistant engineer of the Addington city waterworks, he found himself at once opposed to a score or so of rude men who could not comprehend his knowledge, cared not a straw for his diploma, and were more than ready to render success impossible.

The 21 laborers—heavy, muscular, broad-backed, hard-handed fellows—looked with contemptuous dislike upon the slender young man of 23 years, with his refined face and gentle manners, who had taken the place of tough old blustering Ingalls, who was always prepared to back up a rough tongue with a rougher fist.

"Him our boss! That little whipper-snapper!" growled Mart Hoxie, strongest man and ugliest fighter of the 21, and consequently a sort of leader and spokesman. "Why, there aint one of you couldn't put him in your pocket. What business has he givin' orders to men?"

"And getting fifteen hundred a year for it," added another.

"While we break our backs for a dollar and a half a day," concluded a third.

The three speeches, expressing the three passions of scorn, envy and discontent, promised anything but an easy task to Caldwell Ransom in the government of the men; but he was prepared. Engineer Franklin had said:

"Ransom, you will be in charge at the upper dam and along the tunnel. You have a hard road before you, my boy, for the gang need a firm hand, and——"

"And you don't feel sure that mine answers the description," said Caldwell, smiling.

"Well, yes, that's about it," returned Franklin, relieved at being so well understood. "You see, we can't employ the men we'd like, but must take what we can get, and they're a pretty wild set. Ingalls could whip any of them, and would do it, too, without much pressing, and did not get along very well at that; but as for you——"

"As for me, I cannot whip them, and I would not," again supplemented Caldwell, still smiling. "I don't believe in that kind of management, but I do believe that I can manage those men. Although I expect more or less trouble at first, I shall come out all right in the end."

"I hope so."

"I know so."

But in spite of his confidence Ransom could not help feeling that he was like a very inexperienced tamer just going into a cage of extremely unruly animals, who were much more likely to eat their trainer than to obey him.

In some ways things began better than he had expected. The men soon found that he understood his business, and this was one great point gained. They also perceived that he considered their comfort as much as he could; and this was another. Then, too, he was plainly not afraid of them; and this was a third.

But though his ability prevented them from criticising his orders and his kindness kept them in reasonably good humor, while his disregard for their hostility was not without its effect, they really obeyed rather from the lack of any reason to the contrary than because they felt compelled to obey. In short, he was not yet their master.

"Good enough little fellow," said Hoxie, summing up the collective opinion, "and smart in his way, but he's got no zip in him." By which he meant that Ransom was deficient in pluck and energy of the rugged, danger-defying kind.

Ransom happened to overhear this judgment, and he meditated over it thoughtfully. "Perhaps that's true," said he to himself. "I'm sure I don't know." He did not know, for no one ever does until he is tried.

One of the most important duties of the assistant engineer was the inspection of the tunnel twice a year to ascertain the condition of the masonry, and repair any damage which might have been caused by the immense friction of the water rushing through it night and day for months.

It was a long, disagreeable, much-dreaded task; and when the men, some carrying lights, others tools and materials for the work, went down one by one through the narrow man-hole into the black, dripping tunnel, they were all serious and not a few reluctant. Of course the gates had been closed and the water shut off to enable the party to make their explorations.

"We shall be all day and a part of the evening, Matthews," said Ransom to the man in charge at the dam; "but you may turn it on at 11 o'clock. You understand, don't you? No mistake on that point, you know."

"Oh, I understand," said Matthews; "11 o'clock. All right, sir."

The last man was down. It was as if they had suddenly been plunged 1,000 feet deep into some mine, so remote seemed the bright sunshine and fresh air they had left behind.

It was, in truth, a dismal place, a great tube of wet bricks, glistening in the unsteady flashes of the torches, filled with a chilly, dank atmosphere like that of a well, and multiplying every sound into complicated echoes reverberating from wall to wall, and from roof to floor.

The men drew close together within the circle of the lights, and were silent. Ransom walked ahead, sharply scanning every inch of surface as he went until some defect was found, and then, instructing the men what to do, he stood watching the work. The repairs completed, the little procession moved on.

Time went by thus monotonously till it seemed that a whole day must have passed since they had taken leave of the sky; and, indeed, they had been in the tunnel several hours.

The men were now better accustomed to the gloom in which they worked, but nevertheless were far from being in good spirits—no matter for wonder when one remembers that, far up the long cavern, thousands of tons of water were pressing against the gates.

Suppose those gates should break! One roaring gush down the great pipe, and they would be swept away and drowned like insects.

This thought was constantly in the mind of every one of the party, although none spoke of it. Even big Mart Hoxie had once or twice started nervously and turned to look back, as if he expected to see the black front of the descending flood rumbling down upon them.

An unusually bad place delayed them for some time. All the men were occupied upon it, grouped together against the wall, and working quickly in order to finish as soon as might be.

But Ransom seemed strangely negligent of his superintendence. He stood apart, gazing at a little stream which ran down the tunnel, made up of the drainage from its emptying crevices. Several times he sounded it, and measured its width with the long stick he carried.

"Hurry, men," said he, at last. "We've some distance to go yet, and there may be more work ahead."

Some minutes passed. He sounded and measured again. Then he drew out his watch and looked at it.

"Quick! Leave off your work! We must be moving!"

Something in his voice made the men instantly abandon the work and wheel about. One of them uttered a loud exclamation and threw down his hammer.

"Pick that up again, and keep still," said Ransom quietly.

"But the water's raisin'! We'll all be——"

"Keep still, Mackey! Pick up that hammer!"

Mackey, a large, sullen-faced man, somewhat inclined to unruliness and turbulence, scowled at the engineer, who looked him steadily in the face. Finally he stooped and picked up the tool.

The other men stood about, some looking at the rapidly swelling current, others casting wild looks down the tunnel, where, as they knew, the nearest man-hole lay, though distant many hundred feet. Several were beginning to sidle off in that direction, but Ransom placed himself before them.

"Listen, men," said he. "There's been a mistake at the dam. Matthews thought I meant 11 in the morning, instead of 11 at night; he's a little deaf, and he's letting on the water. In a few minutes it will be up to our necks. But we have time to reach No. 13 man-hole before the stream gets too strong if you do as I tell you. But if you don't every one of us will be drowned."

"Oh, we'll be drowned, anyway!" moaned two or three. "We'll never walk the top of the ground again!"

"Every man for himself!" shouted another. It was Mackey, who was shouldering his way through the crowd to make his escape. He must be stopped at all risks, for others were preparing to imitate him, and a panic would certainly follow.

"Hoxie!" called the engineer, in a sharp tone that the men had never heard. "Keep that man back!"

The giant, obeying instantly, put two immense hands on Mackey's shoulders, crushed him down on his knees, and held him there.

"Steady, now," continued Ransom, calmly. "There are 21 of you. Hoxie, come forward here with me. The rest form two ranks across the tunnel, and lock arms."

The party did as they were commanded, without delay or demur. Like all men in desperate situations they yielded to the only one among them who had the brain to conceive a plan of escape, and the strength of will to carry it out. From that moment the question of mutiny was settled.

The water reached their knees by this time, and its force began to be strongly felt.

"Forward," said Ransom. "Keep step and a straight line. I'll set the pace. Don't crowd."

The two ranks tramped along at a rapid walk, following their young leader, who looked like a child beside Hoxie's towering shape, and yet was his superior, and the superior of every man there in the intelligent courage which could alone save their lives.

They all knew it. Already they were in better heart, feeling the support of one another's bodies, and the moral strength that comes from order and a definite purpose.

"Hoxie," said Ransom in a whisper, "you and I must see this thing through. The pinch will come when we get to the hole, for only one can go up at a time, and the last men will have a hard pull of it."

"Yes, sir," answered Hoxie.

"They will have to help the others, and they may be drowned in doing it."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm one, of course. Will you be the other?"

"Yes, sir."

Ransom shook his hand without saying more.

The stream kept rising, and hissed over the smooth floor with continually increasing power. The men marched on, crouching and leaning backward against the current which swirled around their hips. Occasionally one of the lightest staggered; but his neighbors were able to pull him up again.

They had gone on in this way for some time when a cloudy, gray light came into view far ahead, daylight streaming through the open man-hole they were aiming for, and a cheer went up from the struggling procession. It was but a faint one, however, for breath and strength were both failing in the incessant effort of walking in the deep water and resisting its swift rush.

In perfect silence they splashed toward the light. They were submerged to their waists now, and the ranks, no longer straight, but curving and irregular, were hardly maintained. Occasionally some man fell, and was dragged to his feet.

"Halt!" shouted Ransom.

They stopped at the foot of the iron ladder which led up through the round opening, down which came a cylinder of radiance, which dimmed the yellow flicker of the torches. It was but a few steps to life and safety, and every man thought how easily he, if alone, might make them; yet all remained where they were.

"Nobly done, men," said Ransom. "Do as I tell you, and we'll all be saved. But if you lose your wits, not a quarter of us will get up that ladder."

By his directions the first rank formed across the tunnel, while the second rank, in single file, pressing closely together, began ascending the ladder one by one. After four or five had gone the others could not keep their feet, and were swept against the first rank, which held them by its united weight.

"Go in there, Hoxie, and help them up," said Ransom.

Hoxie, clinging to the foot of the ladder with the bend of his arm, seized man after man by the collar, hauling and lifting them, half under water, half out, until they could reach the rounds themselves.

Finally only the one rank remained, fighting with the breast-high current to which ransom directed them—above the ladder, in a line up and down the aqueduct instead of across it, beginning at the upper end with Hoxie, the engineer next, and so on down to the ladder, which the last of the eleven could just touch.

"Let go, Dolan!" sounded Ransom's voice, not so strong or ringing as it had been.

The last man slipped his arm from the one above him, clutched the ladder, and fighting desperately with the torrent that bore him down, succeeded in pulling himself out and began climbing. The others moved down a pace. They were so much the weaker for his safety—some scores of pounds of resistance were gone.

"Connor!"

Another man safe—another hundred-odd pounds lost to the help of the others. So it went on till but three men, grasping one another in a little group, were left. They could just keep their feet, and that was all.

"Let go, Jim!"

"But it's the death of you and the boss, Hoxie, if I do," protested Mackey, somehow changed from coward to hero during the long battle. "It's murdering you both!"

"It aint murdering me," said Hoxie, gruffly. "I can make out; but I can't save the boss alone, and if he don't get out I don't. He's too light to help himself, and he's nearly gone, besides, Jim."

In fact, Ransom was almost completely exhausted.

"There are two of us for the job," answered Mackey, simply.

Taking Ransom between them, and exerting every muscle in their weakened bodies, the two worked their way toward the ladder, luckily gained it at the moment that the flood carried them off their feet, and after a confused, blind scramble, somehow succeeded in thrusting the young engineer into the hands of the men waiting at the top.

Then Hoxie, dragging Mackey after him by main force, passed through the aperture, and all were saved.

"Hurrah for the boss!" roared the twenty, waving their dripping caps.

"Yes, hurrah for the boss!" repeated big Hoxie, looking tenderly at the slender young fellow, lying white and panting against Connor's broad chest. "He's the best man of us all, and his brains and pluck are worth our muscle forty times over. Now let me hear somebody say different!"

But no one did "say different," for no one thought so. There would never be any doubt about that again.

QUIPS AND QUICKS.

Minnie (to Gus)—Yes, I have an allowance now; and I'm always so hard up the last 30 days of the month that I don't know what to do.—[Harper's Bazar.

‡‡‡

Mrs. Trumbull—It's too bad that your husband cut off his flowing beard.

Mrs. Crumple—Yes, but he had to do it. I gave him a diamond pin for Christmas.

‡‡‡

Ava was trying to break apart a cracker one morning, and she worked at it very patiently for a long time before she carried it to her grandma with, 'O gramma, if you please, won't you unbutton my cracker?'

‡‡‡

"Mabel, why, you dear little girl!" exclaimed her grandfather, seeing his little granddaughter with her head tied up, "have you got the headache?" "No," she replied, quickly, "I haven't dot the headache, but I dot a spit-turl."

‡‡‡

Mrs. Mulvaney (the laundress)—Indade, ma'am, an' it's miserable I am. I'm but just on me feet wid the pain in me back, and Jimmy he's as bad off; he has a cough on him that sounds like an empty bar'l. Cough for the lady Jimmy."

‡‡‡

Carlos has just received a telegram from Havana.

"What an admirable invention the telegram is!" he exclaimed, "when you consider that this message has come a distance of 1,500 leagues, and the gum on the envelope isn't dry yet."—[La Union.

‡‡‡

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Green at home?" was asked of the little girl who answered the bell.

"Yes."

"Are they engaged?"

The small girl looked horrified as she answered: "Why, they are married—[Exchange.

‡‡‡

Customer (reading a newspaper)—Here I see I am referred to in the paper again.

Landlord—Indeed? What do they say about you?

Customer (reading aloud)—At the close of last week Berlin numbered 1,573,421 inhabitants! I am one of the lot!—[Schorer's Familienblatt.

‡‡‡

Superficial people sometimes mistake contrast for similarity. An amusing example of this, is the conceit of small people who think they resemble great ones. Tom Smith likened himself to Cromwell, because he had a wart on his cheek, but Pat Rooney argued out his resemblance to Apollo by comparative anatomy, and "general average."

‡‡‡

"Yes, they are excellent boots," said the shoe dealer to the young lady purchaser; they will wear like iron."

"Do you think the buttons are sewn on securely?" she asked.

"They are; the boots are supplied with 'the old maid's wedding' button—a new invention."

"Why is it called 'the old maid's wedding' button?"

"Because it never comes off."

‡‡‡

An Englishman booked a seat in the stage coach from Neustadt to Donaueschingen in the Black Forest. On the journey our traveler was taken ill, as he could not bear riding with his back to the driver. At the next station he went to the postmaster, and asked him to give him another seat. The latter replied that it was out of his power, but advised him to arrange with the passenger sitting opposite for an exchange of seats.

"That is impossible," said the Englishman, "there is nobody sitting opposite to me."

‡‡‡

It is most amusing in walking along the streets to catch up little speeches, or snatches of speeches, and make a story out of them; they are often so suggestive. One day in the east end a little girl, bare-legged but clean, was trudging to school with her satchel. A roughish boy accosted her. "Who are you?" She said, "I was never introduced to you." I was so astonished at the dignity of the child, apparently only about 5 or 6 years old, that I asked her name. "Mary," she said. "Mary what?" "Nothing but Mary." "What is your mother's name?" "I don't know; she does not go to the same school as me!"

‡‡‡

"Doctor," said an old lady the other day to her family physician, "can you tell me how it is that some folks are born dumb?"

"Why—ahem—certainly, madam," replied the doctor. "It is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the faculty of speech."

"Dear me!" remarked the old lady; "now, just see what it is to have a medical education. I've asked my husband more than a hundred times that same thing, and all that I could get out of him was 'because they are.'"

‡‡‡

A famous animal painter says that when he was a boy he once witnessed a fight between two dogs, one of which belonged to an Irishman, who was a retired prize fighter. The Irishman's dog was badly beaten, and the fact was a source of deep chagrin to the owner. He was very jealous of his dog's record, but as only he and the painter had seen the fight, he asked the latter in a decidedly significant way which of the dogs won.

"Why," was the reply, "your dog won, of course. He was underneath the other dog, but he was chewing the life out of the cur all the time."

"That's roight," said the Irishman, "you have saved your loife."

‡‡‡

You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair by the way he stops in the street and wriggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair she is careful to guard against any annoyance and mess by laying a sheet on the carpet. It has never yet occurred to her to set him over a bare floor and put the sheet round his neck. Then she draws the front hair over his eyes, and leaves it there while she cuts that which is at the back.

The hair which lies over his eyes appears to be sub-charged with electric needles, and that which is silently dropping down under his collar-band appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously continued to push his head forward until his nose presses his breast, and is too busily engaged to notice the snuffling sound that is becoming alarmingly frequent. In the meantime he is seized with an irresponsible desire to blow his nose, and recollects that his handkerchief is in the other room.

Then a fly alights on his nose, and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily dodges, and gets the points of the scissors in his left ear. At this he commences to cry and wish he was a man. But his mother doesn't notice him. She merely hits him on the other ear to inspire him with confidence, and goes on with the work. When she has finished she holds his jacket collar back from his neck, and with her mouth blows the short bits of hair from the top of his head down his back. He calls her attention to this fact, but she looks for a new place on his head, and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he takes his awfully disfigured head to the mirror and looks at it, and, young as he is, shudders as he thinks of what the boys in the streets will say.

1880 1888 1889 1877 1883 1884 1881 1890 1886 1879 1882 1887 1878 1885

See it grow! You won't have to look back far. 1877 was the year when *Pearline* started in to take charge of washing and cleaning. It was a new idea; people didn't know about it; when they did find out, they were afraid of it.

But look at it now. Every year has been a big advance on the year before — and 1890 a bigger advance than ever. It's the biggest year, against the biggest opposition—smooth-tongued peddlers to fight against, cheap prices and poor quality, prize packages, imitations of all sorts. But *Pearline* started ahead and has kept there—and now it's farther ahead than ever.

A poor thing can't grow like this. A dangerous thing can't. Find out for yourself why *Pearline* grows. Ask about it of some one who is using it.

Beware of peddlers and imitations. 303 JAMES PYLE, New York. 48c ywt bw

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents,—I certify that MINARD'S LINIMENT cured my daughter of a severe and what appeared to be a fatal attack of diphtheria after all other remedies had failed, and recommended it to all who may be afflicted with that terrible disease.

JOHN D. BOUTILIER.

French Village, January, 1883.

FACIAL BLEMISHES

The largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pittings, Powder Marks, Facial Development, Sunken Cheeks, etc. Consultation Free at office or by letter. 128 page book on all skin and scalp affections and their treatment sent sealed to any address for 10 cts.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist, 125 West 42d St., New York City.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP for the Skin and Scalp, at Druggists or by mail, 50 cents.

FOR THE Handkerchief, THE Toilet AND The Bath.

Beware of Counterfeits.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

Florida Water.

The Universal Perfume.

SPECIAL MONTREAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

RODGERS'

NONE GENUINE UNLESS BEARING THE ✠ REGISTERED TRADE MARK GRANTED 1764.

CUTLERY

JAMES HUTTON & CO., AGENTS FOR CANADA, MONTREAL AND TORONTO.

1A

OAK TANNED "EXTRA" BRAND.

BELTING

ESTABLISHED 1868. MONTREAL & TORONTO.

THE J. C. McLAREN BELTING CO.

GREAT SALE —OF— Second-Hand Organs and Pianos

In order to make room for new stock we will offer our large stock of Second-hand Organs and Pianos at less than half their cost, and on very easy terms. Some of these instruments are as good as when new, and by Dominion Company, Bell, Karn, Doherty and others. Call and secure a great bargain.

W. HALLE & CO.,

5 and 6 Masonic Temple, London.

451 vtywt

NO ROOM. Seats are at a premium.

THE Very Best

NO ROOM. Thorough work always pays.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, STRATFORD, ONT.

Never in the history of this popular training school has the attendance been so great. It seems that the young men and women of Canada are determined to have the very best. Three times has the seating capacity of this college been increased and now we must state to those persons who still have any idea of attending a Commercial College that

WE CANNOT ADMIT YOU NOW.

On Tuesday, Jan. 2), we will be able to receive more students and it will pay you to wait and enter at that time. Catalogues mailed free. W. H. SHAW, Principal.

Bedroom Furniture.

NEW STYLES FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

We are showing a large stock of very handsome Bedroom Sets in 16th Century Oak, Walnut, Mahogany and Natural Cherry. Mattresses and Springs cheaper than any house in the trade. Our Retail Warerooms cannot be surpassed for the fine selection of furniture.

London Furniture M'f'g. Co.

184 to 198 King street, London, Canada

When a Strength-giving Food is Needed

ALWAYS USE JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

—IT SUPPLIES—

Every constituent of PRIME BEEF that STRENGTHENS and STIMULATES that forms SINEW and MUSCLE and that gives SOLIDITY and SOUNDNESS to the CONSTITUTION. Johnston's Fluid Beef is the only Meat Preparation that can SUBSTANTIATE THIS CLAIM. ywt

SPECIAL SALE.

WASHING MACHINES (DOSWELL PATENT), WRINGING MACHINES HANDY TUB AND WRINGER STANDS.

SPECIAL LOW PRICES.

WYATT BROS., - 364 Richmond Street

yw

LADIES INCREASE YOUR COMFORT BY WEARING FEATHERBONE

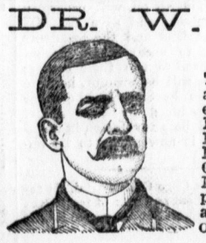
TRY A SAMPLE PAIR. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THEY ARE MORE DURABLE THEY ARE MORE GRACEFUL THEY ARE MORE STYLISH CORSETS. THAN ANY OTHER CORSET IN THE MARKET

MADE ONLY BY CANADA FEATHERBONE CO. LONDON, O.

DR. W. H. GRAHAM

198 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.,



TREATS CHRONIC DISEASES—and gives special attention to SKIN DISEASES, as Pimples, Ulcers, etc.

PRIVATE DISEASES—and Diseases of a Private Nature, as Impotency, Sterility, Varicocele, Nervous Debility, etc. (the result of youthful folly and excess), Gleet and Stricture of long standing.

DISEASES OF WOMEN—Painful, Profuse or Suppressed Menstruation, Ulceration, Leucorrhœa, and all Displacements of the Womb.

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Sundays, 1 p.m. to 3 p.m. ta