

THE WORLD'S WORK WITH GASOLINE

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

IT will soon be as necessary in Canada and the United States to have chauffeurs' unions as it has been for years to have motormen's unions on street railways and locomotive brotherhoods on railways. The business of driving a self-propelled car has become as legitimate and pronounced even in Canada as that of coachman or dray teamster. Even men who formerly drove their own automobiles exclusively for pleasure now engage an expert mechanic who not only drives but takes mechanical care of the cars. George Bernard Shaw in his "Man and Superman" recognizes the growing importance of the chauffeur by placing him on an intellectual level as regards argument with the owner of the car who is a philosopher.

Motoring is no longer a mere pleasure of a mercury-winged minority who have little to do but kick up a dust into the uttermost parts of the earth. We hear very little nowadays of the long-distance tour-maker working his odometer over-time to get a thousand miles the better of his rival in the Club. But the number of miles travelled by cars in 1908 as compared to the distance covered in 1906 when the motor-mania got to its height is a fraction with a very large numerator indeed. The world's miles are being taken care of by the world's motors quite as effectively as by the world's locomotives and steamships. But the mileage is no longer confined to a favoured few who make milestones at night resemble graveyard monuments as they go by, or race-track fiends who would do away altogether with horses or baby-carriages or even bicycles. It is the man with the small-sized car who is heaping up the mileage. The age of middle-classness in automobiles began to come two years ago; it came last year; it is now right on the way—the era when the man of moderate means who would like to get somewhere faster than he can go with a horse, and desires more pleasure in a trip than driving a horse can give him, buys the car he wants and is able to afford and becomes as truly one of the motoring fraternity as the owner of a string of high-power cars and an expensive garage.

This extension of the democratic idea to motor-dom has resulted in an enormous output of runabout cars and touring runabouts and baby tourists and all manner of modifications of these; until in a sales-room or at a motor-show the prospective middle-class customer who is not intent upon blowing a fortune on a car may spend hours or even days before he satisfies his critical judgment as to precisely what style and model he requires. One class of professional men particularly—the doctors—have created the demand for a touring runabout that will suit either the city and town doctor from door to

door or the country doctor from highway to highway, in each case saving time and therefore proving an economy and with time enough paying for itself. Perhaps it is a mere coincidence that following the evolution of the doctor's runabout comes the motor hearse which is now being used in a few places. One of the great troubles of a motorist on a country road is meeting or passing a funeral; and the recent legislation in the Ontario house of law-makers makes particular provision for this contingency. But with motor hearses and motor cabs and benzine buggies in the procession—in the future of course—the tourist motor will no longer be a terror to the undertaker and the farmers in his train.

Out at Vancouver they have now an automobile fire brigade. Not only does the chief ride an automobile to fires like a perfect gentleman, but the hose waggons and the two fire engines are all equipped with gasoline motors that make an ordinary city fire look like a very slow thing in comparison. This innovation has become quite common in United States cities. Boston was one of the first to substitute the swift motor for the plunging horse. Vancouver is as yet the only Canadian city with a motor fire-brigade. The experiment so far has not been a failure—although the hose waggons have temporarily stalled a few times. The motor fire engine has stood all its tests well. If Vancouver succeeds in putting out its fires with gasoline it is quite likely the practice will be followed in other large cities in Canada. In Milwaukee, the police, fire and parks departments are all provided with automobiles.

Even the farmer has taken to the automobile. The majority of farmers as yet are uniting to curse all automobiles because of the iniquities of a reckless few whose motto openly expressed at the steering-wheel has been "Damn the law!" But wherever and whenever a farmer has had a chance to ride a good car he has become the most enthusiastic advocate of gasoline locomotion and promises himself that one of these days when he gets a few hundred dollars ahead he will quit currying horses and drive to town in his automobile. Some farmers have already got cars. One progressive farmer near Toronto has had a car for four years. He thinks more of his car than of any team he has. They are already plowing with gasoline down in Georgia and the practice may be expected to develop on the Canadian prairies where the land is especially adapted to long-distance hauls on a plow. It is claimed down in Georgia that a man with a gasoline motor is able to turn over three times as much land as he is able

to do with the number of horses he is able to manage at once. There is really nothing half so novel about gasoline-motor plowing as about the steam plow which has been an institution for years in the Canadian West, and the past few years has come to be a serious competitor with the horse—with the ox-team a clear back number. One drawback there is to the steam-plow—its tremendous weight and the crew it takes to operate it. Anyone at all familiar with the advantages of gasoline propulsion will understand that a fluid-fuel motor will dispense with a large proportion of the weight, and put on a greater power besides—and at the same time dispense with stand-by losses in firing up on punk coal and getting up steam. One well-known maker of automobiles—Mr. Henry Ford—has for years worked his farm of four hundred acres with motor-tractors, and the experiment has been a huge success.

Taximeter cabs in big cities like London and New York are putting the horse cab and the ancient humorous cabbie on to the back streets. Motor trucks are competing with the horse in the dray business—many of these being in use in Canadian cities, hauling larger loads, making better time and wearing out streets less, besides taking up less room than the four-footed clumsy horse. Armies are experimenting successfully with transportation trucks for troops. The British army has adopted what is called the "caterpillar motor" concerning which the London *Graphic* says:

"The invention is intended to supply a convenient method of hauling war-material, minerals, or other heavy articles over swampy, hilly and uneven ground in districts where the railway has not penetrated. The essential feature of the new device is the endless chain surrounding the weight-carrying wheels, with which, by means of two sprocket-wheels, the engine lays its own track. Equipped with these 'chain-tracks,' a 35 horse-power motor-car performed some wonderful feats in getting across rough country, and it drew with ease a trailer loaded to five tons over marshy soil. A heavy 20-horse power oil tractor, similarly equipped, also performed wonders."

Mail carriers are driving runabouts. City paymasters who have to dodge into a hundred streets a day following the corporation gangs are hauling their pay envelopes in automobiles. Motor ambulances are in use. Automobiles for weddings have long been used even in Canadian cities—though the custom has not yet become a commonplace. One of these days baby carriages will be automobiles too and the two-years darling of a pigmy size will blow his own horn to warn the other babies on his block.

The Programme of the Pageant

THE GALA WEEK AT QUEBEC

JULY is a month for regattas and picnics, rather than for splendid celebrations; but, fortunately, Canada is a country where even July has no terrors for the citizen who rejoices in formal festivities and there is no reason to anticipate anything but success for the Tercentenary splendours at Quebec. The pageant will be a feature of that event will be the first celebration of the sort on the North American continent, although single scenes of momentous history have been represented at Chicago, Portland and Jamestown.

A pageant, however, in the sense in which the word has recently come to be used, is the representation of a series of scenes connected with the history of the actual spot where the performance takes place. The indispensable condition for a pageant is a place with romantic memories. Quebec, in this respect, has few rivals on the continent, even the gulf-washed New Orleans, with its blending of Spanish, French and Confederate strife, affording hardly so picturesque a setting for a great pageant.

During the last few years the pageant has sprung into popularity in England, Coventry, Bury St. Edmunds and Oxford affording fitting background for an excursion into far-off centuries. Compared with some of the Old Country cathedral towns, Quebec has but a brief chronicle since the days of Samuel de Champlain. However, three centuries afford as much material for pageantry as our busy

young country can use. The master of our July ceremonies must do as well as he can with our three hundred years of changing story and trust to the imagination of the pilgrims to do the rest. Scene after scene in representation of the shifting panorama of Indian strife and European conflict will be represented under the July sunlight of the Twentieth Century and may the midsummer mood of Old Sol be kindly, lest the rocks of ancient Quebec prove no comfortable amphitheatre. A Montreal authority states that even the thrilling events of the past will be revived by the descendants of the men who acted in them, for, of the three thousand performers who will take part many will be able to trace their lineage to the pioneers of those days. Jacques Cartier will make his report to King Francis I. Champlain's little fleet will sail up the St. Lawrence; Frontenac will defy the messenger sent from Phipps; there will also be the great review where will be represented the famous regiments which contended on the Plains of Abraham. He who sees the Quebec pageant will have a pictorial history of the famous spot "to hang on Memory's walls."

In the meantime, it is well for Canadians to bear in mind that the Quebec Battlefields Association has nothing whatever to do with the Quebec Tercentenary and no part of its funds will be diverted to this, or the Pageant or any other than the single purpose laid down: that every cent of every subscrip-

tion will go straight into the permanent work of the Quebec Battlefields Park. The association is really the people's response to the appeal made by His Excellency Earl Grey, on the 15th of January, 1908, at a great public meeting at Ottawa, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. R. L. Borden gave their heartiest support to the movement.

THE LONDON THAMES.

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

MANY a king hath passed me by,
Many a queen crossed over me;
Many a ship hath sought my hand
To lead it out to the open sea.

Many a day hath scanned my eyes,
Many a light hath decked my breast;
Many a soul hath sought and found
The voiceless peace of my perfect rest.

Many a king I have loved and lost,
Many a queen will come no more;
Many a ship hath ne'er returned
For the welcome kiss of my friendly shore.

Many a day hath said farewell,
Many a light hath flushed and died;
Only my dead are true to me
And the cold embrace of my restless tide.

—Smart Set.