

A MEDICAL MOTOR-CAR

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

HOW the motor-car has transformed the practice of the country doctor!—remembering that a few years ago it was a four hours' drive with a good team from the doctor's office to a patient who might be needing attention within an hour.

Doctor Bates was a young man who had succeeded to a very large and widely diffused practice in a county of many poor roads and some hills. For the first three years of his incumbency he drove horses; wearing out several of the best he could buy at high prices, racking to pieces a whole series of buggies, never knowing when his chores might be done after a long day's drive, and not inclined to the expense of hiring a man for the purpose.

Besides this general handicap of mere horse, he once became bamboozled into buying at a high price a beast that had all the qualifications of a fine roadster—except for the fact that she simply declined to travel on the roads. That relic of David Harum was capable of a 2.10 clip in a good pasture. On the road she was a monument. Sand dribbled into her ear was a mere delusion. Bluebeeching was useless. Hitching a chain to her neck and hauling her with a team till she gagged slightly but hung back with the heft of a freight train, seemed likely to make the brute a martyr. So after she had been the cause of a few patients giving up all patience with the doctor, she was removed from the stables, furbished up and sold to somebody at a distance who wanted a good-looking horse that would "stand without hitching."

The doctor took a notion to buy a motor-car. But he was several weeks deciding; first, that he could really afford it; second, when he had settled that he couldn't afford not to—what kind of car he should get, or more definitely what kinds he should avoid. Being of a mechanical turn—quite outside of surgery—he spent a good many hours whenever he was in the city, fooling about various garages, inspecting chassis, and listening to patter of salesmen.

"Perhaps you don't notice it," he said to one who had enough sense to keep quiet and let the doctor worry through the anatomy of a car, "but there's a large resemblance between the mechanism of a good chassis and that of a human being."

"Well, there's no constitutional ailment about that machine," said the salesman. "You'll find the heart right and the lungs sound."

"Oh, yes," he interrupted, "but there's many a man who has a good heart and sound lungs that's nothing but a lazy loafer. I want a car that has ginger enough to pick herself up and go, and keep going as long as the tank holds out. I don't want a good-looking car; nor a car for picnics or quick runs every little while. The car I buy will have to go seven days a week, and the best part of twenty-four hours a day."

It was really remarkable how much this young doctor who, brought up on a farm among self-binders and hay-forks, and accustomed to the anatomical idiosyncrasies of a human being, but hitherto as green as grass about automobiles, managed to pick up about the real effective economy of a motor-car, before he found the one he wanted and wrote his cheque for a first instalment.

The advent of the medical motor-car on the concessions and side-lines of two townships was considerable of a sensation. The doctor did most of his early travelling by night, scaring a large number of horses. His first unusual experience occurred when, on his way to a patient one morning, he pulled up in front of the stable of the man who had bought the balky horse. Being of a quietly humorous turn he shut off his engine and took a stroll into the stable.

"Good-morning, Tom! Going for a drive?"

The buncoed person said with sad jocularity: "Maybe I be. But not with that mare you sold me."

"What's wrong with her, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing. Except that she won't go."

"Fudge! You don't know that mare. Hitch her up. I'll make her go for you."

They hooked up the stationary mare, who cocked her ears at the new motor-car, snorted a bit, and then as she found herself in the shafts, and the hold-backs hooked, laid back her ears for a fine exhibition of standing still.

Tom got into the rig and took the lines. The mare observed him, but did nothing. When the driver tickled her a bit with the whip, she started to back the buggy towards the drive-shed again.

By this time the doctor had his spark-plug in and

his engine running. The mare's attention was somewhat distracted from the buggy to the motor.

"Hang on to your lines and brace your feet!" he shouted. He shoved on the low forward gear and the car shot up fair alongside the buggy.

The mare gave a new exhibition of standing, by doing it on her rear legs only. She came down with a snort and a look of wild remonstrance in her eyes. One look at the huge, aromatic and noisy beetle with its huge eyes convinced her that standing round was not the better part of valour. With a terrific plunge she struck the middle of the road with her fore feet, and from there till the turn on to the gravel road she flung a streak of dust over the fields, with the motor-car rollicking behind, and the doctor laughing so hard he scarcely knew which pedal he had his foot on.

"All you have to do, Tom," he said to the man when next they met, "is to buy a motor-car. That mare will never give you any more trouble."

"Yah. That's what you call a joke, I s'pose."

But joking aside, the doctor's motor-car, when it got past the stage of merely scaring horses and diverting the attentions of ambitious young ladies, completely revolutionized that country practice. On a raw spring day the doctor took a friend for a whirl in his car, which by that time had become used to his peculiar kind of driving, and purred along the roads almost as though, like a milk-delivery horse, she knew when the turns came and where to stop. He performed a double loop round the most interesting and populous parts of the village where his office was, distributing advice and incidental packages of medicine without even stopping his engine. He struck out to the open road, and to a man unloading things from a waggon he shouted:

"Here's your wife's medicine. Tell her to—"

The rest of the directions not on the wrapper, along with the latest symptoms, were transferred from one to the other without more than slowing down the car. On they went, swung up a long avenue of pines and stopped at a brick house.

"Just hold the lines," he said. "I won't be a jiffy." With his black satchel he dodged into the house, leaving the passenger to argue with the collie dog. In seven minutes he was out again.

On they went; in five minutes scooting up a long, crooked lane. The doctor was too busy with the car to get out and open the gate, so the passenger leaped for it while the car was still in motion, and got in again. Here at a lonesome house, while a large, loose boy loafed round the car and asked the passenger random questions about it that no man could answer, the man of medicine attended to one patient and made two examinations for life insurance.

"Now, another jog or so and we'll go back to the village," he said, as he got in again.

But the jogs the doctor made and the hills he climbed and the lanes he drove that car into that spring afternoon of chilly wind were more than the passenger could count. The doctor never spent a moment on the anatomy of his car beyond shutting off the engine and cranking up. When towards sunset they struck the far end of a long road that led ultimately to the village, he reckoned:

"Well, we've done something like nineteen dollars' business this afternoon on less than three gallons of gasoline at twenty-five cents a gallon. How's that?"

"Almost vulgarly good," replied the passenger. "It seems to me that medicine is no longer a science—"

The doctor laughed as he gave the car an extra hunch, just missing the last quarter of a sheep.

"Science? Of course it isn't. It's a matter of straight business. When I had a horse I used to think it was a science. Now I figure on how much time I've got to stack up against the number of miles I have to cover. I study out the roads to economize on covering the same ground twice. But if I have to go over my own track twice in the same day, well—"

Here he let the car out to about thirty-seven an hour on a smooth bit of gravel.

"You see there isn't much time lost after all. Besides I have more fresh air for the time I'm out. There's less wear and tear for the driver. My patients are better pleased to see me—and they see me oftener. Oh, I never knew what the real joy of a country practice was till I got rid of most of my horses and got a car."

Inside of a month the practice had so extended that the doctor had to engage an assistant on salary to drive the horse on night work.

"Oh, I'll buy him a car if he makes good," he said. It's only a matter of cutting in on the territory of the doctor who will stick to the old-fashioned horse."

Why Buy a Canadian-Made Auto?

By N. P. L.

WHY should I buy a Canadian-made automobile? Because if I don't there will be no Canadian-made automobiles. And if there are no Canadian-made automobiles there will be no automobile factories in Canada, nor any native automobile workmen. If I do not buy an automobile which is made in Canada, the five thousand cars now manufactured annually in Canadian factories will be made in some other country, probably the United States, and so many more workmen will increase the demand for food and goods in a foreign land.

To-day there are about 15,000 automobiles in Canada, largely of foreign make, representing a value of twenty million dollars. To-morrow, or five years hence, it is safe to say there will be 50,000 automobiles in Canada. Why not let us spend most of the fifty or sixty million dollars that will be required to buy these thousands of cars, right here at home? It will mean much more than thirty or thirty-five thousand automobiles. It will mean that I will get a fair portion of that fifty million dollars back again in some form or other.

Look at the development of the automobile business in Toronto, and what it has meant to the people of that city. One large suburban automobile works, and four smaller factories, which make accessories for automobiles are able, by reason of the development of the motor-car, to employ at least 3,000 hands, so that the automobile industry in Canada has easily meant a growth in Toronto's population of 10,000 people.

But, you ask "What about the ability of the home-made machine to compete with the products of other countries? It is all right to ask a man to buy an automobile that is made in Canada, but can he not buy as good a one, or even a better one, imported from the United States, for less money?"

There is no sentiment in business, and if a Canadian can buy an automobile made across the line for less money than he can at home, and if it also has a reputation for quality, then Canadians will support their neighbour's factories. The point is, however, that people competent to know are positive that many of the automobiles made in Canada are quite the equivalent of any other car selling for the same figure. This is to be expected, because the art of automobile manufacturing is now well known. There are few patents to restrict development; the machinery used in Canada is identical with that in Europe and United States, the workmen just as competent, hence Canadian machines need make no apologies to any competitor.

A strong, well established factory, whether it be used for turning out automobiles or perambulators, is a national monument to the country or town in which it happens to be located, and because I want Canada to be a great nation, with busy workshops and splendid farms, I will buy an automobile which has been made in Canada. This decision I make on the strength of the fact that a Canadian-made automobile has value as well as nationality. There is really as much reason why I should be as patriotic about buying an automobile, if it is a good automobile, as I should be about singing the praises of the country's undeveloped resources. One is practical patriotism, and the other is pure sentiment. The singing of praises will never develop those great latent resources of the soil, forest, mine, lake and river, which are contained within our boundaries. It is only by buying the products made and finished from the country's raw materials that our dreams of greatness will be realized. Therefore, by purchasing an automobile from a Canadian factory, I am encouraging the development of vast supplies of

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