



"Big 801 crept slowly down to the first yard signal."

Photograph of the Union Station, Toronto.

Some Sensations in an Engine Cab

By W. ARNOT CRAICK.



IT was a glorious October morning with just a touch of frost in the air, as I hurried down to the Union Station in Toronto and made my way through to the platforms, in order to gain my first experience of riding on the locomotive of an express train. No. 5, the C.P.R.'s night mail from Montreal, was just in. The locomotive, which had hauled the long train over the line from Havelock, was moving off from the front end and a yard-engine was busily engaged snapping off the sleepers from the rear end and replacing them with an extra day car, a diner and a Pullman. By the time I had reached the baggage-car, the new locomotive was backing down to

couple up for the morning's run to London. The driver leaned easily from the window, a pleasant-faced man in blue overalls. With a nicety bred of long experience he brought the draw-bars of tender and baggage-car together with scarce a jar. It was then that he caught sight of me standing on the platform directly beneath him.

"Good morning, Mr. Sproule," I called out to him. "Are you ready to take me on?"

"Good morning," he replied, genially. "Are you the passenger? Climb right up."

Locomotive 801 was a big machine and, as I swung myself up to the floor of the cab, I realised how perilously far above terra firma I would have to ride. The fireman was working busily at some pipes which twisted and turned in apparent confusion all around the end of the boiler. He nodded at me pleasantly and motioned me to his seat on the left of the cab. I clambered up the two steps and took my place on the grimy leather-covered box. Then I looked around and took in my surroundings.

The train had arrived late from the East and accordingly there was little time to waste. I had not more than got through with my inspection when Sproule climbed down to the step to receive his orders from the conductor. There was a hasty colloquy and then the driver was back at his post, waiting for the get-away signal. A turn of a tap set the automatic bell-ringer at work and, as the tones of the bell reverberated through the train-shed, the signal was given. Sproule opened up the throttle a notch and with a dull roar of steam we were in motion.

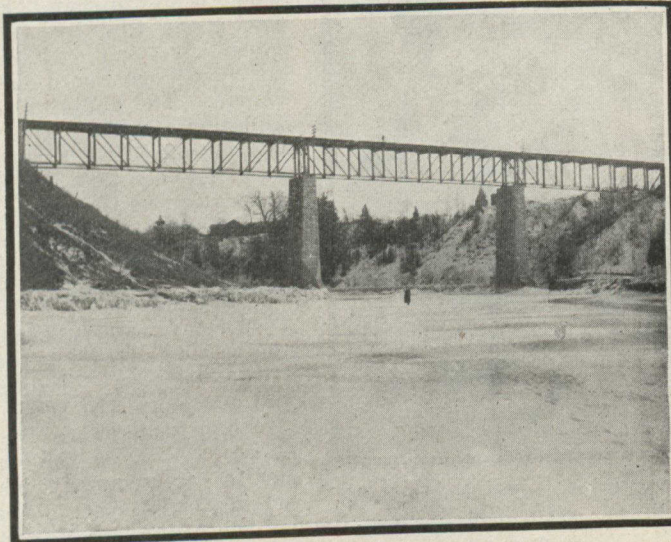
Big 801, with the heavy train behind her, crept slowly

down to the first yard signal, that blocked her access to the main line. As we drew abreast, the bell turning over and over and clanging loudly, the arm dropped. Instantly Sproule gave her more steam and with a jerky motion, 801 increased her speed.

The fireman was now getting in some arduous work, tossing huge shovels of coal into the roaring fire that leaped and played round the door of the fire-box. From the stack, heavy black smoke belched up. The rocking motion increased as we tore up the grade. Then once more the bell started its contortions and the station at North Parkdale came into sight. Sproule shut off the steam and threw on the air. The engine began to sway as the brakes held her wheels and the speed diminished. We drew along beside the platform and came to a stop on the subway bridge.

The fireman, hanging out from the gangway, kept his eye on the conductor, busy hurrying the passengers on board. The instant the official's hand went up, he called "All right, Bill," and immediately resumed his attentions to the fire.

Slowly but surely the ponderous engine picked up speed. A long straight up-hill stretch of track lay ahead and Sproule crowded on all steam. The monster quivered and rocked and bore steadily on. We were soon running along at considerable speed, which was maintained almost into the Junction station. Here there was another short stop; then a run at moderate speed



"We struck the high-level Bridge at Lambton."