At the Sign of the Red Ball Pump

FIFTY years ago modest and his lady travelled the broad highway in a gilded post-chaise to some far and distant place (all of ninety miles, perchance). Anon they drew up at the sign of the "Pig and Whistle" there to refresh both steeds and selves.

The motor car and prohibition have forced old time taverns from the landscape. Supplanting them the gasoline service station, the garage and the "red hot" stand have blossomed from a fertile earth almost overnight.

In place of the "Pig and Whistle" signposts, the vision of a rapidly growing motor-public is one endless panorama of pertinent advertising. To them there is no mention of the flowing tankard or a fresh mount; but there is a perpetual solicitude for the condition of their automobiles. They say that the only way to know when you are in the backwoods now is to find the gasoline pumps more than a mile apart.

But even though it may be in the virgin "backwoods" there is one sign you will always find—the Red Ball sign. Of countless others, it is the only sign to be found on every highway and byway, in every city, town and hamlet from the shores of Acadia to the western shore of Vancouver Island.

What a colossal undertaking to render unsailling service to 650,000 motorists scattered over a land of 3,730,000 square miles,—and to render it every day in the year! To deliver those products with the same uniformity of quality and service in Halifax or Vancouver or any point between calls for a precision that allows for no margin of haphazard.

Imperial Oil, Limited is doing all of this. And this statement lays hold of a distinction which no other petroleum distributor in Canada can claim.

The Imperial Oil Review

A Magazine published in the interests of Employees of Imperial Oil Limited

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Service

WHETHER you drive a motor car or ride on a trolley you know the value of good service. Standing around on a street corner in the shivering prayer that a car will come that way soon is no more annoying to the commuter than dirty jobs around an automobile are to the motorist.

Hence the "service" idea which Imperial Oil Limited introduced to Canada in its service stations some years ago. At first regarded as an experiment by all and sun-dry in the automotive field, its great success has caused other marketeers of petroleum products to emulate the company in the combination of courtesy and service with the sale of gasoline and oil.

There are so many little things to be done to a car at frequent intervals that the motorist cannot be blamed for overlooking them or putting them off. The average driver is a busy person who runs his car as a handy means of conveyance and has little or none of mechanical knowledge of the car’s requirements beyond the periodic fills of gasoline, oil, grease, water and air.

With personal and business matters to occupy his mind he is apt to regard his car as a nuisance if the thought of small but necessary duties continually crop up to annoy his peace of mind.

The earliest definite form of Imperial Service to the motorist was the offer to clean and refill his crank case. That was a big step toward scientific lubrication. In the old days when oil was just oil and one grade was "good enough" for any car, cleaning the crank case was an annual affair and fresh oil was added to dirty oil dependent entirely upon how fast the engine leaked.

When Imperial Oil put a lubricating oil on the market that was prepared in five different grades, each adapted to a special type of motor, valuable ground was gained and a new lease obtained on the life of every future engine.

Shortly afterward, the deleterious effect of dirty and worn out lubricating oil began to get the prominence it deserved. When motorists were shown how oil wore out in use and the body broke down just the same as a suit of clothes would do; and how steel particles from the moving parts and carbon from the cylinders did effective damage to the motor, they were not slow in acting on our
recommendation to clean out the old oil every 500 miles and refill with a fresh supply.

Cleansing out the crank case was a simple job, but it was a dirty one and hard on clean hands and good clothes. Imperial Oil made this objectionable feature an opportunity for real service to the motorist. Racks were erected, and from the racks were evolved the more recent "pit," onto which a man could drive his car and have the dirty oil drained off, the crank case flushed free of all sediment and a fresh fill of lubricating oil put in, without the owner having so much as to get out of his car.

To suggest that this service was and is of no value to the motorist is to admit unfamiliarity with automobiles. An unpleasant task which, without proper facilities, would take half an hour to do, has been taken entirely out of the customer's hands and done by an experienced man in less than half the time and at no cost to the motorist beyond the price of the oil for which he would have to pay in any event. He is in no way inconvenienced and he does not have to scrub his hands or change his clothes after it is done.

Crank case service is one item in the list of Imperial helps to motorists. The daily opportunities which present themselves to a concern doing a nation wide business have consolidated other acts of courtesy into a definite system of assistance to any purchaser of Imperial products, until today the man who draws up to a Red Ball Pump at an Imperial Oil Station is assured of getting not only a fair square measure of the best gasoline and the finest lubricating oil, but he receives at the same time such necessary attentions as water put in the radiator, the dusty windshield wiped off, his tires are looked after and inquiries as to road routes or other tourist matters are answered.

The Imperial Oil stations are equipped with wash rooms for ladies and gentlemen. Other requirements conducive to comfort and the good estate of an automobile are handled in a sensible way. There is nothing ostentatious about Imperial service. It has been given day by day for years and the motorist can count on it in the future with no change other than improvement. A motorist expressed himself a week ago in regard to Imperial service. He liked it because there was nothing in the nature of superinduction to gain his patronage. Chocolates, flowers, or other favors are never flourished as temporary stimulants to trade.

Any stimulant is temporal at best. Imperial service and Imperial products are not temporal. They are constant and dependable. The motorist is never denied or made to feel the object of converted attack by a flock of attendants who swoop down upon him and make passes at this, that and the other thing, concluding with everything but a shoehine.

That isn't the object at all. Imperial Premier Gasoline and Imperial Polarine Motor Oils have always sold on their own merit as good products and the motoring public has always bought them on that basis.

Service, as it is delivered at the Red Ball Pump, is designed solely to assume the inconvenient and disagreeable tasks which otherwise fall to the motorist's lot.

It is a policy which the company has enforced throughout the Dominion and which thousands of enterprising Imperial dealers are emulating. With stations, agents and representatives at every point in Canada, all of them with the product plus service idea in every sale, the slogan of this institution says truly:

"You may pay more, but you can't get more."

A Credit to Oshawa

Dingman & Mason of Oshawa have not only earned goodwill with this quick and sure service at Oshawa--it attracts tremendous business. Motorists drive up to stations such as this, confident that they will get what they pay for.
The First Trackless Train
By R. H. TROLOPE, Assistant Manager at Hamilton

Citizens on Main Street East in the vicinity of Hamilton Imperial Oil Limited Service Station, corner London and Main Streets, Hamilton, blanked, rubbed their eyes, then stared with open-mouthed wonder. Up Main St., bell ringing, brass glinting, chair-changed a locomotive drawing a tender and a passenger coach. With hundreds looking on, it swung in to the curb at our service station, where it was quickly surrounded by an astonished and curious crowd, and filled up with Imperial Premier gasoline, Imperial Polarine Oil Heavy and Imperial Polarine Cup Grease. This novel and unique spectacle was the world’s first trackless train arriving in Hamilton on its trans-continental journey.

The train, which is constructed and fitted like a real one down to the last minute detail, is sponsored by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Film Co. It has already made a trial trip from Indianapolis, where it was built, to New York and is now en route to San Francisco where it will be shipped to Southampton for a trip through England.

Aside from being novel, this method of travel is safe and comfortable to the point of luxury. The coach which has dining and sleeping accommodation for five persons is completely equipped even to a radio receiving set. It is lighted and heated electrically and has hot and cold water. It has a kitchenette and a buffet. The interior is finely, even luxuriously appointed, hand-hammered brass being used for metal work. Outside is glittering and shiny, looking exactly like a Pullman Coach. The interior can be divided into state-rooms, while the most remarkable feature of the coach is the observation platform at the rear with an awning over the hanging chairs inside a brass railing. The driver and crew wear uniforms.

The coach itself is equipped with 60 h.p. engine so that if necessary it could be run over very bad roads independent of the locomotive. The locomotive is not run by steam, however, despite the steam issuing from its emblazoned stacks. The motive power is a pair of Waukesha 60 H.P. gasoline motors and develops an average speed of 47 miles an hour. The locomotive was built in Indianapolis to run the train by steam but that was not found to be a success because it used more steam than the boiler could generate without bursting so it was converted internally without changing its outward appearance to run by gasoline. The train cost $70,000.00.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer people are using this remarkable innovation to promote national good roads. The train has caused a sensation and an admiring wonder wherever it appeared. It was a source of great satisfaction to us to have the superintendent of the first trackless train in the world phone to this office in advance for supplies and it should consolidate our faith even more in Imperial products to know that the eminent mechanics and engineers who have charge of this train not only were satisfied with Imperial Polarine Heavy but took aboard a substantial auxiliary supply at their last stopping point in Canada.

Something I Didn’t Ask For.
A Motorist Who Doesn’t Pretend to be Versed in the Oil Industry Gives Us His Idea of Service.
By R. T. CHANDLER

After friend Vern had supplied me with matches for the third consecutive day, he dragged me up the street to a two-by-four fly-spectored store. “Now here,” said he, “is the place to buy your cigarettes.”

Not much to look at—hardly big enough to be noticed if you were standing facing it, and yet I was brought here as the place to buy cigarettes. Why?

That’s what I soon found out. To the red-topped clerk I said “El Ropo, large, please.”

Across the counter came two packages: one, cigarettes and the other, matches. A box of real wooden matches. I didn’t have to ask for them.

Back to this little store I go to buy my El Ropo and with each and every package absolutely free and never asked for come my matches. Now you know I can buy cigarettes from almost every other store in town, but will I? When my two hits give me something to light them with I just matchlessly go where I get it—without asking.

On the 24th of May I drove a party over to Niagara Falls. On the way there I stopped at a “filling station.” When I got out of the car I found my tank cap off and the hose inside in theAppName.

“How many?”

“How should I know? How much have I in there?”
The gas-tank primer hiked off to his bunker to find a ruler. Investigation showed two gallons.

“Put in five,” I said. Then to prove I really wasn’t extravagant I carefully explained I was driving to the Falls and would need a full tank. To get to the point I “bought” five gallons and left the filling station.

On the way home I came through Hamilton and pulled in to an Imperial Station at Main and Walnut Streets. Not a filling station: a “service station.” By the time I was out of the car I was told I needed five gallons more. Alright, five it was. The tank wouldn’t hold any more. The salesman showed me his ruler to prove that.

“Two quarts of medium oil, please.”
In the meantime my attention was drawn to my right front tire. It certainly did look soft since he mentioned it. "May I check them all?" I said. Imagine that! Asking if he could check my tires before I had asked him. Every tire was under pressure and the gauge and air hose started to function when I turned to find my gaso-line salesman filling my radiator and rubbing up the nickel. All this and I had only asked for gasoline.

Before I left, the dust had been wiped from my windshield and the salesman had answered my query as to business with a smiling "Thank you." Friend Vern showed me where to buy cigarettes, but I can tell him where to buy gas.

You may think my education has been sadly neglected when I tell you that I never had a nursemaid and I have never worked in a garage. Never having had a nursemaid, I haven't expected valet service as I grew up.

Never having worked in a garage, I am not adverse to a few suggestions as to what I should feed my car and when.

Tell me, why should I impress the majority of these "filling station" men as a motor expert? Why am I supposed to know just how many gallons of gas I have in my tank when I drive up for more? My ruler is under the back seat and there's no gasoline gauge on my car.

Yet most of these chaps have plugged the tank hole with a nozzle and are blandly waiting for me to tell them "how many." Why don't they tell me how many I need by first using the ruler? I have a new car. It still looks new too. They know I am anxious to keep it running like new. Why don't they suggest a change of oil?

Nobody ever did until I had been to that Imperial station at Hamilton. Greatly pleased with the attention and courtesy received, I determined to secure future requirements at Imperial Oil dealers. Back in Toronto a few days later, I went into the service station at King and Stafford Streets and after having the tank filled with gaso-line was asked if I wouldn't like to have the oil drained, the crank case cleaned and new oil put in.

I decided to have that done and when I drove away shortly after I was further pleased with the despatch with which the job was done. A few days later a card came to the house saying that when my speedometer read a certain mileage my car would be due for another cleaning. The reminder was appreciated and I have posted it up beside my desk against the day it will be time to go around that way again.

Little things like these are what build steady customers. The average motorist is secretly aching for information about the operation of his car, but he does not like to show that he is a bit shy of information on certain points.

Balloon tires lose pressure very rapidly—I have just found this out—and I wouldn't ever have forgotten the service station man who informed me of this—but he didn't.

I'll bet that only one motorist in five knows the air pressure required for his tires. A little study would enable a service man to sell a little of this knowledge to me as he filled my tank—and it would bring me back for more and more.

Passing a cloth across my windshield takes three split seconds, but it is just as caressing to me as a mother's touch on a fevered brow. It goes over big and I'll come back for it again.

An Undesirable Passenger

Frankly, he could do it all by himself, but he would make so many easily mistakes in doing it that he prefers to pay us good money to do it for him.

This same man whom we serve, drives a car. He knows how to change gears, steer, stop and start. He blows the horn when he is in a hurry. But when his car needs gas what does he do?

He goes looking for the service station man who can tell him how much gas he needs—and suggests the other things he didn't ask for.

Accident prevention work is a lot of applesauce and ridicules the efforts of those who are trying to keep the plant safe. To show his contempt for safety hemon- keys with machinery he knows nothing about, shows no consideration for anyone else's safety and regards every company rule as a chal- lenge for him to violate it.

The man who is re- sponsible for accident through inatten- tion or forgetfulness may be forgiven but not the one who brings injury on himself or a fellow worker by de- liberately looking for trouble. The protection of the safe work- ers and the good name of the plant, the trouble maker should be re- quested to call at the paymaster's office on the way out and re- minded that the plant gate is a one-way thoroughfare for him.
Imperial Oil service stations are familiar to every motorist in Canada. Here are a few of them. Top row, reading from the left: Church St., Victoria, B.C.; Montréal West, Que.; Bay and Granville, Toronto; River Road, Niagara Falls. Second row: Queen and Jarvis, Toronto; Taddle St., St. Thomas; Third row: Main and Wainfleet, Hamilton; Seventeenth Ave., Calgary; Jasper Ave., Edmonton; Dalhousie and Euston. Wellington and Dundas, London. Bottom row: Third St., Medicine Hat, Alta.; King and Stafford, Toronto; John and Haymarket, Hamilton; Cambie St., Vancouver; the new Willowdale Station, Toronto.
The Second Mile
A Service Station Salesman pens a philosophy on his work
By L. O'BRIEN

"WHOSO will ask you to go with him a mile, go with him a second mile," is the approximate apology for this article.

While the usual order of affairs is for the motorist to criticize the service station man, even a cat may look at a king and this is a welcome opportunity to express some of my experiences in a gasoline dispensary.

Every wielder of the sacred gasoline pump handle and every wiper of the motorist's windshield is familiar with the drug store cowboy who drives up in Dad's car and, withdrawing from his holy hearing, affects a man of the world air, calls for half a gallon of gasoline and then requests the attendant to clean his spark plugs, although half a dozen cars are impatiently waiting for service.

He is one great exception to the finest class of people with whom any of us ever did business—the motoring public.

Selling gasoline to automobilists, talking to them day by day, a service station man naturally becomes a keen critic of human nature; and his observations on his customers are usually based on bed-rock dealings with them. So, having sold gasoline and oil to thousands within the past year; having listened to their troubles, personal and mechanical; and having done what I can to alleviate both, my opinion of the motorist is something more solid than the heated and sweepingalkism of a journalist.

Five years ago the man in the automobile never expected to get anything at a gasoline pumps except gasoline and a timed man would think twice of asking for water in his radiator. There were lots of other little things which a car needed in the way of air for the tires, crank case cleaning, lubrication of gears, grease in hub caps and other parts, none of which were big jobs but just fiddish, or inconvenient enough to send the person not mechanically inclined to a garage to have it done. Quarters and half dollars that dribbled out then for such minor attentions are spared to the motorist these days when there are gasoline service stations that give service.

Best known in that category are the stations of Imperial Oil, Limited, located in all the principal centres of Canada. Although operated primarily for the sale of gasoline and oil, the desirability of these products has been enhanced by a clear-headed policy of service which has brought these stations into the class of a public utility.

I can nearly always tell a man who visits one of our stations for the first time. The attention to his requirements surprise him. He often asks why we do these things.

Surely it is plain. If any motorist imagines for one moment that we give service out of sheer exuberance of spirit, it is up to us to quickly disabuse the impression. Service is a straight business proposition with us. We give it to cement the casual motorist's confidence and to convert him to a steady buyer of Imperial products. It is "going the second mile" and we make it part and parcel of our job.

Do motorists need the service and do they appreciate it? Without doubt they need it and they appreciate it when they can depend on it. Haphazard help will kill the service idea quicker than anything. It requires only a pet cock left open here, a tank cap off there, careless overflows on a newly finished car, and similar small deeds to lose a customer to the company forever.

Motorists invariably thank us for an act of courtesy. Frequently they go out of their way to express appreciation. But the way we know that an automobilist has confidence in us is when we see him coming back again and again for more gasoline—and service.

That speaks for the majority of people we serve. There is on the other hand a small minority which never fails to draw up at our station and reject a "brilliant" spot into the day's work.

Opposed to the chronic complainer there is the type of man who is glad to be serviced but at the same time, obligated for the attention, feels that the only way he can repay is by tipping us. It is too bad that people believe they have to tip every time they get something for nothing.

So the least it shows very little faith in human nature. Such generosity, while understood by us, is at the same time misplaced. We sell our company's products and we give the service without even the asking, and we hate to be ranked with shoe shinees and pullman porters.
We are seldom troubled with people who cast the eye of suspicion upon our integrity. Imperial Oil has earned its reputation for fair dealing and a service station salesman's word is generally accepted. About a month ago, for instance, a man drove up to our station and asked one of the boys to see if he had enough grease in his transmission.

Upon being assured that it was filled to capacity he said, "It is, eh? Well I just wondered. Didn't know your company had a station out here and I just had some put in at that station up the street. When I saw your place I thought I would come in and have you check up. Thanks very much."

I think I have written sufficiently about service. It is not our only effort in life. motorists are familiar with our energies in selling gas and oil. Our sales arguments are as sound. We do not want him to buy for the sake of buying, but because he can use it profitably.

Cleaning out the crank case every five hundred miles is just one important factor in the life of an engine which we talk about to motorists, and which most of them are able to see why it is so. Converting from the old habit of buying "a couple of gallons" to the safer and less trouble-some habit of filling the gasoline tank each time is another warranted effort. Most always the driver does not know exactly how much oil or gas he has and he should be saved the trouble of looking or asking. A good salesman never fails to ask the motorist if he can "fill up" instead of asking how many gallons he wants.

So much, then, for the service station salesman and his link in the Imperial chain. Through his eyes the rendering of service in conjunction with the sale of oil means simply doing what he would like to have done for himself under similar circumstances.

It is what I call "going the second mile" with the motorist.

The Negritos Jazz Band

What is home without a Jazz Band? The Negroes of the International Petroleum aggregation at Negritos couldn't imagine existence without one so they organized their own. From left to right in both pictures they answer to the names of Dr. Ray Balmer, Elmer Hawkins, Dr. Burns and Jim McComb. Our special correspondent claims the band was photographed in its native haunt, the roof of which it raises every week regularly.

Gullible's Travels

Book Seven—Wherein I Serve the Public.

WHO among you has never heard of the Wild Irishman, of O'Flanagan, the man of crank-case fame?

Many moons since the unfortunate incident at Montreal East Refinery had terminated my career as a manufacturing man, whisperings began to reach me concerning a young, unseasoned and wild Irishman whose accomplishments in Service Station salesmanship were in the nature of records.

About the same time I became imbued with a great passion to serve the public and I determined to put myself into the hands of this noted authority (count the cost!) and learn in humbleness at his feet.

Nine o'clock of a starry night close to the end of May found me setting an alarm clock with elaborate care, for the hour of six a.m. At that latior hour I grabbed for my clothes in a nocturnal stupor, feeling already the indescribability of my decision.

To hold the old frame together for a few hours I portok of an unbalanced but substantial ration—three bananas and a piece of Christmas cake. Then I went out and looked for a twitch car that would take me to the Imperial Oil Service Station where the aggressive Irishman held forth.

First on the ground, I was triumphant in the ability to exude this gentleman at least in the manner of early rising and getting the worm.

That is what I told him when he came. Having read from several authorities that the Irish are a very witty people, I sought to cement relations by letting out a very good joke of my own.

"Well," I said, "I got the worm this morning," meaning as I wrote previously, that I was the early bird.

"Did you now?" said O'Flanagan. "Isn't it a bit early for fishing?"

And I saw with regret that he had not quite gathered the point.

Upon telling him that I was Gullible, the traveller, and was here to serve the public under his tutelage, he laughed very heartily and this I attributed at once to his natural good humor.

Only a false conception of pride could deter me from confessing that my first task was to scrub the station floor. Apart from a grotesque posture, scrubbing proved to be a delightful exercise and I heartily recommend it to any reader inclined to plumpness.

The Irish gentleman was a born hunter. Under his direction I was allowed no respite and my education proceeded rapidly. I must comment on one disagreeable habit he had of running off to serve some motorists—perfect strangers—right in the middle of something I might be saying. And although I would trot at his heels to finish the story, he would have his head under the hood of a car muttering, "Yes, sure, but get me that quart of Light Medium."
Serving the public is no joke. It is not a thing which can be done any old bow by anybody. I discovered that. With every motor car drawing up at the "island" comes a separate and distinct problem in salesmanship and psychology.

While selling ethics demand the one opening question, "Shall I fill it up?" that query has to be put with vocal modulations suitable to the client. To step up to a car, find a fiery red-headed man at the wheel and then to smile sweetly and in accents meek pipe out, "Shall I fill it up, sir?" would be bad business as well as wasted energy. On the other hand, how ungracious of the brute who pokes his head into a sedan and bellows into the lady driver's face, "FILL IT UP!" He might scare her into it the once, but never more.

These principles I absorbed during the morning along with other intricacies of a practical nature. It is no secret that the gasoline pump had always been a source of speculation to me and I cannot hope to record the thrill of those first five gallons I poured into, or in the vicinity of, a motor.

In a way that was a most unfortunate incident. I had gallantly asked the motorist if I could fill the tank up, but he said no, he guessed he would just take five.

So I unscrewed the cap of his tank, and pressed the automatic lever which sent the five gallons rushing into his tank. The proud owner stood by the horse peering into the tank. I grinned with sheer joie de vivre.

At slightly past the four gallon mark the tank overflowed and Imperial petrol gavetered the good man's face and most of his clothing.

My consternation knew no bounds. Should I escape? No, he was a small man and if it came to the worst there was a large wrench in my pocket. I carefully dried his face with a windscreen cloth and aired his overcoat which smelled very much similar to a cleaning establishment, as I feebly remarked. Under the circumstances I found it hard to charge him for a full five gallons, for he didn't seem to realize that he got it all, although some not in the tank.

"Oh, gosh," O'Flanagan murmured as he drove off. "There goes a good customer." "Is he?" I asked, ready to overlook everything if that was the case.

"He was," answered O.F. And there was thunder in his voice. I suppose I ought to have quit then. A hull in business occurred, however, and I sat down by a pump to think awhile. In less time than it takes to tell up drove a most enticingly beautiful damsel to disturb my reverie.

I straightened my tie. "Mada," I enquired, "Shall I fill it up?"

"Yes, if you will." She smiled. I be-graded the moments required at the rear of the car to fill the tank. Seeking further to bask in her exhilarating presence I next asked if I might test the oil.

"Certainly, go ahead." Another smile.

Now I had heard O'Flanagan ask that question of every motorist, but when it came right down to the real thing I didn't know where to look for the oil. I opened the left hood, raised the right one, walked to the bow and then to the stern, and it was while I crawled underneath that my Clicca maestro ambled over to the car door and a feminine voice floated down in answer to his greeting.

"Good morning, Mr. O'Flanagan. I see you're breaking in a new boy today."

That dispelled all my philosophical delusions in regard to serving the public. I crawled ignominiously out from the rear of the car and made for the station house.

When Mr. O'Flanagan came in I had shed daggers and was removing all traces of petroleum adhesions including crank case oil, transmission lubricant and some blobs of extra heavy oil.

In saying good-bye I felt the necessity of plain speech. I said, "O'Flanagan, you're a fine man. I have gained a lot in knowing you. I think you are a master in the art of serving the public. I myself have some ability in that direction. I can stand pain of touching a hot radiator; I can bear up under the withering sarcasms of a dissatisfied client; but, O'Flanagan, I cannot bear to have a frail young girl refer to me as a boy. No, O'Flanagan, I cannot do that."

"Well," said O'Flanagan with a kind of sigh, "If you must go, I'm the last one on earth to detain you. But drop around some day just for a chat, eh?"

"Certainly," I responded, "I shall come back on Sunday to tell you more about the tortoise siccus of the hill."

With that I departed. There is little more to relate except that I never did go back to see O'Flanagan. He telephoned the next day to say that he had gathered up a boxful of radiator and gasoline tank caps which I had neglected to screw back on many of the cars.

He seemed to be in a terrible rage.

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Torino Has One-tenth of Cars in Canada
Some Interesting Figures Issued by Federal Department of Railways and Canals.

There are more motor cars in Kitchener, Ont., population considered, than in any other inland city in Ontario. Only five cities in the province have a higher per capita motor registration. These five include the three motor manufacturing cities of Windsor, Oshawa and Chatham and the two border cities of Sarnia and Niagara Falls.

In Windsor there is one motor car for every 6.60 persons of its population, Niagara Falls is next with an auto for every 7.50 persons and then comes Chatham with one car for each 6.37 people. Oshawa is fourth with one for 6.59 persons and then follows Sarnia with a linzer for every 7.77 persons. Kitchener is in sixth place and according to the figure given there are 2,551 automobiles in Kitchener, which means that if all Kitchener's population wanted to go for a motor ride at the same time, 8.20 persons would have to be jampacked into every car in the city. St. Catharines runs Kitchener in close seventh place however, there being one motor car for every 8.34 of St. Kitt's population. Then follow in order, London, Toronto, St. Thomas, Stratford, Woodstock, Belleville, Hamilton, Peterboro, Galt, Guelph, Owen Sound, Port Arthur, Brampton, Sault Ste. Marie, Port William, Kingston and Ottawa.

There are 9.97 persons for each motor car in Kitchener's Scotch neighbor, Galt. Guelph has only one motor for every 10.18 of its inhabitants.

The complete list of Ontario cities is as follows:

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<th>City</th>
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<tr>
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<td>Brampton</td>
<td>10.64</td>
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(Continued on Page 35)
The Village Blacksmith
(1925 Model)

Under an ad for gasoline
The village smithy stands;
He's the agent for the Jinx machine
And several other brands.
He hasn't shot a horse for years,
For fear he'd soil his hands.
He wears a gold watch on his wrist,
A pearl pin in his tie,
His links are made of amethyst,
The finest he could buy.
There's not a thing the smithy wears
That doesn't please the eye.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
He sees the autos come
With brakes that are not working right
And axles on the bum.
With gas, repairs, and grease and oil,
He makes a tidy sum.

He has a staff of skillful men
That number twenty-four,
Who tell from six a.m. till ten
And sometimes even more.
The smithy never does a stroke—
He thinks that work's a bore.
The children coming home from school
Look in at the open door,
And laugh to see some city folk
Set up an awful roar
When called to pay some whopping bill
The smith has soaked him for.

He goes on Sunday to the kirk,
His mind quite free from cares,
Because his men are hard at work
With pincuts and repairs, and
Airl if the weather's fine and warm
The smith says grateful prayers.

Oiling—reuding—repairing,
Onward through life he goes,
And never once despairing
So long as his income grows,
Each night the thought of someone done
Augments his sweet repose.

Percy Waxman in Harper's.
Not His Job.

"I'm not supposed to do that," said he,
When an extra task he chanced to see;
"That's not my job, and it's not my care,
So I'll pass it by and leave it there."

And the boss who gave him his weekly pay
Lost more than his wages on him that day.
"I'm not supposed to do that," he said;
"That duty belongs to Jim or Fred."

So a little task that was in his way
That he could have handled without delay
Was left unfinished; the way was paved
For a heavy loss that he could have saved.

And time went on and he kept his place
But he never altered his easy pace,
And folks remarked on how well he knew
The line of the tasks he was hired to do;
For never once was he known to turn
His hands to things not of his concern.
But there in his foolish rut he stayed
And for all he did he was fairly paid,
But he never was worth a dollar more
Than he got for his toil when the week was o'er:
For he knew too well when his work was through
And he'd done all he was hired to do.

If you want to grow in this world, young man,
You must do every day all the work you can;
If you find a task, though it's not your bit,
And it should be done, take care of it!
And you'll never conquer or rise if you
Do only the things you're supposed to do.

Edgar A. Guest.