'CROSS CANADA WITH THE



these failen "Pebbles" by the roadside dwarfed the car to pigmy proportions and it was only in human nature to give an intense sigh of relief when the region of the Great Slide and the Crow's Nest Pass had been left far behind.

Cranbrook with about fifteen cars headed by the Mayor's and others containing members of the Cranbrook Automobile Association, turned out to see the send off and witness the tying on of the pennant by the Mayor's wife.

Several cars escorted the Reo into the forest and then left it to the attentions of the little pilot car driven by the genial McNab, and accompanied by the Secretary of the C.A.A.

At six o'clock the bridge leading into the swamp at Ryan was reached and there the party took a breathing spell. It was at once seen that the forest trail was no place for self-respecting motor cars. A team had been telephoned for ahead, but it never came until the ordeal was over.

At Yahk, where the glint of the steel rails and the lights of the station caught our eye, the men filed silently into the fitful lamp light of the inn. No one openly told of their purpose but enough was heard to know there was a fighting chance in the ordeal to come. Ten minutes to stoke the inner man, five minutes to say farewell to the plucky