

“ALL-RED” ROUTE REO

Mountains and lakes—and pretty towns like Penticton and Keremeos, nestling snugly in their valleys!—all these and the hills and the twists and turns and snakings and windings up hill and through dale were but the work of a summer's day for the valiant Reo.

The new road which British Columbia is constructing will be 95 miles long and pass far to the south, around the Hope Mountains so as to avoid steep grades and excessive altitudes.

The Reo now had to blaze a trail which motorists could temporarily use until Princeton and Hope were linked together in a direct line.

Steep mountain grades begin almost as soon as one leaves Princeton and get mixed up with the clouds and mountain tops until the Eulameen River far below begins to look like a mere trickle.

Pilot Thomas took the Reo car thirty miles along this breakneck road and then there hove in sight a car containing Messrs. Jackson and Creasby of Merritt—a town which as viewed from the winding heights of Nicola Valley, makes the heart leap with admiration at the beauty of the panorama below. Merritt hospitality was not to be denied, and then a dash through Lower Nicola under Mr. Creasby's pilotage to Spences Bridge where the Government agent, Mr. Burr, took his place and piloted along the reaches of the Thompson River and through the ranch country to the beginnings of the old Cariboo trail at Ashcroft. An incautious turn of the wheel, a too swift negotiation of any one of the countless down grades and curves overhanging river or valley would have meant instant destruction for both car and occupants. But Reo reliability was now a part of our consciousness.

The wild frontier life of the Cariboo Trail, along which the heavy 8 or 10 horse freight teams still ply to the far off goal of Soda Creek or Fort George, is like nothing else which either Canada or the United States affords.

Striking due west from this historic trail runs a narrow road, through the Marble Canyon and along this the Reo glided the next day in order to hit the grand and sombre solitudes of the Fraser River Canyon, some thirty miles north of Lillooet. For hours that seemed as they never would end, the Reo climbed the long circuitous route, only to climb, emerging finally upon the great sand and rock