

"ALL-RED" ROUTE REO

after minute passed, the wheels now spinning, now being locked in the deep ridges of those devilish hills, the engines roaring and moaning in protest, inch by inch she went up as the sun dropped lower and lower to the horizon line, and then as if she had given up all her mechanical courage, she would drop back again. But finally won out, and had her front paws on the topmost pitch where mud and stones presented the most fiendish surface possible. All would have gone well, even at the snail's pace at which the car was compelled to run, had it not been for a long bridge ahead which had broken through. It was evident that the road was an abandoned one and was trying its best to hide itself. A good hour was lost in filling up the gap and it was good to see the Reo cautiously treading the planks with her padded paws and creeping inch by inch into safety and Trout Creek.

This was the day we understood the true value of Dunlop Traction Tread Tires. The next 30 miles to North Bay was comparatively easy.

It took four days to make the 200 miles to the Soo, for in places there were no roads, and between Algoma and Blind River, the Reo had to be committed to the tender mercies of a crazy looking tug, which she boarded like Blondin walking a tight rope.



At the Soo, she took the freight boat for Port Arthur,

Landed at Port Arthur, all sorts and conditions of citizens were drawn into a war council to find out the best ways and means to Winnipeg. Nothing very cheering was forthcoming. The old Dawson trail, which had been blazed for General Wolseley's