

which looked as if they were made of the finest red Chinese lacquer. I wandered over the hills where Mrs. Isaac's house stood above Lake Kalamalka, where peaches were ripening in gold and crimson on the trees, and beneath them a forest of waist-high vetches—blue and white, purple and white—mingled, with the small white clover, which has a haunting perfume. It was an orgy of production, a riot of colour; and as I stood among it all I thought again of British Columbia "which should never have been inhabited".

And here I parted from my kind chauffeur and guide, to whom I shall always owe a deep debt of gratitude for glowing memories of the places we enjoyed together. My only regret all through that trip was that I couldn't drop twenty-five years off my age and clamber to places where roads didn't yet exist. But these new roads that cross the Dominion from coast to coast will play a great part in the post-war days, and will draw together the widely separated people of this great land—separated not only by physical distances but by a diversity of interests and a lack of understanding of how much they are all the complement of one another and how much the East needs the produce of the West, and the West needs the things from the workshops of the East. Many Easterners have never been West, and I have heard them say when they have stood among the beauties of British Columbia, "One can't believe this is Canada!" That's a thing to which these wonderful new roads will put an end, because now rail travel and hotel charges make it impossible for many people to get about, as they would like to do, but in post-war days people in their own cars will wander far afield at small expense, staying at the excellent auto-camps which are springing up on all sides. A trip across the country will then no longer be prohibited to the lower incomes, so that West and East can meet and fraternize. The Government has builded perhaps better than