

## 'CROSS CANADA WITH THE

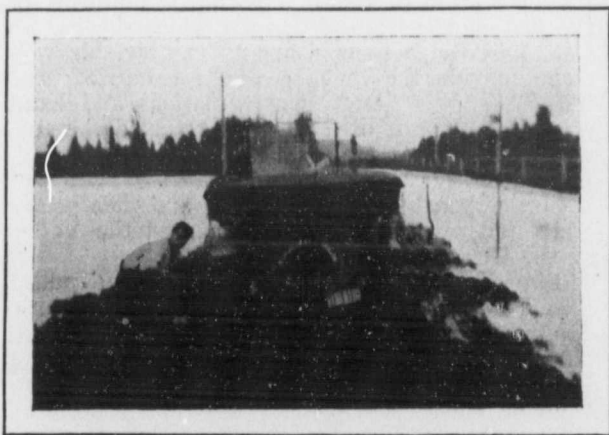
flag. She covered the 106 miles to Gravenhurst in little over four hours and that was going some. But next morning, the fourteenth day out—there came a cyclone of trouble. The memorable spot was Scotia Junction which has the worst sand hill in all Canada.

Sixteenth day out.

The Georgian Bay and Lake Superior Country is the home of bush-land, swamp and rock, where the corduroy roads through impassable muskeg crop up at every turn like weeds, and huge rock present surfaces unscalable alike to beast and motor car.

All day the plucky Reo had a battle royal with the hills and muskeg and twists and turns of those narrow ghost-roads and, when 4.00 p.m. came, it didn't seem to be any nearer its goal than before. Nothing seemed to lead anywhere or anything in particular. Then a hill that looked like a rock cascade bed run dry barred the way. Up the Reo shot, and there she hung like a lobster with its claws, only to have a whale of a time pulling herself up to the top with block and tackle. There were more and more hills and then came a corduroy road in the end which threatened to roll her down again like the stone of Sisyphus.

No one will ever be able to say how she managed to clamber out from between the "rungs." Minute



MUD NEAR THE SOO