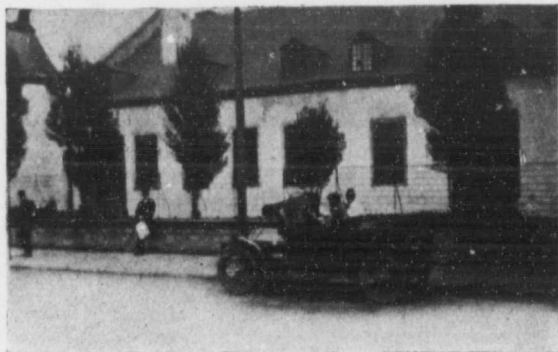


' CROSS CANADA WITH THE

German accent, greets the Pathfinder. It is the millionaire tramp, Dr. Der Ridder, author, lecturer and intimate of Jack London who reels off his Psalm of Life with Uncle Walt guilelessness, shook hands and wished the party all luck. Clocks are set forward an hour as the valley of the Madawaska is struck. and a bee line is made for the St. Lawrence at Riviere du Loup. An old man by the Temisconata Lake side, gasps incredulously when he finds the car is headed for Vancouver.

The St. Lawrence at last—stately, majestic, big as the big continent itself in its sense of grandeur by the waning post meridian light. Mountains—deep blue mountains with a bloom on them like that upon grapes—for a back ground; a boulevard for three miles out of Riviere du Loup and then the river trails, over which the Reo bounded along at a twenty-five knot clip to the night's destination.

Makaraska, 144 miles from Grand Falls, made an easy Sunday's run of 92 miles to the Citadel City which Wolfe had won for England—and incidentally thrown in an Empire. Frank Carrel, the genial owner of the "Quebec Telegraph" the good genius of the Automobile Association and prince of good fellows, was organizing the decorated automobiles for the Labor Day procession, and he Reo had to join the merry motor "cavalcade" to receive her Quebec pennant, and a last parting cheer from Frank Carrel and pilot Campbell of



A QUEBEC SCENE