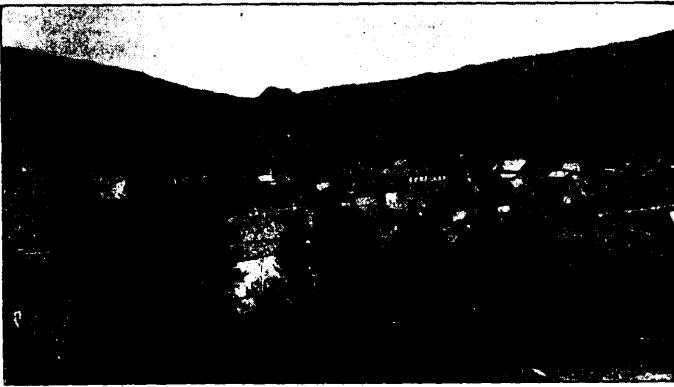


as sharp as steel, and the voice of the grasshopper was audible, with its curious, clattering sound, as the opposite shore was neared. So loud and strident was this voice, that it suggested rattlesnakes, which were rumored to have been seen in the neighborhood. One rocky point on which it was proposed to land the artist, resounded on all sides with rattles so ominous that she positively declined to disembark. It was just off this spot that the reel first went whirr, and the angler seized the rod and reeled in the line as fast as his fingers would work, bringing to the

very enjoyable lunch. Rested and refreshed, they returned to the boat, and then a long period of fruitless rowing and trolling round the land-locked bay, was eventually rewarded by a chub for the deep line and another trout for the rod and reel. Evening was now setting in, so the boat's head was turned homewards, and it moved slowly down the lake, amid softening lights and deepening shadows and with one exciting incident—the catching by the artist of a four pound trout. Finally the boat-house came into view with carriages waiting beneath the trees, and soon Long Lake was left behind.



VERNON.

surface, and finally depositing in the boat, a silver trout. After an interesting time in fishing and attempting to fish, and a row past the next point, lunch was the order of the day. The rattlesnakes still rattled audibly, and the ladies consequently proposed to lunch in the boat, but to this the men objected so vehemently, that a compromise was effected by running the craft on to a gravel beach overshadowed by a huge pine tree, whence snakes could be seen as well as heard. On it they landed, and arming themselves with large sticks, proceeded to dislodge the noisy reptiles, which proved, on investigation, to be merely harmless locusts. Feminine fears were allayed, and with much skirt-lifting and many side glances, the party settled down on a grassy cliff to a

The next morning two of the party, with a letter of introduction to Lord Aberdeen's manager, drove out to the Coldstream ranch—an estate of 15,000 acres, purchased by His Excellency in 1891. The road thither led in a south-easterly direction. White

Valley, in which the farm buildings and dwelling-house are situated, extending due east towards the Gold Range of mountains, whose summits, tipped with snow, were just visible in the far blue distance. The commencement of the property was marked by fields of turnips and Indian corn, with fruit trees, alternating in rows with the vegetables, and stretching in receding lines from the road to a thick belt of poplar trees, in which the burns nestled. Soon the central building, conspicuous by its flag-staff, came into view around a bend of the highway, and the village cart was halted before a double gate opening into a farmyard of quite imposing dimensions. Driving across this, the horse was tied to the fence. A tall, fine-looking man advanced from the verandah of the house to meet the Trippers.