

rose in a lofty ridge, forming the backbone of the hill, which extended for a quarter of mile in a southerly direction, then fell away in a lofty bastion of rock, like the outer wall of some huge fortress, to the wheat-fields below. From this point, the whole extent of the White Valley, bounded by a chain of cobalt blue mountains, was distinctly visible in the clear atmosphere. It seemed, as far as the eye could reach, to comprise Lord Aberdeen's ranch of 15,000 acres, whose farm buildings nestle picturesquely in a grove of poplars at the nearest end of the valley, which appeared almost within a stone's throw. The air on this breezy height was so bracing that it soon aroused a sensation of hunger, which drove the climbers down to the road, whence the pair upon the log had apparently long departed, as they were found ready waiting for dinner when the hotel was reached.

The following day, a fishing expedition was organized, and four of the Trippers, escorted by an English resident of Vernon, who knew the country, took the train from the town to the terminus of the Shuswap and O'Kanagan line on Lake O'Kanagan, five miles south. They secured a boat from the proprietor of a most romantic-looking, rambling, one-storey hotel, perfectly embowered in huge poplars and willows, and pushed out to the broad bosom of the beautiful sheet of water, 80 miles long, which was unfortunately ruffled by too strong a breeze to admit of fishing. So the four rowed aimlessly about, enjoying fresh air and sunshine, while the fifth member of the party sat on the wharf and attempted feebly to sketch a scene remarkable for its peculiar tone of coloring, which it is as impossible for the pen, as for the brush, to do justice to. Imagine broken, brown ranges of hills, covered with sun-dried bunchgrass; their pine-clad slopes melting in the distance into soft blue haze, while in the foreground they mingled their buff-colored vegetation with

the very waters on the far side of the narrow lake; on the near side stretched the wheat-fields, marked in places by rocky ledges and boulders. Poplars and willows fringed this part of the lake, and seemed to enclose its outlet, their emerald-green foliage blending with the more vivid lines of the hay marshes, and offering a harmony of verdure in strange contrast to the russet tones of the background. The party lunched on the lake shore, beneath the shade of forest trees, and returned to Vernon by the afternoon train.

The next day was dedicated to an excursion to Long Lake, with a complete outfit for deep and shallow trolling. The Trippers were joined by a recruit, who was young, strong and invaluable as an oarsman and an angler. Two vehicles were procured, and Long Lake approached by the same road as the pedestrians had taken on their first outing.

It proved to be a much prettier sheet of water than Lake O'Kanagan, with the same general characteristics of coloring, but more bays and promontories, and, being less winding, showed greater vistas of distance.

The road passed around the north end of the lake, which was lined with tall poplars and willows, and came to an abrupt ending at a fence near a boat house. The recruit possessed a key to this building, and soon launched from its mysterious depths a perfect ark, in the shape of a safe family boat capable of accommodating the whole party, which, with one consent, embarked therein. Cloaks, lunch-baskets, parasols and rods were stowed away, and two trolling lines arranged, the one with a spoon, for deep water, the other for its surface with a phantom minnow, and reel on a light bamboo rod, which was secured beneath a seat. The two men took the oars and rowed slowly down the lake. Silence reigned supreme—the silence born of a summer's day—a day of haze and heat, when the reflections were