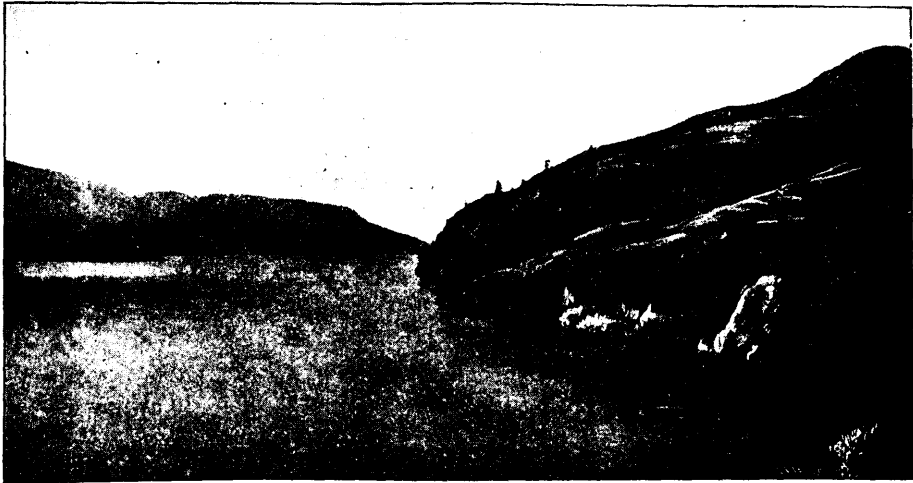


fence enclosing the garden revealed gigantic tiger lilies (5 feet high) in full bloom, together with various foliage plants and shrubs, growing in the rank luxuriance of vegetation which irrigation produces in British Columbia. Raspberry, currant, and rose bushes, pumpkin and water melon vines, seemed to be overpowering one another in the struggle for existence—the latter spreading over the ground in all directions, a perfect tangle of verdure, with Indian corn stalks growing among them like small trees. Beyond the old homestead, the road led under stately pines, past a woodland stock-yard on the same pro-

struggled with a gate of ancient design, made before hinges were invented, and so constructed that it had to be forcibly pushed back along the ground, and then dragged forward to its original position; so massive were its proportions that a bare foot of space was obtainable to squeeze through. This obstacle successfully overcome, the hillside beyond was breasted, with some fear of the wild cattle skirmishing about in the distance with elevated ears and twisted tails, excited by the advent of civilization in the shape of a red parasol. Upon nearer approach they were dispersed by the brandishing of a stout stick, and re-



LONG LAKE.

perty, in which some well-bred black pigs were rooting industriously, then on past a brick-field and market garden, across a bridge, and out among the moor lands and the wheat. Here the party were joined by a Vernon friend returning from a "constitutional," who, with one of the more enterprising of the trio, ascended an adjacent hill to see from its summit the view of Long Lake and the White Valley, which it commanded.

The other two pedestrians were left resting upon a log by the "Queen's Highway," and the energetic couple started on their tour. First they

tired with many playful bovine protests.

Next, a barb wire fence was scientifically overcome, and the moonland gained. Onward and upward went the pair through high bunch grass, over scaly patches of barren earth to the highest point, overlooking Vernon and Long Lake, but not, alas, the White Valley.

Result—disappointment followed by mutual observation of time pieces, rest, contemplation and conversation; then on again breathlessly to the summit of the next elevation which had interrupted the expected view. It