

stood on every side. A new growth of these soft woods was very slowly taking the place of the dead, and meanwhile a great deal of low alder, willow and maple has grown up.

Mountain flowers in quantities, and generally of very bright colours, were everywhere, and when at about noon the sun shone out, butterflies, especially the blues, swarmed all around. On this up-climb I took my first specimens of *Erebia Vidleri*, and on a sandy flat a few miles below the big summit a Saturniid moth, *Pseudohasis Nuttalli* Strecker, was quite plentiful, as also a large dull green tiger beetle.

From this flat to the summit is the hardest part of the climb, as the trail rises in curves and zigzags innumerable. I soon became very warm indeed, but a tremendous thunder and hail storm soon wet me to the skin. It was unpleasantly cool. I caught no more butterflies after that, but hastened on to the summit shack, where I was able to make a fire and dry off.

The weather was fine there, so I camped for a day or two, and had very good luck among the butterflies. A species of *Melitaea*, which seems to answer only to *Taylori* Edw., as figured in Holland's Book, was plentiful.

From here the trail goes down by the side of Whipaw Creek to Princeton, about twenty-five miles. This took me, collecting many things by the way, a day and a half.

At the Princeton Summit the timber, what there is of it alive, is fir, but after you have descended a few miles, you enter a long stretch of small pines, growing closely together. Gradually this changes, till, in a few miles more, one is in the dry country, where the red-trunked pines stand far apart, and the green grass grows between, all decked with yellow and blue flowers. The trees and grass and flowers and the sky all combined to make very pleasing landscapes.

Collecting was good all the way, a moth, *Syneda hudsonica* G. & R., being common, and easily taken, as it flies in the sunlight.

At Princeton, where I camped by the side of the clear rushing Tulameen, quantities of butterflies and beetles were to be found. Almost every stone or log or piece of bark would have a beetle under it (some of them very large specimens), and the flowers were haunted by members of the same order. The hills rise from the river in a series of steps, or benches, the lowest of which usually has a dense growth of willows, cottonwood, etc.