

## BUTTERFLY COLLECTING NEAR HOPE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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Probably nothing more disgusts the ardent entomologist than to "wave" his net in a country where but a small variety of insects can be found, and mostly common things at that.

Through May and June I had collected near New Westminster, and at last, getting tired of that miserable country, with its huge stumps, thick underbrush and lack of butterflies worth catching, decided to take a trip into the mountains, and see what might be found there.

Three places I had in mind, the Pitt Mountains, the Fraser Canyon, and the trail between Hope and Princeton. The last seemed most alluring, and so was chosen.

Hope is a town on the south bank of the Fraser, about eighty miles above New Westminster. Princeton, on the Similkameen River, is in what is called the "Dry Belt." The two places are, by trail, sixty-five miles apart, all the way being through the mountains. There are two high points on the way, the first, which I shall call Hope Summit (or Lake House), is two thousand feet high, and fourteen miles from Hope; the other, Princeton Summit (or Summit City), is about 6,000 feet high, and forty miles from Hope. Between these two heights the trail descends into the valley of the Skaget River.

Arriving at Hope Station on the evening of July 4th, I crossed the river on the ferry boat (the mail-carriers' skiff, two bits per trip), and spent that night, because it was raining, at the hotel. Next day it rained on, but in spite of my own somewhat discouraged feelings (for when rain once commences on the Pacific Coast, one can never tell when it will end, a week, a fortnight, a month perhaps) and the advice of the good people to wait till the downpour stopped, I shouldered my pack at midday and began to walk.

That night was spent under the ten mile shelter, a lean-to of cedar bark, built against the side of a tree. It rained steadily. But by the next evening I had crossed the Hope Summit, and was at the bottom of the Skaget Valley, about twenty-seven miles from Hope. Here it did not rain, was only misty.

During the next day, July 7, I climbed the hardest part of the trail, to the Princeton Summit. The way led out of thick timbers into a country whose mountain sides had once been covered with fir and spruce, but a fire had at some time swept through there, and the bare trunks lay or