



Hot Springs, Banner



Amuri Grange

One minute from Baths.

Private Accommodation for Visitors and Families.

TERMS—87/- per Week, 6/- per Day; also 20/- per Week, 4/- per Day.

Mrs. E. LAHMERT, Proprietress.

THE WEST COAST ROAD.

OF all the characteristic scenery which should not be missed by the travelling tourist, the West Coast Road affords the most striking examples. The ordinary coach service runs bi-weekly each way between Springfield and the Otira Gorge, the remaining portion of the journey being covered by train. We take the morning train to Springfield, and proceed along the main south line as far as Rolleston, a distance of some fourteen miles from Christchurch. Then walking across the triangular platform we embark on the Springfield train, and the journey is a slow one, as the average rise is somewhere about 35 feet to the mile. After due exercise of patience we find ourselves at the little hamlet of Springfield, which, though only forty-four miles from our starting point, is 1,252 feet above the sea level. The strong and capacious coaches owned by Messrs. Cassidy and Co. are ready waiting, and the luggage and mails are safely stowed away while the passengers are partaking of a brief lunch. Then a start is made, and we proceed at a steady trot on a markedly up-hill grade, through three crossings of the Kowai and one of the Porter River, and we are at the foot of the celebrated Porter's Pass after covering some nine miles. Notwithstanding the drop into the Porter River, we are 750 feet higher than when we left Springfield, and in the next mile and three-quarters we have 1,102 feet to rise, for the top of Porter's Pass is 3,102 feet above the sea level, and is the highest point on the road line. A gentle dip on the other side of the summit brings us to Lake Lyndon, which, when covered with ice in the winter, attracts many visiting skating parties. A few miles further on the change stables, known as "The Springs," are reached. While the teams are being changed the passengers might as well walk on to the Springs themselves, which are only a few yards distant, and which gush out from underneath the road with a profusion of exquisitely pure and ice-cold water, a very few mouthfuls of which will stop the breath of any ordinary man. Thence on to Castle Hill, twenty miles from Springfield, where a brief halt is made for tea, scones, and occasionally other refreshments. The fantastic tracery of the Castle Hill Rocks is well worth notice, and anyone who likes to stay at the comfortable little hotel for a few days can, with a very ordinary amount of

BALLANTYNES' WINDOWS ARE FASHION'S MIRRORS.