



HOOD'S HANMER LODGE.

North Canterbury, is reached. After a good lunch we enter the coach and make a start. The road is a good one, and for many miles the scenery is not impressive, though the mountains, with their ever-varying tones of light and shade, and the wild-looking bed of the Waiau river, are in themselves interesting to those who have not seen similar scenery before. But as the road winds along the river there are some pretty peeps of scenery, especially in certain little wooded ravines which the coach road crosses on wooden bridges. Some nineteen miles out from Culverden the Ferry Accommodation House is reached, and here tea and cake, in addition to sterner liquors, are dispensed. It is worth while when here to stroll out in front of the quaint and comfortable little house, and have a good look at the precipitous banks of the Waiau river, at the swirling stream itself, and at the exquisitely proportioned bridge over which the coach will soon pass, and which, springing from rock foundations on either side, girdles the Waiau in one span at a height of about 150 feet above the ordinary water level. But all good things must have an end, and as the driver is taking his seat we must start again. Up a steep hill, over the bridge, one more stiffish climb and we rattle down hill on to the natural amphitheatre known as the Hanmer Plains, and evidently in some remote age an inland lake of no inconsiderable depth and expanse. Even the most amateur of geologists, glancing along the hills cannot fail to perceive the various level benches which still mark the ever-shifting levels of the lake that was. Continuing along a first-class road, with an ever-rising grade, the coach fords the Hanmer, the Percival, and the Rogerson rivers. For the greater part of the year these are only brooklets, through which the pedestrian can walk without becoming seriously wet, but when the heavy rains come on they are swollen torrents, incapable of being crossed save by the venturesome horseman who doesn't object to a swim with the turbulent water running waist high as he sits on his well-trained horse. The first glimpse one gets of the Baths themselves is when the coach swings in at the white gate leading to the Government Sanatorium, and hey, presto! we are in the midst of trim lawns, well-grown trees, and with every evidence of the highest civilisation surrounding us. The accommodation is as varied as the many wants of the passengers, and that is saying a good deal. The ordi-