



BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY

TO THE GOVERNOR.

GEORGE
FLETCHER
and SON

TAILORS, etc.

Colombo Street,
CHRISTCHURCH.

BALLANTYNES ARE ARBITERS OF DRESS & FASHION. 53

quarter from the top of the Pass, we arrive at the summit of the Edwards' Hill overlooking Lake Tekapo, which is suddenly disclosed to our view, and which, in fine weather, presents an uncommonly pretty sight. This lake is fifteen miles in length by two and a half in breadth, and, like the river of the same name which flows out of it, is thickly stocked with trout. Lake Alexandrina, a smaller but very pretty sheet of water, is within a few miles of the Tekapo Hotel. Some idea of the rise on the twenty-six miles between Fairlie and Tekapo may be gathered from the fact that Fairlie is 996 feet above sea level, while Tekapo is 2,450, and in course of time the latter place will no doubt become a great sanatorium for those suffering from affections of the chest and lungs. Making a fresh start from Tekapo after lunch, we cross the Forks River and the Irishman and Maryburn streams; climb a low saddle known as Simon's Pass, from the top of which an excellent panoramic view of mountain scenery is obtained, and drop down into the green and cosy-looking little patch which constitutes the homestead of Simon's Pass sheep station, twenty miles out from Lake Tekapo and forty-six on the through journey. The road continues to wind through billowy accumulations of moraine (which, by the way, simply means a lot of rocks, &c., tumbled about anyhow by glacial action in the remote past), until the top of Dover's Pass is reached, and Lake Pukaki and the dazzling chain of the Southern Alps come into full sight. Lake Pukaki is some twelve miles in length and three miles and a half in breadth; is about 1,800 feet above sea level, and is distant from Fairlie fifty-seven miles, from Tekapo thirty-one, and from the Hermitage, the end of our journey, forty miles. The view of Mount Cook from Pukaki is one of the finest to be obtained, as from this point "Aorangi," clad in its perpetual mantle of snow and ice, appears to rise straight up from the head of the lake, while Mounts Sefton, Stokes, and Hardinger attain no unenviable degree of prominence. Starting next morning from Pukaki, the road for some twelve miles runs over the hilly downs which border the lake, and many a pretty peep of scenery is revealed. Some eighteen miles from Pukaki we halt for an *al fresco* lunch, and, that finished, resume our journey with twenty-two miles yet to be covered. Climbing over low spurs, winding round the heads of the intervening valleys, and crossing

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