

streets, and at last found our way to the Post Office. After despatching sundry letters and telegrams to friends on the other coast, we adjourned to a restaurant and lunched, preparatory to starting on a drive to Lake Kanieri, some eleven miles distant.

The drive was a very pretty one. We had to pass again through some miles of bush scenery, and as the afternoon was hot and sunny we were grateful for the shade of the trees. The roadway was beautifully sheltered for such a day, and at different turns in the way we got delightful little views that rivalled fairyland itself.

On the way we stopped to watch some men who were engaged in washing for gold; and in several places we saw traces left by gold-diggers.

By and by we came in sight of the lake. It reminded one of a bit of real ocean. Notwithstanding the beauty of the day the lake had a dark and stormy look, and was covered with threatening-looking waves. The mountains, clad with bush, stood around it as if to guard its waters. The lake has certainly a splendour of its own, and we felt glad we had come so far to see it.

We spent an hour or two on its shores, and then returned to Hokitika. After having tea we caught our train for Kumara. It was a beautiful moonlight night. When we arrived at the station, we had a couple of miles to walk to our camp, where we gladly enjoyed a well-earned rest after our day's outing.

The next day we started on our homeward journey. Our experiences on the return trip were similar to those of our outward journey.

Lovely weather favoured us, and every day was enjoyed to the full. One little incident, however, threatened to overwhelm us. After leaving Kumara we discovered that the dozen loaves of bread we had bought and paid for were left behind. For the moment the prospect seemed dreadful—picture seventeen hungry mortals and no bread! After some consultation a way was found out of the difficulty. Bread was telegraphed for, and the train brought us a supply from Grey-mouth to Otira, where we hungrily waited.

We took about a week on the homeward journey, and were very sorry to leave the beautiful freshness of Westland for the parched dryness of Canterbury.

To cheer ourselves we sang on the way, and many enquiries were made concerning the "theatrical party" from the West Coast. By this time we had become quite tamed, and were no longer taken for a "cirkis."

Dozens of weary cyclists passed us, and we did not envy them. Unless one is very fond of pushing a machine uphill, the trip would be too much like hard work. Our way of travelling is much to be preferred.

The scenery can be enjoyed in comparative comfort, and given fine weather a waggon trip like ours is an ideal one for people who are not too proud. It certainly would not suit those whose clothing must always be of the newest and latest cut. At whatever sacrifice "waggon-trippers" must be prepared to leave their best clothes at home. We certainly did not look very fashionable when we arrived in Christchurch, but our sunburnt, healthy faces made up for all else that was lacking.

