

mill is better. It is indeed a question whether most of the work done at Kaiapoi, and the other mills in the Dominion where wool is treated as it ought to be, is not actually a good deal better than the work turned out by the old mills of the Old World. One thing is sure—the Kaiapoi mills do not spoil their output with shoddy or cotton.

This is the feeling of every visitor on leaving the mills, which it is the courteous pleasure of the directors and their officials to show to all who come for the purpose at suitable times. The processes these visitors see every time impress them vastly with their swiftness and skill, and their capacity for everything but speech. They impress them also by their mysterious working, but there is no mystery about the output. That is an enduring monument to the character of the local industry, and it must one day be its passport to the forefront of the world's commerce.

A group of buildings such as those in our illustration, within three decades of the first start by the pioneers of a new industry, encompassed with manifold difficulties; a group as far removed from the era of beginnings as is the last of a thousand years from the first year of the long series—such a group of buildings is a very loud voice speaking of the things the future is to see, in the magnificent industry established by the pioneers of local industry in the Dominion of New Zealand.

The Factory and the Warehouse.

The clothing factory is thus accounted for by the excellent work of the mills which supply the material for its use. It is proved, also, by the remarkable recovery after the fire which ought to have been disastrous, but was actually beneficial. The same stands at the head of one of the leading industries of the Dominion. Naturally, its career has been from the first one of unceasing advancement. The quality of its output has at the same time been worthy of the enterprise which brought it so magnificently out of the darkness of industrial stagnation, and it has for these reasons deserved the recognition accorded on all sides.

Therefore, when the old warehouse was destroyed by fire in November of 1907, the directors took vigorous steps to rebuild upon a more adequate scale. A new site, accordingly, over one acre in area, was secured in Manchester street, close to the Christchurch Railway Station. Upon this

property has been erected on the Allen street frontage a splendid factory, commodious enough for the ample accommodation of the various departments in which the company's good work was so well and favourably known.

The Warehouse, the front elevation of which, as shown in our illustration, occupies the Manchester street frontage, is 66 feet by 210, with three storeys and cellar. The proportions are stately and the building is a very welcome addition to the architecture of the city, at a time when the architectural talent of the Dominion has been made the subject of special remarks. The roof is covered by Calmon's asbestos slates, which Messrs. A. L. Ross and Co. have introduced, as sole agents, into the Dominion.

Inside, the first department to catch the eye of the visitor is the rug and blanket department. Here are to be seen in great profusion, and in every one of their well-known varieties, the rugs for which Kaiapoi is famous. Hundreds of these beautiful comfortable luxuries found their way to America in the big battleships which came here the other day; large numbers have been taken away by travellers and tourists; quite a consignment went away with the Duke of York's party, to say nothing of the special official presentation—in 1901 on the occasion of the Royal visit. When the possessors of these see these pages they will, we feel sure, recognise that they are looking on the pictures of the home of a most useful industry, unequalled at present in the world, with a great future before it.

Blankets of all colours and shades there are here, as well as the rugs, and in one respect, whatever their other differences may be, they are alike—each is made of wool and nothing else whatever. And there is nothing like wool—especially on a cold winter's night, and on frosty journeys among blizzards, by rail, motor, buggy, sledge, or aeroplane.

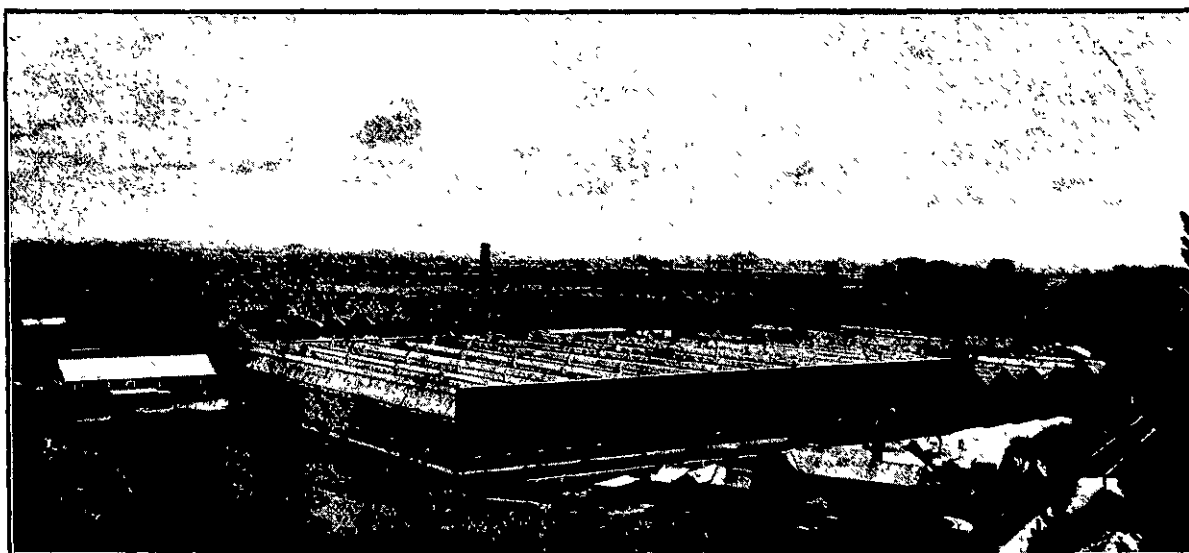
The costume and mantle, the tailoring tweeds, the clothing department, all these speak for themselves to the visitor as he walks through the establishment, with much eloquence in favour of things made at our doors. The eloquence is irresistible, and is known to be certain of the practical proof of long wear if the temptation to buy is not resisted.

All these divisions of the labour of a great industry are parts of a splendid hive

of energy. It caters for the dainty women who like dainty confections; it pleases the business man who likes to go to his office in the traditional coat of his mercantile progenitors; it meets with the same favour from the damsel who is trying to live up to the requirements of the last sonnet written about her matchless eyebrow; as from the jolly old farmer who wants something strong "as shall last without showing too much dirt, lad," whose wife, who never lets him go to clothes stores by himself, is anxious that he should look well all the time. It gives boyhood the best lessons for the future of the self respect there is in good clothes, and it is a favourite with the young men who like to take their sport in flannelled ease, and their exercise in sweatered abandonment. All this evidence of industry and industrial independence is a credit to the organisation which leads its thriving existence. It is due much to that leading, of course. But primarily it is due to the mills on the Cam. They swell the tribute standing to the general credit of one of the most successful of the pioneer industries of the Dominion. And they will before long—the whole Dominion hopes so at all events—add to their profits the important substance which is the best guarantee for the permanent success of an industry surely destined to employ before many years—as periods are counted in the history of nations—to employ many thousands of the people of this Dominion in comfort and plenty. So mote it be.

The Mill on the Cam. (Local Effect.)

In the old days Kaiapoi was the port of North Canterbury. The Waimakariri was its stand-by, and the Cam its ornamental water. There was always a large tonnage at the wharves, and sport held sway early of mornings, while moonlight nights were devoted to the joys of picnicking. But by day the town was busy. Farmers thronged the place looking after their supplies; run-holders came in to gossip about stock; wool was the staple of conversation in the early summer, and the hardy pioneers were always with the Kaiapogians. When the western goldfields broke out the traffic went up to thousands daily, and great was the "Rush" with soundless "Drum." The Iron Horse followed, sidetracking Kaiapoi. Presently the citizens helped build the mills on the Cam, and Kaiapoi returned to importance.



THE KAIAPOI WOOLLEN MILLS. The monument to the public spirit of the Citizens. The scene of the enterprise which survived the slings and arrows, and planted a flourishing industry.