



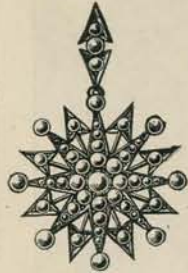
BY APPOINTMENT.



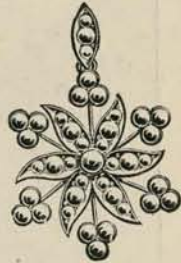
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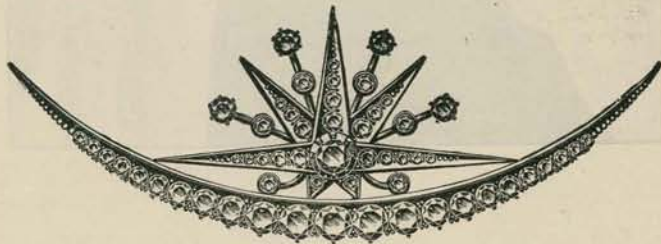
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easily put in an hour at trying his luck on the same river. Leaving Warner's Hotel, we turn to the right, and north, and are soon on the Papanui Road, once an almost impassable swamp, but now remarkable for the solid and tasteful residences of our city merchants, which peep out on either side through masses of greenery. Some three miles out we pass through the little township of Papanui, and cross the Styx stream two miles further on. From here a drive of fifteen minutes brings us to the Belfast Freezing Works, the system and extent of which visitors can see for themselves. Suffice it to say that the works are capable of killing and freezing some 2,000 sheep per diem, and that no one can fail to note the scrupulous care and cleanliness which prevails in every department, or the complete manner in which all the bye-products are turned to useful account. An introduction to the working managers can always be obtained on application to Mr. F. Waymouth, the courteous Managing Director of the company, at the Christchurch head-office, and, armed with this document, the visitors will have the various processes fully explained to them. We resume the road, cross the Waimakariri River two miles further on, and a pleasant drive of three miles through the fertile land for which Kaiapoi Island is noted lands us at the woollen factory, which is more fully described elsewhere in this issue. This industry practically keeps the little town going, and affords the small farmers an opportunity of disposing of their wool at first hand, thus enabling them to escape the rapacious charges of the middleman. The visitor can form his own opinion of the factory, but whatever he may see there, it is a certainty he will see no shoddy. The goods manufactured by this company have more than held their own all over the world, and it is safe to say that the Kaiapoi travelling rug cannot be beaten anywhere. We have seen what there is to see, and though it is to be regretted that we cannot change our homeward route for the first five miles, the cool of the evening, and the glowing colours in the west reconcile us for once to a return by the same route.