



PART OF PYNE AND CO.'S WOOL STORE, CHRISTCHURCH, SHOWING WOOL STACKED FOR DECEMBER SALE, 1906. CATALOGUE COMPRISED 6200 BALES

In order to determine the real relative efficiencies of the different types of flooring construction, those of each type that had evidently been subjected to the worst heat in a place like San Francisco ought to be tested to destruction by superimposed loads. Of course, it is not at all probable that any such tests will be made. It seems more than probable that the better appearance of the reinforced concrete floors will cause a great many people to ascribe a fictitious value to the fire-resisting qualities of reinforced concrete, as a matter of fact if both the tile floors and the concrete floors were tested, as above indicated, it is more than probable that it would be discovered that all the floors of both types that had been exposed to a really severe fire test ought to be taken out and renewed, in which case the floor loss would be total for both types.

Pyne & Co.'s Wool Store, Christchurch.

Nothing shows more than the warehouse the extent of the business of the firm. It is a truth specially noticeable in the wool trade. Wherever you go you see the great firms whose finger is on the pulse of the wool community in palatial evidence. In Melbourne and Sydney the firm of Goldsbrough Mort & Co. strikes all as first in the trade by reason of the large warehouses they have erected and the provision they have made for the comfort and well-being of their patrons. The Delgetys, the Trust and Mortgage Companies, and our own Loan and Mercantile Co. bear similar evidence to the rank in the world of agency borne by these several firms, while in the aggregate they convey an adequate idea of the importance of the splendid industry by which they live. In New Zealand we have also the same signs of the great industry which looms, as it does in Australia, the bulkiest in the list of the exports of the country. In Christchurch it is the same. The City of the Plains is remarkable as the centre of a vast district, from every part of which wool comes in large quantities to the city to be shipped to the old country or sold to the local or foreign buyer. The business of attending to the wool interest is well furnished with both *material* and *personnel*. The day for small things is over. Time was when the wool was stored in some rough structure neither rain-proof nor wind-resisting, something after the heart of the pioneers who knew nothing of comfort and made only the bare provision for necessity. The advent of the railways, the trams, and the motor car have changed all that, and we have handsome establishments replete with all modern convenience, roomy and well built, supplied with all necessary machinery accommodating the whole trade of the agencies. These fine warehouses take in the stores destined for the farmer and the pastoralist, while they receive at the same time the vast yields of their wool and produce of various kinds.

Of such is the wool warehouse of Messrs. Pyne and Co. of Christchurch, where wool is received throughout the season. The sales are among the most characteristic features of colonial life. Our illustrations show their new wool stores, South Belt, Christchurch. The building is L-shaped the larger portion being 240 ft. x 120 ft. and the other 170 ft. x 90 ft., a total floor space of

44,100 sq. ft. The floor is solid and 3 ft. above the railway siding, and consequently rat proof, and the wall from floor to tie beam of roof is 17 ft. All light enters from the south. By freely using steel construction there are only 26 standards supporting the roof. This wool store is acknowledged to be the best lit wool store in New Zealand. The architects of the building were S. and A. Luttrell and the contractors D. Scott and Sons.

Disappearing Architecture.

THE LADIES' VIEW

There is an art which is more especially than any other the art of the people—namely, architecture or the art of building. At least the outsides of all buildings, and the insides of many, are for the enjoyment of all and it behoves us to remember this before it is too late. There have been periods when the magnificence of kings and oligarchies, and the love of beauty, which in former days constrained not only princes, but also private individuals, endowed our towns not alone with buildings nobly built, but with all other enrichments that the vicissitudes of the weather would allow of, in the way of colour, gilding, marble, and sculpture. England has produced a wonderful wealth of fine buildings, and in spite of terrible destruction, much still remains to gladden an undeserving and purblind generation, and during the months of holiday wandering we should take every opportunity that presents itself of making acquaintance, thoroughly

and in detail, with the great art of masonry—not excluding brickwork and the many subsidiary crafts. It was only in the year 1385 that the painters of Italy cut themselves adrift from the guild of builders, and not for the advantage of either. Alas, we are still destroying our heritage, and all who love beauty and who care for the past, who think we should preserve everything we possibly can of the thought of those who were before us, should try to understand the methods and the causes of their destruction and do what in them lies to stop it. There is hardly a spot we live in or travel to in England, where there is not some pleasant old street, some romantic old house, some quaint cottage, or row of almshouses, even an old garden-wall with an ancient gate-way, or a lane or alley between weather-worn gables—a bridge, or a mill, or a tower. Such things are a refreshment and a joy to all of us as we cover our daily miles of business or pleasure. But what few people quite realise is that it is not only the age of the buildings that makes them pleasant, but the human thought and art that are in them, and the subtleties of proportion, and the satisfactoriness of really understood building—both very rare qualities, and now deprived of the support of the traditional knowledge handed on in the workshops of former times. Decay's effacing fingers will not efface the ugliness of our buildings; will not turn our impertinent little villas into homely old cottages, nor our imitated Gothic into true Gothic, where every change was a development, and every moulding and rib represented a purpose scientific or beautiful.

POEMS IN STONE

So many causes operate against the intact preservation of our histories and poems in stone, for we should always bear in mind the historical, as well as the beauty, value of our ancient homes and monuments. In towns they disappear before the urgent need for space, in the country often for the opposite reason that they are superfluous. For instance town councils want to widen streets—in Worcester this now seems imminent—and delightful old houses are conveniently condemned as insanitary though wide roads and monotonous, meaningless houses may be very insanitary mentally for man does not live by town council improvement alone. We want people on the watch all over the country to try to stop this destruction of our heritage. Let us have the best new building which it is possible to have, but let us keep the old that are worth keeping. It is our domestic architecture that is most seriously threatened with actual destruction—that domestic architecture which has been one of England's richest possessions—and smaller public buildings, such as the old market buildings. In Godalming, recently, the town council wanted to do away with the charming little old covered market-hall, because it rather inconveniently narrows a street (where there is very little traffic), but for the present it has been saved by individual enterprise.

CHURCH RESTORATION

Churches suffer most from what is called restoration. First they are allowed to get out of repair and then they are scraped, smartened, smugged and pointed, releaded, repaired, and re-ceiled, till



VIEW OF WOOL AS EXHIBITED IN THE NEW ADDITION OF PYNE AND CO.'S STORE.