

THE BROADVIEW

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3^D
WEEKLY



LOVE LAB'R



COUNCIL TREASURE



JUSTICE



TRUTH

Flotam and Jetsam.

(By The Benchmarker.)

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

WYES, that's the answer—Marry them to our boys. But—and it's a big but, our boys are beginning to look sideways at the question of getting "topped in," as some vulgar young men term it. What buy new boots, new stockings, new lingerie (tooths like fish-bone blouses for jersey), and new hats, etc., once a month? "Never in your life!" says Gussy of the new dress, "I suppose the boys can keep my own wardrobe up to dick, let alone having a dame on my hands."

CHANGE OF FASHION.

In there any real reason why girls (and some men, too) should put perfectly good clothes on one side and buy others, simply because some leader of fashion decrees it must be so. New fashions mostly originate in Paris, and it's pity ably, don't stop there. "La Belle Paris" shares with New France (leaving Port Said out) the unenviable distinction of being the wickedest city in the world. The demnable practice of clothing child birth undoubtedly originated there, and it is to be hoped that our colonial girls do not imitate them in this respect, as well as their other bad habits.

Now look, girls, this is a real good way to put your little No. 10's down on this silly habit—I mean change of fashion. The present state of the world is very likely far the most becoming and sensible that has been adopted in the past fifty years. Of course, lingerie is not to be adjusting—a pair of pipe shanks does not advertise, or a set of understandings that would fit a full back. Neither should we wear a pair of pants that would bound down, but as very few ever get where age—or sick at it a good while, we can save them out in our scheme of economy.

A LEADER OF FASHION.

I know a Hawke's Bay young lady (not really, of course? who did great work for me. I saw her in Etapes, doing her bit in the "Lower Hut" when I came down the line invalided. Now, if she would only take this matter up and organize a "simplicity Club," she would be carrying on the good work.

At first sight it would appear that a movement of this sort would be a hard knock on the importer, but it would not work out that way. If merchants know exactly what was required, they could buy to advantage and be relieved of the constant dread of a change when they had a large stock on hand.

Now, Napier and Hastings ladies, "at the double—let's go!" is the cry of a first to have the great of New Zealand a lead.

HOLD YOUR HEAD UP!

"Hold your head up! Knock that hump off! Swing that arm!" was the nice polite way the instructors requested you to march properly in the ranks of the 1st. Now, ladies, what most of you want is a thorough course of "setting up" for, and you don't know a huckle—you get along somehow. "Here's my head, the rest is coming" sort of style. A plumb line dropped from the point of your chin would reach the ground about a foot in front of your feet. It seems such a pity to see a perfectly formed girl getting along—her chin stuck out, shoulders

looping forward, hips wobbling, and arms hanging as though they belonged to a rag doll; or head thrown back, a defiant look, arms swinging so that they are dangerous to anyone in front or rear, and a stride of about 32 inches. Now, the arm swing and the length of stride both need modifying for ladies.

It is the proper shoulder and head carriage that need immediate attention, and I should like to see physical culture a part of the "training" of girls.

There is no reason why mixed classes should not be formed—there are plenty of young men growing up bearing the same burden as the rounded appearance of their backs.

INDIRECT TAXATION: CUSTOMS.

This is a favourite method of raising revenue from the poorer classes. It is quite right that everyone should pay their fair share of taxation and the responsibility of adjudging the proportion to be left to the taxpayer lies to a great extent with the Legislature. There is a readjustment, and the Prime Minister has another chance of showing whether his proposals will benefit the man of a kind or fellow. He missed one opportunity when he refused to put on an export duty equivalent to the extra war profit on our staple products, "for production"—"against the law of economics." Real! The Straits Settlements raise the biggest percentage of their revenue out of direct duties, and have the finest roads and railroads south of the line, and were also able to present the Malayan battle-ship in 1907, and to conduct public debt existed up to the time of the war.

However, to get back to our sheep, the Customs. Instead of leaving the work of determining import duties to a select committee of manufacturers to state what articles they are prepared to manufacture in the line of farm implements, household requirements, etc.; a committee of farmers, outside which their requirements can be made locally, and what it would be necessary to import. Let the Customs be open to the press and public, and I feel satisfied that a tariff would be more likely to be framed that would give general satisfaction than the present import system.

After ascertaining the real necessities, it would not be a bad idea to revive the Sumptuary Laws of James I. Stick the duty on to silver watches, jewellery, etc. (except moderate priced watches). Surely our girls can catch a husband without being on their fingers and heels on their toes. Snap on to white collars, cuffs, and shirts. Hit both sexes as hard as possible on luxuries. Motor cars will doubt receive attention in any case. In short, an ideal tariff should aim at making the necessities of life as cheap as possible, and the import of the other sort prohibitive, for as long as fall-labs and gee-gaws are hung up in the shop windows unthinking fools will buy them. It is to be hoped that the proposed boycott. Mr Rich's advice is good, and personally I intend to give it a go. Half a pound of liquorice may prove a good treatment for the chronic. In twenty years ago—got about eighty signatures, when the list disappeared in a bar-room in the "Club" treatment. I suspect. What's wrong with the Hawke's Bay Tobacco Company. Can't make "Darning Havelock?"

Football at the War

ACCORDING TO RAFFERTY'S RULES

SNOWY A. and LOFTY H. were the originators of the game, and it was played first of all on the parade ground in front of our lines in Egypt. Snowy was of the proportions of a football player, and he was dressed in his voice you immediately felt it was spelt with a capital V. It reminded one of the voice of a fireman shouting at his comrades in a street market in London, and which dominated over all others and never failed to draw customers, and it was thus enabled its possessor to amass a fortune.

Rafferty's rules consisted of only one rule, and that was "Keep your temper", and never did I know it broken.

Referees were rare birds; their rule a being sublimely ignored, and when one appeared a sort of self-appointed referee he soon became so fascinated with the game that he put his whistle in his pocket and left it to the fray. Referees were men with football according to Rafferty's Rules.

Lofty was a tall fellow, and yet his pockets were full of fine uniforms, and he used to put them on and go to the match. The war revealed each man's spirit and personality. Lofty was a man of great character, and he possessed the gift of leadership. He used to go on his own way, and yet they would follow him without a word. Nature's gifts are often full of gifts. Nature's gifts are often full of gifts. Nature's gifts are often full of gifts.

When Snowy was his shouting, roaring, cursing after him, and he would be able to follow. Lofty had a gift, and he was a man of great character, and he possessed the gift of leadership. He used to go on his own way, and yet they would follow him without a word.

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He was of a singularly fine type, without side or swank. A few days after he arrived we were back in rest. There were some in full swing and fast and furious, when he came along, and studying it for a minute or two, he turned to me and said: "Say! What game if you call that, anyhow?"

"Football," according to Rafferty's rules.

"He studied it for a while and then said: "D'you think I could get in?" "Sure!" I said. "But in on any side that takes your fancy."

"He watched a bit longer, then he took off his tunic, and with a loud Harvard yell, swung in. The crowd absorbed him joyfully, and at intervals during the next half-hour he would charge for a breather, and then be lost to view again. Every time he stepped out he was a bit more amused and fiercer. One day he came to my bivvy, tenderly caressing a swollen ear, smothered in mud to the eyes, and a bundle of rags."

"Oh, boy!" said he. "Ain't that the dandiest game? I reckon it's got Donny-brow Fair beat a mile, and it's the best liver pill ever made."

Later on he was recalled to his own people, and we were sorry to lose him. As he left he said: "Gee, boys! I'll miss the Rafferty game!"

It is past and done with, and we shall never play it again. Some of the old lot are back trying to get into step with old or new civilian life. At nights when I sit by the fire my thoughts flow away back to those days. I realise how much we have lost, and am glad to get into ones soul. Lofty lies in Trones Wood; his body, not his soul, big, fearless, yet gentle as a child. God was sure to have a job for him, and the same old land had, and I fancy he would do it in the same old way. He and many others died as they lived, facing great odds, taking everything as it came, whatever it was, never thinking about saving their souls, just doing their bit. Snowy came forward, finishing in hospital, and when he became convalescent, turned his talents in a new direction; the Matron gave him a charge of the poultry run. It did not matter, it was just another job for a while, his bit for to-day. That was the spirit in which men fought and won—could not help winning. We shall never again play football according to Rafferty's rules, but it was a rare game while it lasted.

S. H.

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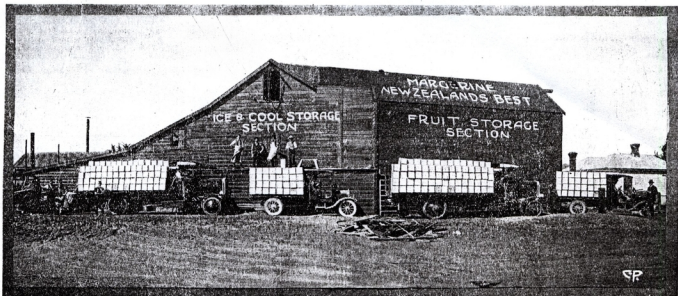
SUMMER SALE

SUMMER SALE

Dodds & Martin

THE MEN'S, Hastings.

FISH! FISH! FISH!



HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COY., MILLER STREET, HASTINGS.

The Hastings Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

IT stands where the old Bacon Factory once flew its flag, and for some time served a useful purpose, especially to those who fed a pig, killed it at home, and desired it well cured: For some reason, like many other really useful institutions, it passed out, and we believe a fire one night put the finishing touch to it.—Peace to its ashes! On the same site has arisen another industry—

A MARGARINE AND ICE FACTORY AND COOL STORAGE.

Which looks very much alive, and looks like making a name for itself, and for Hastings. We have seen a few industries come, and for some inexplicable reason go, in the town's life. This one seems as if it has come to stay, and if we were betting men we should feel inclined to "have a bit on" this horse.

The two men at the head are a good team, one full of energy and business capacity, who does not let grass grow under his feet, and the other man as a refrigerating engineer, who knows the technical side from A to Z, and with a long experience.

From the very best raw material, and under scrupulously clean conditions and rigid supervision, and according to Government regulations, they are manufacturing a big and growing output of Margarine for cooking purposes—

—"PURITY BRAND"

packed in pound packages, and becoming well known from Auckland to the Bluff—perhaps even better than in the town where it is manufactured.

By the way, we were told a story not long since of one of our local industries which had a difficulty in persuading the local tradesmen to stock their output. The name and brand was changed, the goods sold to Auckland, and forthwith it

appeared in the shop windows of the town of Hastings. That story may be apocryphal, or, shall we say exaggerated. Perhaps it has a modicum of truth in it. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" is an old, far-away question, and yet how often is it repeated to-day. Hastings is our home town, and we believe in its possibilities and its future. Perhaps we are prejudiced, but we think it a finer place than Auckland, and that is saying a good deal!

We should like to see such an institution as "Our Home Town Industry Week," with a fair, illustrating everything we grow and manufacture set up in the Assembly Hall. We would run it every year, so as to advertise ourselves. We make a present of the idea to the Chamber of Commerce.

Meanwhile, "to our mittens," as the Frenchman says. This Margarine Factory, Ice Factory, and Cool Storage, right in the very heart of the town, is a live concern, doing a good and increasing business and planning larger extensions.

Because New Zealand has been a butter producing country, the Government never seems to have cared much for the growth of a competitor. The point, however, is—is it a competitor? Our opinion is that it is simply a complement. The Government says it will not allow the manufacture of this commodity for any but cooking purposes. Every other country in the world says you can butter your bread with it if you like. The present price, and probably the future price of butter is going to give it a big chance as a substitute for butter for cooking purposes, and this firm, by the production of a first-rate article, means to get a fair share of the business.

The finished article, as we saw it being packed into cases for dispatch, appealed

to us in its purity and appearance, and we would not mind basing to an Auckland shopkeeper that is a Hastings product.

We saw it in all its stages, from start to finish, raw product from the Whakatu Freezing Works, till it was packed in its white pine boxes. We gained into every process and machine and room. We asked all kinds of questions from the firm and the workers, and we concluded this factory and its output was not going to shame the town of its origin. We reckon that when we have visitors this factory should not be missed as a show place.

THE ICE INDUSTRY

captures your imagination. This industry, and the whole engine plant, is under Mr. G. J. Hall, who has had 29 years' experience with 17 years in cool storage. Ice is manufactured every day into business-like blocks, easily handled, and destined to serve very useful purposes in fish and butchers' shops, for the making of ice cream, for preserving food, and many other things.

The firm intends developing this side of their business, and are perfecting their plans for placing in private homes ice chests at cost price, or on the hire system, or selling outright if desired. The price will be within easy reach of most people, and the saving of milk and food will recoup the cost of the machine in one year's use. The firm will deliver the ice necessary every other day, and the cost of this will not run to more than 3/- per week. Add the loss on milk and butter running to oil, and a householder will soon realise the saving, and have in addition food that will always be fresh. In the hot weather the butcher and grocer has long realised the value and importance of a cool chamber. The desire of the firm is to convince the public of its use and value to them in the home.

Already they have a small chamber in the factory containing a much private food such as fish, fruit, meat, eggs and poultry. This, to those in the know, has proved of great benefit. The charges are very small.

The Cool Storage Chambers are six in number, including one divided into five cubicles for butchers, and fully used in the hot months. There are three large rooms for the cool storage of fruit, with a present capacity for holding about 3000 cases, and plans are now being prepared for accommodation for 20,000 cases. In addition storage is provided for 900 cases of butter. One chamber for fruit has already been filled and emptied, and is again full, and next week will see the second one, with a 3000 capacity, filled, and then the whole of their space will be occupied. That such a building should be within five minutes of the business centre needs only to be mentioned to reveal its usefulness and service. The same advantage applies to its nearness to the Railway Station.

It is hoped to use the by-products in the manufacture of a good household soap, and for poultry foods.

The firm's success is due not only to its high class productions, but to the business-like simplicity of its organization. The men at the head of it know their business, and aim, and make a bee line for it. It is an economic axiom to-day that the countries that will count for most are those where the balance of city and agricultural life is most evenly balanced; the first to consume, the second to produce. The next line of prosperity for the country is that it shall manufacture and export; hence the need for the cities and towns of New Zealand that industries of all kinds shall be fostered. Up to now we have had too many failures. We think the Hastings Manufacturing Company is going to be one of its successes, and the secret will lie a great deal in the men that are running it.



Gun-men

make a note of it—
ELEY
CARTRIDGES

are on sale at this Hardware Store during the shooting season. We have 12 and 16 Gauge, loaded with 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 8 shot. Eley cartridges lead from 77% and C.A. & G. per 100.

Then we also stock

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HASTINGS

LIKE Little Jim's Cottage, the exterior of the Hastings Court House is "old and mean", and though the interior is kept clean enough, that is the only compensation that the old Deputee can boast of. The interior is shabby, the accommodation for the bar altogether inadequate, whilst the convenience for witnesses, many of whom have to hang about all day, at times in very wet weather, is a matter that never seems to have entered into the architect's calculations. The whole show has been out of date for years, and there seems to be little hope that the Department will do anything to relieve a position which has become a cause of complaint. In addition to the crowding and discomforts of the building, the bar and press are being subjected to the annoyance of the hearing of indictable cases and the holding of inquests, to the clang and clatter of an old traction engine which, by a stretch of courtesy, is designated a "typewriter". It is only those who have to submit to the strain of listening intently, for hours, in an endeavour to disentangle the confused utterance of a witness from the rattle of this loose-jointed machine, who can appreciate the nerve racking exercise. How the bench and bar stand it is difficult to say, but it may be taken for granted that the Napier Court would not be satisfied with a typewriter which is nothing better than refuse from the scrap heap.

The inquest on Mrs. Marian Baird, the unfortunate old woman, who had treated the allotted span of three score and ten, and who was found dead on a section in Avenue road last Friday night, revealed very sordid and shocking details, which one reads about from time to time with a shudder, but which only comes really home to us when the tragedy is enacted in our own doors. This poor creature shrieked loudly for help in the midnight hour, amidst a populous neighbourhood, whilst one of the gravest offences was being committed, but her cries, though heard by several, brought her no assistance. The post mortem examination, conducted by Dr. Nairn, disclosed that the old woman was suffering from valvular disease of the heart, as well as from a distended stomach, and that such excitement and struggling as she was subjected to, as revealed in the evidence, acting on the conditions of her heart and stomach, were sufficient to cause death. The man concerned, the young man about 32, in his signed statement to the police, admitted that he had gravely offended against her person, and that she resisted his advances by means of drinking, and his passions had got the better of him. The unfortunate woman, he said, had also taken drink, but she would not drink, nor was he. The coroner (Mr. R. W. Dyer) returned the following formal verdict:—"That the said Marian Douglas Baird died from the effects of great excitement, acting on a diseased heart and a dilated stomach, and that the great excitement was caused by the fact that she had been raped by George Dunn."

At the conclusion of the inquest Mr. Dyer sat in his capacity as Magistrate, and the man concerned, George Dunn, aged 32, was charged with causing the death of Marian Douglas Baird, thereby

causing manslaughter. Detective-Serg. Butler applied for a remand for a week, which was granted, and he strongly opposed bail, which was accordingly refused.

Defalcations amounting to over £300 have been discovered in connection with the rates department, being reported to the Borough Council, with the result that, last Saturday afternoon, James Patrick Flinn, rates clerk, was arrested in Hastings by Detective-Serg. Butler, in connection with the defalcations. Flinn appeared before Mr. G. Land, J.P., charged with, on March 11th, 1921, while being a servant of the Borough Council, stealing £34/12/4, the property of the Council. Detective-Serg. Butler said that there were charges pending against accused, and he asked that Flinn be remanded to next Saturday. The application was granted and bail was allowed, accused in £100 and two sureties of £200 each. Bail was forthcoming. Flinn has been dismissed the service of the Borough Council.

There is a self-preservative instinct at the base of our mental constitutions, which, when exercised in its proper proportion, the prompting of this monitor is an excellent factor in our being. There are, however, cases where this instinct is legitimate, and then it becomes an absolute vice. Perhaps there is no better illustration of this view than the services, which that great number of people have of hearing up medicines purchased from chemists for passing ailments. A bottle of some nostrum is bought, and after being used once or twice, is put away in the family chest for some occult reason, because even the person immediately concerned would not, if he had any sense, think of using the stale contents after the lapse of months, not to say years. Yet we see that people put away poisonous drugs, which, for all we know, are better destroyed. It is only a few days ago that an infant in Hastings nearly lost its life owing to a wrong mixture being administered to him from a bottle which had been taken in mistake, from an array of old medicine vials.

At the annual meeting of the Hastings Returned Soldiers' Association, held last Friday evening, Messrs. B. J. Jacobs and R. J. Aldrich, of Plumpton, North and Wellington respectively, did not hesitate to express their opinions—their unwelcome opinions—of the laxity of the Hastings members, who turned in such small numbers to the meeting, and there is no doubt the position is disappointing from the point of view of the interests of the men and their dependents. When the Association was founded its object was to organise the men, with a view to their acting in concert for the protection of themselves and those dependent on them, and it looked, indeed, as if the R.S.A. was going to become an organisation all powerful for the welfare of its members. There need be no fear that the R.S.A. will ever develop into a political organisation. It

is composed of too many conflicting political elements ever to do that, but, even without political status, the movement, understood behind it, determined and united, the association would have a backing that would be irresistible. The R.S.A. will have to work to do so, and it is the duty of every soldier who has seen service to stick loyally to his brethren by seeing that the Association does not fail in its job for lack of cooperation. It has a right to demand from every returned man in New Zealand.

It would seem that the vandals among the public are bent on discouraging the authorities in their work of beautifying Hastings. The Borough Council have now found it necessary to offer a reward for the conviction of those destroying ornamental trees in Fitzroy Road, and at the same time for lack of responsibility made that the gate at the main entrance to Cornwall Park had been broken. It must not be admitted that the posterior gate is not by any means a thing of beauty, but when the ornate gates, so long promised, are erected, it is to be feared that the vandals will be more numerous. It is no better than those they have just smashed.

MY VIEW OF THINGS

(By Digger.)

NOTHING to do, and plenty of time to do it, is the motto of the day. "Bring me a cup of corn, Mary," calls out the languid beauty of the house, resting her leg or twelve most dignified things (that's good for a hulo) between the sheets at ten o'clock in the morning. "Light a fire in the smoking room, Jim," says the same beauty, and she knows he will go over to the club and have a look at that dog, or mix one himself. The above may be a bit far-fetched, but we are fair to our country, and we know people who have suddenly become independent of work through the war. Some made money through big profits in the war, and some through the sale of other sold out their properties at a high figure, receiving either cash or sufficient cash to give a big margin, and a mortgage the interest on which enabled them to keep themselves and their families in a state of idleness.

JOY RIDES TO EUROPE.

No doubt travel is a good thing to broaden our view of life, and should be encouraged, especially for young people, but the question has to be considered: Is it worth the cost? There are, at the present crisis, for a man who has got his money easily to take the large sum necessary to pay expenses out of it? Would it be better to invest the money in the community if he looked round for a property that wanted stumping, draining, and ploughing, just to get a return, even if an immediate return could be shown, or to back up some other man, who is short of capital, to improve his holding.

It is a capital, to improve his holding. A lady writer in your Women's Column wound up her denunciation of the bread and flour position by saying that it would be a good thing to have a "War Bread" we had on the Western front be procured and one of the bakers, or a few more, to be put to work by promise of steady custom. I found her insisting and by no means unpalatable. The trouble was, we never got good enough, and there was not enough, and those who five had got a few days of prisoners were taken—well, there was room for more in "Little Mary,"



Jews Returning to Palestine

FROM ALL PARTS.

FROM all parts of the world the Jews are returning to Palestine, and particularly from Eastern Europe. A considerable proportion of the increase in immigration is admittedly to be accounted for by the fact that large number of Jews who were obliged to leave Palestine during the war are now returning to their homes. After making allowance, however, for this numerous section, it is obvious that the Zionist movement, which received a check during the war, is now resuming its former activity.

"Our object is to rebuild Palestine, which has been neglected for two thousand years," said Mr. H. J. Morgenstern, secretary of the English Zionist Federation. "It is interesting to note that young Jewish men and women, who have received a high-class education over here, are returning to Palestine to do such manual work as road-making. They want to build up the home of their forefathers—such is Jewish idealism."

The modern Jewish immigration to Palestine, Mr. Morgenstern stated, began over thirty years ago, and had been steadily increasing till the war broke out. Its pioneers have established a considerable number of agricultural settlements, most of which are quite flourishing.

"In fact," he added, "the Jewish settlers have proved two things. First, they have shown that Palestine is capable of yielding good results, and secondly, that the Jews can be good agriculturists. It is generally assumed that the Jewish people are only traders and shopkeepers, but they have achieved remarkable results as agricultural workers in Palestine."

A Story of Will Crooks.

MR. WILL CROOKS never intervened in the House with such dramatic effect as when, on that afternoon of September, 1914, Mr. Whitley had read out the King's Speech and members were rising to go. "Mr. Deputy-Speaker," Mr. Crooks said, "would it be in order to sing 'God Save the King?'" And then followed a scene I quote from the account in a morning paper) historic the annals of Parliament, and the closing passages of which some of us cannot read to-day without a sickening of the heart—

Mr. Crooks took heart of grace. Without waiting for leave he started the song himself. Nervous and quavering, the first familiar notes came forth. For one horrid moment it seemed as if the singer might collapse as a deplorable fiasco. But then some stronger voice chimed in heroically, and with a fraction of a second the situation was saved. In a twinkling the members were on their feet, and the grand old anthem rolled up to the roof, and the strangers in the public gallery caught up the refrain.

It was a brave sight to see the Labour members there singing and cheering, the first familiar notes came forth. For one horrid moment it seemed as if the singer might collapse as a deplorable fiasco. But then some stronger voice chimed in heroically, and with a fraction of a second the situation was saved. In a twinkling the members were on their feet, and the grand old anthem rolled up to the roof, and the strangers in the public gallery caught up the refrain.

Nor was that all. When the cheers were over, Mr. Crooks, as a last word at parting, rolled out "God Save Great Britain." And just as England, too," cried a Nationalist member in response, as he came down the gangway steps. It was Mr. Redmond.

—The Observer.

Yearly Sunshine Record—2,500 Hours.

BOTANICAL GARDENS.

THE autumn tints are very lovely just now, and make the gardens well worth a visit at this season. Owing to the age of many of the trees and shrubs, this old garden gives splendid opportunity to the student of Nature to study some of the finest varieties in various stages of growth. One of the greatest and most frequent mistakes made in laying out a garden is that of planting forest trees in quarter acre sections. A man who really loves his garden will study the nature and growth of each plant before purchasing.

The one great drawback to our Botanical Gardens is the approach from the tram terminus—the natural means of transit for most of the people. Carlyle Street, bounded on one side by the old cricket reserve, now made hideous by Council works, is bad enough, but Chancer Road, with its ill-formed road and rubbish-strewn vacant sections, is something to be reckoned with. It would be possible for the Council to make great improvements here, and to insist upon the owners of sections keeping their property in decent order.

Our gardens are a credit and a delight to the city, but what must be considered as the main approach is a disgrace to all concerned. How long is the one rail gaging to serve as a substitute for the gates that have recently rotted off their hinges?

PIRATES v. HASTINGS.

A most interesting game was played at McLean Park on Saturday last. During the first spell Hastings rightly had the best of the game, their combination, especially in the forwards, being excellent, but nearing the finish of the game their staying power gave out, and Pirates had an easy win. Hastings, take the tip—Pirates are training in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium. Go there and see likewise.

WOMEN'S REST ROOM.

There is little doubt that we are far behind the times in not having supplied this very necessary accommodation years ago.

Mr. R. C. Wright has made a very good suggestion, namely, that one of the front rooms of the Municipal Theatre be used. This would be an ideal position, and the rooms are already fitted with every convenience required. Our theatre has been a white elephant long enough. This would, perhaps, be the beginning of a more useful era.

THE MUNICIPAL ROLL.

The condition of the municipal roll is nothing short of scandalous. Thousands of residents entitled to vote have been excluded from this privilege because their names do not appear on this apology for a roll. Knowledge of the people's indifference on this matter should only serve to stir the authorities to determine the busy man and woman has

not the necessary time to study municipal statistics, and it is high time that the Council officials ceased to thrust the responsibility of a correct roll upon the public. We feel sure that ratepayers would have no objection to this work being thoroughly carried out by the Council. There is only one certain method, and that is to put a staff of men on and canvass every house in the Borough. This matter must not be left in its present condition.

HOSPITAL MATTERS.

We have reason to believe that the Hospital store is now being run on excellent lines, and that Mr. E. N. Smith has proved himself a great acquisition to the staff.

Mrs. Wilson, who has been on the staff for nearly twenty years as laundress, has been compelled to resign her position owing to ill-health.

The nursing profession is evidently becoming more popular, as the Hospital Board have a very large number of prospective probationers to select from.

COAL GAS.

The local supply of gas has been very poor of late, and the manager accounts for this by the shortage of suitable coal. Rumour reaches us that the company do not like the price of Newcastle coal, and therefore hang back for the limited supply of the New Zealand product. This throws all the high-priced coal upon the merchant, what, of course, hands on the coal and the high price to the poor consumer.

High freights have made Australian coal prohibitive. This is the usual case, evidently the case in European ports, if cable reports are true.

SALE FOR REMOVAL.

The Fire Board intend disposing of the old Theatre Royal by selling for removal. We hope the inspector will protect the district into which it is removed by rejecting any portions infected by the borer. It is a scandalous thing that old buildings riddled with the borer should be re-erected in the suburbs, amongst new residences. This is the usual condition of affairs throughout New Zealand, but any practical person will admit the danger.

CLIVE MEMORIAL.

Clive is a very live little town, and gives us a lead on many occasions. This is especially noticeable in the matter of a Soldiers' Memorial. The position selected for the monument is ideal, and will attract the attention, not only of their own town-folk, but also of the numerous motorists passing through. The figure of a "Digger" with reversed arms has been cleverly sculptured from Auckland granite and is a great credit to the artist. We congratulate Clive on her energy and sentiment.

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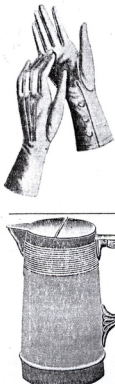
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NATURE NOTES

By J. Drummond, F.L.S., F.Z.S.

Tutu Poison Berries

AN article on "Tutu" published in *The Broadview* last week has brought some interesting information as to the effect of this plant's poison. When the Waimea Plains, near Hawera, were cut up in 1878, Mr. P. E. Cheal was in charge of five survey parties and about one hundred men. Two bullfrogs were used for carting firewood to the camps in the winter. At all the bullfrogs seemed to be all right, feeding in fern country full of tutu shrubs. Suddenly several of them died from tutu poisoning. Others, taken in time, were saved.

Mr. Cheal believed that the bullfrogs that were saved took only old leaves of the plant, and so escaped poisoning.

"A fire had gone through the fern in the spring," he writes, "and when the tutu was scorched young shoots, bright green in colour, and from a foot to eighteen inches long, and about an inch in diameter, sprang up about the holes like huge pieces of asparagus. These young shoots, full of sap, were death to bullfrogs, which seemed to favour that succulent looking food. When we found that they had been 'tutued,' we caused them to bleed and, by using our stock-whips, kept them staggering about on their legs. To drop down meant death to them. The symptom was a gradual thickening of the blood, which became black, and in time ceased to circulate. By causing bleeding and keeping them going, even if it was only in a circle, we saved their lives, as the blood thinned again and the effects wore off."

Mr. Cheal adds that sometimes squeezed tutu leaves through a piece of scrim or material with a fine mesh. The juice was separated from the seeds, and was bottled until tutu jelly was made. It was mauve in colour, and somewhat sweet in taste. It had no bad effect on either children or adults. The process supports the statement that the poison is in the seeds, not in the juice, but evidently it is in the leaves also.

It is somewhat strange that cattle usually are believed to be in danger from tutu, while there is little anxiety in respect to horses. Experienced stockmen state that they have known horses to eat tutu freely without suffering injury, and that horses have refused young shoots, but have eaten the leaves. Dr. W. Dawson, expressed the opinion that if horses eat tutu and escape poisoning it is because they do not eat a sufficient quantity of the plant or the berries are not so plentiful. About twenty years ago an elephant was driven along country roads near Christchurch. When it reached a halting-place, where there was abundant vegetation, it was allowed to feed. During the previous season the grass had been burnt off. It had shot up again, and amongst it there was a large crop of young tutu. The elephant fed for several hours, and then drank freely from a stream. Soon afterwards it began to reel, and then fell to the ground, and died in three hours.

One of New Zealand's three species of tutu is found in America. It is *Coriaria thymifolia*, known in New Zealand as the ground tutu, in distinction from the tree tutu, *Coriaria ruscifolia*, which is not found in any other country. A European species of the same plant has poisonous properties. Its leaves have been used to adulterate senna, with fatal effects, and many people have died from eating its berries. Fifty years ago, it was reported that several persons had died from eating snails fattened on the leaves and young shoots of the European plant. The symptoms resemble those of tutu poisoning. It is stated that the berries of species that grows on the Himalayas are eaten with impunity. The commonest species in New Zealand is *Coriaria ruscifolia*, the tree tutu, to which Mr. Cheal refers. It may be found from sea level to an altitude of 2500 feet, or more. It is a native, also, of the Catham Islands and the Kermadecs. The true principle, which has been found in all New Zealand's species of tutu, was named "tutu." It is a colourless, odourless, very bitter compound. Young shoots have greater quantities of it than are found in either the leaves or the berries.

The most earnest investigator of tutu poisoning in New Zealand. About thirty years ago, he experimented on lower animals with a green oil which was extracted from the seeds, and was believed to be the active principle in the poison. The chief interest in his work lies in experiments he made upon himself. He took altogether nine grains of an extract of Tutu, dissolved in water in the spring. The first dose, 4½ grains, was taken at 2.30 p.m. on a Friday afternoon, and a second dose, of the same quantity, at 4 p.m. After an hour or more he felt sick and faint, and began to vomit. The vomiting occurred at frequent intervals, and continued for twenty-four hours. At 8 p.m. he felt slight twinges of the legs and arms. At 10.40 p.m. the medical student who was acting as clerk of the case noted that all the muscles seemed to get tight, and the subject fainted at the mouth.

At 10.50 p.m. the pulse rate was 102, and the breathing was heavy. At 11.10, while the pulse still was 102, the breathing was more difficult, together with perspiration. At 11.24, the clerk noted that the subject spoke collectedly, but was drowsy. The vomiting continued until 8 a.m. on the Saturday. On the Sunday Dr. Christie felt sick and dull, and was shaky, but managed to attend to his duties. He found that his sensation was dull, and there was a tingling below par, for seven or eight days. He was in good tone for a month. Then, for the first time, he felt pins and needles" in his fingers and toes, and the floor of his bedroom felt woolly when he arose in the morning. He could feel accurately the position of his fingers, but experienced a heavy, stiff sensation when he used them. That symptom continued for a month. All effects of the poison then disappeared.

The Oldest Foundry
in England

BIG BEN AND GREAT PETER.

THE Whitechapel Bell Foundry, the oldest in the country, has just celebrated its three hundred and fifty anniversary. It has been making church bells ever since the days of Elizabeth, one of the earliest castings being the fifth bell at Westminster Abbey, which has been in use since the sixteenth century, and was never repaired until last year, when it was given new fittings and was re-hung. Little bells, properly made, last for centuries. There is one bell at the Abbey now which was cast about the year 1310 and is still perfectly sound, although temporarily out of use before their restoration last year there were only six bells at the Abbey. To complete the octave two more were added. Being hard to come by, one of the last in place in the peal of eight, the three bell was taken down and placed in the nave, the intention being to use it later on as a service bell.

The biggest bell that has been made at Whitechapel is Big Ben. It weighs thirteen tons and a half, and has a diameter of nine feet six inches. It was first cast in 1858, but owing, it is believed, to tests being afterwards made with too heavy a clock hammer, it is now cracked. A smaller bell, cast expressly for use at St. Paul's Cathedral, was made at Whitechapel two hundred and eleven years ago. Its weight is five tons eight hundred and fifty.

BIGGEST IN THE COUNTRY.

Of the Whitechapel church bells the largest in this country is Great Peter at York Minster, weighing ten tons and a quarter. The largest bell in the world was cast by the firm for Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal, weighs eleven tons and a half, and is the largest bell that has ever been shipped out of England.

Bow Bells, the most famous peal of twelve in the world, were all cast at Whitechapel. The heaviest bell in the world weighs fifty tons, and is cast, but though it is the largest bell that sounds the deepest note, it is not so much of a weight that makes a peal famous as an association of quality.

A FEAT IN BELL-RINGING.

Perhaps the finest performance ever recorded in heavy bell ringing was that at St. Mary-le-Bow some little time ago, when eight members of the Ancient Society of College Youths rang a peal of London. Starting at eleven in the forenoon, one man ringing the 5½ cwt. tenor and conducting the peal.

Copper and tin are the metals used in bell making, though church bells never rust and rarely wear out, there has been enough work in the last three or four centuries at Whitechapel to keep four hundred men employed in the foundry all the year round. Some hundreds of complete peals have been made, and perhaps three or four hundred thousand single bells. There is always, too, a good deal of re-hanging work and re-casting.

After a bell is made it has to be cleaned and polished. The tuning was done by a double-headed chip hammer, but now a special machine is used for the purpose, and to-day bells are made of a different metal. The new Tone, too, is more carefully controlled. One notable bell made at Whitechapel, the recent tenor at St. Saviour's Cathedral, Sydney, Australia, weighs more than two tons and a half, was cast exactly to the note required, and no tuning was necessary.

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THE FREE LIBRARY.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Your book reviews are both interesting and helpful. I never fail to read them, but I am not flush with money, and have to depend largely upon the Free Library for the chance of getting some of the books I desire, and they are frequently not there. I wonder how long it will be before this fine institution will have on its committee men and women of various talents, and a building, thanks to the generosity of the late Mr. Carnegie, would grace any town or city, but it sorely lacks a Library spirit. It is a house without a soul. There is no atmosphere in it. In these days we hear a good deal about "aura." I wonder if any of those people who affirm they are gifted with the power of seeing "a soul" ever tried their hands on the Free Library? May I suggest the experiment. From enquiries made I find that this institution is under the control of the Borough Council, and this latter appoints a committee from its members to govern it. The members already chosen have been good and worthy men, whom we all esteem, but no one would ever charge them with having a knowledge of books, hence the shelves are filled anyhow, with anything, and usually the superficial and flimsy. Has it occurred to the Free Library Council that there are men and women in the town who, while they have no fitness as Councillors, would be pre-eminent as competent members of this committee, and would render the community a valuable service, and be glad to do it? Whatever the Councillors know about streets and sanitary matters, it is entirely their own absolutely nothing about books. This fine institution is being wasted to-day, because it is being so badly handled. Let the right changes be made in this committee and it can be made to quadruple its usefulness as an intellectual centre. It is surely the right meeting place for the Workers' Educational Union lectures, and other lectures of the same class. Then, again, the Librarian should be a Librarian, and not a clerkwoman. What I mean by that is that no one holding the position of librarian should be required to sweep the steps and wash floors. It is time this side of our municipal life was overhauled.—Am., etc.

LOVE OF BOOKS.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH HASTINGS?

To the Editor.

Sir,—The love of books has had some shocks lately, shocks that should do something towards waking up its citizens to a sense of their duties and responsibilities. The latest incident I must not comment on, because it is sub judice. But it is a fair thing to say that what has happened only seems to show that there is a good deal of ignorance and care where. I do not desire to put one word of bitterness into my letter to you, and merely to find fault is the cheapest of all criticism. The late Mr. Robert Blount to either the Mayor, Mr. Eugene Elbitt, or the Council. They have done their work honestly according to their lights, but, all the same, something as feel that there are a lot of serious things to be tightened. In the conduct of our affairs there seems to be a spirit of indifference and drift. The Borough Council is the responsible authority, and so one else. It is no use girding at officials; that kind of think savours of baiting men who, from their official position, cannot but be bound to do their duty. Very fine candidates, men who can be treated

who are fearless and capable, and I suggest, through your columns, that if men of the type of Messrs. White, Duff, Clarkson, Hamilton, Fowler, French, and Sutcliffe had been elected, they would have been on them to ask for a searching inquiry as to the way in which every department is carrying out its duties. Are the various departments being run seriously, and are these heads showing a capacity for their jobs? It seems to me that the time has arrived when we should see less of the Borough Council Government, that is committees with chairmen who will have responsibility and power. Up to now, if I have had a complaint to make, I am told to see the Mayor, my object. I want to see a man who has charge of that particular department, and see if a remedy cannot be found. If a by-law seems to be stupid or wrong, I am told to see the Mayor and he will help me to get round it. I don't want to get round it. I may want it rescinded, but not to be got round by law. I am told then there is "something rotten in the State of Denmark." We want stiffening. We are all under an obligation to the Government to give time to town government, but we do ask that they will govern while they are in power, and the men who hold the reins must be held by men of no mean respect. Those who merely want votes and office are no use to any town. The men who will speak, vote, and control regardless of popularity, and whose office will confer the greatest benefits.—I am, etc.

ANTI WASTE.

HIGH CHARGES—ARE THEY JUSTIFIED

To the Editor.

Sir,—The most interesting item for discussion at the present time is the cost of living, also the high prices of all kinds of goods, which tend to ease the living wage. Now that things are reaching their normal stage, the public naturally expect that the present high charges in certain lines would be adjusted to suit the times. Take the case of the hairdressers. The tonorial artists rose their charges fifty per cent. Has there been justification for so much? I say, decidedly, no. I must review the position. Every hairdresser in Hastings employs not less than one hand. Admitting that their wages have increased to a week, from 9/6 the old award, an increase of ten shillings per week. Putting the turnover of the hair-dressing salon as averaging £20 per week, the fifty per cent. increase in charges would bring the weekly returns to £30, so that the public are paying £10 a week more to satisfy a ten shillings rise in the assistant's wages. The average turnover that I have quoted may be a long way out. The principle still remains the same, ten shillings rise in wages justifies a fifty per cent. rise in hair shaving. These are matters that require to be adjusted. The only remedy is to run Bolsheviki, and let your hair grow, as the assistant's wages for 2/3 is a decided luxury.—I am, etc.

HICKAPENNY.

WANTED, A TOWN MANAGER.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I believe the many readers of *The Broadview* will be to endorse everything contained in your article in last week's issue, "A Town Manager, or What?" If ever any borough in this Dominion needs to be re-organized, Hastings is that town. The unfortunate event of

last week is only one of many instances which show the absence of a want of system controlling business affairs in Hastings. There is only one cure for the state of chaos that Borough matters are at present in. The Borough is being run by competent Town Manager, given free hand to put municipal affairs on business footing.—I am, etc.

RATEPAYER.

PRICE OF ELECTRIC CURRENT IN HASTINGS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—According to the statement at the Borough Council, the cost of producing current at the power house is 2.7d. an unit. It is a pity that the Council, if anyone has made a mistake. The discrepancy is so great that an explanation must be forthcoming. If both figures are correct, then the price of electricity is too high, and a case should be stated to the Prices Investigation Board as one for inquiry. It is to be hoped that the new Council will ask for some explanation.—I am, etc.

CONSUMER.

TREE PLANTING

This is a duty that we owe posterity. We are just waking up to the fact that we have squandered the God-given greatest gifts. Where, now, is the magnificent forest that once extended from Woodville through to the Watercraze. A portion has gone into houses, telegraph poles, and fence posts, and the balance into ash. Only old-timers can remember the "Sundial" wood. How much better and wiser it would have been if we had only taken those trees that were fit for cutting and left the younger one to grow. It is a pity that the plough could have been cleared at a stump, leaving the hills as reserves.

Let us outline a plan which will allow employment to a number, and also provide some investment money to form a company to acquire an area of land facing the lagoon that extends at the back of the Inner Harbour. A suitable piece of plantation would be the badge of the 9th Hawke's Bay Regiment, i.e., a stag's head. Each town could undertake the planting of a section. Napier, Hastings, and Wairoa would be the nearest, should undertake the main portion, the outlying towns being allotted smaller sections. It would be a war memorial, and at the same time a useful and purpose. Not only each town and district could do its share, but each family who suffered losses could plant trees in memory of any loved one.

A Territorial and Boy Scout camp could be established on the property, and part of the most useful portion of the land could be used for the trenching spade—obtained by digging holes for trees, terracing, road-making, etc.

Edelson has taken up tree-planting as a commercial undertaking, and Hawke's Bay should not be left behind. There is no reason why the Hawke's Bay Patriotic Society should not take a portion of their funds in the scheme. It would provide employment for a number of returned men, many of whom took an interest in tree propagation work, and at the Ruakura. The instruction and at the tree-planting camp at Waipatu, thinking that the knowledge gained would be useful in earning a living—a vain thought, as it turns out. The returned men think more of slashing down native timber and burning it than of planting trees that he cannot see his children enjoy. The same may be said of Geo. Beamish and Mason Chambers—are thinking of their children and their descendants, otherwise it is a case of "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

The Brothers' Tragedy

BY MAURICE HEWLETT.

THIS is a tale which I heard when I first settled in Wiltshire. That was something about the eighteenth century ago, and it may be two years older—not more. It is so typical of the Western people, and, mind you, are, even as near originals as may be, that it may stand instead of a long chapter of exposition. There is a ballad in it for the whole knock; Mr. Maschfer, perhaps, if he would not overlay it with ornament. Its outstanding merit is its bare simplicity. Two brothers, also, if not twins, were near each other, with their widowed mother and sister Annie in an outlying cottage some half-mile away from a village, a village perched twelve miles from London, staring in a narrow valley folded into the downs. Call the brothers Steven and Robert, and know Robert as Bob. Bob was a steady, hard fellow, who worked hard and kept the household going. He was a shunter in the goods yard at Sarum, on night duty as often as not. I never saw him, but if he was as true to type in appearance as he is in nature he was short, sturdy, square-faced, long-headed, with ruminating grey eyes and a pair of steady, long, straight brows. He was a bad case. In a village with a drink tradition (very rare here, but yet to be found scattered about), he drank, and did well. He lost most betting, and tried to find more by poaching. Frequently he failed to find it, or to find enough, and then he learned that his old mother was afraid to meet her son, so intimidated that she was. Bob's money was handed out flour by flour; and Bob must be deceived with tales of unexpected charges; and Annie must be harassed and harassed. Whether Bob was, in fact, deceived you are to learn; at any rate, he said nothing, had no speech with his brother, and got more terrified and more constipated. The two men seldom met, for Steven was out all day and home late to bed, while Bob either left before he returned or long before he was up, as his vory might call him. It was, perhaps, as well. Bob was very quiet, a still water, but stubborn, like all his race, and strong for his rights once he knew they were in danger. Steven, in his cups and out of them, freely expressed his scorn of the "mug," as he called him; yet it did not appear that the two had ever conflicted publicly.

Things went on badly, and worsened. Steven's levies became more frequent, his menaces more positive; the two women were terrorised. They dared say nothing to Bob—and Bob said nothing to them. Then, one night, the blow fell.

Steven came to the house at about eight o'clock in the evening. He had been drinking, and was in a cold rage, they said. He asked for money, all they had. At the second demand, in a week, and there was nothing to meet it. "So they told him, trembling. He said: 'You'll give it for me at midnight, or you'll see it. I shall come here for it at midnight.' They lied to him in their fear. 'You'll find Bob here, if you do come.' He scorned them. 'Tis a lie. I know where Bob is. Mind your business. Have the money here, or I'll come and get it.' 'You cannot fetch what I have not got.' But he swore. 'I know what you've got; maybe you don't know what you'll get. Have it ready, or I'll do for the two of you.' Then he went out.

That was at eight o'clock. The two women ate their cold supper without comment, without any speech at all, it was said. At ten o'clock they went upstairs. They slept in the same bed. Annie was the quicker undresser and was about to get into bed when her mother turned to her. "You must wash your feet, Annie; you must wash your feet."

Bob had gone to Salisbury early in the morning, and had given himself up to the police. He was cautioned, but chose to make a statement, which was taken down. He had been aware of everything from the beginning, which was some years back. It had to be stopped, he said. He had watched, waited, said nothing; he had been sure that he was likely to go; made up his mind what must be done, and when the time came he had done it. It was afterwards proved that Steven had bragged in his cups of what he was going to do that night, both before his eight o'clock visit and after it. Bob had intelligence of that, and had kept quiet. He was, of course, committed to the Assizes, and in due course tried at Salisbury, for murder. He held to his story, hid nothing. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

Very much of the Wiltshire peasant is in that tale—his vast patience, his counsel-keeping, his watchfulness, his good shooting. Lastly, his incurable fatalism. Those two women abed, to me, are figures of Aeschylean proportions. The man who told me the tale had been at the trial.

X-RAY APPARATUS.

It is to be hoped that the specialists at the Hospital will go very thoroughly into the matter of new purchases in this direction. The X-ray is the man-saver of the future, even more than it has been in the past. We in Napier want nothing but the best in this direction.

ENGLAND IN 1821.

On Wednesday morning five culprits were executed in the Old Bailey, pursuant to their sentence, viz.: Joseph Martin, a Jew, for highway robbery in Bishopsgate Street; John Davies, aged sixteen, for a highway robbery in Charles Street, Covent Garden; James Reeves, aged seventeen, and Joseph Johnson, for a like offence in the Strand; and Henry Tobin, for extorting money under threats to charge a man with a heinous offence.

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(A C.T.'s comment on our rooms this week.)

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QUEERIOUS.
Stout Gentleman: "Look here, Constable, I paid this messenger boy to stand in the queue—and now they won't let me take my place."

"SWIFT" BICYCLES
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Sports and Pastimes

(By "Sport.")

Communications for this column will be gladly welcomed.

FOOTBALL

Contest-attractions kept many people
away from Nelson Park on Saturday
afternoon, but the lure of the sport still
held good for a very excellent crowd.
Those who attended set their money's
worth, for the match between Te Aute
and Havelock-Waimarama was almost as
good and certainly as exciting as the
opening match, Celtic v. Te Aute, on the
previous Saturday.

The game was not as fast as on the
previous Saturday, and this seemed to be
one of the reasons why Te Aute did not
show to advantage. In the first spell
they were well beaten, and the wearers
of the blue and black really earned their
score of 6 points. With the score against
them, it was expected that Te Aute
would rally in the second spell, and they
did. At the finish they were going much
better than at the start, and had the
game lasted another five minutes they
would probably have proved the winners.
The passing rushes which were set go-
ing by the Te Aute backs were a real
treat to watch, and the two tries which
they scored were the result of some
very pleasing work. Selfishness seems
to be a fault which the Te Aute players
do not lose until the game is well on
its way towards the end, and had they
thrown the ball more often in the first
spell the result may have been other
than a draw.

Havelock-Waimarama in the first spell
played a very fine game, and even though
Te Aute were unsteady in not beating
them, the fight they put up stamps them
as being a solid combination, which will
take some stopping as the season
progresses.

There were no "beg-your-pardons"
in the game, and the referee had to send
a player from each side off for rough
play.

It seems a pity that there should be
any reason for rough play. In fact, there
is no necessity for it at all, and players
should bear in mind that indulgence in
this sort of thing does their team harm
as well as themselves.

TOO MUCH TALK.

Another matter which should not be
overlooked by the referee is that of so
much talking by players during the game.
Talking was very much in evidence in
the above match, and also a lot of ap-
pealing by the players. The rule is one
reference to one match, and the awarding
of free kicks to the opposing sides in the
case of these appeals will soon put a
stop to the practice.

TAKING THE FIELD.

Still another matter which is worth
looking to by the captains of the various
teams is the manner in which the players
convene on to the field. Some of the terms
concerned in single file and march decently
in any old way at all. This matter is
worthy of the attention of the Rugby
Union, who should certainly make
some move in this direction.

PIRATES' LUCKY WIN.

The bad luck which dogged the foot-
steps of the Hastings senior team last
year has evidently not left them, for it

was very much in evidence in their
match with Pirates, at Napier on Satur-
day. This, however, was not the sole
reason for their defeat, for lack of con-
dition was a big factor, just as it was
on the previous week against Havelock-
Waimarama. Proof of the fact that con-
dition told is found in the play of the
first spell and at the beginning of the
second. Hastings had the advantage in
the first spell, their forward play being
very prominent. This enabled them to
lead at the end of the spell by three
points. The second spell at the start
provided a stirring contest, and Hastings
more than held their own, but when the
end was near Pirates had matters their
own way. The next round, however, may
tell a different tale, for with more train-
ing and better condition the Hastings
pack are capable of beating the best in
the district.

NEXT SATURDAY'S MATCHES.

Next Saturday's matches are as fol-
lows:
Senior.—H.S.O.B. v. M.B.O.B., Kau-
taki v. M.A.C., Celtic v. Havelock-Wai-
marama, Te Aute v. Hastings, Pirates a
bye.

Junior.—H.S.O.B. v. High School, Cel-
tic v. Hastings, M.B.O.B. v. Technical Old
Boys, Havelock-Waimarama v. Te Hauke,
Pirates a bye.

Third Grade.—H.S.O.B. v. Pirates A,
Te Aute v. M.A.C., Celtic v. M.B.O.B.,
Hastings v. Technical Old Boys, High
School v. Pirates B.

Fourth Grade.—Pirates v. Hastings B,
Technical College v. Hastings A, High
School v. Havelock-Waimarama, M.B.O.B.
a bye.

Fifth Grade.—Pirates v. M.B.O.B.,
Technical College A v. Technical College
C, High School v. Technical College B.

BOXING

"Success" was the keynote of the
Hawke's Bay Boxing Association's Tourney
in Hastings last week, and the
greatest part of this success was due to
the great fight put up between our local
fighters, Frank Hamish, and Alex. Mus-
singham, Pat Hamish, and Alex. Mus-
singham. For ten rounds these two led
aged away at each other, and the result
was that they gave us the best profes-
sional contest yet put on in Hastings. It
is an open question as to who won, and
the decision of the referee, Mr. W. E.
Grant, in making it a draw just about
sums up the whole position. There was,
nothing between them, and if a return
match is ever put on in Hastings it will
draw a great crowd. Remour has it that
the Wellington Association is endeavour-
ing to match the pair.

It is also reported that the newly-
formed Boxing Association at Waipa is
matching Mussem with Ern Baxter, the
clever featherweight who accompanied
Hughie Dwyer to Hastings.

The contest between Hughie Dwyer
and Mick Rutherford was also a good
one, but there was not the same "go"
about it as in the latter case. Dwyer was
undoubtedly the cleverer boxer, and as
a result of his win has now been match-
ed with Frank O'Neill at Napier on May
9th. Frank O'Neill recently defeated
Jack Keenan for the lightweight title, but
this title will not be involved when he
meets Dwyer, as the latter has not been
resident in the Dominion, for the re-
quired period, six months.

PERFORMANCES ARE THE
SUREST TEST!

READ THE FOLLOWING:

A New Imperial Heavy-weight
Machine was entered for a Petrol Con-
sumption Test in Ashburton district,
and the result was—New Imperial,
with Sidcar, 1st, with 88 1-5 miles
per gallon; Harley Davidson, with
Sidcar, 2nd, with 77 1-5 miles per
gallon; Indian, with Sidcar, 3rd, with
76 1-5 miles per gallon. This was
run over very rough roads with lots
of water-tables to cross.

NO BETTER TESTIMONIAL THAN
THE ABOVE IS REQUIRED.

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We can please you in everything we have to sell.
We can advise, for we know our business.

I fear. Rouse up, Mr. Holt, you're weakly. — but was troubled ever conquered yet — by living in it." She flushed warmly and spoke sharply.

"You mind his body," she snapped, "and leave the blaming alone! Some folks aren't used to rouse, and Sam's one of them." z

The doctor laughed good-temperedly. Everyone knew Martha and her ways. "Oh, well," he said, "I must have for a couple of men. You put the men to shame by all the work you do. But the doctor actually gave a feeble jibe. "Why, I only pray that rumour is wrong about a sale. There, there, rouse up your husband, and I'll send him a tonic."

"I've got one, doctor, in my niece from Canada. This is my tonic." He drew the girl forward, and the doctor smiled. "Yes, the looked very healthy medicine, with her twinkling eyes and smiling mouth, the dainty features and brilliant cheeks."

The old doctor held out his hand. "A capital tonic," he said in an earnest tone, "which, combined with mine and good Mrs. Holt's clever care, should cure the most hypochondriacal malady. Good-night—good-night!"

In twenty-four hours Brother Robert's daughter was as much at home as if she had lived with the Holts the whole of her life, and on the afternoon of the day that of her arrival she drew up a low chair and sat between them when they were seated at the table, one on either side of a big low fire.

"You have made me very welcome, dears," the girl said happily, glancing up at Aunt Marilla and her niece, "and I have not asked me a single question yet—as to why I came, or why I intend to be doing in England, now?" "No need," said Marilla, "I was worried, for her throat was swelling with emotion as she returned the girl's loving gaze. "As long as you are far from Avic, it'll be your home; it can't be the same since you entered the doors."

Avic rested her hand on Martha's knee, and tears sprang to the lovely eyes. "Dad wasn't good to you, Auntie. He told me so before he died, and he was sorry—oh, believe he was sorry." He wanted his brother to marry some girl with money, smart and of good position, he said. But he came to see the folly of that, for a woman's heart must be of use to her, and she dressed and talks and speaks." Avic laughed triumphantly. She slipped from her chair and laid her head against Marilla's gown, so that her aunt could only see the glimpse of a flushed little cheek and the droop of thick lashes. "I believe I should feel dear father to see all that. I rather like you, auntie. Yes, I am. I haven't much fancy for finicky things—I like realities and the business part of living, for surely the biggest part of the business of life is living. You see, she stammered, "I learnt to love some one long before dad died that I found the lad I loved wasn't much of a man in his actions, dears. He was foolish and weak."

She lifted her head and let them watch the pain and tenderness which shone in her bright blue eyes. "You thought me over," her uncle said grimly and sadly. "I imagine you did, my dear, and very wise, too. You're a marry-up girl, and you've got good and strong character, or you'll suffer, as your aunt has suffered."

She looked at him pitifully. "I often wish you were my father, uncle. Only some of them hide their pain and the men believe they are hard and cold."

There was a pregnant silence. Martha looked toward her niece, and Sam and Sam looked into his heart with deep regret.

Avic sat upright. "I was weakly. "Oh, no," she said firmly, "I did not give him up. I loved him too much. I asked him to work out his own redemption and prove his worth by loving—and doing—her eyes were stars of pride and delight. "He did it—and my lover is come to his senses. We arrange it, and Oh, don't be dismayed. You'll love him too—I know you will. . . . I hear him knocking. Aunt Marilla, won't you open the door, please?"

The little woman's face was aglow with emotion as the astonished Martha moved to the door, her nerves in a state of tension, although she did not know it. Directly she lifted the latch she knew. A man, bronzed and sturdy of face and form, rapped at her in his arms.

"Mother!"
And the world was changed for Marilla Holt. She was young again, with her child to love.
"Phil!" she breathed, and the word was a blessing.

"I was a young brat," he said, huskily, and you spoilt me. I ran away from the best father and dearest mother, but I was sorry enough before very long. Then my pride was to blame. I couldn't write until I had done something to make me seem less ignoble and mean. I felt so small. Oh, mother, how can you forgive me for all this sin against you?"

Her tears were raining down her cheeks and on to the broad young breast where her head was lying.
"My boy, my boy!"



Special Notice

To Advertisers and Contributors.

All Copy for change advertisements or contributions of any kind must be in our hands not later than noon on the Saturday previous to publication.



Holding her to his side, he walked in to the parlour where his father was sitting. Sam tried to rise, but fell back weakly, gasping and staring, as Phil seized his hand.

"The precious son, father, and penitent—ah, if you only knew how ashamed. No, mother, you weren't cruel. You were right, but he covered her face with kisses, then turned to his parents, a triumphant young giant.

"You daughter, mother darling," he cried, "the sweetest thing on earth, you'll find, although a bit too severe on me." "You deserve it," she retorted, watching Marilla. "I had a son who ran away I'd fetch him back and birch him!" They could not help laughing at her fierce little sparkling face. Then—

"Give me a good whipping, and the young man fumbled in his

pocket and handed a packet to Marilla, who appeared bewildered by happiness. "But—my son—you said—my daughter!"

"Of course I did. Oh, father and mother, listen a moment. I only met Avic a short time before her father died, and I think we loved one another at once, but she wouldn't have anything to do with me until I promised to be a man. She made me see my faults, and she made me do my duty."

She had a small sun left to her when poor uncle died, and I earned the rest by my work. I was never idle or idle, not idly, mother, but working too. Then—oh, open that packet, do open it, dear!" Still more bewildered, Marilla broke the seal, and she found—

the cancelled deeds of the mortgage on Myrtle Farm, paid and receipted. She was trembling so much that they fell at her feet, and her son picked them up and gave them to Sam, who was speechless.

"I went on speaking rapidly. "That man who held them was in Canada a short while ago, and we made him promise to wait until the coming year before the formalities. We told him we hoped to pay him in full, and we've done it. But I tell you frankly, I should never have had the grit to work as I did if it had not been for Avic. I would not see girl spurring me on! You knew how I hated farming or anything hard in the way of work; but not now." He stretched out his strong hand.

"Avic awoke me to manhood and duty. I'm going to work upon this dear old building, and he has pointed to the papers—"delayed we in London these twenty-four hours, whilst my dear little wife came down to make friends with you both. Avic is a man, and his mother—and God bless and prosper you both," dears."

Sam struggled to his feet. He looked at a change in her face, and pride went in his brightening eyes—a great determination.

"Marilla," he said, "do you understand? The old home is ours, my wife, and Phil and I are going to manage the farm. You've been the man long enough, and I the woman—but I'll make a start from this very night."

His wife gave a little cry of pleading. "Sam!" she cried, "don't remind me about my father!" He met her eyes, and she knew that after all these years their hearts were reunited. "I went to him and put her arm in his. They are the others for one moment. Marilla was finding her womanhood again, and Samuel his freedom. He was the first to let the clinging of Marilla's arm and the trembling of her lips as they met his own.

Words were not needed between them, and the sweetest thing on earth fell reward to the younger people. They slipped quietly from the room. There was something too sacred in that career of the elderly folk's other eyes witness. When Martha looked round and noted their absence, she said quietly, "God bless our son and daughter!"

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The Garden

HORTICULTURE.

THE Lapageria is well known to most English gardeners, professional and amateur, and very rightly is most highly prized for its distinctive beauty and rarity. There should not be any excuse for its being rarely seen in the temperate portions of New Zealand lying between Wellington and Auckland. Of this area Hawke's Bay should suit the better. The Lapageria is not generally known, not being an ordinary, everyday plant with a nickname. It was discovered about the middle of the eighteenth century growing as a climbing shrub in the shades of Chill. It was named after Josephine Lapageria, who was a botanist of high rank at that time. In the Old Country Lapageria are nearly always treed as green house climbers, and as such when in flower they are the most beautiful that exist. The flowers are a richly-scented rosy crimson, wax-like, pendulous bell, about three and a half inches long and two and a half across. They are produced in the axils of the branches, and in the axils of the leaves on the upper portion of the growths. The blooms are produced in great profusion, and will remain in perfect condition, retaining their full beauty, for several months, if enjoying sufficient shelter from winds. The flowering period is from September to the end of autumn. As easterly aspect against a wall, is the most suitable position for planting in these parts, and more especially if the site receives some shade. Light frosts are not injurious to the Lapageria, and it succeeds best in a cool temperature, with early morning sun and shade in the summer time, while as to soil conditions, sand, vegetable fibre, and loam in equal parts, with good drainage, is necessary for success, and a plentiful supply of water important, while the young, supplejack-like growths are being made. These growths require training and tying as they grow, owing to their great succency. It has to be remembered that the Lapageria is not a climber, but must be grown on one. There are only three varieties, the rosy crimson, dark crimson, and pure white, known as L. Rosa, L. R. Superba, and L. Alba. The three can confidently be recommended to those of our readers who are keen garden lovers and like something that is rare and really exquisitely beautiful.

Lotus Pteris—commonly called the Pigeon's Beak Flower in its native home at Tenerife, is worthy of attention, and grows magnificently well here at various altitudes, and in almost any situation or soil. It is seen at its best in the rock garden or hanging over the edge of a wall or rocky crevice. It is of trailing habit, and will grow in arid conditions if established during the rainy period. It grows all the winter, and should be planted during the autumn. From now onward is a good time to plant. The manner of its growth is pleasing and a decided decoration, the foliage being of a glaucous tint, and the leaves being flat and fasciated, as it were. All this, apart from its blossoming and smothering itself with a blaze of rich scarlet and continuing to grow, is a feature that lend for it an everlasting tenacity in even the ordinary garden.

VEGETABLES.

Asparagus, sometimes erroneously termed sparrow grass, requires attention just now. Asparagus is a perennial owing to the most of the family possessing strong prickles, so situated as to have a tearing tendency; the name being derived from "sparrows" tearing at the prickles to tear. The seed-bearing growths will now be carrying a quantity of red berries. These are very pretty and useful for house decoration, whether used for that purpose or not, they should be cut and removed away from the bed to prevent the seed falling thereon. If this is permitted the seed germinates, and goes unnoticed, and in a few years the beds become crowded, and the growth inferior, which necessitates the breaking up of the bed and re-laying. Remember only the seed-bearing growths, allowing the remainder to ripen and die down, which they do during the next few weeks, when cultural directions will appear in these columns. For those desirous of planting this vegetable, now is the time to prepare the ground by trenching two and a half feet deep and dressing the sub-soil with coarse bone dust, as coarse obtainable, quarter-inch ground bone is the best. When preparing the ground keep the sub-soil where it is, and give two pounds of bone to one square yard, and six inches of certified guano, which refuse will be of great service if laid between sub and surface soil. This treated, allow the ground to remain rough and open until further instructions appear here.

THE ORCHARD.

The autumn is considered a slack time in the orchard. This is true as far as spraying operations are concerned, but the successful orchardist finds no slack time, and sets to work well in advance to prepare for another season. In saying this, the sharp frosts experienced lately remind us of the necessity of preparing for a late visit from one of the spring. There is always danger of late frosts following early autumn frosts, and if our friend Clement Wragge is right in his prediction that we are going to have a dry winter, we can surely expect late, stinging frosts as these are always more severe when the ground is dry. Now is the time to get the coal getting in coal supplies. Remember the coal shortage problem. No doubt suitable coal will be just as difficult to get this year. In addition to coal, a supply of firewood should be collected and stored ready for use. The high prices ruling for peaches and plums, this year should encourage one to grow more systematic fruiting. It is admitted that the high prices for stone fruits were induced somewhat by the short crop from Nelson, but nevertheless payable prices should obtain for Hawke's Bay stone fruits, as many orchardists have gone out of them.

I have reached a time of life when I am not desirous to live wounds and to reunite those who have been disunited.—The Duke of Connaught.

A County Council return shows the net debt of London on March 31, 1918, at 1011 millions, or seven millions less than before the war, due to restriction on expenditure during the war.

Marseilles Customs officers discovered 30,000 francs' worth of English gold coins on board a steamer, but that was just leaving for the Far East. The money has been confiscated.

A maximum wage is never to much to pay for a maximum output.—Lord Inchcape.

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Movie Notes

(By Cinema.)

ANY people were disappointed at not seeing most of Nola Luxford, nee Miss Nola Pratt, of Hastings, in "The Figurehead," but, as I pointed out at the time, this was my first picture. News is to hold by the latest American mail that Nola Luxford is playing opposite Carmel Myers, in the new "Mad Marriage" and as an indication of the forward strides this young lady has made, I quote the following from "The Close-up": "Official card of Miss Nola Luxford:—A feature of the Universal Picture, "The Mad Marriage," was the work of Nola Luxford. It seems there is a dearth of good intonations among picture producers right now. They feature the lad and leave the good work to be identified by others." This certainly bears out my previous statement that we may expect to hear any day that Nola Luxford is a star in her own right. If "The Mad Marriage" is in New Zealand, will the local management kindly endeavour to secure it without delay, that we may judge for ourselves? *

Latest: A Sunday school teacher was making some inquiries from her class about conscience; no one seemed to know what it was. "Haveen't you heard the word 'conscience'?" she asked a small child. "Yes, miss, I have; Conscience Talk! That reminds me, Connie is appearing at present in "The Love Expert," and it's her!" *

Comedy-dramas as clever as "The Poor Simp" are rare. It abounds in wholesome, effortless humour, and can be relied upon to please any type of spectator. An original slant on the falling-in-love theme, it shows the purely natural side of love, and is sentimental. Owen Moore is the star. *

The splendid physique of Maciste is admirably displayed in a succession of wonderful feats of strength in his latest Italian production, "Maciste in Rome," in which the mighty star falls in with a terrific series of adventures in pursuit of the woman who has become a victim. The story has a novel twist, in that it deals with the operations of a picture-producing company, so that the action is really seen by the audience. The scenes of life in a motion picture studio are the more interesting by reason of the fact of this being the picture that has given us a really good insight into the fascinating business of making pictures. *

One of the most stupendous productions ever screened in this country is that of "Eyes on the Prize," which is now starring Clara Kimbrell Young, supported by her own company. This film version of Miss Mercin's famous stage success is a memorable one, and dates from 1920. It played thrashed millions, the picture will overhaul them. The visualisation of the exciting experiences of a young girl at the threshold of life by means of the crystal, in which she is allowed to see the future and choose her path, is only one of the many things that are unfolded in a series of magnificently-produced scenes. Incidentally it is the best picture the divine Clara has ever done in picture. *

THE CINEMA MISSION.

"The film is more than an amusement, even if its chief province is to thrill, to amuse, to charm. It is also school and pulpit."

Speaking of "big" productions, there are two scheduled to reach here shortly that should not be regarded as misadventures. The Great Redemption, and "The Idol Dancer" (Griffiths). Once the screening date is announced, make for the booking office. They are two of the finest productions the world has ever seen. *

We hear of all sorts of unemployed in these days, but we imagine the following takes the cake—The "dramatic reduction" of the cinema employment at Los Angeles will no doubt have its effect upon that pulsating metropolis of the film. The European who knows the town mainly by the name of Hollywood and who has seen the Bronco Boys come from cannot but wonder what Los Angeles is really like. It is entirely populated by men who are either preposterously fat or wear omnitrousers, and by young ladies with perpetually anguished countenances? Do all the men look either like Wall-street magnates or remnants of a lost civilisation? With what amplitude of gesture do those people greet one another? Are the streets full of persons tumbling off ladders, and falling from telegraph wires? Tigers and crocodiles, of course, lurk round every corner; but how do the police dispose of them? How do they deal with a motor accident and the final disfigurement of the Villain Still Pursuing Her? It must be a hectic place to live in. *

The long silence of George Loane Tucker, maker of "The Miracle Man," after a year of absence from the screen, announcement that he underwent a serious operation last August, from which he has only recently recovered sufficiently to permit his return to the screen in his next picture, "Ladies Must Live," adapted from a story by Alice Dur Miller. Mr. Tucker began work on this picture some time ago, but owing to illness, and despite increasing ill-health, but finally had to obey the doctor's orders and resign himself to a hospital. *

"Mary Magdalen" is the title of a motion picture produced by Michael Stross, to be shown at a New York screen in the near future, it is announced. *

NOT SATIATED.

"How was the cinema show?" "Rather dull," said the jaded patron. "No thrills, eh?" "Well, my dear friend, I was jumped from a train to an aeroplane, was carried over a precipice in a motor-car, and was left standing on the deck of a submarine when it submerged; but there was nothing you could really call exciting!" *

"GETS IT" CORN CURE.—Get it at Griffiths' Boot Store, Hastings.

"GRITTS" BOOTS.—Get it at Griffiths' Boot Store, Hastings.

HAVE you any Foot Troubles? You can get the relief you need at Griffiths' Boot Store, Hastings.

HAVE you any Shoe Troubles? You can get the appliances you need at Griffiths' Boot Store, Hastings.

HAVE you any Socks? You can get the best quality socks at Griffiths' Boot Store, Hastings.

HOW does this strike you? Gents' Welted Boots at 39/- at Griffiths' Boot Store, Hastings.

HOW does this strike you? Gents' Welted Boots at 39/- at Griffiths' Boot Store, Hastings.

SIZES 8, 9, and 10, Men's Gum Boots, at Griffiths' Boot Store, Hastings.

SIZES 8, 9, and 10, Men's Gum Boots, at Griffiths' Boot Store, Hastings.

LADIES' BROWN Kid and Nigger Brown Kid Lace Shoes at 42/6 at Griffiths' Boot Store, Hastings.

LADIES' BROWN Kid and Nigger Brown Kid Lace Shoes at 42/6 at Griffiths' Boot Store, Hastings.

LADIES' FELT SLIPPERS. All sizes, all colours, at all prices, at Griffiths' Boot Store, Hastings.

LADIES' FELT SLIPPERS. All sizes, all colours, at all prices, at Griffiths' Boot Store, Hastings.

WANTED.—That Hot Water Bottle to Re-ignite the Hastings Tire Repair Dept., Station Street.

SEND those Gum outs to the Hastings Tire Repair Dept., Station Street.

ECONOMISE now, and have those Tires repaired at the Hastings Tire Repair Dept., Station Street.

AT your service day or night. "Phone 540D, Hastings Tire Repair Dept., Station Street."

THE horse that tired Tire, Hastings Tire Repair Dept., Station Street.

SEE it! Hastings Tire Repair Dept., Station Street.

WE are specialists at rectifying wheel troubles. Hastings Tire Repair Dept., Station Street.

THE most up-to-date Free Air Station in Hawke's Bay, The Hastings Tire Repair Dept., Station Street.

THE Famous Quaker City Tire at Hastings Tire Repair Dept., Station Street.

IF that Air Bag looks dead, send it to the Hastings Tire Repair Dept., Station Street.

SPORTSMEN, have your Water Waders repaired at the Hastings Tire Repair Dept., Station Street.

YOU come in tears and go away smiling at the Hastings Tire Repair Dept., Station Street.

FOR SALE.—Gas and Electric Office Heaters, Cheap.—Wardrobe and Furniture at Karamea Road, Phone 288.

FOR SALE.—Kerosene Reading Lamp, on stand. A bargain.—Wardrobe and Furniture at Karamea Road, Phone 288.

FOR SALE.—Sideboard in Dark Rim, with R. B. mirror, Bargain.—Wardrobe and Furniture Dept., 214 Karamea Road, Phone 288.

FOR SALE.—Bathroom Linoleum; nearly new. This is better than new to-day.—Wardrobe and Furniture Dept., 214 Karamea Road, Phone 288.

FOR SALE.—Dutch Chests in Light and Dark Wood.—Wardrobe and Furniture Dept., 214 Karamea Road.

FOR SALE.—Double and Single Wood and Iron Bedsteads.—Wardrobe and Furniture Dept., 214 Karamea Road.

FOR SALE.—Kapofo Bedding, new and second hand.—Wardrobe and Furniture Dept., 214 Karamea Road.

FOR SALE.—Kerosene and Gasoline Lamps, which is better than new.—Wardrobe and Furniture Dept., 214 Karamea Road.

FOR SALE.—Sunglass Frames. This is a bargain.—Wardrobe and Furniture Dept., 214 Karamea Road.

FOR SALE.—Sole Cases, Hat Boxes, and Cello Trunks, cheap.—Wardrobe and Furniture Dept., 214 Karamea Road.

FOR SALE.—Wardrobe in Dark Rim, R. B. mirror. A bargain.—Wardrobe and Furniture Dept., 214 Karamea Road.

WESTERMAN & CO.'S SPECIALS.—Gilt, Silk Georgettes, in Sky, Pink, Chambray, and Blue, 5/6. Vestments, 5/11 yard.—Westerman & Co., Hastings.

WESTERMAN & CO.'S SPECIALS.—Joni Grey, in China, in Sky, Green, Blue, Amethyst, Brown, Pink, Matisse, Rose, Navy, and Blue.—Westerman & Co., Hastings.

WESTERMAN & CO.'S SPECIALS.—Pink Grey Coating, 5/11 yard; 50-Inch Grey Cover fabricine Coating, 1/10 yd. each.—Westerman & Co., Hastings.

WESTERMAN & CO.'S SPECIALS.—Bengaloid Wool and Cashmere, 5/11 yard, worth 3/2; Herculac Super Worsted, 5/11 yard.—Westerman & Co., Hastings.

WESTERMAN & CO.'S SPECIALS.—Long-sleeved, 5/11 yard; Herculac, 5/11 yard; and Mandaplanis, 1/2, 1/2, 1/2, 1/2, 1/2.—Westerman & Co., Hastings.

WESTERMAN & CO.'S SPECIALS.—Towels at 1/11, 2/6, and 2/11 each, other sizes.—Westerman & Co., Hastings.

WESTERMAN & CO.'S SPECIALS.—Cream, Brown, Navy, and all shades 2/6.—Westerman & Co., Hastings.

WESTERMAN & CO.'S SHEETING.—4/11, 5/11 yard; Single end width, 2/6, 2/6, 2/6.—Westerman & Co., Hastings.

WESTERMAN & CO.'S SPECIALS.—Comfy Sweater Coats, in Grey and Heald, 2/6.—Westerman & Co., Hastings.

WESTERMAN & CO.'S SPECIALS.—New White Flannel, 2/6; Navy Blue 1/6; White Flannel, cut price 7/6; Pyramus 3/6.—Westerman & Co., Hastings.

Business Notes

On page 10 of this week's issue Messrs. Westerman and Co.'s main advertisement enumerates special lines of schoolboys' wear—tweed suits, tweed shirts, jerseys, flannel shirts, hose, hats and caps—all at their Famous Low Prices. Other special items appear in their scatter advertisements.

Baird's, the drapers, Hereington street, are advertising special reductions of 25 per cent. off certain goods, and 15 per cent. off others. See advt on page 4.

The H.B. Autos are advertising on page 10 that they have been appointed agents for Hawke's Bay for the "Hart" Starting and Lighting Batteries, suitable for all kinds of electric lighting. They have installed a plant for emergency purposes. The battery is an English production of a high class, and well finished make.

Allen and Harris, the house furnishers, of Napier, are advertising a fine window display of down quilts suitable for winter use and comfort. This house is noted for its high-class goods, their finish, and moderate price. This house has set itself an ideal in everything, and never lowers its standards. It is a pleasure to recommend it to our readers.

Bythes, of Napier is now a household word, and need very little recommendation. To call attention to its advertisement on page 20, and its new list of prices, meets the position. This firm always satisfies its customers and ensures their return.

Miller and Giorgi, on page 19, notify their customers and ladies in particular that they are making an absolute clearance of their stocks of hose. Everything in this line has to go, and the prices at which they are offered should ensure a thoroughgoing sale. It is an opportunity which should not be missed.

You will oblige and help The Broadview by referring to it when making your purchases. Write to this small service, and trust you will render it.



MOTOR HIRE! MOTOR HIRE!
DONALD HUNT
High-grade Cars fully equipped for LONG RUNS.
Lakes Taupo, Rotorua, Rotorua trips specially catered for.
Telegrams: "Ibex," Hastings.
Telephone 844.

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J. FITZPATRICK
TAXI PROPRIETOR.
Telephones: House 1385
Stand, Market Street, 250
45-hp. Bus Six. 8-anter Studebaker

A. B. TAXI SERVICE.

J. W. WILLOUGHBY
PROPRIETOR.
Stand phone 840. Private phone 1368.

Notes about Motoring

Anything of interest to motorists in general will be welcome from contributors for insertion in this column.

THEFT OF A MOTOR CAR. FOUND UPSET AT MEEANEE.

The robbery of Mr. Hassell's motor car from the Hastings Recreourse last week, and the discovery of it near Meeanee, which man would be seriously injured, calls for some comment. In the first place we presume the men who took the car call themselves "sports." We call them blackguards, absolutely devoid of any moral sense. In this instance they "borrow" or steal a car, and a man to whom they may have simply given a ride, gets smashed up, and is brutally left to die for all they care. We sincerely hope he recovers and give the police sufficient information to lay these "sports" by the heels, and we also hope that a severe sentence of imprisonment will follow.

These motor car crimes are becoming intolerable, and up to now some people have only seen them as a "joke." It is no joke if you own a car to have it lifted, or damaged, or parts stolen, and usually by a type of individual utterly unable to pay compensation.

If your car has been taken and is damaged, and you have to foot a big bill, while the thief probably is fined, what satisfaction is that to you? Your neighbours, perhaps, are sympathetic, but they do not offer to share the cost; that is your affair; their sympathy does not cost them a farthing.

The Automobile Association should deal with this growing class of offence, and press for imprisonment without the option of a fine. At the same time we are surprised at the way valuable cars and their contents are left on the racecourse or outside shops or down side streets, absolutely unprotected, when a shilling will provide safe storage and responsibility. It is less an insurance at a small premium of one penny in the pound sterling. We shall have to recognise it sooner or later that an unprotected car is advertising for trouble. *Why not hang a card on the front saying that the owner will not be back for two hours, and that a valuable rug is inside?*

COMPENSATION FOR MOTOR ACCIDENTS.

A Bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives in Washington to provide for compensation to the injured due to automobile accidents. The measure is based on the Workmen's Compensation Act. It provides that no car can be registered unless a compensation policy has been obtained. The policy must provide for medical, surgical, and hospital service, medicine, surgical appliances, and the like, and must pay two-thirds of the earnings lost, not less than eight dollars, and not more than twenty dollars a week.

The Sentinel Steam Wagon working figures show a saving of 9d per mile in favour of the "Sentinel," over £15 on a 400 mile run. In addition to this it is claimed the Sentinel will carry one ton more on the road, whilst it will work anything from £5 to £10 a week extra, according to the work.

REVISED VERSION.

Mr. Henry Ford, the motor magnate, in an interview with a representative of the New York Tribune, predicted that the day would come when cows would be done away with. The cow, he declared, was the crudest machinery in the world, adding: "It is a simple matter to take the same cereals that cows eat and make them into milk which is superior to the natural article, not subject to tuberculosis, and much cleaner."

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"But it isn't polite to tell fairy tales—What have you done with your stool and your pail?"

"Forgive me, old bean, you're a bit out of date."

The maiden replied as she opened the gate.

"Well, why do you carry a spanner, my dear, and an outfit that looks like a plumber's gear?"

The milkmaids that Herriek and others sang

Never resembled a break-down gang."

"Dear me," said the maiden, "you do leave me bored!

Have you never heard the tale of the great Mr. Ford?"

You know how his infinite zeal and resource, improved on that ancient contrivance, the horse?"

Well, he's doing the same thing for the dairyman now—

And I'm off to milk Henry's mechanical

Don't stand there and jaw about buckets and stools—

If you want to come with me, just carry the tools!"

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD.

CHAIRMAN'S CONFIDENCE.

QUICK RECOVERY OF TRADE.

In concluding his report the chairman said:—It only remained to consider how far the present abnormal conditions would affect its future earning power. It was hardly conceivable that the present depression in the motor trade should be permanent, and in any case, analysing the sales of the home company, the lesser proportion only was represented by tyres supplied for new vehicles; the larger item was the renewal trade. The chairman of the United States Rubber Company had predicted that there would be more tyres sold in 1921 than in any previous year in the history of the world. He himself felt convinced that unless an utter collapse of trade in every direction were to be anticipated, theirs ought to be one of the industries which would recover sooner, almost, than any other.

The Oldsmobile



THE MOST PERFECT
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HIGHLY FINISHED CAR
ON THE MARKET.

H. R. BISLEY

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Phone 1391. P.O. Box 302.
(Opposite Everybody's Theatre)

Removal Notice

Foot & Land

DESIRE TO INFORM THEIR CUSTOMERS AND THE PUBLIC THAT THEY HAVE MOVED FROM NELSON STREET TO HERETAUNGA STREET, To premises lately occupied by Graham and Gebbie.

Foot & Land

Note New Address:

HERETAUNGA STREET, HASTINGS.

Telephone 465.



New Stocks Have Arrived

The Cliff Press

Hastings

I stepped into one of the new motor garages this afternoon, and found the owner and his mechanic hard at it on the repairs. He was quite satisfied with the work he was getting, and informed me he refused the agency of a good class of car. He argued that as few cars were selling at the present time, he felt it was free from a good deal of worry and responsibility, and I felt inclined to agree.

A little further along I came across an example of the Cole Aero 8, an eight cylinder, 7-seater, 70-h.p. There was a look of power in it; it had a kind of sleek about it, and looked like a car that could get there somehow, no matter what the obstacles. The people who can give you all the information are Newick Bros., Karamu Road.

All the garages report plenty of repair work.

The Tourist is getting their fair share of sales of new cars, while the repair shop is in full swing. They have just and a new model N.Z., the first to arrive in New Zealand. This car is absolutely Belgian throughout the finished article, as Mr. Hyslop says the body finish is a bit superior to what can be turned out by themselves. It looks as if the New Zealand made and finished body is going to be a big industry, and the tourist will set a high standard. The roof of their new shop will very soon be an accomplished fact.

Powdrell Bros., in Market Street, are busy busy on electrical work of all classes a sort of addendum to their motor industry. It is their intention to develop in side of their business.

The Tyre Repairing Co., in Station Street, are going full pelt. It is an ill that blows nobody any good. Everybody is rushing them with tire repairs and retreads. In addition to this the couple of Hastings seem to have discovered that they can get hot-water bottles, repaired, and everything in the surgical rubber lines. Fishermen are rigging in their water waders and other couple their gum boots. Even tobacco pouches are being made good and new. In fact, anything and everything in the line that has gone "crook" appears to be finding its way to this rubber capital, and nothing seems to come miss. I am going to test them with a pair of old rubber boots, and if they can't get them sound, then there is no job on earth that will beat them.

THE ULTIMATE.

Automobile Salesman: "Yes, our engine is mechanically flawless. Our chassis is not a single flaw in its design. In fact, the management has decided that its performance is so absolute that the layman should not be allowed to drive it. We refuse to sell a single one of our stput to the public."

STOCK MARKETS -- Latest Prices

SPECIALLY COMPILED FOR
"THE BROADVIEW."

	STORTFORD LODGE Wednesday, April 27.	WAIPIKURAU Tuesday, April 26.	ADDINGTON Wednesday, April 20.	FEILDING Friday, April 22.
Prime Fat Ox	—	—	£18 to £19 5s	—
Medium do.	£5 5s to £7 14s	—	£13 15s to £17 12s 6d	—
Forward Bullocks	£5 17s 6d	—	£9 17s 6d	—
Store Bullocks	£1 5s to £6 10s	—	£5 17s 6d	—
Prime Fat Cows	£5	—	£12 2s 6d	—
Medium Fat Cows	£3 6s to £5	—	£8 to £11 2s 6d	—
Store Cows	15s	—	£1 to £2	—
3-year Steers	£6 4s	—	£5 5s	£3 10s
2-year Steers	£2 15s	—	£2 19s 6d	—
2-year Heifers	£2 19s to £3 5s	—	—	£2 17s 6d to £3
18-month Steers	£1 10s	—	—	—
18-month Heifers	£1 12s	—	—	£1 17s 6d
Dairy Cows (in profit & to calve)	£7 to £8	—	£16	£14
Dairy Heifers (springing)	£4 10s to £11 5s	—	£6 10s to £12	£12
Prime Fat Wethers	—	—	25s 3d	20s 6d
Medium do.	15s	—	16s 9d to 18s 6d	—
Prime Fat Ewes	11s 3d to 12s 1d	—	15s 9d	10s 7d to 10s 8d
do. do. medium	9s	—	10s 3d to 12s 6d	—
Store 4-tooth Wethers	12s	10s to 10s 9d	12s 9d to 15s 9d	10s to 13s 10d
do. 2-tooth Wethers	12s (good)	10s	9s 3d to 10s 10d	8s to 13s 3d
do. 2-tooth Ewes	8s 10d	—	12s 9d to 16s 6d	—
£ to 6-tooth Ewes	4s to 8s	—	8s 6d to 10s 6d	7s 4d to 15s 11d
S.M. Ewes	—	—	3s 6d to 8s 3d	3s
Fat Lambs	13s to 17s 5d	—	20s 5d to 18s 6d	12s 4d to 12s 6d
M.S. Lambs	6s to 6s 8d	—	8s 9d to 11s 9d	4s 3d to 6s 1d

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descriptions held in any part of
the district.

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All classes of Farmers' Requisites in
Grain, Seeds, Manures, Wire, Posts, etc.
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STOCK! STOCK! STOCK!

FOR SALE IN LARGE OR SMALL
LINES BY PRIVATE TREATY.

Fat Sheep, Fat Cattle, Store Ewes,
Wethers, Lambs, Steers and Heifers,
Dairy Cattle, etc., etc.

Advise us of your requirements.

H. B. Tennent

Stock and Station Agent,
Note New Address:
HERETAUNGA STREET,
boxes: Office 1241. Pvt. 580 & 1172

HAVELOCK NORTH FOR PRIVATE SALE.

One of the most CHARMING RESI-
DENCES situated on the hills, with a
beautiful view, and yet close to the
village. The house has nine living
rooms with all offices, and the out-
buildings are all that is in keeping with
an up-to-date home of this description.
Garage for two motors, etc., etc.

The area of the land is one acre
three roods (more or less), which is all
in garden, tennis lawn, rockeries, shelter
plantation; in fact the grounds are one
of the beauty spots of Havelock North.
Any purchaser wishing to acquire
more land with the property can
purchase one or more acres up to 1000
acres.

For further particulars, price, terms
and arrangements to inspect, apply to
the undersigned:—

T. Cunningham

AND CO.,
QUEEN STREET, HASTINGS.

G. Stephens

7-ROOMED HOUSE with every con-
venience, with lavatory inside and out-
side, washhouse, copper and tubs.
Handy to town. Price £1750 cash.

5-ROOMED HOUSE with every con-
venience, washhouse, copper and tubs.
Handy to town. Price £1400 cash.

5-ROOMED HOUSE with every con-
venience, washhouse, copper and tubs.
Centrally situated. Price £1400 cash.

4-ROOMED HOUSE, bathroom and
porch, washhouse, copper and tubs,
electric light and gas, several cupboards,
h.p. water and artesian. Centrally situ-
ated. Price £1150 cash.

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133, QUEEN STREET, HASTINGS.
Telephone 1307.

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Weekly and Daily Sales of Produce and
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I HAVE ONE OF THE MOST
COMPLETE LAND REGIS-
TERS IN HAWKE'S BAY.

PROPERTIES OF ALL DISCRIP-
TIONS FOR SALE.

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Phones 1243. Office 703.

The Hastings Dairy

Mrs C. Baicombe, Proprietress
Heretaunga Street East, Hastings.
BUTTER, EGGS AND CREAM.
Call and ask us to fulfil your orders.
We give quick service and courtesy.
We want your Custom Phone 1213

Special Notice

From today we will post "The Broad-
view" anywhere for 13/- per annum.
Payable in advance.

Commercial

LAW CASE.

COVENANT IN RESTRAINT OF TRADE.

Mr. Justice P. O. Lawrence dismissed an action for an injunction which was brought by a firm of estate agents and auctioneers against a former employee. The defendant was a clerk, and he entered into an agreement with the plaintiffs that he would not carry on the business of auctioneer and estate agent in a specified area for one year after the termination of his employment. On finding the plaintiff's service the defendant at once began business as an estate agent, though he did not do any business as an auctioneer. The plaintiffs averred that the Court might make an order restraining a breach of the covenant in his agreement. His Lordship refused to do so. He decided that the carrying on of the business of an estate agent alone was no breach of an agreement not to carry on the business of auctioneer and estate agent combined. (Bawler and Blake v. Lovegrove.)

PROSPECTS FOR TRADE REVIVAL.

Lord Inchausti, presiding at the annual general meeting of the National Provincial and Union Bank of England in February, said:

"For a long time being, and perhaps for a little longer, the unsettling effects of the past year will continue to show themselves in the great social calamity of unemployment, but beneath the distress and depression of the moment I believe that forces are at work which before long will enable industrial activity to be resumed on a more chastened basis, and that the demand which was largely killed by high prices will be revived by low prices. The question for us is whether we are going to make the same mistakes over again, or whether we are going to recognise the economic realities of a competitive world. Extended during a boom, industry has always to be paid for later on. Excessive wages bring with them in the long run the penalty of industrial stoppage and unemployment. Of the many lessons to be learned from the experiences of the past year, these, two, in my judgment, are just now particularly pertinent. We have all got to get back to a common denominator.

For a country such as ours, a country that is exporting its goods to the ends of the earth, and which cannot maintain its present population on any other basis, there is nothing more important than the restoration of industry with reduced hours of labour, restrictions on overtime and nightshift working, strikes (of which we have had some three hundred since the armistice), the curtailment by the trade unions of freedom of employment, their inordinate demands of all kinds, which are a source of no real benefit to the men, their opposition to piece-work and payment by results, their limitation of output, and the absence among too many of their leaders of a practical co-operative spirit—what with all these handicaps, it is impossible for Britain's industry to keep down the costs of production from transport to a point that will enable our manufacturers, merchants, and shipowners to compete effectively, not alone with the result of file work, but to bring their prices back to anything approaching normal conditions.

According to a statement before the Inventions Committee in London recently, 3027 tanks of all makes were manufactured and 10,145 were uncompleted and cancelled during the war, but charged—and paid for.

Roulston & Stanton

T. S. Roulston. A. E. Stanton.
Queen Street, Hastings (opposite P.O.)

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LICENSED LAND BROKERS

LICENSED BROTHERS

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FIVE ROOMS, nicely papered throughout. Sleeping porch, facing the morning sun; Bathroom with first-class hot and cold water services; Electric light in every room; good scullery with cupboards built in, etc.

Large detached washhouse, with roof and tubs. Motor shed. Concrete paths and backyard.

The section is well laid out in lawns and garden.

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100 ACRES, 7-roomed house, electric plant, milking plant (4-cow), Litter engine. Grain shed, harness house, maize shed. Sixteen acres lucerne. Subdivided into numerous paddocks. Milking 50 cows. Price £142/10/- per acre. Terms arranged.

40 ACRES, 6-roomed house and out-buildings, motor shed, cowsheds and yards, pig paddocks. Three acres in lucerne. Subdivided into six paddocks. Price £102/10/- per acre, terms arranged.

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8½ Acres, 6 rooms, etc., for good house in town.

4 Rooms, Clive Grange, for small house or good town section.

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acre.

THE Melbourne Electric Supply Company has offered for sale on the London market 30,000 8 per cent. preference shares of 5s at 44/15. They will yield 48/8 per cent. profit.

The Leeds Forge Company is offering a debenture stock of £400,000 at 8 per cent. Issue price 95s.

THE OVERSEAS BRITAINS SUFFER.

Sir Leo Chiozza Money, writing in the Observer, says: In the general world depression, not the least hardly hit are those of the Britains overseas. The export surpluses of the lands which depend upon oleaginous produce, tea, rubber, cocoa, etc., can no longer find sufficient outlets. It is no remedy to restrict output to stay falls in prices. What is wanted is the restoration of buying power in a world which is economically dilapidated. It is a terrible picture which the world of work presents when we enlarge our field of vision to embrace hundreds of millions in semi-starvation in Europe, blockaded by dire circumstance from the plenty overseas—the plenty which cannot be brought to market. It is perhaps fortunate that the misery of Europe is not deepened by better knowledge of the cruel irony of a situation which the governors of men cannot or will not find means to alleviate.

RUBBER COSTS DECREASING.

Raw rubber is beginning to show more firmness again, and the price has moved up to about 14d. per lb. The principal reason for this has been the severe value is that it is once more less difficult to sell when holders have to realise. It cannot be said that the market has acquired anything approaching normal conditions. The public are neither buyers nor sellers of rubber shares at the present time. News from the Middle East suggests that costs there are coming down, that rubber is less expensive, and that economies are being introduced into the working of many of the estates. This is all to the good. Taken in conjunction with the curtailment of output policy, it should be of no little assistance in enabling the companies to meet the ever increasing demand for rubber gets to the neighbourhood of 2½ lb. there will be hope for the industry. Advice from America do little to encourage the idea that any substantial demand for tyres is arising in the States. Every month that passes, however, must obviously bring us a little nearer to the turning point of the depression. Meanwhile the piling up of stocks in London is not a pleasant factor in the situation, though it has to be kept in mind by those who are watching the weekly developments in the industry.

COMMERCIAL MARKS IN DEFERRED AND WEEK-END CABLE MES- SAGES.

The use of letters denoting commercial marks and expressions in deferred and week-end cable messages exchanged with the United Kingdom and Canada is now authorised, provided the sender certifies that they are not used with a secret meaning. Each letter is to count as a word. Examples: "P.C. Classics," three words; "G.L.," three words; "Equilting," two words.

The price of tin has fallen below £168 per ton. The cost of production, however, is so heavy that profitable working at that price is not possible. It is estimated that it will have to rally to at least £250 per ton, and in low grade mines to £200.

J. A. Miller

SOLE AGENT.

Telephones:

J. A. Miller, 100. C. Brook, 742.

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WE AND THREE-QUARTER ACRES

double frontage thereat, three acres

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over Borough boundary. School very handy, and the position is all that is desired.

PRICE £4000

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Small holdings within the Borough like this are becoming very scarce and hard to secure.

Apply to—

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LICENSED LAND & ESTATE AGENT HASTINGS.

Boys Wanted

To sell The Broadview

Apply at once Cliff Press

"More Essential Than Ever"

WONDERFUL VALUE IN MOTOR CARS.

The Spirit of "Carry-on," of course, is mingled with prudence, as is shown by the very keen demand at reasonable prices.

Used cars whose history and good usage are well authenticated are more in request than ever before and the following cars we have for sale are of exceptionally good value and of known history:—

ROAMER 5-seater.

A six-cylinder car of exceptional quality. This car was purchased from us, when new, by Mr. A. J. Toogood, and we allowed Mr. Toogood £475 for same in part payment for a Studebaker Light Six. We have since thoroughly overhauled and re-painted the Roamer at a cost of £50, and now we are asking £525, and the car is mechanically as good as new.

ARROL-JOHNSTON 11-9-h.p., 3-seater.

This is an English Car that we recently took in part payment for a 5-seater F.N. Car which we sold to Mr. Clere, architect, of Palmerston North. We allowed Mr. Clere £275 for this car, and now we will accept £275, and it is a great bargain at the price.

BUICK 3-seater 6-cylinder.

We recently took this car from Dr. Storey, of Hastings, in part payment for a Studebaker New Light Six. We allowed the Doctor £450, and will accept this price for a quick sale.

STUDEBAKER 3-seater, 25-h.p.

A very economical model, and very roomy, and just the car for a small family, and all are well protected by the windscreen. This car has been exceptionally well cared for and the former owner, Mr. A. E. Knight of Taradale, recently purchased from us a New Light Six Studebaker. We allowed him £275 for the 3-seater, and will now accept this price from the first cash buyer that comes along.

1 FORD 5-seater.

Colonial body, detachable wheels, self-start etc., £275.

We have, in addition to the above, a REGAL 3-seater at £225; an English PERRY at £400; a STUDEBAKER LIGHT SIX 1919 MODEL at £525; and a 2-seater SAXON at £200; also a 25-h.p. 1913 MODEL STUDEBAKER at £210.

THE BEST CARS WILL NATURALLY GO TO THOSE WHO CALL EARLIEST.

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