

**SPECIAL BLOUSE WEEK**  
At  
**THE PARAMOUNT,**  
ESK STREET.

For one week only we make this start-  
ling offer—2/- in the £ discount on all  
our up-to-date stock of

NINONS, CREPE DE CHINE, SILK  
AND VOILE BLOUSES.

**MISS BREY,**  
**THE PARAMOUNT,**  
ESK STREET.  
(Third Door from Dee Street).

**WHY WORRY ABOUT HIGH COST**  
OF  
**CLOTHES.**  
**DIGGER RENOVATING SHOP.**

All work done by Practical Tailor.

Note Address—  
**PRESTON'S BUILDINGS,**  
TAY STREET.

Nearly opposite Salvation Army  
Barracks.

**"THE PARAGON,"**  
Esk Street (Opp. "Times").

**SPECIAL SALE**  
(FOR 10 DAYS ONLY).

Commencing—  
**FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28th.**

BLOUSES, MILLINERY, HOSIERY,  
ETC., ETC.

ALL THIS SEASON'S GOODS.

**GREAT REDUCTIONS.**

COME EARLY AND GET YOUR  
CHOICE.

**MISS HUGHES,**  
Milliners and Dressmakers.

**WEKA BRAND.**

**WEKA BRAND.**

**WEKA BRAND.**

**MOP OIL.**

The perfect Polish.

**NON-GREASY.**

Picks up THE DUST, CLEANSSES  
and POLISHES

Without gumming or streaking

**ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF FURNI-  
TURE, LINOS, OILCLOTHS,  
HARDWOOD FLOORS,  
PIANOS, ETC.**

Obtainable in Invercargill from the  
following:—

Messrs W. N. STIRLING, WRIGHT,  
STEPHENSON AND CO., LTD., L.  
FRASER, I. JENKINS,

Or Wholesale from

**J. E. Coomer,**

Ythan Street,

Invercargill.

'Phone—1471.

**THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.**

**MATER'S LETTER BOX.**

Mater invites children to send in stories  
for this column, or correspondence which  
will be replied to through these columns.  
All matter to be clearly written in ink,  
on one side of the paper only. Name,  
age, and address, must be always given,  
and correspondence directed to "Mater,"  
care of Editor, "The Digger," Box 310,  
Invercargill.

**"PILOT."**

(By La Comtesse de Armil).

Sandy Dicks' dog was nothing to look  
at. It was once called a cross between  
a garden rake and a door mat; but the  
man who said it went down on his back  
and stayed there quite a time. No; he  
was nothing to look at. Sandy didn't  
pretend that he was. But there was more  
in Pilot, as Sandy would say than common  
men could see.

There was a time when Sandy himself  
would kick any dog across the street that  
got in his way—a time when he lived for  
himself, and reckoned every other creature  
in the universe his natural enemy. But  
that was not his fault. It was his bring-  
ing up. He had never had a friend in  
his life until he chummed up with Pilot.  
"Aye, and I tell yer that there dog's done  
more for me," he would say, "than all  
the human beings put together. When  
first I see him I used to kick him aside.  
I once threw him two bits of red meat  
and then the red end of a cigar. He  
didn't seem to bear no ill feeling, either.  
He just took me as if I was the noblest  
man he had ever set eyes on. I tell yer,  
there wasn't a low-down trick I didn't  
play on him. I hurt him till the game  
wasn't worth playing—till I got plumb  
tired of it—whilst he guarded me day and  
night.

"At last, one day I took his head be-  
tween my hands—I was sitting on the side  
of my camp-bed—and I says to him, 'Are  
you a fool?' I was looking straight into  
his eyes. He wagged his tail and licked  
my wrists. Then it came to me all of a  
sudden. "God," I says, "he loves me!"  
and rolled on to the bed. What I  
saw in those eyes just made me feel the  
lowest cur on God's earth when I remem-  
bered all that I had done to him. No  
one had ever loved me before, you see, so  
I couldn't understand it at first. But I  
couldn't sleep a wink that night—kept  
looking over at the little patch curled up  
against the door. Once I called him. I  
had not given him a name then—just said,  
'Here!' I put my hand out to feel for  
him, and he licked the back of it, and sort  
of waited for orders—to see if I wanted  
anything; then he threw himself down  
again over against the door with a big  
sigh as if he was happy.

"Do you know what it feels like when  
you begin for the first time to love any-  
thing? I didn't till then. I had never  
loved anything before—I thought love all  
rot. But it is a strange feeling, and the  
next day I felt a bit ashamed lest the  
other fellows in the diggin's might find it  
out. But I don't care now who knows it.  
Old Pilot has steered me to the right port.  
And he's done for me what never a sky  
pilot could have done; 'cos I wouldn't  
listen to them—he has taught me that  
without love the world isn't much of a  
place anyway."

**THE LITTLE SILVER RING.**

A certain wise man had a beautiful little  
daughter. When the little girl was about  
to have a birthday which would bring her  
age for the first time into two figures, he  
sent for her and said, "My daughter, I  
have a gift for you to-day, and with it go  
three wishes. The gift is a silver ring.  
Cut on the inside are three circles to re-  
mind you of the three wishes. To every-  
one else the circles will look empty, but  
to you they will always contain my three  
wishes. The first wish is this, that your  
mind may be like a river; the second wish  
is that your whole life may be like the  
flowers; and the third is that your body  
may grow like the oak-tree." Her father  
then kissed her and added, "What the  
wishes mean you must find out for your-  
self."

The little girl was rather puzzled, but  
the morning was bright and sunny, so,  
with her new ring on her finger, she  
trotted off for a ramble in the woods. On  
the way she passed over a bridge across  
the river. She stopped a moment to  
look down at the water, and the little  
wavelets splashed together gently and  
whispered, "Don't you see that the stream  
never ceases to move onwards?"

"Yes," replied the little girl, "I know  
but why do you tell me that?"

"Don't you see," the little wavelets re-  
plied, "that is why your father wants your  
mind to be like a river? If it stood still

it would become stagnant and unlovely."

The little wavelets dashed away, and the  
little girl ran along through a field of wav-  
ing flowers. She bent down to smell them  
as she passed, and they rustled their  
blooms together and sang, "We are beauti-  
ful. We are beautiful. We are beauti-  
ful."

"But why do you tell me that?" asked  
the little girl. "Don't you see," replied  
the flowers, "that your father wants your  
whole life to be the same."

She sped on to the woods and soon spied  
a tall oak-tree. She climbed up into its  
friendly branches. The leaves whispered  
round her, and as the breeze shook them  
together she heard them say, "An oak-  
tree grows upright and is very strong."  
"I know," said the little girl, "but why  
do you tell me that?" "Don't you see,"  
replied the leaves, "that is what your  
father wants your body to be."

So she wore the ring all her life, and  
whenever she saw the three circles she re-  
membered the three wishes and tried to  
make them come true.

**THE HOME.**

**SPICED COFFEE JELLY.**

Four cupfuls hot coffee, 12 whole cloves,  
1 three-inch stick cinnamon, 5-8 cupful  
sugar, 1 cupful cold water, 2 tablespoon-  
fuls gelatin. Add the spices to the coffee  
and boil gently for ten minutes. Then  
strain out the spices, add the sugar and  
gelatin, which should have been soaked  
for at least five minutes in the cold water,  
stir thoroughly, and pour into a mould,  
which has been dipped in cold water, to  
stiffen. Serve when firm with plain  
cream or whipped cream, which has been  
sweetened and flavoured with a little ex-  
tract of cinnamon.

**ICING.**

One tablespoonful boiling water, 1½ cups  
confectioner's sugar, ½ teaspoon melted  
butter, ½ teaspoon vanilla and a few drops  
lemon juice. To the boiling water add  
confectioner's sugar slowly to make a  
paste stiff enough to spread; add vanilla,  
lemon juice and melted butter. If too  
stiff, a few additional drops of boiling  
water may be added; spread on tops of  
cakes at once.

**RAISIN DROP CAKES.**

Four tablespoons shortening, 1 cup sugar,  
2-3 cup milk, 1 egg, 1½ cups flour, 3 tea-  
spoons Royal Baking Powder, 1-8 tea-  
spoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla or other  
flavouring. Cream shortening; add sugar;  
add well beaten egg and milk very slowly;  
sift flour, baking powder and salt together  
and add to mixture; add raisins which  
have been washed, drained and floured  
slightly; add flavouring, mix well and put  
a small amount of mixture into greased  
individual cake tins; bake in hot oven 15  
to 20 minutes; sprinkle with powdered  
sugar, or cover with white icing.

**PEANUT BREAD.**

Two and a-half cupfuls flour, 2 tea-  
spoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful  
salt, ½ cupful sugar, 1 cupful chopped pea-  
nuts, 1 egg, 1 cupful sweet milk, ½ cupful  
shortening. Mix and sift the dry ingredi-  
ents, rub in the shortening, then add the  
egg, milk, and peanuts. Pour into greased  
bread-pan, let stand for ten minutes, then  
bake in a moderate oven for forty min-  
utes. When the loaf is taken from the  
oven brush the crust with a little melted  
butter.

**NUT GINGERBREAD.**

One cupful of chopped nuts, one cupful  
of molasses, one cupful of sour milk, one  
cupful of butter, 2 eggs, 1 cupful of sugar, 5  
butter, two eggs, one cupful of sugar, five  
cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking  
soda, one teaspoonful of powdered cin-  
namon, one tablespoonful of ginger, one  
teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Beat the  
butter and sugar together, then beat in  
the spices and molasses; add the eggs, well  
beaten, the milk, the soda dissolved in  
three tablespoonfuls of hot water, and  
lastly the flour and nuts. Beat for ten  
minutes. Pour into a buttered and papered  
tin, and bake in a moderate oven for  
an hour and a half.

**TO MAKE A PASTRY SHELL.**

Roll pastry one-fourth inch thick, cut a  
little larger than your pie plate and lay on  
the outside of the tin, pressing it gently  
in place. Prick with a fork, place plate  
on a tin sheet, pastry uppermost, and bake  
in a moderate oven. When slightly cool,  
remove pastry from the plate, place on a  
serving plate and fill as desired.

Lemons ought never to be allowed to  
dry up. It is so simple to keep them  
plump. Some people recommend packing  
them in a crock in dry sand, arranging so  
that no two lemons touch. This for a  
quantity. For the usual half dozen on

**BARLOW'S Jubilee Store,**

NEVER SAY DIE, BUT ALWAYS TRY

**BARLOW'S JUBILEE TEA.**

Owing to the rise in Butter you will find it cheaper to use Pure Jama.  
I have a full range in glass and tins in 1, 2, 4, and 7. TRY IT.

Is the place to buy your GROCERIES—where you get the best value for  
cash. Established nearly a quarter of a century; still going strong. Send  
your orders by post or 'phone, and you will receive them promptly for cash  
on delivery. Pay cash and save booking charges.

**DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.**

**ADVERTISERS!**

We guarantee the "Digger" to penetrate the whole of Southland, Lake  
District, South Otago, and to a lesser degree, a few places beyond this  
sphere, including as far north as Auckland. The destiny of the "Digger"  
as an effective and efficient advertising medium is assured.

We can tell you of a number who can testify to our claim and we are  
always ready to discuss advertising with firms who are desirous of reaching  
the purchasing public.

Remember ONE advertisement in the "Digger" covers the whole field.

We guarantee to have the largest circulation of any weekly, south of  
Dunedin, and the largest circulation outside of the leading morning and  
evening papers.

Failure to change your advertisement is failure to get effective service,  
and no fault of the "Digger."

hand at once, it is better to cover them  
with cold water, weighting them to keep  
them down. The water should be changed  
twice a week.

**OUR NEIGHBOURS' KEEPERS.**

We are living so close to our neighbour  
to-day that we, of necessity, exert either a  
good or a bad influence on his home life  
according as we live our own. Each home  
or fireside in every town or city is also  
in turn an integral part of that town or  
city, and the wealth in economy, business,  
finance and industry of each little home is  
felt and is evidenced in the town itself.  
If the community is made up of people of  
thrift, the family benefits and the com-  
munity benefits. They rise or fall to-  
gether.

Apart from the feeling of pride which  
comes to the best of us from enjoying the  
beautiful surroundings of our neighbours,  
it is obvious that none of us may selfishly  
sit back and determine what we shall spend  
and how we shall live without regard to  
our neighbours, for we are perforce bound  
to realize whether our influence is good or  
bad.

**METHODS OF MORTGAGING.**

A mortgage being in reality an obligation  
on the part of the borrower to repay at  
the expiration of a stipulated time to the  
lender the full amount thereof with inter-  
est, it is just as important to consider  
the length of time as the rate of interest.  
If the term is too short it means an early  
renewal and its attendant charges for in-  
vestigation, title search, recording, and so  
forth, and it is not always possible to re-  
new at the same source. The longer the  
term the better it is for the borrower.

**WE MUST PROVE THAT IT DOES  
NOT PAY TO CHEAT.**

When private capital gouged and  
cheated, some thought to stop gouging and  
cheating by taking the business away  
from them and letting the Government do  
it, unmindful of the fact, since illustrated,  
that we may wake up to find the same  
men running the government bureau who  
were running the private enterprise and  
without the responsibility invested capital  
involves. If individuals want to cheat  
and waste, they will try to do so no mat-  
ter what the form of government or of  
business organisation. We simply have to  
prove that it does not pay to do it—in  
dollars and cents and in public regard.

It speaks volumes for the good be-  
haviour of Invercargill crowds when it can  
be said that the police had occasion to  
make only one arrest (an inebriate), dur-  
ing the Christmas and New Year holidays.  
This was effected in the interim, the lock-  
up being vacant on the festive days. This  
is a record of good conduct that is to be  
commended.

**Milk! Pasteurised Milk!**

Clean, Wholesome, Creamy

—and—  
**GUARANTEED TO KEEP SWEET.**

6d—PER QUART—6d.

FOR CASH OVER THE COUNTER  
ONLY.

Study Economy; no scalding re-  
quired, no waste, and sweet milk  
for three meals daily. With un-  
pasteurised milk it may only  
keep sweet long enough to do  
One Meal.

We have one of the most up-  
to-date plants procurable for  
treating milk; freezing plant,  
cool chambers, etc.

**PATRONISE THE FIRM TRYING  
TO IMPROVE THE MILK SUP-  
PLY OF THE TOWN.**

**Invercargill Milk  
Supply,**

53 YARROW STREET.

DAIRY will be open from 7 a.m. until  
5.30 p.m.; Wednesdays and Sundays, 7  
a.m. to 12 noon.

**SLEEPY SONG.**

As soon as the fire burns red and low,  
And the nurse upstairs is still,  
She sings me a queer little sleepy  
song  
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep are quick and soft,  
Their colours are grey and white,  
They follow their leader, nose to tail,  
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,  
Then one runs after behind,  
The grey one's nose at the white one's  
tail,  
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the  
hill,  
They quietly slip away,  
But one runs over and one comes next,  
Their colours are white and grey.

And over they go, and over they go,  
And over the top of the hill;  
The good little sheep run quick and soft,  
And the nurse upstairs is still.

And one slips over, and one comes next,  
The good little, grey little sheep!  
I watch how the fire burns red and low,  
And she says that I fall asleep.

—Josephine Daskam Bacon.