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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.

THE TWIN PRINCES.

Once upon a time there were two Princes, named Jonina and Jonana, who hated each other very much. They were twins, and as like each other as two peas. From earliest infancy they fought and scratched. "What a terrible affliction!" the King's mother, who was therefore the Queen's mother-in-law, would say. And the Queen wanted to put out her tongue at her mother-in-law when she said this; for no mother, however her children quarrel and fight, likes them to be called afflictions. The Guardian-Queen only made matters worse by embroidering little mottoes in wool, with "Let brotherly love continue" in crimson and green, and "Let dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature to," in yellow and blue. And she gave them to the princes on their birthday. This, as you can well imagine, only made things worse. For whoever heard of quarrellers being made friends by annoying advice in green and crimson wool—So I am bound to admit, although I don't like to, that the palace grown-ups managed the twin Princes very badly.

Well, in due time the Princes grew up, then the question arose: Which Prince should govern the kingdom? At last the King hit on a happy idea. "They shall go forth into the world," he said, "and do mighty deeds, and, on returning, the one who has done the noblest things shall be King." This suited the Princes very well, for each longed to outdo the other. And, saying good-bye to everybody in the palace, they went off.

I shall not have time to tell you of the adventure which befell Jonina and Jonana. They soon had a fight and parted. And, in order that I may not bore you and become dull, I will say here—years passed away. That, I assure you, is how all the best storytellers get on with the tale. However, it did happen that Jonina embarked upon a ship—not very seaworthy, unfortunately—for the other side of the world. After many days' tossing on the waters, the ship was wrecked. And the long and short of it is that Jonina was stranded, alone and without food or clothes, upon a desert island of the most famous and cocoanutty kind. Fortunately, he had read "Robinson Crusoe," "The Swiss Family Robinson," and "The Schonberg-Cotta Family"—the last being a present from Grandma. These gave him a few useful ideas, and life began to be interesting. He built himself a hut, discovered a cocoanut grove, and all the other exciting and necessary things came quite naturally to him. He also saw footprints of another man, and he went in fear. For he knew there were fierce beasts in the jungles part; but, somehow, a man seemed more terrifying. Then one day, as he fished from a coracle (made by himself solely through reading in early youth the "History of Ancient Britons") he saw a creature on the shore. Fear held him; but he seized his rude implement of defence with one hand (I don't know what it was) and made for the shore with the other. He leapt ashore, a queer enough figure himself with his tangled hair and bushy beard, only to be confronted by another nure, ruder and wilder than himself. The creature spoke, and Jonina leapt with joy. He knew the language. And under the deep blue sky of the island these two queer figures embraced. From that hour they worked, fought beasts, sheltered together, and very, very dearly they loved each other. They discovered that one could invent and the other work the inventions. They just filled up each other. What one couldn't do, the other could. And yet never a word did they whisper of their past lives. Jonina was ashamed, and the other man seemed to have a hidden fear and was silent.

Then the tragic thing happened. Jonina was caught in a storm and swept out to sea in his coracle; and only by a strange chance was he picked up by a passing ship and taken home to his father's palace. Cleaned and shaved and properly clothed, he remembered that he had been sent forth on an adventure. He wondered what had happened to Jonana. He didn't care very much. His one idea was to go forth again in search of his friend of the island. "For," said he, "without my friend I cannot live." The

The Woman Who Knows

THE careful housewife knows how important it is that she should use the best starch—and there is no starch so good as Colman's. It gives the beautiful gloss and finish that makes the clothes look their best.

Colman's Starch

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King, forgetting past troubles, forgave Jonina his early indiscretions, and a ship was prepared to sail to the desert island.

For many days the ship, with the King and Jonina aboard, sailed the seas, and at last, amid fearful excitement, it anchored close to the old blue island. Over the island ran Jonina, straight into the arms of his friend, who was wasted with grief and looking very thin and ill. He was presented to the King, who fell back a pace at the sight of the wild figure; and then perfect breeding, as performed in the highest circles, came to his rescue. He bowed gravely, and, after a few pleasant words, left the two friends together. Soon the friend became uncomfortably conscious of his untidy appearance, for he had scarcely known Jonina all trim and shaved. So he went to the ship's barber, and Jonina went with him. In a few minutes a great cry rang through the ship. The King hastened below. There in the barber's cabin, all soapy, stood no longer a wild stranger, but the King's own son—the lost Jonana! The men of the island had been brothers and never knew it. And in common work against common foes and in forgetfulness of the past, they had grown to love each other dearly.

There were great commotions, rejoicings, and banquets, I can tell you, when the ship came home with the two brothers. And they ruled together in perfect happiness, sharing the kingdom. The Queen had the palace cleaned and the wool mottoes burned. And over the palace door was painted this notice: "Prince and Prince, Bros. This palace is under democratic management. All troubles will receive our best and prompt consideration. Any dispute settled amicably. No fixed hours. Open to receive friends and enemies at any hour. Night bell on the left. Please ring and walk in."

THE HOME.

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.

When a baking-dish gets burnt in using, it should not be scraped; simply put a little water and ashes in it and the burnt surface will come off easily without injuring the dish.

A steady heat for baking cannot be expected from a stove that is imperfectly cleaned and choked with clinkers. Too often the cook blames the stove for imperfect work, when the fault lies in her own neglect to put it in baking or cooking order.

All green vegetables should be kept in a cool, dark place, but not in great quantities. Roots of all kinds should be kept in dark, dry places, because light, warmth and moisture produce either germination or decay.

A jelly-bag strainer cloth, pudding-bag, or dumping nets should never be washed with soap, as the next thing that is put or pressed through them will surely taste of the alkali. Wash the bags with warm water as soon as used, before the substances stick or dry on, then rinse in clean water and dry in the air.

A duplex fork is the very best thing for taking potatoes and large vegetables from the pot as it does not break the vegetables like a perforated spoon, and yet drains all the water from them that is so objectionable when a common spoon is used.

Egg stains may be removed from spoons caused by using them with soft-soiled

eggs, by taking a little common salt between the thumb and finger and briskly rubbing the stain, which will soon disappear.

To sharpen scissors draw the blades several times firmly over the neck of a long-necked bottle—as though cutting—and you will be surprised to see what a fine, sharp edge your scissors have.

To restore the elasticity of the seats of a cane chair, turn over the chair, and with hot water and sponge, wash the canework so that it may be thoroughly soaked. If the canework is badly soiled use a little soap. Dry in the air, and it will be as good as new.

TO CLEAN CORDUROY.

Pour some turpentine over the part that is greasy and rub it till dry with a piece of clean flannel. If the grease be not quite removed, repeat the application, and when done brush the part well, and hang up the garment in the open air to take away the smell.

TO WHITEN TENNIS BALLS.

First brush with a soft brush to remove dust and adherent dirt, and then apply the following solution with a piece of soft chamois leather, as in glove cleaning. Take French chalk powder, 1oz; prepared whiting, 1oz; chloride of lime, 1oz; powdered alum, 1oz; water 6ozs. Mix all thoroughly, and apply as directed. Then place the balls to dry in a current of air, and when dry brush off the superfluous powder adhering with a soft, dry brush.

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BARLOW'S JUBILEE TEA.

Owing to the rise in Butter you will find it cheaper to use Pure Jams. 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.

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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.

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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."

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