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## Social Notes.

A delightful afternoon was given at Mrs Pilcher's house on Saturday afternoon. Among those present were: Mrs and Miss Campbell, Mrs H. Macalister, Mrs R. J. Gilmour, Misses Wylie, Bews, Callender, Searell, Hain, Moffett, etc.

Mrs Snow gave an enjoyable supper party and dance to some of the members of the "Going Up" Company after their performance on Friday night. Some of the guests present besides the company were: Misses Hogg, Vynor, Moffett, Bews, and Messrs Irving, Gilmour, Hewitt, Rae, etc.

An enjoyable little surprise party was brought to Miss Campbell's studio on Wednesday night. Some of the guests present were Misses Moffett, Campbell, Bews, Hein, H. Macdonald, H. Buckham (Ch. ch), W. Tucker, Crofts, Logan, etc. Messrs Gilmour, Cameron, Farnall, Hewitt, Kedell, Irving, Royds, and M. Macdonald.

Mrs Oliver gave a morning tea for Mr and Mrs Frith of the "Going Up" Company.

Miss Buckham is at present staying with her sister Mrs Arthur Moffett, Gladstone.

The engagement is announced of Miss Leslie Hunt, to Captain Robert McFarlane of Auckland.

Mrs Abbey Jones gave a most delightful tea on Monday afternoon at her residence, Gladstone, for Mrs C. F. A. Jones. Some of the guests present were: Mesdames Gabites, O'Beirne, T. Gilkison, John Macdonald, McLean, Howarth, Crammond, Mackrell, Copeland, A. Gilkison, Miss Winifred Tucker.

Mrs Wild returned to the north last week, she has been visiting her aunt Mrs Eyre for the last few months.

Miss Grace Tucker returned last week from her holiday in Dunedin.

Mrs Bannerman is back to her home in the Bluff, after spending the summer months in Timaru.

### EVERYDAY RECIPES.

An Excellent Sed Cake.—Warm together 4lb of margarine and one tablespoonful of golden syrup. Beat them into 1lb of flour, 4lb of brown sugar, half teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, 3 teaspoonfuls of caraway seeds, adding 1½ teaspoonfuls of sour milk, a very little at a time, till you get a smooth cream; then pour into a well-greased cake-tin, and bake for one hour and a-half.

Cocoanut Biscuits.—Take 12oz of flour, 5oz of castor sugar, 4oz of desiccated cocoanut, 2oz of margarine, one egg and a little milk. Put flour, sugar and cocoanut in a bowl, and thoroughly rub in the margarine; then add the egg, well-beaten, and sufficient milk to make into a stiff pastry. Roll out very thinly and cut into any shape required. Sprinkle with castor sugar. Place on tins, not greased, and bake in a hot oven until golden brown.

Victoria Sandwiches.—Use 2 eggs, 1 breakfast teacupful of flour, one breakfast teacupful of castor sugar, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder and two or three drops of vanilla flavouring. Beat the two eggs well then add the sugar. Beat well again, then add flour and baking powder, and, lastly, the flavouring; then beat all well for ten minutes. Grease well two sandwich tins; divide the mixture, pouring half in each tin. Bake in a quick oven for five minutes. Jam one half and place the other half on it; sprinkle castor sugar on top.

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Women ought to be interested in everything. They are interested mostly in what lies nearest them; and therefore are different not one whit from men, except perhaps in this, that women's occupations usually absorb more of their time than men's do, and leave thus a smaller margin for the pursuit of outside interests. The influence of custom and tradition has combined with the pressure of necessity to restrict women's outlook to the home and the affairs of the home; and the majority of women in a community like ours are no doubt content that it should be so.

The average "Woman's Page" or "Ladies' Journal" therefore furnishes the majority have a use for such material; articles on fancy work and perhaps some social chat. It is all very good because the majority has a use for such material; but it is very wrong too, because the majority have a use for something else as well. And then, there is the minority and a pretty large minority, too—composed of women who are doing their part in a work-a-day world in other fashion than by keeping a home and bringing up children. Whether they are going to be married or whether they will die single, they are at present independent economic units, teachers, clerks, shop-assistants, doctors, nurses, domestic workers; and their number and variety are increasing year by year.

There is no separateness in humanity, whatever effort may be made by class or individual to introduce it. What concerns you and me, and vice-versa. Selfishness, can't octopus-like suck the good things from the world and not leave some part of humanity impoverished thereby. Among the many classes of women in the world, are some idle and luxurious. They have their counter-part in the over-worked and under-fed, fluttering the rags of poverty in the cold of misery and shame. Woman's sphere is the sphere of the world and she cannot get away from it.

There are, however, spheres within spheres; and it is possible to give a larger meaning to those more immediate interests that the majority of women count to be particularly theirs, as well as to furnish the minority with food for reflection.

We are going to take for granted that the women who read this column are working women. They are all doing something; keeping a house or a ledger, rearing children or nursing sick people, teaching school, serving behind a counter, scrubbing floors, reporting weddings and meetings. All work has at least one mark of dignity; it is service. One kind of work may require the exercise of higher faculties and be more honoured than another, but the only true shameful occupation is idleness.

In Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," the chief business of the Magistrates was to see that no person was idle; and Utopia had no social or economic problems.

Readers of this column then, we are all workers, and we want to put our heads together about our work, to consider the best way to do it, how to secure the best conditions for its objects, how to remove or at least diminish the obstacles to its operation. We want to review our place and influence in the world, examine our ideals, formulate new and higher ones, co-ordinate the ideal and the real, and while we "hitch our waggon to a star" remember to take common-sense for our charioteer.

For this purpose, an invitation is extended to our readers, to co-operate with us. The experience of each determines the angle of view, and if we would know the truth about anything, we must learn to view it from all angles. If we viewed a square building always from one point, we should say that it had only two walls. Suggestions and opinions then, will be always welcomed and should be sent: care of the Editor of "The Digger," Southland News Buildings, Invercargill.

It is gradually being forced upon the modern mind, that what really matters, ultimately, is the welfare of the human unit, the physical, mental and moral, health and fitness of the men and women in the world.

All the commercial and manufacturing supremacy in the world will not compensate a nation for stunted rickety children, or a puny and vitiated manhood and womanhood. All efforts at social, economic and educational reform, that are worth mentioning, have this principle for foundation.

Hitherto, it has seemed as if the opposite principle ruled in the councils of most nations, and in the minds of most men of affairs. What mattered was the vested interest, the prospect of trade, the increased output and the high market price. Commercialism sacrificed the little children of the nation on its altars, till wisdom and humanity intervened on their behalf. Commercialism is learning only slowly at the present day, that it is neither right nor expedient to sacrifice men and women, lads and girls. How

many commercial magnates are prepared to endorse and act upon the policy of Leverhulme. Labour can never, so long as it is healthy and sound, be satiated with betterment conditions. Comfortable homes, with gardens and baths, with hot and cold water laid on, are to-day rapidly becoming necessities for happiness, as they already are for health. Sons and daughters must be better educated. Drudgery and exhausting toil must be abolished and replaced by labour-saving methods and shorter hours of work. All reasonable recreation and beautiful pleasure-giving inventions must be multiplied indefinitely as a necessary relief from toil, and brought within the reach of all. We must recognise the equal rights of all workers to share not only in the work and the pleasure of work, but also in all healthful recreation and the pleasure of relief from toil.

Now women, from their traditional and close connection with the home and the rearing of children, are among the first to recognise these truths. Their most general form of work lies closest to the vital parts of the social organism. It remains for them, with the growing power that changing times are placing in their hands, to help the new world to a realisation of such conditions as will enable each and every child born into the world to attain the fullest usefulness and happiness possible to its faculty and powers.

NOTE: Succeeding articles will deal first with the problem of domestic labour

## Children's Column.

(By "Mater.")

### A THOUSAND TIMES QUICKER.

#### A CHARMING, COMPLETE FAIRY STORY FOR CHILDREN.

"Oh! dear!" said Tommy, "I shall never get these wretched lessons done to-night, and I did so want to have a game of hide-and-seek before bed-time." He had been trying to learn the nine-times multiplication table and when he had finished that he had some grammar to do.

Daddy and Mummy were sitting with their backs to him by the fire, Daddy reading. Mummy sewing, so they did not notice the curious thing that happened to Tommy next.

"I wish I could work a thousand times quicker," he had murmured to himself, and just as the words were out of his mouth he felt a funny giddy sensation just like you do if you spin round and round like a top. But that was not the funniest thing he noticed. Pussy had been jumping off the table to the floor and all of a sudden she stopped in mid-air. Tommy looked again, and then he saw pussy was moving to the ground very, very slowly—so slowly that you could hardly see her moving at all.

Then Tommy looked at Daddy. Daddy had been tossing his paper on one side and that too had stopped, or nearly stopped, in mid-air, and was moving no quicker than the cat. Nothing else in the room seemed to be moving at all, not even Mummy's needle which was half way through one of Tommy's stockings.

"Well," he said "that is funny," but the clock said half-past six and it was bed-time at 8, and though he thought it very strange he went on with his work. The giddy feeling had passed off too. At last he finished all his lessons and he looked at the time. The clock still said not quite half-past six, in fact, the hands seemed scarcely to have moved at all. Then he looked at Daddy and Mummy. Daddy's paper had moved a foot nearer the floor, and Mummy's needle that was half-way through the stocking when he looked, was now just through. As for pussy, her feet were now about six inches off the floor. Then on the table in front of him, Tommy saw a funny little man with glasses and a broad-brimmed hat in his hand. He was no taller than Tommy's pen.

"Is your Highness ready to resume your usual speed?" asked the little man politely.

"What do you mean?" asked Tommy. "You said you wished to work a thousand times quicker," said the little man, "No sooner had you wished that than you were doing your work a thousand times quicker, although you did not notice any difference in yourself. But Daddy and Mummy and pussy were only moving at the same pace as they usually do, and as you were moving a thousand times quicker yourself, that was why they appeared to be moving so slowly."

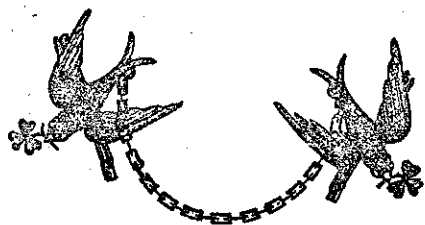
"Pheew," said Tommy, "fancy doing all my lessons while pussy jumps off the table."

"And now," said the little man, "if you want to play hide-and-seek with Daddy, I shall have to slow you down to his pace."

"All right," said Tommy, "I'm ready," and then almost before the words were out of his mouth Daddy's paper finished its journey with a rush, pussy finished her

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jump all of a sudden and ran out of the room and Mummy's needle flashed through the air as quick as ever.

"I suppose that's because I am now moving my ordinary pace," thought Tommy.

"Hello, old chap," Daddy said, "Finished your lessons already?" I thought you'd be another hour."

"All done, Daddy," said Tommy. But he did not say that he had been working exactly a thousand times quicker than usual.

### THE HOME.

#### EVERYDAY RECIPES.

Tomato Omelette.—Use one large tomato, one egg, one tablespoonful of flour salt, pepper, margarine or butter. Peel and mince the tomato. Mix the flour to a thin cream with a little milk; season with salt and pepper; then add the well-beaten egg, the pulped tomato and a little margarine. Melt about 2oz of fat in a small frying-pan. Cook the omelette in it to a nice brown, and serve very hot.

Sausages in Butter.—Take one pound of sausages, prick them with a fork, and place them in a deep, buttered pie-dish. Make a batter in this way: Mix 3 teaspoonfuls of flour and a pinch of salt with a little milk to form a smooth paste. Add gradually the rest of pint of milk, 2 eggs (well beaten) and 1oz of butter or margarine. Beat all well together, and pour mixture over sausages. Bake in slow oven for an hour. Serve with potatoes.

Little Cornflour Cakes.—Take 4lb of flour, 4lb of cornflour, 2oz of margarine, 2oz of lard, 4lb of castor sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of baking powder, vanilla, lemon, or other flavouring to taste. Rub in lard and margarine into flour, cornflour and sugar; add baking powder. Mix with the egg; well-beaten. Put in small lumps on a floured tin and bake in a quick oven. These ingredients make 30 little cakes.

Mayonnaise.—With the aid of a well-made mayonnaise even the most uninteresting dishes, such as, for example, cold boiled fish (any sort), or cold roast lamb, or veal, or lean mutton, or cold, boiled, or roast fowl or turkey, can be made appetising and delicious. If you follow these instructions exactly your mayonnaise is bound to be successful too. Mayonnaise perk, cold duck or goose, cold herrings or mackerel, unless soured. It is excellent with all kinds of cold game. For the perfect Mayonnaise, separate the white from the yolk of a large fresh egg. Put the yolk into a mortar. Add to it a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard flour and a tiny pinch of salt. Measure off half a pint of oil into a bottle with a well-fitting cork. Cut a tiny nick in the cork at one side, put it back in the bottle, and shake out the oil, a single drop at a time only, at the same time rubbing each drop in hard with the tip of a small wooden spoon. The rubbing must be all one way and must not cease till the sauce is finished. The more you rub the thicker and more 'velvety' the sauce will get. Should it curdle the first time empty it all out carefully into a small jug. Put another yolk of egg into the mortar and then add the curdled oil from the jug very slowly, rubbing it till smooth. When all the oil is in, add pepper and salt and a little Tarragon vinegar to taste. Some people prefer a very rich oily sauce, others a rather vinegary one; from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful is about the right amount. Serve at once or keep upon ice till needed.

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Thus easily did the eminent judge dispose of any qualms of conscience he may have felt. He certainly did not intend, now that he had reached the summit of his career, to sacrifice himself for the sake of an Australian adventurer and ne'er-do-well.

And now the curtain was about to rise on the final scene of the drama.

The jury had returned, and the buzz of talk in the crowded court stopped as if by magic and gave place to a breathless silence.

"Gentlemen of the jury, what is your verdict?"

"Guilty."

All eyes were turned on the prisoner. He made no sign. He stood in the dock, holding the rail in front of him with both hands, his head bowed. He seemed like one in a dream.

The judge on the Bench, almost for the first time during the trial, fixed his cold gaze on the prisoner.

Then, in calm, solemn tones, he began to pronounce the grim sentence which the law decreed.

"Richard Foster, you have been found guilty by a jury of your countrymen of the heinous crime of murder. I will not harrow your feelings by making any comment on the case, but will formally pass the sentence allotted by law, and it is that you be taken from here to the place whence you came and that—"

The calm, level voice suddenly halted. Everyone in that thronged court looked in amazement at the judge.

What was wrong? He seemed to have been struck dumb. His lips were parted, his eyes distended, and he was staring with an awful, fixed gaze at the prisoner in the dock.

Dick Foster had listened to the opening words of his sentence with bowed head.

Then suddenly his demeanour had changed.

As the awful words fell upon his dull ears he became all at once galvanised into life. His limp form stiffened and became erect, his haggard face was uplifted, and then—he threw back his head with an odd boyish jerk of defiance, as of one who says, "Now, come what will and do your worst; you will not find me afraid."

It was that peculiar, characteristic movement, and as he did so the crowded court, and all it contained, faded from his vision.

Five and twenty years slipped away as in a dream, and once again John Millbank

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