

Children's Column.

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

Patricia, Ettrick street.—Glad to hear from you again. Your story "Just a Buttercup" is very nice.—Mater.

Dick, Round Hill, via Colac Bay.—I am very pleased to hear from you, especially as you are so far away. Your story is very good and I would like to hear from you again. Do you think you could get more boys and girls to write to us?—Mater.

EDITH AND EVA.

By "Dick."

Once in a certain village, there lived two girls named Edith Gray and Eva Lane. They were cousins but they were not alike in looks or in ways. Edith Gray was a good sensible girl. She always dressed quietly and tidily, and didn't wear high-heeled shoes. Eva Lane was the exact opposite. She was a silly thoughtless girl, and dressed herself in a very silly way, always wearing high-heeled shoes.

In this village, the school-teacher was often very much annoyed by the unpunctuality of her pupils. No amount of punishment seemed to do anything towards curing this unpleasant habit, so as a last resort, the teacher offered a prize to the one who was early every morning for three months.

All the children tried for a while, but at the end of two months all except Edith Gray and Eva Lane had been late twice or three times. Edith nor Eva had not been late during that time.

At last only one day of the three months was left. The teacher said to the two girls on the second last day, "Well, Edith and Eva, I am very pleased to see how punctual you both have been this last three months. Only one day remains. If neither of you are late you will both get a prize, but if by any chance you are both late, then I will give the prize to which ever of you arrives first."

The next morning both girls set off in plenty of time for school. It had rained heavily all night, but it was a clear, bright morning. Edith and Eva lived close to each other and happened to meet, walked together. They had to cross a bridge which spanned a creek. When they reached the creek, they saw a poor little lamb which had fallen into the water, struggling in vain to get out. Edith at once ran to try and rescue it, but Eva didn't stop. She thought she might be late for school if she did.

Edith succeeded in rescuing the lamb and restoring it to its mother who was running about the bank bleating.

But Edith got very wet during the process and ran quickly home to get dry clothes on, and then ran very quickly to school arriving about five minutes late.

Meanwhile, Eva had run on to school. The ground was wet and slippery and as I have said Eva always wore high-heeled shoes. When she had nearly reached school she slipped and having on her high-heeled shoes hurt one of her ankles. It wasn't hurt much, but the silly Eva imagined she was half-killed. When her ankle had got a little less painful Eva got up out of the mud and limped on to school. But she found it necessary to sit down so often, and cry over her ankle and examine it to see if it was swelling, that she arrived five minutes behind her cousin Edith. So Edith Gray won the prize and I think she deserved it, don't you?

JUST A BUTTERCUP.

By "Patricia."

"Oh, dear! how stupid it is down in this meadow!" sighed a buttercup, one bright June morning. "Just to stay in the same place among the same people all one's days. I declare life is not worth living!"

"What is the matter?" asked a soft little voice beside him. And the fretful Buttercup turned his golden head to see who was speaking. But it was only a Forget-Me-Not, who lived close beside the stream and she was one of the people whom Buttercup was so tired of seeing.

"I want to go out into the world," Buttercup answered, "But I have told you all this before and you only say you are quite content to remain where you are."

"The world is so wide and I believe does not care for wild flowers," Forget-Me-Not replied in self-defence. "Better stay where we are and do our work quietly." "Now that is really too good!" laughed Buttercup sarcastically. "The idea of work down here!"

"But we must be here for some reason," argued Forget-Me-Not opening her blue eyes very wide. "The stream would miss

me, for he always says "Good-morning" and "Good-night" as he hurries on to join the river, and the birds come and chat to me during the day."

At this moment their conversation was interrupted, for a toad came to show Forget-Me-Not how nicely her children were getting on, and Buttercup rocked himself to and fro in a perfect passion of discontent. A child's voice came singing across the meadow. It belonged to the little girl who lived in the big ivy-covered house on the other side of the wall. "Oh! what a splendid Buttercup!" she cried.

"How beautiful it would look in my garden!" Buttercup bowed gracefully and up his head went as he looked scornfully at his relations. "I have a good mind—yes, I declare I will, too!" and without more ado little Mabel carefully dug up the buttercup with a small trowel. It hurt a little, detaching the roots from the clinging mother-earth, but he comforted himself with reflecting "pride feels no pain" and how proud he was when Mabel ran back again across the meadow, and carried him through the door in the high wall which separated the meadow from the garden. Mabel, stopping in front of a circular flower bed began to dig a place for Buttercup with her trowel. This was soon done and Buttercup found himself duly installed in the wide world at last.

"Who is that person?" asked a tall white foxglove.

"The idea of introducing such a low-bred creature into our select circle!" a geranium said, and murmurs of disgust went round.

"Nothing but a weed, my dear, I assure you, and quite the worst kind! Why I am told that even the cows refuse to eat them." Poor Buttercup hung his head, wishing with all his heart he could change places with one of these garden beauties. Mabel now returned, dragging her elder sister by the hand, to come and look at her new treasure. The flowers were all silent whilst they waited to hear what would be said. The young lady, who even the white moss-rose thought was pretty, broke into a silvery peal of laughter. "You ridiculous child! Is this what you have brought me to look at? Only a common buttercup, and it is beginning to fade already!"

The flowers all joined in chorus, and Buttercup felt indeed broken-hearted. He began to hate the beautiful world which could say such cruel things. The sun went to shine somewhere else, lighting up fresh wonders, and the flowers bade one another goodnight. Buttercup felt so weak and languid he soon forgot all his troubles, but by morning he found he could not stand upright.

"Yes, I am afraid I am going to die!" Buttercup answered faintly to a sympathetic Pansy.

By and by, the gardener, stooped to pick up a few weeds. His quick eye caught sight of the buttercup looking so forlorn among his gay companions and stooping down he seized, the Buttercup, roots and all, and flung it far over the wall into the dewy meadow. When Buttercup recovered from the shock he found himself lying at the edge of the stream in his old home, and the Forget-Me-Not looking down on him with soft pity.

"I am dying," he moaned.

"No, no, you shall not die just yet!" Forget-Me-Not answered whilst a dewy drop rolled from her wet eyes. At her bidding the stream rippled a little higher up the bank, gently the Buttercup was placed on some wet soil. His roots soon took firm hold of the moist loosened earth and he began once more to lift his head. There was one question Buttercup asked, very shyly it is true, for he no longer thought highly of himself. "I suppose nobody missed me while I was away?"

"The meadow was not the same place without you!" Forget-Me-Not answered softly. And although it was too dark to see her face, he believed she spoke the truth.

I WANT A HOUSE.

I want a house and a comfy chair
And a red-brick fireplace all my own.
I want a nice soft reading light,
And a rug or two, and a telephone
That nobody else but I may use.
I want a cat and a dog, and then
To tend the furnace and walk and lawn—
I want a house.
I want a house and an apple tree
In a real back yard. And a y and by
I want some dishes and silver and things
And room to fuss and scrub and try
Out all the rules in the magazines.
I want a place where I can sew
And then run off without picking up.
I want to watch "just folks," that go
Up and down on a pleasant street
And feel they're there, but my house so
clean,
With straight white curtains and bordered
walk,
Is a place of refuge that stands between
All folks and me. Oh, nobody knows
How I want a house!

The Home.

CELERY.

An authority on food values says that celery is good for nervousness and palpitation of the heart; and for rheumatism the celery should be cut into bits and boiled in water until soft, and the water should be drunk by the patient.

OYSTER SOUP.

Ingredients: A large cupful of fish stock, two large cupfuls of milk, two level tablespoonfuls of butter, a heaped tablespoonful of cornflower, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a dozen oysters, salt and pepper to taste.

Method: Put the milk on to boil. Drop in the butter. Moisten the cornflower with a little cold milk and add a little pepper and salt, and as the milk comes to the boil stir this in. Add the fish stock and let it simmer for a few minutes. Beared the oysters and cut them into quarters. Just before serving the soup stir in the parsley and oysters. Some consider a little lemon juice an improvement. The stock can be made from fish heads. Pour the juice from the oysters into the soup. Allow the oysters to just heat through, but on no account allow the soup to boil after the oysters are added.

BOILED CELERY.

Cut up some of the best bits of celery and boil in slightly salted water for half an hour; then strain and put it on in new milk and cook till soft. When done add a little bit of butter, slightly thicken the milk with cornflour, grate in a little nutmeg and serve as a vegetable. The water in which the celery was boiled can be added to soup or drunk.

DATE BILLY LOAF.

Ingredients: A pound of flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking soda, four level teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, four ounces of dates, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a dessertspoonful of sugar, milk to mix.

Method: Sift all the dry ingredients into a basin. Stone the dates and cut them into small pieces. Add the fruit to the sifted flour. Work into a fairly stiff dough with milk. Put into a greased and floured billy; smooth the top. Place the lid on the billy and cook in a moderate oven for an hour or more, according to the size of the billy.

QUINCE HONEY.

Ingredients:—5 large quinces, 5lb of sugar, 1 pint of boiling water.

Method:—Pare and grate the quinces. Put the water and sugar into a lined saucepan; when boiling, drop in the quinces. Stir and boil for twenty minutes.

PRUNES AND TAPIOCA.

Soak half a pound of prunes in cold water over night. Next day, remove the stones and add two ounces of sugar to the prunes. Boil them in the same water for half an hour. Stir in three teaspoonfuls of tapioca and continue the boiling for another half hour. Turn the mixture into a pie dish and pour on it a custard, made by mixing two eggs, an ounce of sugar and half a pint of milk. Grate a little nutmeg on top of the custard. May be served hot or cold.

APPLE SHORT CAKE.

Ingredients:—1lb of flour, 8oz of butter or good dripping or lard, a tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of baking powder, 2 eggs, a tablespoonful of milk, some good cooking apples.

Method.—Rub the butter into the flour and sugar, add the powder, beat the eggs and add to them the milk. Pour this into the flour and work into a stiff paste. Line a greased baking tin with the paste, bringing it well up the sides. Peel the apples and cut them into very thin slices; spread these over the paste and scatter over them a fair amount of sugar. Cover with paste and pinch the edges together so that no juice escapes. Bake a light brown in a moderate oven. May be eaten, hot or cold. Pieces of butter and a little lemon juice distributed distributed through the apples is an improvement.

At a recent meeting of the Sawmillers' Union a complaint was received stating that an employer had dismissed a man who had claimed pay for cleaning out the boiler on Sunday. Mr T. O'Byrne said that if the man's mates were staunch unionists, they would have ceased work until the man was reinstated.

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 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.

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."

SOUTHLAND ELECTRIC POWER BOARD.

BALANCE AS AT 11th SEPTEMBER, 1920.

—Dr.—

	£	s.	d.
Hay and Vickerman	4000	0	0
Roads contracts	2084	7	2
Maintenance, gravelling	37	10	0
Co-op. contracts	95	11	7
Plant	3437	7	4
Stores	306	19	5
Wages	1406	7	5
Cartage (plant and stores)	301	2	0
Advertising tenders	59	10	0
Office buildings	10,620	3	0
Office furniture and equipment (H.O.)	113	7	6
Office furniture and equipment (construction)	65	6	3
Office salaries (H.O.)	376	13	0
Office salaries (constrn. office)	65	6	3
Office expenses (H.O.)	22	2	6
Office expenses (constrn.)	6	19	3
Insurance office buildings	35	4	3
Insurance, accident (constrn.)	401	0	0
Insurance, plant	0	13	0
Office stationery, printing, etc. (H.O.)	201	4	10
Office stationery, printing, etc. (constrn.)	104	3	5
Travelling expenses, members	31	4	6
Travelling expenses, office	14	10	9
Travelling expenses, constrn. office	10	15	11
Interest, mortgage	112	12	6
Motor car running expenses	96	1	0
Punt (building only)	43	0	0
Sawmill expenses	51	7	0
Tuatapere store expenses	29	2	10
Transmission (survey)	24	16	6
Monowai inspection	26	18	8
Loan poll expenses	1399	2	9
Flotation expenses	3	6	10
Preliminary expenses	10	14	2
Waiau navigation	198	13	0
Survey (flying load)	664	13	8
Chaff (J. Selwood)	3	6	9
	£26,429	2	8

—Cr.—

Balance due to contractors	233	15	1
Mortgage	6000	0	0
Rents received	57	0	0
	£6290	15	5
Debit	£26,429	2	8
Credit	6,290	15	5
	£20,138	9	3
Expend. to 31/3/20	5,471	17	5
Bank overdraft	£25,510	6	8

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A BOON FOR BABIES.

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Invercargill Milk Supply, 53 YARROW STREET.

NO.

NO is one of the smallest words in the English language, and yet— It has brought about more heartaches than the war.

It has caused more children to shed tears than all the spankings in the world put together.

It has saved more money for individuals with backbone than a year's output of padlocks.

It has made itself Prohibition's greatest aid.

It has killed genius and thwarted ambition.

It has turned love into hate and success into failure.

It has kept kings off thrones and poets out of Arcadia.

It has caused good men to tremble and scoundrels to rejoice.

Will it ever make a change for the better?

No.