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TO HOUSEWIVES.

HAVE you a Sewing Machine? If so, the greatest care should be bestowed on its upkeep; especially does this apply to the method of oiling, and the class of oil used. A Sewing Machine may be ruined in a very short time with poor oil, whereas the machine should last a lifetime if properly maintained.

WEKA BRAND
SEWING MACHINE OIL,

is a pure mineral oil of the finest possible quality, with only a faint taste and smell. It can even be swallowed without any ill effects. It has more body than any other Spindle or Machine Oil on the market. Also the WEKA OIL.

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the finest fabric, which is a distinct advantage, as often valuable garments are practically ruined by oil stains. We have no hesitation in recommending this Oil. It is used throughout the largest Woollen Mills in the Dominion, and is pronounced by experts to be better than anything they have previously used.

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Each of these preparations carries the hall-mark of Perfection.

DUSTOL is a preparation for using on dusters for furniture, etc.

RAZOR STROP OIL has been produced with a special view to keeping a razor-strop in perfect order, thus ensuring a reliable and keen-edged razor.

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LARISSA LEMON CREAM.—This Cream is a protection for the skin under all conditions of exposure to wind or sun; it is also a valuable hand emollient, and is specially recommended for softening the beard and ensuring an easy shave; used after shaving it is very soothing to tender skins.

Ask your Storekeeper for these preparations. Or write direct to

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, and 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.

AN ORIGINAL STORY OF A SCHOOL GIRL.

(Sent in by Daisy Slade).

It was Thursday, and a crowd of eager and excited girls were gathered in the Common Room of St. Winifred's school. The next day was examination for the scholarship, and of course, everybody was very excited. Peggy Mainwaring was discussing the matter with her chum, Violet Hargreaves. Peggy and Violet were among those trying for the exam. Friday dawned bright and sunny, and everyone was in the best of spirits. They all trooped down the examination room and took their seats, and all through the examination you could only hear the scratching of pens as each girl answered the questions put before her. At last the examination was over, and the girls were dismissed. On Monday they were to know the result, but when Monday came Miss Paterson, the head mistress, called Peggy up to her desk and showed her some papers which proved to be answers to the questions. Peggy was greatly astonished, and denied having seen them at all. Miss Paterson was very kind and said, "I am sorry this should have happened, because I have always found you truthful and honest, but I shall have to keep you in your room, and not allow any girl to see or speak to you until this matter is cleared up." Poor Peggy cried herself to sleep that night, she did not know what to do, her mother was depending upon her to win the scholarship, and if she knew Peggy was disgraced, it would break her heart. Next day Peggy was sitting at the study window, gazing out across the fields, she heard voices below, and opening the window she saw Marcia Lambert, the sneak and bully of the school, talking to her chum, Nora Rendle. Then Peggy heard Marcia say: "That was a very good idea of mine putting those papers in Peggy Mainwaring's desk. I think she is too high and mighty, perhaps this disgrace will bring Miss High and Mighty down a peg or two. We shall be all right as long as nobody finds out who put the paper there." Poor Peggy shut the window and sank into a chair with her face hidden in her hands, so that was the one who had so deliberately tried to disgrace her. Presently there came a shuffle outside the door, something was hastily pushed underneath, which proved to be a note from Violet, and it ran thus:—

Dear Peggy,—

Have you heard the good news? If not, I will tell you. As I was walking past the laurel bushes, close to your window, I heard voices and saw M. Lambert and N. Rendle whispering together very suspiciously, and I just caught the words, "That was a good idea of mine putting those papers in Peggy Mainwaring's desk." I waited to hear no more, but came straight in and wrote this note. I want to know if you advise me to tell Miss Paterson?—Your loving friend,

VIOLET.

Peggy was very pleased to find that she was known by some one to be innocent. Peggy knew what it was to be in disgrace, and although Marcia Lambert was her enemy, she did not have the heart to tell the head-mistress.

Towards the evening there came a knock at the door, and Miss Paterson came into the room, looking very pleased, and she held out her hands, saying, "Peggy, dear, I am so glad to find you are innocent. Violet has told me everything, and tomorrow morning, after prayers, I shall let the whole school know you are innocent." Peggy was very glad, but she wished Violet had not been so hasty, but consulted her first, because she did not want to get Marcia into trouble. When the morning came Peggy was feeling very uneasy, and after prayers Miss Paterson called the girls to attention and said, "Marcia Lambert, come forward; you have been found guilty of trying to disgrace Peggy Mainwaring; have you anything to say?" Marcia looked very red and guilty, but had nothing to say. "Very well, the only thing I can do is to expel you." But before Miss Paterson could continue speaking Peggy stepped forward and said, "Please excuse me, Miss Paterson, I beg you not to expel Marcia. I freely forgive her, so will the other girls if you ask them." All the girls were willing to for-

give, so the matter ended, after Miss Paterson had given Marcia a severe talking to. Peggy is now at college and getting on very well indeed.

The End.

The Home.

BOTTLED TOMATOES.

Ingredients.—Two pints of boiling water, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of vinegar, tomatoes.

Method.—Add the salt and vinegar to the water. Bring to the boil. Place the fruit in and cook till the skin breaks (about five minutes). Place the fruit in screw-topped bottles and pour the liquid they were cooked in over them. Stand the bottles in a basin and fill to overflowing. Fasten securely. Must be airtight.

BISCUITS.

It pays to make your own biscuits nowadays. The following recipes are all tried ones:—

ALMOND MACAROONS.

Ingredients.—A pound of flour, half a pound of butter; half a pound of sugar, an egg, a teaspoonful of baking powder, a teaspoonful of essence of almonds.

Method.—Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; add the egg, then the essence. Sift the flour, having previously mixed the powder through it. Roll about a teaspoonful of the mixture in the hands. Place on paper and put half an almond on top of each. Requires medium oven. Will cook in about a quarter of an hour.

ALMOND FINGERS.

Ingredients.—Quarter of a pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of milk, yolk of an egg, a teaspoonful of essence of almonds, a teaspoonful of baking powder, pinch of salt; one and a half cupfuls of flour.

Method.—Mix in the same way as almond macaroons. Beat the white of the egg and thicken with icing sugar. Mix some chopped almonds through it and after shaping the mixture into fingers spread the icing on the top. Cook in a slow oven for fifteen minutes.

ALMOND FINGERS (No. 2).

Ingredients. Half a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, a pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of cold water, two eggs.

Method.—Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the yolks of the eggs, then the flour and powder. Mix with the water. Roll out thin and cover with icing made of the two whites and half a pound of castor sugar. Scatter some chopped almonds over the icing.

AN ECONOMICAL BISCUIT.

The following is an economical and very nice biscuit:—

Ingredients.—Two pints of flour, an ounce of butter, three heaped teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of salt, sweet milk or water.

Method.—Mix the powder through the flour. Rub in the butter. Make a soft dough with sweet milk or water. Work as little as possible. Rub bits of the mixture into shape in the palms of hands. Bake in a rather quick oven.

RICE BISCUITS.

Ingredients.—Two eggs, quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of ground rice, half a pound of flour, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, little essence, a teaspoonful of baking powder.

Method.—Beat the butter and sugar to a cream. Whip up the eggs and add; mix the ground rice, flour and rising. Work all together. Drop in the essence when creaming the butter. Roll out and cut into shape. Bake ten to fifteen minutes in a moderate oven.

COCOANUT BISCUITS.

Ingredients.—An egg, two tablespoonfuls of butter, six heaped teaspoonfuls of flour, three level tablespoonfuls of desiccated cocoanut, two level teaspoonfuls of sugar, vanilla essence, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda.

Method.—Mix into a stiff paste. Shape in small pieces. Sprinkle with coarse sugar and bake in a quick oven.

PICK-ME-UP.

Wash four newly-laid eggs, and place them, shells and all (whole) in a basin. Cover and leave standing for four or five days; then take off the scum and whisk them up together. Add a bottle of the best Jamaica rum with a quarter-pound sugar. Shake all well together, and take a tablespoonful night and morning. This is a good nerve tonic, and the results well proved, being over a hundred years old.

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.

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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.

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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."

ONLY A CROSS OF FLOWERS.

(By "Lest We Forget.")

"What is the band playing so brightly for?"

"Oh, don't you know, there is a contingent going away to-day, and you should have been at the theatre last night and heard the speeches. They were grand! They make one feel so patriotic."

How often those remarks were heard in those dreadful days now past, and the contingents, how splendid they looked in their glorious young manhood, full of strength and vigour, proud because of their their. They were going to do their share in the cause of righteousness and freedom. It mattered not to them that they were going to face unknown dangers; but why of that—youth and strength they had. One wonders what their thoughts for the future had been. A writer once said: "The thoughts of youth are long, long long thoughts." Well they went, and those who stopped at home, how eagerly they scanned the papers for doings of those brave lads overseas, and every now and then the cables told the names of those who had died. Some said he was a school mate, a shop mate, factory mate, an office mate and so on. So many knew him and spoke of his goodness. One heard the people talk and one thought what a splendid example for the young who were to follow.

For years it went on, and the fighting ceased. No more contingents were required. Then the contingents began to return, but oh, the gaps in the ranks, and the broken, weary ones—but all with a smile. They had done the work they went to do, truly and well, and what mattered youth's shattered ambitions.

And now the years are passing and every now and then comes the anniversary of those battles where New Zealand's sons made her name for ever famous in history. Do we remember them and observe them as we ought?

Mr Massey said: "The children must be taught to honour the anniversaries, and revere the memory of New Zealand's noble dead." Do we find it so? No! In Parliamentary reports, we read of wrangling and divisions over soldiers' pensions, land for soldiers, hospital treatment, etc.

Schools have their rolls of honour, and we in Invercargill have our South African Troopers' Memorial, and some day—let us hope—a wave of patriotism will stir the hearts of the people of Invercargill, then they will think of those graves on Gallipoli, France and Flanders, lonely and far away from home and loved ones, and then we will have our memorial for our noble dead, and the school children will be told about the anniversaries and they will bring wreaths of flowers and shrubs that by

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their meanings, speak of love and everlasting gratitude to those who by their deaths have given expression to the words of Him who said: "Greater love hath no man than that he laid down his life for another." Their cross was suffering and death. Let us remember them—ever—and in gratitude to them, help their comrades, who have returned, in every possible way—and the ways are many and varied. Let us never forget their names was the wall that kept us safe at home.

A DANGEROUS GIRL.

(By C. Hampton Thorp, in "N.Z. at the Front").

On the day I first met her my cheeks fairly burned. She was then quite a stranger to me. But I'd heard of her powers where men were concerned—What a dangerous girl she could be!

Though the darling won't own it, she twice saved my life. When the Huns came on us with a run; She can talk at nine hundred a minute in strife; She is rapid—my old Lewis gun!