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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.

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SEWING MACHINE 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.

Also on sale—

DUSTOL,
STONE OIL,
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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-sharp in perfect order, thus ensuring a reliable and keen-edged razor.

STONE OIL.—The action of this Oil on a stone is to remove the residue of steel from the edge of the tool being sharpened. It has been tested and pronounced perfect.

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.

WHY THE CUCKOO FLEW AWAY.

(By Ethel J. Barks).

One afternoon, Poo-Poo, the little Pekingese dog, went out with her mistress to see a little girl named Elsie, who was ill in bed with a bad cold. Poo-Poo was not very fond of little girls who were not well enough to play with her, and when she arrived with her mistress she barked so angrily at the little girl that her mistress said she must stay by herself in another room until she had taken tea with Elsie and was ready to take her home again.

So Poo-Poo was put into the day nursery all by herself. She barked very angrily and scratched the door for a long time to try and make someone come and let her out, but when at last she found that no one was going to take any notice of her barking and scratching, she jumped on to a chair and curled herself around to go to sleep.

She was just settling down to a comfortable little nap, when, suddenly, she heard someone in the room call out "Cuckoo."

Poo-Poo thought someone who had mistaken her name was calling her, so she jumped off the chair and ran to the door, quite expecting it to be opened. But though she waited no one came or opened the door, so she jumped on her chair again.

Presently, however, the little voice called out again, "Cuckoo," "Cuckoo." Poo-Poo looked around, but there was certainly no other person in the room. She jumped down and sniffed all around the corners but could find no smell of anyone even hiding in the room. So she sat in the middle of the room and waited patiently until the little voice should come again. After a time it did. It called out "Cuckoo," "Cuckoo," "Cuckoo." But except that there seemed to be a kind of scuffling noise by the clock hanging on the wall near the bookcase, there was no sign or sound of anyone about.

Poo-Poo was a very intelligent little dog, and when she found that the sound came somewhere very near the clock, she thought she would sit near it and watch there for the little voice to come again. So she jumped up on the bookcase and knocked down the ink, which ran all over the pretty grey carpet, and sat there and waited until the strange invisible person should come and call her again.

But it was not really as comfortable sitting on the narrow hard shelf of the bookcase as it was on the nice soft chair, and when she had been there some time she was beginning to think the mystery was really not worth the trouble, when there was a buzzing sound near the clock which made her prick up her ears and open her big brown eyes very wide, and the next minute a little door under the clock opened, and out hopped a queer-looking little bird.

"Cuckoo," he cried, and hopped back again, and the little door shut to very quickly, but opened again in a second for the little bird to hop out and call "Cuckoo" again. Then it went back again to come out and call "Cuckoo" yet a third time.

But when the little door opened a fourth time Poo-Poo jumped up very quickly and caught the queer bird in her mouth. And the clock and Poo-Poo and the little bird, together with several ornaments and things on the book-case, all fell to the floor together with a very loud crash.

The noise quickly brought Poo-Poo's mistress and Elsie's mother running to the nursery to see what had happened.

"Oh, Poo-Poo, you naughty little dog," said her mistress, when she saw all the things on the floor, and she slapped her ever so gently with her hand and pretended she was giving her a very good scolding, and Poo-Poo wagged her tail and licked her mistress's face as she always did when she wanted to say she was sorry.

And Elsie's mother said that Poo-Poo had quite broken the cuckoo clock, and that the little bird would never be able to hop out of the clock and tell them the time again.

Poo-Poo wagged her tail all the time she was being scolded and talked about. It all seemed so strange to her, and she was not at all sure of the meaning of it all. She could not understand why little birds should hide in clocks. She always thought they lived in the trees in the woods and gardens.

"I shall never bring you out visiting

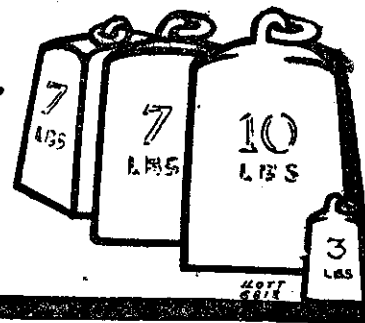


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again," said her mistress picking her up in her arms. "You have been a very naughty little dog all the afternoon."

But Poo-Poo only wagged her tail and did not appear to be at all unhappy for she knew her mistress would love her just as well, no matter how much ink she upset or how many cuckoo clocks as she pulled on the floor. And she was very pleased to get back to her own home again, where silly birds did not come out of strange hiding places to try and tease her. She listened while her mistress told the story of her adventure to the rest of the people at home, then she ran out to tell her own friends, the tabby cat and the big yard dog, herself.

Some weeks after Poo-Poo was playing in the garden when she heard the same little voice calling "Cuckoo" again.

"Hullo," she exclaimed, looking round. "Cuckoo," "Cuckoo," replied the little voice.

"But they said I had made you fly away and that you would never come back and tell the time again," said Poo-Poo.

"Cuckoo," "Cuckoo," sang the little bird.

"Whatever does that mean?" said Poo-Poo. "I thought at first that you were calling me."

"It means that spring has come. I have come to tell everyone that it is spring-time." And away he flew calling "Cuckoo," "Cuckoo," all over the garden.

Poo-Poo watched him in great astonishment, and wondered if ever he would find his way back into the clock again. She thought it must be much nicer to go about telling people it was beautiful spring-time than to remind little girls about lesson time and bedtime from a clock on a nursery wall.

THE HOME.

TO MAKE A HARD, HOUSEHOLD SOAP.

Hard soaps are always soda soaps. There are grained soaps, those in which separation of the underlay has been made, and filled soaps, those in which the whole contents of the boiling pan are kept together and sold as soap. The coconut oil is especially employed for the manufacture of filled soaps, because it is easily soluble in brine, requiring a very large quantity to separate them, and then they become so hard that you can scarcely cut them with a knife. The more solid constituents a fat contains the harder the soap produced, the more oleine the softer the soap. By mixing the fats in different proportions soaps of any constituency can be obtained; this also depends upon the strength of the lye in the process. Weak and middling strong lyes will produce a light soap, while lyes at 25 to 35 degrees B will produce a soap heavier than water. Sometimes a small admixture of sulphate of soda is employed in making soap, for the purpose of preventing its too great solubility when used in washing. In the manufacture of soaps one-third or one-fourth of fat is frequently substituted by resin. For the transformation of 100lbs of fat into soap there are generally necessary 12½lbs of solid caustic soda. This quantity must be more or less in proportion to the nature of the fat.—Spon's Recipes. A capital soap for house cleaning and clothes washing purposes is made in the following way—Procure a half-pound tin of 98 per cent. caustic soda (which may be obtained from a wholesale manufacturing chemist), which will cost about 6d., and put it in a large basin or other earthenware vessel containing one quart of cold water. By stirring it will instantly get very hot. Let it stand till

cool. That is called the "soda-lye." In a larger earthenware vessel melt three pounds of any kind of fat (without salt); and for this purpose I always save all refuse fat, or grease of any kind from the table, melted, and the pure fat strained off. Allow it to cool down until it just begins to set, and pour the soda-lye into it in a continuous stream, stirring until it becomes like honey. Then pour the mixture into a wooden box, capable of holding 6lbs of soap. The box should previously be lined with a piece of damp calico. Well cover it up with a piece of old blanket, and let it stand until next day in a cool place to set, when you will have 6lbs of pure soap, at a cost of about 6d for caustic soap plus the price of fat, which has the advantage of bleaching clothes without injuring the fabric.

NO PACK EGGS

It is of the utmost importance that no odorous packing material should be used. Sawdust should be avoided, as it has often spoilt the flavour of eggs. Bran is as good as anything, and it is very useful for filling in any empty spaces and making all tight.

It is a most unwise plan to place a quantity of eggs loose in a box and then fill up the spaces with bran, for as soon as the eggs begin to travel, as they are more weighty than the packing, they will work their way to the top, where in all probability they will be crushed against the lid of the box. The eggs instead should be placed in such a manner in the box or case as will not permit of their moving at all.

The first thing to do is to wrap each egg up separately in paper; strips of hay should be put between and each end should point downwards. The corners

BARLOW'S Jubilee Store,

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DEE STREET, INVERCARGILL.

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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.

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.

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should afterwards be filled in with bran; in this way the eggs will travel very well. I consider the most reliable method of sending eggs is to pack them in a case specially constructed for this purpose, and for a large number of eggs I have found the felt-layer egg-box most successful. This consists of a strong outer case fitted with several felt-lined trays. Even should the box be turned topsy-turvy in the course of the journey, the eggs will not be hurt.