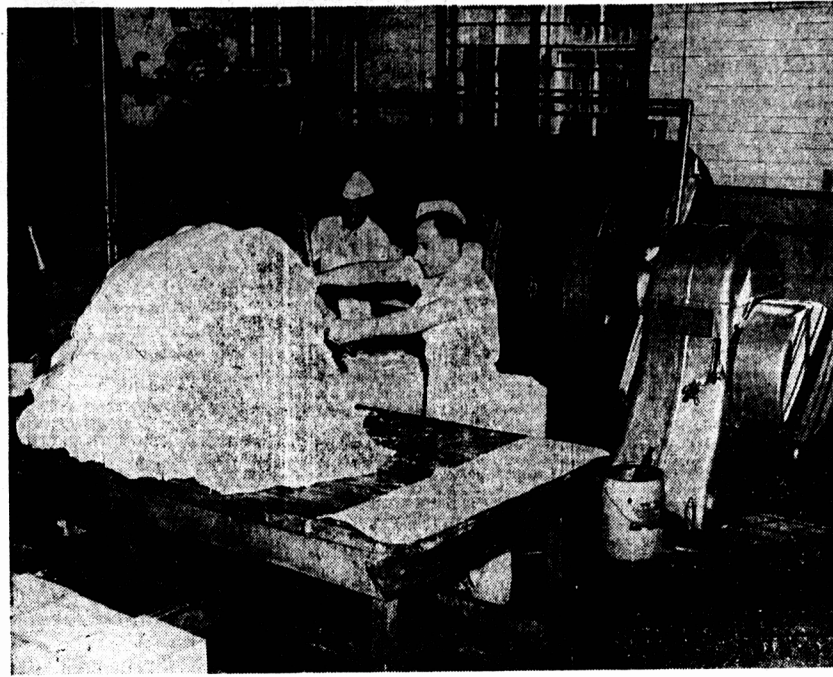
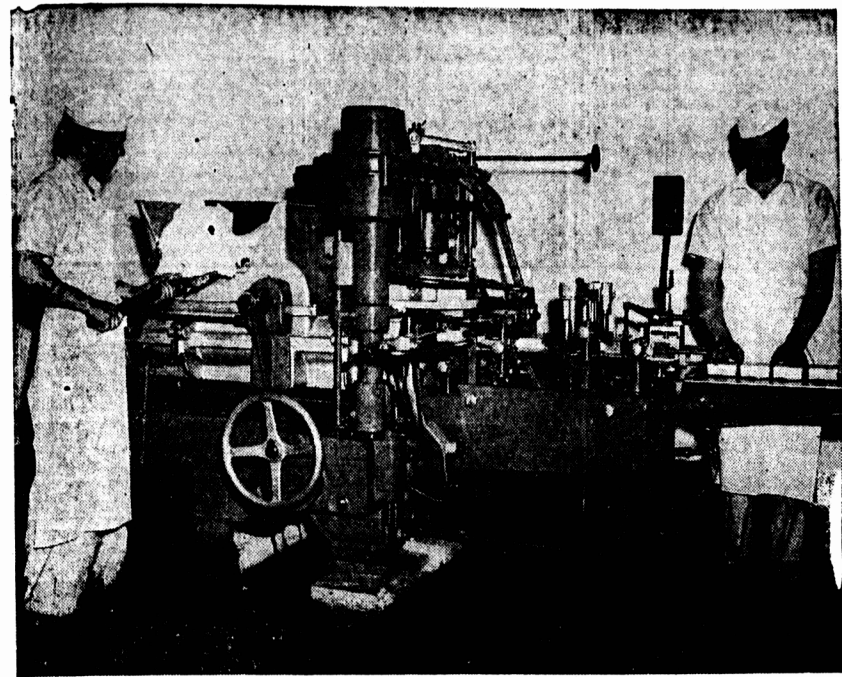


Automatic Butter Molding And Wrapping Machine At Central Creameries Ltd.



Pictured at the left is the Kustner Automatic Butter Molding and Wrapping Machine recently imported from Switzerland by Central Creameries Limited, Charlottetown. This machine is of the very latest design; all metal parts which come in contact with the butter are made of stainless steel, with the exception of the stuffing worms which are made of a specially treated wood. The hopper is entire-

ly stainless aluminum alloy, which has been found most suitable for handling Butter. Kustner Butter Machines turn out a very attractive package; all prints are accurately molded and weighed and the wrapping is very neatly done. This Machine is capable of turning out 2100 pounds of Butter per hour all accurately weighed and wrapped. Addition of this Butter Printer adds greatly to the equipment of the firm and coincides with the new aluminum Foil Wrapper

just recently introduced for the first time in the Maritime Provinces. On the right, is shown one of the 1500 pound DeLaval Vane Churns in which Perfection Brand Creamery Butter is manufactured. From here, the Butter is fed to the Kustner Printing Machine and after a period of hardening in the Cold Storage reaches the consumer in the eye appealing luxury package of the Food Industry, Aluminum Foil. —Photo by Garnhum.

Dorothy Dix Says —

(Continued from Page 2)
let it get away from you and if you will flirt a bit with your husband and make him still see himself as your Fairy Prince, you can keep him for a lover to your golden wedding day. Perhaps it isn't easy to do your housework with one hand while your husband holds the other. But it can be done, and it pays.
"Be a good housekeeper. That is your end of the matrimonial partnership and it is just as much your business to make a comfortable home for your husband as it is his to make a living for you. When your husband married you he put his stomach as well as his vanity into your hands and it depends on how you feed him and take care of him whether he will be a pessimist, dyspeptic wreck at 40 or going strong at 70.
"Be a good sport. Take matrimony on the chin, as it were. Laugh off your husband's little faults and peculiarities and the minor trials of life instead of making tragedies of them. Make a joke of the times your husband stumbles off the straight and narrow path instead of weeping over them and holding his shortcomings like a club above his head and he will kiss your feet in gratitude. Get some joy out of your work of making a home and rearing a family, and let your husband see that you consider yourself one of the blessed among women instead of a domestic martyr.
"Count a hundred and then a million more before you make a snappy comeback to your husband when you do not see eye to eye with him on some subject or he criticizes something you do. Of course, it is a temptation to say something that will stab his vanity to the quick and that will show him where he gets off, but it isn't worth what it costs to get even with one you love and one with whom you have to live. It is the soft answer that turns away a husband's wrath and causes him to make peace offerings of diamond rings and new cars.
"Jolly your husband along. He gets hammered all day in the outside world. Let him come home at night to a wife who is a salve-spreader and whose praise will be a healing ointment poured over the raw spots on his egotism. Tell him how wonderful and clever and brave and strong you think he is. Hand him a few flowers now instead of waiting to put them on his tomb. Probably disembodied spirits are not interested in the inscriptions their widows place upon their tombs.
"Show some appreciation of what your husband does for you. It must be terribly discouraging to a man to spend his life elating for a woman who not only isn't grateful for what he gives her, but is never satisfied with what she gets. So beat upon the cymbals when your husband gives you a good home and pretty clothes and boast of his goodness to you.
"And finally, my dear, and this is the most important do of all, tell your husband every day of your life how much you love him and how happy you are and how you thank your guardian angel for having bestowed him upon you. Men are just as heart hungry as women are and just as anxious for tenderness and affection and no man ever grows indifferent to the woman who adores him.

DOROTHY DIX

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

FOUNDED IN 1888 OLD-TIME MEASURE
The National Geographic Society was founded in 1888 for the increase and diffusion of geographic knowledge. In 1324 Edward II decreed that three barley corns taken from the centre of the ear, placed end to end equalled an inch.

Calling All Cadets



Two cadets from Prince Edward Island, W. McAndrew and E. Mul- has both from Charlottetown send a message on their "walkie-talkie" in the shadow of famous Banff Springs Hotel during a one day "trip" in the beautiful Bow River Valley. The cadets are wireless exercise in the beautiful Bow River Valley. The cadets are attending the special 3 week camp at Banff, Alta., for Royal Canadian Army Cadets for boys from across the Dominion.

This Side Of Glory

By Gwen Bristol
Author of "Deep Summer" "The Handsome Road," etc.

CHAPTER XIII

Leaning against the piano, Eleanor smiled at Kester, wondering how anybody ever gave a party without him. She heard Sylvia's voice under the music.
"but I feel it my duty to warn you, Isabel, that after Belgium most people in this country feel very indignant about the Germans—"
"oh, shut up, Sylvia, for heaven's sake!"
"Isabel!" cried Sylvia. She turned her back, insulted, and walked off, and Isabel looked after her with a sigh of relief. Eleanor caught her eye and smiled.
"don't mind her," she advised Isabel sympathetically. "She's a goose!"
Isabel smiled, though a little grimly. "For that I came back to God's country!" She made a gesture as if to push away the lot of them. "How long have you and Kester been married?" she asked.
"Two years last May."
"Have you any children?"
"Yes, a little girl. She had her first birthday last week."
"how nice!" said Isabel.
"Come to see us," said Eleanor. "We won't ask you about the Belgian atrocities, I promise."
"why, thank you," said Isabel. Eleanor did not see her again, but on the way home she told Kester she thought she might like Isabel. "She was having an annoying time of it tonight," she said.
"she certainly was," said Kester. "I was glad you came out with what you did about it being all right for her to be pro-German. It was a sensible remark, whether she is or not."
"i suppose she is. After all, her husband was a German."
She heard Kester give a chuckle. "where your treasure is, my dear girl, there will your heart be also." That night Eleanor went to sleep thinking of cotton, and woke up thinking of it, and as usual she resolved with her coffee that she would go through one more day without talking about it. She was glad Kester did not seem to have any problem on his mind but that of making Cornelia say "Father!" he had set his heart on her saying it for her birthday, and with that a week behind and Cornelia still inarticulate he had redoubled his efforts, but though Eleanor tried to cooperate Cornelia got the impression that all this attention was a girl's device for her enjoyment, and laughed and kicked and tapped their cheeks with her porridge spoon in high glee.
"Father," Kester repeated. "Guggie," said Cornelia. "Father!" said Eleanor. "Bib!" said Cornelia happily. "Do you suppose she's not very bright?" Kester asked. Eleanor looked at her watch. "I don't know, but she's out of castle soap and a lot of other nursery things, and I've got to go to town to get them. You teach her." She went out, in good spirits in spite of the melancholy weather. By the time she reached the drug store it was raining. Clara and Violet were at the soda fountain having a drink and complaining about the weather. "You can't even say it's good for the crop," said Violet. "The crop is in." "I'm so tired hearing about cotton," Clara moaned. "Neal is so bothered—and I just decided I wasn't going to worry about it." Clara announced with a triumphant lift of her chin, as if by so deciding she had reopened the market. Eleanor declined their invitation to have a soda. There were times when Clara's pretty ineffectiveness was too much to be borne. But as she drove back Eleanor was almost envying her. It must be very convenient to be able just to decide not to worry and so make somebody else do it. She put up the car and ran through the rain to the back door, shutting it so hastily that it caught and snagged her skirt. Eleanor gave an irritated exclamation and hurried upstairs. Her room was chilly. She must order a fire downstairs this evening, she thought as she examined the skirt. The snag was a bad one, and a darn here would be obvious. The telephone rang. She picked up the receiver, and as she did so she heard Kester answering the phone downstairs. "Mr. Lorne," said a woman's voice over the wire. "Yes," said Kester. "Kester, this is Isabel." "Yes," he said again, "I thought so." Eleanor wondered what she could want with him. She made a movement to hang up the receiver, but Isabel's next words arrested her. "Don't say anything obvious from that end. But is your wife 'what's her name'?" "Eleanor." "Is Eleanor around?" "No, she's gone to town." "Good. Kester, I want to talk to you." "Go ahead." "Kester, please. I mean I want to see you. Won't you come over?" There was an instant's pause. Kester said, "Frankly, I'd rather not." He sounded casual, uninterested. Perhaps, Eleanor thought, deliberately so. "Isabel said with a little rebuking laugh, 'I didn't come home for your sake. But since I'm here, tell me, does Eleanor know anything about — well, about us?'" "No," said Kester. "Thanks. I thought not, from her attitude last night. I'm glad, for wives sometimes exaggerate such things." "Aren't you exaggerating it too?" (To be continued)

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Happenings Of The Week

(Continued from Page 2)

where the princesses had played, and the little lake. They noted particularly the Palace's magnificent staircase, and admired the royal Chinaware. The Davys have been residing at Shawbury in England for the past two years.
Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lawless, of Saint John, N. B., are vacationing in the province. While in Summerside they are the guests of the latter's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. MacInnis.
Dr. and Mrs. Cecil Delaney and young daughter, Paddy Jean, left yesterday for their home in Sherbrooke, Quebec, after a two week's holiday with the former's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Mark Delaney, Summerside.
Mrs. W. P. Callaghan, Summerside, has had as her welcome guest, Mrs. Roger Lakin of Braintree, Massachusetts.
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Ellis of Summerside have had as their guests at their summer cottage at Edgewater, their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Ellis, and child Janet, also their daughter, Mrs. Ory Page and her daughter, Karen of Guelph, Ontario, who left Saturday on return to their home.
Captain William M. Silliphant, Medical Corps, United States Navy, is visiting in Hunter River, the guest of his sister, Mrs. J.W. Patterson and Mrs. Sherman MacDuff and his father, Mr. J. A. Silliphant. Capt. Silliphant is at present stationed at the National Naval Medical Centre, Bethesda Md., just outside of Washington, D. C.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lohmes, Prince St., have as their welcome guest, Mrs. Lohmes' sister, Mrs. John Hughes of Los Angeles, California. It is thirty three years since Mrs. Hughes and Mr. Lohmes have seen each other. It is also Mrs. Hughes' first visit to the Province.
Mrs. L. Curri, wife of the Attorney General of Newfoundland, has arrived from St. John's to visit her brother, Mr. A. Roy Kendall who is a patient in the Prince Edward Island Hospital.
Miss Georgie Holl has returned to Halifax after a two weeks' visit at her home in Charlottetown.
Miss Sylvia Sterns, 238 Pownall Street, has as her house guest, Miss June Burgess of Belmont, Mass. Miss Sterns has just returned from a six weeks holiday at Annapolis, Mass., where she visited with Miss Burgess' family at their summer home.
Mr. and Mrs. D. Robert Macdonald, Grand Rapids, Michigan, arrived Thursday to spend two weeks holidays visiting their parents, Mrs. Frank Hennessey, Charlottetown and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Macdonald, Cardigan.
Those serving tea at the Charlottetown Club on Friday afternoon will be Mrs. Morton Dew and Mrs. Charles Willett.
Mr. and Mrs. E. Norman Smith, Ottawa, and their two daughters, the Misses Smith, Ottawa, are enjoying their holiday at Shaw's Hotel, and intend remaining till the end of the month.
Mrs. Kenneth Muttart, Searle-town, entertained Friday afternoon at a delightful tea for her sisters, the Misses Miriam and Ruth Macdonald, Mrs. David Larkin and Miss Ruth Wright assisted the hostess in serving.
Misses Miriam and Ruth Mac-

Donald leave today for Toronto after spending a three week holiday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Russel MacDonald, Summerside.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph S. Ramsay, accompanied by Mrs. Ramsay's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Weston Whitlock, Charlottetown, returned this week from a motor trip through the White Mountains, the Mohawk Trail and visiting Boston and vicinity. While in Boston they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. McLeod, North Cambridge and Mrs. Gladys Stevens, Arlington, Mass.

Dr. and Mrs. Stirling MacKay, Summerside, entertained on Tuesday evening in honor of Dr. and Mrs. F. W. MacSween of Brighton, Mass. Among those present were two of Mrs. MacKay's sisters, Mrs. G. Barney and Mrs. H. Barnes, and nephew, Mr. Harvey Barnes of Rosindale, Mass. The latter delighted the group with movies in technicolor taken by him of different sections of Prince Edward Island. Mr. MacKay who is a member of the Tremont Temple Quartet, Boston, favored with several vocal solos. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess.

Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Frank and baby Mary Ellen motored from Sackville, N. B., to Summerside where they spent the weekend with Mrs. Frank's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Walker.

Mrs. Constance Green, her daughter, Mrs. Andrew Shea and family, Andrew, Don and Michael of Great Neck, Long Island, who have been vacationing at Dalway-By-The-Sea, were guests of the Misses Burrows, Summerside, this week.

Miss Margaret E. Man of Ottawa who has been visiting her sister, Miss Constance Enman, Summerside, left on return Thursday by the noon plane.

Mrs. Muncy Tanton and children, Nan and Ruth, have returned to their home in Montreal after an enjoyable summer sojourn. Guests of Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Tanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hiltz of Montreal have been visiting in the province in Sea View, guests of Mr. Hiltz' mother and in Coleman, Mrs. Hiltz' mother, Mrs. George A. Beer.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE
Miss Sylvia Sterns, 238 Pownall Street, has as her house guest, Miss June Burgess of Belmont, Mass. Miss Sterns has just returned from a six weeks holiday at Annapolis, Mass., where she visited with Miss Burgess' family at their summer home.

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Summer Warning
1-KILL FLIES. Screen windows, doors and outside toilets. Use fly sprays around house and barns. Protect food, dishes and cooking utensils from flies. Keep garbage covered. FLIES ARE CARRIERS OF DISEASE.
2-USE SAFE MILK and WATER. Milk should be pasteurized or boiled.
3-WASH RAW FRUIT and VEGETABLES before eating.
4-AVOID GETTING OVERTIRED. Too strenuous play, long swimming periods, late hours, cause fatigue and lower resistance to disease.
5-AVOID CHILLING. Don't stay too long in very cold water. Don't swim when overheated or play too long in wet bathing suits.
6-AVOID CROWDS. Keep small children away from crowded trains, buses, boats, beaches and picnics. Help to protect your children against communicable diseases.
7-KEEP CLEAN. Especially keep hands clean.
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Roast Spring Chicken Dinner
CLUB MENU \$1.00
FAST SERVICE
The Village Restaurant
ROUTE 3 SOUTHPORT
"The nearest Restaurant to the Race Track—on the second turn after crossing Hillsboro Bridge."

NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY
By Clifford McBrine
NOW NO USE DRAGGING YOUR FEET! YOU WANT YOUR NEW GIRL FRIEND TO BE CLEAN AND PRETTY, DON'T YOU WANT TO BE CLEAN AND PRETTY YOURSELF?
Dr. and Mrs. Arnold Hiltz of Montreal have been visiting in the province in Sea View, guests of Mr. Hiltz' mother and in Coleman, Mrs. Hiltz' mother, Mrs. George A. Beer.

YOUR GOAT HAS GOT THAT HARVARD LOOK, EGGERT, BUT HE HASN'T TALKED AS MUCH AS A SCARECROW! WHAT'S HE CLAMMED UP ABOUT?
PLATO'S A GOAT OF FEW WORDS, BUT HE MEANS WHAT HE SAYS! HOW DOES HOOPLE SPEAK, PLATO?
SAY! IF HE'D REEL OFF A TALL TALE ABOUT THE BOER WAR, YOU'D SWEAR IT WAS THE MAJOR HIMSELF!
EGAD! COMPARING A GOAT TO A MAN IS NOT A PROFOUND PERFORMANCE!
LET'S NOT OVER-STEP THE BOUNDS OF PROPRIETY!
Major Hoople