

Still in Power



Tewfik Nessin Pasha (LEFT) continued as premier of Egypt when King Fuad signed a decree reinstating the 1923 constitution, as demanded by the Nationalists. At the time the decree was signed Pasha's cabinet had submitted its resignation, but action on the matter was not taken.

QUINTS' PRANKS KEEP HOSPITAL STAFF BUSY

(C. P. by Guardian's Special Wire) CALLANDER, Ont., Dec. 24—The Dionne quintuplets have taken to switching on lights in the middle of the night, forcing Dr. Allan Roy Dafeo, their physician and guardian, to make another change in their nursery before they celebrate Christmas.

First he introduced unbreakable dishes when the quintuplets smashed several dozen plates and saucers by tossing them on the floor. Today workmen completed installation of shatter-proof automobile glass in the nursery. The girls had broken 25 windows in two months, mostly by throwing alphabet blocks through them.

When the glaziers finished the latest defence against the quintuplets' pranks, electricians set to work moving the electric light switch to prevent recurrence of the midnight parties the quintuplets have been staging lately.

Perhaps she was looking for Santa Claus when Yvonne, always the most venturesome of the five, woke up the other night and, standing in her bed below the light switch, reached up and turned it on. The nursery was flooded with light, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie opened their eyes and the fun was on.

Nurse Yvonne Leroux heard them giggle and then try to climb out of their beds. She put a stop to all that and the next night Yvonne was moved to another bed away from the switch and Cecile took her place.

It was four o'clock in the morning before Cecile turned on the lights. The nurses suspect Yvonne put her up to it. The same performance was gone through again and this time the bed was moved far away from the switch.

Dr. Dafeo preferred its original position so the bed was returned to its place while Dr. Dafeo and the nurses wondered what prank the 18-month-old babies would stage next.

Perhaps they will be better behaved Christmas Day when Oliva and Elzire Dionne, their parents, and the five older Dionne children join them in a dinner at the Dafeo Hospital. Through their guardians the quintuplets have bought presents for all their near relatives and they will be placed under the tree that was brought into the nursery over the week-end.

It will be strictly a family affair with even Dr. Dafeo absenting himself from the quint hospital for the day. Mr. and Mrs. Dionne will be in charge and it will be up to them to decide whether the quintuplets will have their first taste of turkey.

To the quintuplets the Christmas festivities may seem an old story. They had a Christmas tree, a Santa Claus in Dr. Dafeo's office and a lot of gifts spread before them weeks ago when newspaper photographs of their Christmas preparations were taken.

But they will see dozens of new presents on Christmas Day, including five large dolls Shirley Temple, the child film star, sent them from Hollywood.

been offering "static eliminators" for sale for 25 cents.

One of their customers—and that's why they are in a bit of a dither tonight—was a young engineer of the Western Union Telegraph Company. When he got home and attached the "eliminator" to his radio set he found it didn't work.

A bit of investigation showed the gadget to be a little more than a piece of wire quite incapable, the engineer said, of dealing disaster to static. He decided to do something about it.

He took a cigar box and placed in it an ordinary buzzer. There was a telegraph key attached so he could operate the buzzer at the touch of his finger.

Convinced that further sale of the "eliminators" as purveyed by the curbside merchants should be curtailed, the engineer went on a still hunt for them. Fellow engineers, each equipped with the cigar box buzzer, also found the hunt lots of fun.

Every time the salesman would attempt to show how effective his gadget was, the engineer would press the key of his buzzer, setting up in effect a "broadcasting station" of his own. The result was that the reluctant racket was akin to a dog-and-cat fight inside the salesman's loudspeaker.

The embarrassed salesman got laughs instead of quarters from his crowd; and to this moment hasn't been able to figure out what's happened to the static eliminating business.

Small Town Girl

(Continued from page 2)

"She isn't the stuff spinsters are made of, Kay." "But—who, Mother?" Kay demanded. "Ned Pastor? She doesn't speak of him as though..." "They were good friends," Mrs. Brannan agreed. "But I was thinking of George!" Kay cried mirthfully. "George? Mother, don't be silly!" And she laughed aloud.

Yet when she returned to college in the fall, the possibility that Emily, whom she adored, might marry George lurked always in the back of her mind, like an ominous cloud. She forgot it for weeks on end, in the pressure of her work, or her widening activities, of her occasional contacts with Chick Rantoul and others; but always it was likely to return to perturb her. Once when she was with Chick, he had been discussing an advertising campaign which at the moment engaged him. He was puzzled as to how to treat the subject, and Kay made a suggestion which appeared to him so strongly that he cried:

"Say, there might be something in that!" He was a moment silent, then: "I think you've hit something! Kay, you've got an idea!" And abruptly he slipped his fist into his palm. "I can work out something along that line," he declared. "You know, you rate a commission for that, young woman. A bonus!"

"People can't get bonuses," she reminded him. "Unless they're on the payroll. A bonus is something extra, isn't it, something besides what's due?" "If you can knock the ball over the fence like that, once in a while, I'd like to have you on my payroll," he assured her. "If you're ever hunting for a job..."

And at that word her thoughts whirled back, as they were apt to do, to Emily and George. "Do you hire people?" she asked. "I was thinking of Emily. I wish she could find some work in Boston, to be near me and—away from Carvel."

"Doesn't she like it there?" he asked. "It struck me as a fine little town."

Kay shook her head. "Carvel's nice, yes. But—well, I think Emily would rather work in Boston."

He nodded abstractedly, his thoughts returning to his problem again. They discussed it long together; and by that discussion which acted as a stimulant upon them both arrived at a complete design. When he said goodbye to her, it was triumphantly; and he told her again:

"You and I would make a team! If you're ever looking for a job, Kay, come and see me. I can use you..."

She said uncertainly: "Emily—" But he ignored the word. "I'll keep a job on the book for you," he repeated. "Any time at all."

Her sophomore year passed for Kay swiftly. She was too busy to take stock, too busy to appraise and assay. She did her work adequately; she joined a sorority; she had a part in theatricals and made a surprising success of it; she saw Chick Rantoul twice or thrice a month till he declared one day that whenever he had a tough assignment it was only necessary for him to come talk it over with her in order that his difficulties should be all resolved.

She went to one week-end party, at Sally Hay's, urgency, and was kissed in an awkward and bungling fashion by a boy named Murfin, and laughed at him in deep amusement, so that he stalked angrily away with his sullen head high. She almost met Bob Dakin at the party. He was expected, and Sally had assured Kay that she would be wild about him; but he did not come. He sent no word of explanation to their hostess; and Kay asked Sally afterward:

"Is he always so rude?" "Oh, Bob's a law to himself," Sally assured her. "He's spoiled, of course; an only son, and all that; and he's sort of brilliant, and quite a little bit wild. Nobody expects any goodness from Bob; but he's a lot of fun, so people don't mind."

Kay drank a cocktail or two at that party, and disappointed Sally by showing not the least effect. "Didn't it hit you at all?" Sally demanded afterward.

"Mother always made elderberry blow, and dandelion wine," Kay explained. "It wasn't such a complete novelty, I suppose."

Sally looked at her thoughtfully. "Any drunkards in your family?" she asked in a dry mirth. "It sounds like an inherited taste, to me." But when she saw Kay's cheek suddenly white and her lips tremble, she cried in quick contrition: "Oh, honey, sorry. Forgive me. I was kidding, honest."

"It's all right," Kay told her. "Don't feel badly! You couldn't know."

And she added: "I'd never thought of it in just that way." She said in sudden exaltation: "You know, I will take care of you. It's time we did. You've taken care of me so long..."

But though she could show a brave face in her letters home, she told Helen what had happened.

BEAUTY IN DISTRESS! AN EMPIRE AT STAKE! Mystery—Excitement—Adventure



Since leaving college Gordon Fife, wealthy American sportsman, has spent his entire time in seeking adventure in out of the way corners of the world. He arrives at Kovnia, a small kingdom in southeastern Europe, and during an evening walk rescues the young and beautiful Princess Carol from a mysterious house, where she is being set upon by a band of thugs.



Princess Carol, aunt of the boy king, Nicholas of Kovnia, invites her rescuer to the palace and appeals to him for help against powerful influences which are at work against the country and herself as regent for the little king. She gives him certain jewels on which she wishes to raise money and which she no longer dares keep herself.

Follow This Absorbing Story of GORDON FIFE, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE BY BOB MOORE AND JOHN HALES A New Comic Strip for Children and Adults Begins in the GUARDIAN January 2nd.

Florists Remember Sick And Maimed

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 23. — It will be "Merry Christmas" after all for sick, maimed and crippled youngsters throughout North America, if the florists of the United States and Canada have their way. With their goal "a Christmas tree in the children's ward of every hospital in North America," the florists are now installing the trees in more than 2,200 cities and towns, under the leadership of the International Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, with headquarters in Detroit. This is the third successive year the association has undertaken the Christmas tree project.

"We are able to carry on the project successfully," said Otto Laing, president of the association, "because citizens of life various communities are willing to play the part of good Samaritans by donating trimmings and ornaments with which to decorate the trees. These citizens, like the florists who provide the trees, recognize the fact that Christmas is the children's favorite holiday—and that, to those unfortunate enough to be hospitalized, it is a bleak and joyless season if there is no evidence in the hospital ward of Yule cheer."

MORTGAGE SALE

There will be sold by Public Auction in front of the Court House at Souris in King's County in Prince Edward Island on Saturday the eighteenth day of January A. D. 1936 at the hour of twelve o'clock noon ALL THAT TRACT piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in Township Number Forty-five in King's County in the said Island bounded as follows, that is to say:—On the North by land owned by John McKinnon, on the East by the Railway Line; on the South by land owned by the estate of the late Donald Beaton and on the West by Souris River containing Nine-tenths of an acre of land a little more or less. The above sale is made under and by virtue of and pursuant to a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Thirtieth day of January A. D. 1922 and made between James Bouchard of Souris in King's County in Prince Edward Island, Shoemaker, of the one part and Matthew & McLean Limited a body corporate having its office at Souris in King's County in Prince Edward Island of the other part and because of default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest secured thereby. For further particulars apply to Arthur F. McQuaid, Solicitor, Souris, P. E. I. Dated this seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1935.

MATTHEW & McLEAN LIMITED Mortgages L-3906-12-26-1-2-9

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Heavy Christmas Mail For Far North

(C. P. By Guardian's Special Wire) EDMONTON, Dec. 23.—If Christmas mail is any criterion, northerners are extremely popular fellows. Airplanes are carrying 12,750 letters and 3,261 pounds of magazines, papers and parcels of Christmas presents to 20 trading posts and mining settlements reaching from McMurray to the Arctic Coast.

And that doesn't include letters written by children to Santa Claus, either. The merry gentleman himself arranges transportation of his fan mail.

The letters were stuffed into 20 mail sacks while the parcels were contained in 50 bags.

Despite the expense of flying mail to the trading posts, no extra charge is made with the exception of parcels because the post office has no other system of transporting mail to the North.

Even if the trapper lives at Coppermine on the Arctic coastline, he may receive regular subscriptions of newspapers and magazines at the same cost as the resident in Leduc, Alta., for example.

Parcels and bundles of reading matter which are not regular subscriptions must pay a special air mail rate.

The latter ruling is made to prevent an overwhelming flood of air mail from relatives posting huge bundles of reading matter and parcels.

Prior to the air mail, Christmas mail or the far North had to be posted the summer before in order to be carried by river boats before winter began.

This week four Canadian Airways Limited pilots are carrying the last of the Christmas air mail to the North points down the lower Mackenzie River. Weather is delaying their progress and there's just a possibility that the pilot who is flying to Aklayik, 1,768 air miles north of here, will not return to his home in McMurray in time for Christmas.

And then the weather man may be called unpleasant things by that particular aerial postman.

The 20 posts receiving the Christmas mail are: Embarass Portage, Fort Chipewyan, Fort Fitzgerald, Fort Smith, Fort Resolution, Hay River, Fort Providence, Fort Simpson, Wrigley, Fort Norman, Fort Good Hope, Arctic Red River, Fort McPherson, Aklayik, Herschel Island, Goldfields, Fond Du Lac, Fort Rae, Cameron Bay and Coppermine.

Static Eliminator Is Eliminated (By Dale Harrison) (Associated Press Staff Writer) (A.P. By Guardian's Special Wire) NEW YORK, Dec. 25—The fellows who sell "static eliminators" along the Sixth Avenue curbs are in a dither tonight. Something very vexing and very uncanny is going on.

For several weeks these curbside rascals, operating from especially equipped automobiles, have

BRINGING UP FATHER



Winter gave way to spring, and May came, heralding summer; and Kay's days were very full. "I feel as if I had to hurry, hurry, hurry," she told Helen. "As if there weren't going to be time for everything I want to do. I can't bear to go to bed at night for fear of missing something; and I wake at the crack of dawn, no matter how late I stay up the night before."

"You're tired," Helen told her. "I know! Everybody's, that way, toward the end of the year."

"No," Kay said. "It's more than that. Helen, it's like a sort of premonition that I haven't much time. You don't suppose I'm going to die, or anything, do you?"

And Helen laughed at her. "I don't suppose I'm going to die, either," she said. "But I'll be glad to see you when you come home."

"Dear Kay: I think it best to tell you, before you come home, that Emily and George are going to be married. I know this will not seem like good news to you; but when you are older, your viewpoint will be different. George is a good boy, and he works hard, and he is sober and steady, and very much in love with Emily. They will be happy together. Emily is fond of him, and grows fonder, now that she has made up her mind. I thought best to write you, so that you can be careful, when you come, not to do or say anything to make Emily unhappy. It is possible you may be able to

get her job at school. You can talk to Mr. Hodges about it when you come home..."

This letter was waiting for Kay in her room, a little before supper time. She read it twice, very slowly; and then she went downstairs and out of doors, neglecting supper, forgetting everything. She walked for hours, without knowing where or why; till suddenly she found herself in a lighted square, and saw a drug store, and the blue bell that marks a public telephone.

"It's all right; it's not so bad," Kay insisted, arguing with herself. "Helen nodded, gravely. 'But it's a rotten shame!'"

"Helen let her talk out all her grief and woe. 'You might get a job in Boston,' she suggested once."

But Kay shook her head. "I could, probably. Chick Rantoul might give me a try out. But Mother needs me at home."

Kay's resolution to return to Carvel, to take up the responsibility that waited for her there, held firm till two days before her last examination. Then another letter came from her mother. Mrs. Brannan wrote:

"Dear Kay: I think it best to tell you, before you come home, that Emily and George are going to be married. I know this will not seem like good news to you; but when you are older, your viewpoint will be different. George is a good boy, and he works hard, and he is sober and steady, and very much in love with Emily. They will be happy together. Emily is fond of him, and grows fonder, now that she has made up her mind. I thought best to write you, so that you can be careful, when you come, not to do or say anything to make Emily unhappy. It is possible you may be able to

court to receive additional sentences for burglary..."

This is the sequel: They didn't set up the Christmas tree in the Doucette home tonight because "Dad" wasn't there to show them how.

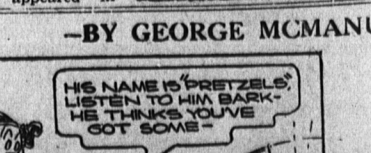
The three younger of the six children stayed in bed with colds all day because Dad had promised they could get up tonight to help set up the tree and place their gifts under it.

At the hour when the father was due home, the doorbell rang, and three youngsters, Walter, eight; Julia, six and Virginia, four, started to get into their clothes. The older three, Marguerite, 13; John, 14, and Mazie, 17, were not quite so excited. Mrs. Doucette smiled indulgently.

But it wasn't Dad at the door. It was a policeman, to tell them their father had been shot and possibly fatally wounded in a fight with the two convicts.

Nobody has looked very much at the huge pile of gifts on the piano waiting to go under the tree.

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—BY GEORGE MCMANUS