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The quota for importations into France of apples and pears from Canada for the last quarter of this year has been fixed at 2,941 metric quintals and for bran at 1,350 metric quintals. The metric quintal equals 220.4 pounds.



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How long will they stand it? Are you now enjoying that efficiency and comfort which ought to be yours?

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J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer.
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CHAPTER 7 A STROKE OF GENIUS

Jeanne's plans for the morrow suffered something of a setback. When she awoke the morning after Canby's dinner party—The afternoon rather, for the sun had long since passed the zenith when she stirred from the refreshing, dreamless sleep of youth and superb health, and yawning, stretched her white arms, clad in the flimsiest and briefest and laiciest of sleeves, high above her head.

A tiny rift of sunlight penetrated the dark curtains drawn at the windows. From the street fifteen stories below, came the incessant rumble of traffic, the shrill whistle of the park guards, and the occasional deep, hoarse voice of a passing steamer on the Hudson.

Jeanne yawned again and stretched out a lazy hand toward the telephone. She would have breakfast in bed, she decided, followed by a tub and a careful perusal of the morning papers. There would be just time left for ordering flowers for her sitting room and tea to be served at 5. Then she would make a careful toilet for her important visitor.

Quite the most careful toilet she had ever made, she thought to herself with a smile! She wondered if he liked black, or whether the orchid velvet would be better.

The telephone tinkled under her hand.

Jeanne detached the receiver.

"Yes?" the upward inflection, like a caught breath.

"That you Jeanne?" It was Canby's voice.

Jeanne frowned with anticipation.

"Didn't spoil your beauty sleep, did it? Some party last night, eh, even if I DO say it? Made the devil of a hit with young Barstowe, didn't you?"

Jeanne murmured "Oh no!"

THE DANGER SIGNAL

When he finally rang off, she lay still staring at the curtains. All the zest had gone out of the afternoon as she had planned it.

Suddenly she sat up in bed, electrified by a thought.

This desire of hers to see Barstowe alone, what did it signify? Wasn't it the sort of thing to be expected of a girl who was sentimentally interested in a young man? Wasn't it distinctly personal? What possible place did it have in a business deal such as she was endeavoring to put across?

"You fool!" Jeanne addressed herself disgustedly. "You almost threw away an opportunity then! Why don't you know that the very worst thing you could do would be to see Barstowe alone, to let him have as much of your society as he wants at the very first call? I'll wager dozens of women have made that same mistake with the result—that he never called again!"

"The thing to do," she told herself, sitting with her chin propped on her raised knees, "is to make it as difficult as possible for him to have a word with you. Surround yourself with people, the smartest people you can roundup. Make him believe that you are besieged this way every afternoon at tea time!"

With this resolution, breakfast forgotten, she picked up the telephone and rang up another suite in the same hotel.

A voice, gentle, caressing, with a strong foreign accent, answered.

A RARE TREAT

"Signor Bonnicetti?" she asked eagerly.

"Si Signorina, and I recognize the voice at once. It is the Signorina Dare, is it not?"

Jeanne laughed.

"You have courage, Signor! Few American men would take a chance on identifying a telephone voice. Many a secret has been given away by addressing a girl as Stella when it happens to be May calling."

He laughed gently.

"Ah, Signorina, you are unkind. Three times I have called—yes, and brought my violin—but the maid says you are out always. I am desolate indeed."

"But I'm sorry! I've been fearfully busy," Jeanne was charmingly contrite.

She herself had directed that the message that she was out be given the young violinist on the occasion of each of his visits. He bored her unexpressibly. She disliked his long pale face and moist palms and he burning intensity of his dark eyes. Despite his vogue in musical circles she did not believe that he would be much help to her socially.

Now, however, she saw a chance to make use of him.

"I called especially today to ask if you would care to come down for tea, Signor. I expect some guests who are most awfully anxious to meet you."

There was a sincere pleasure in Bonnicetti's acceptance. Jeanne hesitated. She wanted to ask him to be sure to bring his violin. He replied to her unspoken thought.

"I will play for your guests, Signorina, if you wish."

So it came about that she rang up several acquaintances whom she considered most fashionable and mentioned the fact that Signor Bonnicetti was coming in to tea to play for her. If they cared to drop in—

IN A CLASS BY HERSELF

"Think I'm blind?" grunted Canby. He waited a moment. Jeanne knew he wanted to ask if Barstowe had made any engagement with her, but hadn't quite the courage.

She was aware, and rejoiced in the fact, that Canby was a trifle in awe of her. She was not like the other women who made up his acquaintance. Shrewd as he was, he had never succeeded in placing her. And ruthless as he was with most women, he had never dared familiarity with her.

She was a new species to Canby, who divided all women into two classifications: society women and gold diggers. Jeanne was neither. He knew that she had barely an acquaintance in New York as yet, and therefore had acquired no position, irrespective of what her social ranking might be in the other cities of which she spoke vaguely and indefinitely. Nor was she like any species of gold digger he had ever run across. She seemed to have plenty of money; at least she never spoke of her bills, or took him with her on shopping trips and forgot her purse or had only an uncashed cheque, or spoke eloquently and significantly of wonderful bargains in jewelry or furs that could be obtained if "one only had the price." The very fact that she had never asked for market tips, as did all his other woman acquaintances, and had even professed ignorance of his business calling, puzzled him.

Jeanne, shrewd in her estimate of men and situations, realized that this very mystery constituted her greatest weapon over Canby. Her grave-eyed silence before his constant problings was a constant source of irritation and fascination.

So on this occasion she only said pleasantly: Three is a crowd.

"THREE'S A CROWD!"

"Oh I'm sure you're mistaken. Mr. Barstowe is the sort of man who pays every pretty woman attention!"

"I'm bringing Adele Parkinson around to tea this afternoon," Canby brushed aside remark. "She liked you immensely. Adele's a good sort! Not too overburdened with brain, but amusing rather. She might make a good friend for you. She's wise as you make 'em to the social game, and has one excellent quality: She never gets jealous," he chuckled.

"I guess there's too much egotism in Adele to leave comfortable room for the little green god. She doesn't believe there's a woman alive who can take a man away from her. If some girl does it, Adele regards her as something that just blew down from Olympus, and straightway becomes her admiring friend. She'd rather be the friend than the enemy of such an irresistible charmer. Pretty slick, Adele!"

He went on talking while Jeanne

Do Not Neglect Your Eyes

An examination might be of great benefit to you.

E. W. TAYLOR
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- Benj. Cairns 1.00
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MAHARAJAH DEFIES ORDER TO RETURN, IS DEPOSED

INDORE, India, Nov. 9.—The government of the Central Provinces is taking over the administration of the senior Dewas state, it was learned today because the Maharajah Sir Tukoji Rao Puar has disregarded an ultimatum that he return to the state.

Eatonia Choice TOMATOES 10c Per Tin

Empire Brand COFFEE lb 35c

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Island Brand GOLDEN WAX BEANS 2 tins 25c

SWEET POTATOES, 3 lbs. 21c
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ISLAND CELERY, head 12c
EATING APPLES, doz. 29c
GRAPEFRUIT, 4 for 25c
ORANGES, per doz. 39c and 47c

EXTRA SPECIAL

Sliced CORNED BEEF, lb. 17c

STORAGE BEETLE CONTROL

"BANISH FEAR," SAYS MRS. ROOSEVELT

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—Mrs. Franklyn D. Roosevelt, as principal speaker at women's day at the World Fair yesterday, called upon women of the United States to banish fear as a part of their contribution to recovery.

"Being afraid never did any one good," said the U. S. President's wife. "I know that it is a time when many of us are afraid for the future. I cannot understand it very well because I think it is one of the most exciting times to be alive in."

If we build rightly we have a chance to make a new social life. A new kind of life for many people which may mean greater opportunity, greater happiness."

Speaking to a large gathering in the crowded court of the Hall of States, Mrs. Roosevelt admonished women going into various activities that they must do their work better than a man if they are to be regarded as successful.

AUCTION SALE

To be sold by public auction on Wednesday, the 15th day of November, 1933, at one o'clock on the premises at 201 Kent Street, Charlottetown, large residence formerly occupied by the late Hon. James D. Stewart. This is one of the finest residences in the City, well situated, in good repair and with large grounds containing three-quarters of an acre of land. Also at the same time a quantity of furniture including piano, sewing machine and bedroom furniture. Inspection of the premises on Tuesday the 14th between three and five o'clock.

J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer

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