

GYPSY GIRL

THE STORY OF AN IMPASSIONED ROMANCE



The youth watched her every movement

CHAPTER I

THE GIRL half closed her eyes and gazed at the willows above her, the slim reeds arabesque. As she watched they became gay dancers with silvery skirts fluttering to the rustle of the slight breeze. She forgot the summer heat. The magic of the twilight crept into her blood and she felt the music that the wilderness imparts for those who listen.

She rose to her feet, body swaying, temples throbbing. Again the dream! She was in a marble palace on the top of the highest hill in the world and all the people of all the lands were at her feet and she was dancing to them. What could it matter that in reality her feet were dancing on the moss at the side of a creek, her audience of thousands a lone youth?

The youth watched each movement of supple body, but well he knew that she was not dancing for him. She had never danced for him. She had never danced for anyone, merely the dream.

The girl sank to the moss. "I can dance, I can dance better than anyone who ever lived on this great round earth and yet what do they make me do? Dance at carnivals before poor gorgios who toss dimes instead of dollars!" She flung her face to the moss and her fists beat against the smooth carpet. "I'll go away—" the words were muffled and hot tears forced their way from her eyes.

The boy put his hand on her shoulder, caressing, but did not speak. She sat up then and wiped the perspiration from her forehead with the back of her hand.

"What a fool I am!" She went to the brook and washed her face in the cold water.

"Consuelo!" a voice called.

The girl rubbed her hands dry on the full striped skirt before answering. "Where are you? Who are you with?"

The voice was closer. "Snooper!" the girl muttered. "Come and find out," she shouted.

A woman appeared out of the shadows. "Why don't you answer me without my having to run all over the country for you, bad one?" she demanded.

"I did answer. Can't you leave me alone for a minute?"

"A minute?" mocked the woman. "Down here with that Dummy for an hour and a half and call it a minute? I'd like to know what you two were doing. Making love, I suppose, where you can't be watched."

Consuelo stepped closer to her. "Now you had better be careful what you say about me making love or I will tell some things I know!"

"Consuelo, my little one, my little good one, you—you mustn't forget I'm your mother."

The girl laughed, but there was hatred in the sound.

"Come on, Dummy, we go back. There isn't any privacy here now." As she started toward the trail the youth followed her, his face expressionless.

"Good thing it is you can't hear some of the things they say about you, my dumb one. Ought to turn their faces more often so you can't read their lips. Do they think you are without feelings? Pigs! Dogs! Some day I shall hit her with my fists if she doesn't leave me alone. And Marcu, too! God, how I hate him!"

It was not hard for the Dummy to guess what she might be saying—the scowl, the frown, were eloquent. Marcu, Anica her mother, or the camp—those were the three things the girl hated. There were comforting words in his heart but dead lips could not speak those words.

The Dummy, they called him that, his real name forgotten. Long ago he had learned not to care. What did it matter anyway? He could weave baskets better than any of them and paint them with pictures that charmed the

gorgios and brought a good price. Now that he had grown to manhood and carried a knife in his belt they left him alone—all but Marcu. That was easy to understand. Marcu loved Consuelo. Whenever he thought of love a blur of confusion filled the Dummy's mind. Love! What chance had he? All the passions of youth, yet—dumb lips, dead ears, mocking youth and passion. He sighed.

The girl walking beside him looked up. "What's the matter? Don't let her worry you." Her lips framed the words for him to read. "I think she'd like to make me marry you." She was not looking at him now. "She'd think it was a good trick. Then she wouldn't have to be jealous of me any longer. It might not be so bad—" Her words turned into thoughts. You've never even kissed me, my big dumb one. But how can you know that I'd like your lips against mine? You are a fool not to take me in your arms. Do you think then that it would matter that you are deaf and dumb?

They walked on. "Other men want to kiss me. The white dog of a sheriff has evil eyes when he looks at me and I do not have to read his palm to know what he is thinking. He called us a band of thieving gypsies and told us to get out and even papa who scares most white men couldn't argue him into letting us stay. But I, the Gypsy Consuelo, did! I made him promise that we could go to the fair to-morrow and then move on!"

So she talked to the dummy and did not care whether he saw her lips or not.

The woman came up with them as they approached the clump of stunted oaks that hid the wagons and tents from the trail. She caught the girl's arm and the Dummy, unnoticed, walked on.

"You're old enough to be married," she said. She put her arm about her daughter. "Is there not some young chav in the camp that you care for, my little one?" Her voice was oily sweet.

Consuelo drew back from her. "Now whatever good would it do you? Marcu will love me to the ends of the earth. He has no eyes for you, my mother."

The mother shook her by the shoulders. "You should have your mouth slapped for such loose words!"

"Ah, now, why don't you slap it then?"

"Ah, you devil, to talk to your mother that way. If I was a man I would beat your body until your tongue fell out of your mouth if you dared to say such words. I have had enough of this. I tell Girtza."

"Tell papa and he will do nothing. He has sense. He is a big, good, fine man, my papa. He can see through your jealousy."

"Jealousy? Jealousy! Jealous of a little devil like you? Jealous of such a thin, ugly one? Get out of my sight! Go! Eat your dinner and make yourself fat so that some man will have you for a wife! Go! Quick!"

"Anica! Come! Come!" A voice boomed out of the darkness.

"Yes, Girtza, yes, yes, I am here," the mother answered.

Quickly she stepped from the brush into the clearing and crossed to the group about the campfire. She picked up the ladle that rested on the rocks and dashed into the great steaming kettle that hung over the fire.

Brown, ringed hands held out tin plates. There was noise, confusion, and laughter. Bread was broken in pieces and grabbed. Voda brought up a keg of beer that had been cooling in the creek and set it down on a wooden bench. Mugs were held under the foaming stream. Grapes were passed and red juicy apples. Someone was singing between mouthfuls of food, the words blending one into another. The clink of bracelets, of beads. The movement of bodies in the dark. The lighting of another fire and dirty cards spread on the ground before it. Twinkle of cigarettes like fireflies in the darkness. Aroma of tobacco smoke mingling with the fragrance of the fire. The rumble of voices, some in English, most in Romany; throaty laughter; shrill cries of children. Two of the men wrestling in friendly contest and the shouts of the watchers. Strumming of a guitar, a woman's clear soprano. And through it all the overtone of laughter with here and there a sudden loud angry word. Such was the gypsy camp at night.

Consuelo stood by the fire, her skin

catching the rosy light and reflecting it, her bracelets sparkling. A strand of hair fell over her face and she brushed it back. She stretched and caught up the thick mass of her hair from her neck and held it aloft.

"Will the night never be cool?" But still she stood by the fire, perhaps conscious of the light playing on her face. "It will be hot at the fairgrounds to-morrow."

Girtza played solitaire by the flickering light and remembered that it had been Consuelo who had induced the sheriff to let them stay. The country fair meant money in the gypsies' pockets and the pockets were flat and empty.

"You're a good girl, Consuelo." (TO BE CONTINUED)

Clinton News:—But when all's said and done about these chain letters, those who are fooled into thinking that they can grow wealthy by writing a few letters and sending somebody somewhere a ten-cent piece, would be better employed saving their postage to write to members of their family who would appreciate news from them.

Tom Mooney Achieves his First Win in Legal Battle

At San Francisco last week Tom Mooney cracked the legal barrier which for 19 years has blocked his fight for freedom when the California Supreme Court, by issuing a writ of habeas corpus, opened its doors to him for the first time.

The court, which previously had held it was powerless to consider the case of the ageing life-term convict, recognized through its action his charge that perjured testimony brought his conviction of the 1916 San Francisco Preparedness Day bombing.

Legal observers interpreted the writ, which was made returnable June 27, as throwing the famous case wide open again.

"To-day's order of the Supreme Court," declared George T. Davis, counsel for the imprisoned man, "means that the attorney-general must successfully deny the allegations of perjury made by Mooney and, failing which, the prisoner will be set free. It is a notable victory for Mooney."

At San Quentin prison, Mooney paused in his work of peeling potatoes paused in his work of peeling potatoes the Supreme Court's action.

"I am very happy to hear the news," he said, "and am looking forward in anticipation to my release after the hearing."

The June 27 proceeding, court attaches said, will be merely for the purpose of settling details of procedure and determining a date for hearing arguments in Mooney's behalf.

New Process Claimed to Make Use of Peat Feasible

There may be special interest in many in the following written by Norman M. MacLeod, staff writer for The Mail and Empire:—

"Ottawa, June 18.—The Peco-gram process of briquetting peat, being urged upon the Federal Government for the utilization of the peat resources of Ontario and Quebec and the liberation of those provinces, largely, from dependence upon United States anthracite holds out attractive prospects of success in the opinion of Harry G. Acres, nationally known consulting engineer and former chief hydraulic engineer of the Ontario Hydro Electric Power Commission.

"The Peco-gram process is in operation in Ireland and Denmark, and the Balfour interests of England, who control the patents, are endeavouring to induce the Federal Government to grant a subsidy of one dollar per ton towards

its production here. The advantage claimed for the process is that it extracts 90 per cent. of the moisture content from peat. The highest extraction achieved by any previous known process is a little better than 60 per cent. On the basis of 90 per cent. moisture extraction, one and one-half tons of peat briquettes becomes the equal, it is contended, of one ton of anthracite. The proposed market price for this quantity—one and one-half tons—is \$10.

"Recognizing the importance of the claims of the patentees to Ontario and Quebec with their dependence upon outside fuels, the Ottawa Citizen engaged Mr Acres to make an independent investigation into the process and despatched him to Ireland and Denmark for the purpose. His report, which is published in to-night's edition of the Citizen, is largely favourable to the representations which the British interests have been advancing.

"The final conclusion," Mr Acres' report states, "is that there exists in the Peco-gram process an opportunity to make effective use of the heat resources now dormant in the peat bogs of Ontario and Quebec, thereby achieving the double purpose of increasing local occupational opportunities as well as the wealth of the community at large."

"Hon. J. D. Chaplin, Conservative member for Lincoln, has also just returned from Denmark and studied the Peco-gram process while there. At a dinner tendered to some of his Conservative colleagues last night he described the project as completely successful.

"There is strong pressure from certain of the Government's followers to have the subsidy granted which the Balfour interests are seeking. Considered along with the payments made to western Canada and Maritime coal operations, it would round out, they contend, a truly national fuel policy."

Cobalt Mining Companies Lose Appeals on Taxes

A despatch from Cobalt says:—"Word was received on Saturday that the appeals taken by the LaRose Rouyn Mines and the Aladdin Mining Company against the judgments of Mr. Justice Makins in favour of the town on November 15th last, had been dismissed without costs. The judgments were for \$1,006.62 and \$1,553.69 respectively, and represented taxes owing to the municipality for the years prior to 1933. The companies were appealing on the grounds that the assessments were illegal, as the lands were assessed according to an alleged sub-division which had never been surveyed, was never registered, and according to the defendants, had never existed; that no assessment notices had ever been sent for the years 1932-33, and that there could be no legal assessment since no decision had been given on an appeal taken by the companies and heard by His Honour Judge Hayward. Also exception was taken on the ground that the trial judge disregarded the provisions of the Townships Act, and for other causes too numerous to mention. A seizure had been made of the chattels of the LaRose to satisfy the judgment which has been postponed from time to time until the case was heard in Toronto. It is likely now that this seizure will be proceeded with unless some rumoured negotiations, which, it is learned, are to be commenced by the defendant companies to settle the whole question of taxes and ground rents, are entered into immediately."

Toronto Mail and Empire:—"It was the prophet's opinion that the love of money is the root of all evil, but many modern economists think it is rather the scarcity of it.

**CYLINDERS REBORED
MOTORS REBUILT**
New Ontario Machine Works
Cor. Spruce & First, Timmins

Massachusetts Wild Duck Causes Much Consideration

James V. Tuplin, Prince Edward Islander, who has been wintering in Boston, will sail home soon on his private yacht, but he won't bring back his famous duck eggs—for they have been confiscated by the state.

While cruising on the St. Charles River, a wild duck visited him each morning and for a week brought an egg a day and deposited it in a coil of rope on the deck. Tuplin wanted to go on a cruise and he also wanted to have old mother duck hatch the eggs.

In a quandary, he applied to state officials for he knew there was a fine of \$1,000 for disturbing a wild bird's eggs.

"A wild duck has laid its eggs on my property. What shall I do?" he asked official game protectors, hoping for guidance.

"Do not touch the nest," was the brief but firm answer.

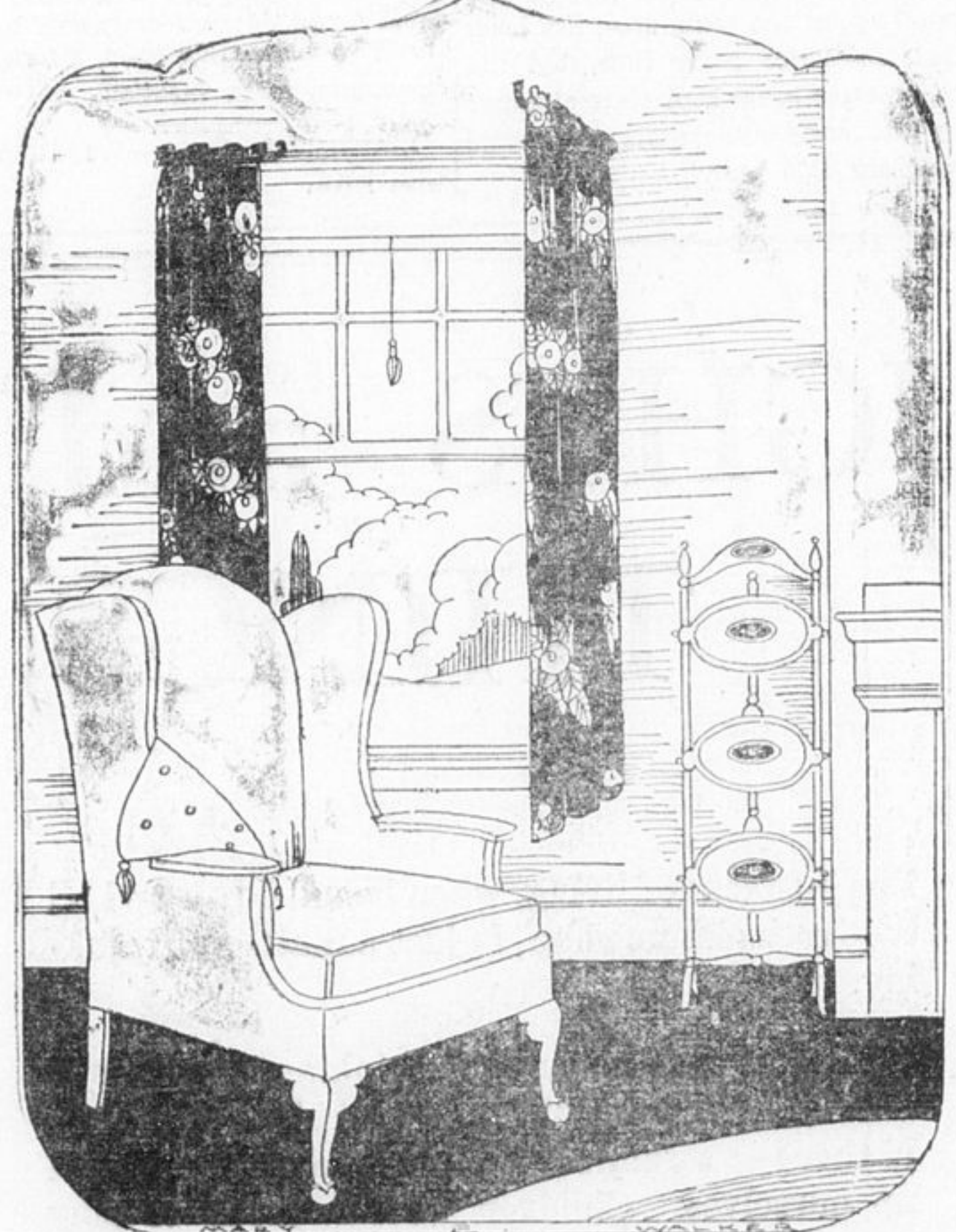
"But the duck has made her nest on my yacht and I want to go for a cruise," said the islander.

So officials decided to come up and see for themselves the rope nest. They confiscated the eggs and have given them to an incubator to hatch. Mr. Tuplin's home is in lot 11, P.E.I.

Try The Advance Want Advertisements

The Household by Lydia Le Baron Walker

WINDOW HANGINGS MAY SERVE AS SCREENS, SASH CURTAINS AND ORNAMENT



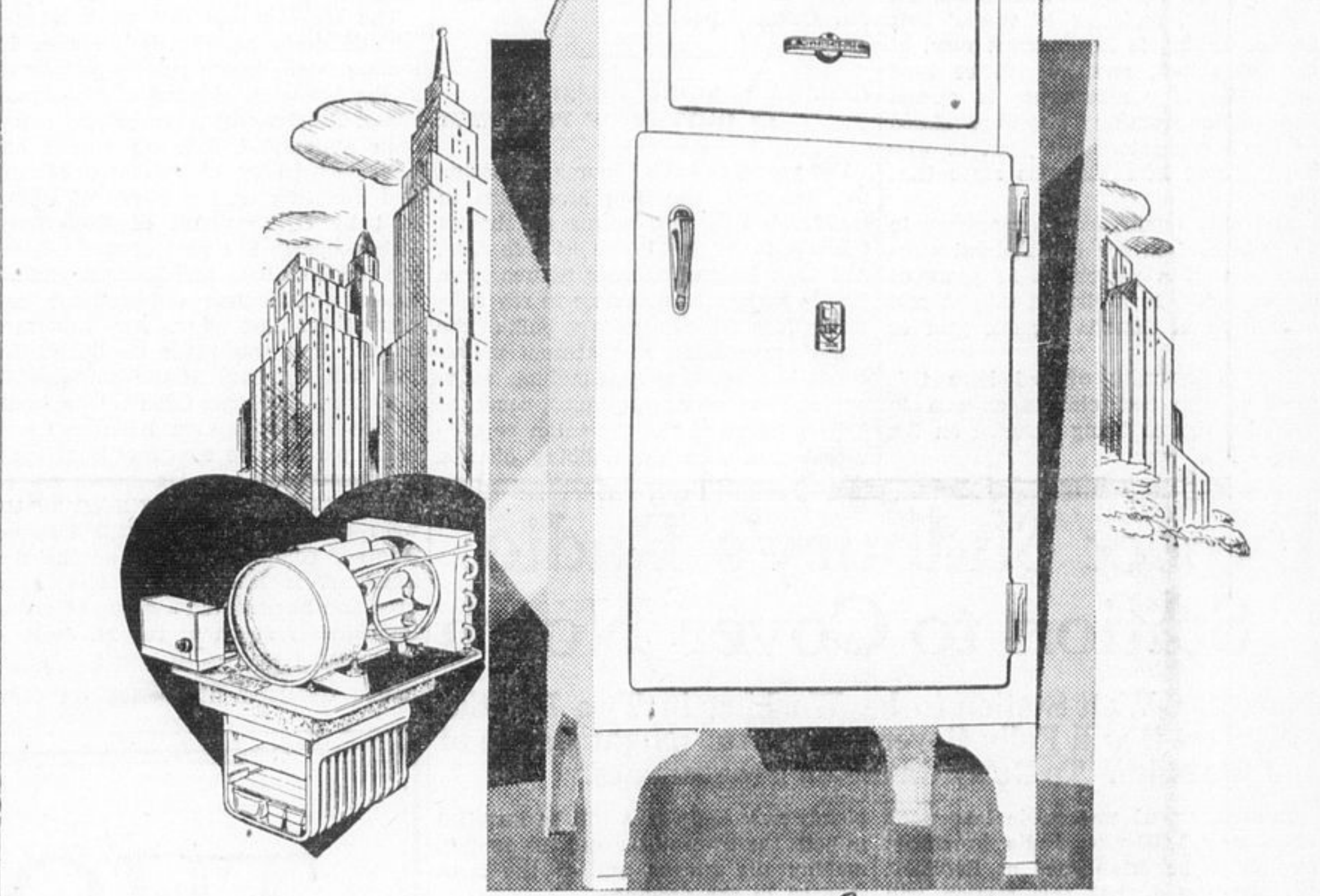
The hangings on divided rods are swung out when they serve as screens.

The window graperies for a summer home should be planned not only for decoration, but to allow for breezes to blow into a room without disarranging them. In a chamber it is possible also to have them act as screens to shut out sunlight which may shine into a room too early for the sleeper's comfort. And again the curtaining can be so managed that it permits either the top or bottom sash to be raised or lowered to admit the air fully and freely without disturbing the arrangement of either portion of the window decoration, while the light can be dimmed and the view into the room be shut out from either half of the window or both top and bottom as preferred.

Rods and Tie-Backs
To permit the air unobstructed entrance, the curtains, when hung in the usual way, should fall chiefly over the woodwork rather than over the panes. Tie-backs should be used lest the wind blow the hangings ungracefully and annoyingly into the room.

Divided Rods and Screens
When draperies are hung on divided rods which are hinged so that they can extend at right angles to the wall as well as parallel with it, they may act as screens. Not only will they shield against sunlight, but also against drafts. No valance is used with curtains hung on these divided rods. Fre-

BEAULTY



YES...but here is the HEART of your Refrigerator

- HERMETICALLY SEALED**
Hermetically Sealed Mechanism... Machined to the finest precision standards; hermetically sealed in steel; operating in a permanent bath of oil.
- DUAL-AUTOMATIC**
Dual-automatic control cuts current off when danger threatens and restores it when trouble is past... ENTIRELY WITHOUT attention.
- ALL STEEL CABINET**
All Steel Cabinets... of welded, seamless construction. Built for LIFETIME beauty and utility.
- 5 YEAR GUARANTEE**
Five Year Guarantee on sealed-in mechanism of all standard models... the most liberal guarantee ever placed on any domestic electric refrigerator.

When you choose the electric refrigerator for your house—look first at the mechanism. It is the heart of the refrigerator. It represents two-thirds of the cost of the entire refrigerator—and it determines the whole value of the refrigerator to you!

The more closely you investigate, the more thoroughly you will be convinced of the wisdom of choosing Westinghouse. Because Westinghouse is the only refrigerator in the world which gives you the lifelong assurance of the Dual-automatic, Hermetically-sealed Mechanism, backed by the positive Five Year Guarantee of its manufacturer.

Choose the dependability of Westinghouse and you secure, at no more than the cost of an ordinary refrigerator, the modern beauty of Westinghouse all-steel cabinets; the unsurpassed efficiency of Westinghouse High-Speed Froster; plus the array of convenience features which make Westinghouse the most complete and up-to-date refrigerator on the market.

Your Westinghouse dealer will gladly arrange terms to suit you—as low as 15c a day.

Westinghouse

Dual automatic REFRIGERATOR

The George Taylor Hardware Ltd.

"A CHAIN OF SERVICE"
Head Office—New Liskeard, Ont.
Branch Stores and Warehouses at Cobalt, New Liskeard, Swastika, Kirkland Lake, Cochrane, Timmins, Ont., Rouyn, Que.
Phones 300-301
Timmins

PERMANENT WAVING
Quality, Comfort and Beauty in THERMIQUE Heaterless Method
George's BEAUTY PARLOR
78 Third Ave. Phone 80