



His artist soul was stirred

READ THIS FIRST:

Consuelo, a beautiful gypsy girl, longs to dance with all the world at her feet. In love with her are the Dummy, a deaf mute, and Marcu, both members of her tribe. She has only hate for her mother, Anica, but is extremely fond of her father, Girtza. The father reprimands Anica for her treatment of Consuelo. When Anica finds Consuelo dressed in her own wedding skirt, she beats her with a whip. Marcu rescues the girl and her father then turns the whip on Anica.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 4

THE DANCE was over. The gypsies had gone back to camp. Only lagers and concessionaires stayed in the hot smelling air of the fair grounds. In town the little restaurants and ice-cream parlours were swarming with people. Getting a moment's respite, they were, before going back to the "doings" that night. A wild time it was, too, for these farmers and workmen to have a free day in town and spend their hard-earned money on such foolishness as eating dinner in a restaurant and buying endless pink lemonade and sticky popcorn and trying their luck in the shooting gallery.

And the ladies—oh how foolishly they spent their money! But who could resist the bright pillow covers with the American flags and shamrock and harps and horses and calla lilies. The pattern, the hook-needle, the yarn, all for the price of a dollar and it was so easy to do, just punch the needle through and pull it back and presto, a rose was made.

But their talk was not all of their purchases. "The gypsy told me of money and a trip." "The fortune-teller said that I'd marry soon—" "The gypsies look bad. I don't see why the sheriff let them stay in town—" "Did you ever see anything cuter than the little bear by the gates, how he rolls and blinks his little black eyes—" "Ah, but that gypsy girl with the long hair can dance. Never have I seen the like of it and I've been to the big cities and to shows that played for weeks on end in the same theatre and they never ran out of people to come. Yet in all my experience I have not seen dancing as this wild gypsy dances." "She is beautiful—but gypsies are a bad lot and I have told my son to keep away from them. One of my horses didn't come to the barn last night—" And so on and so on.

At the gypsy camp the noisy and hurried preparations for dinner went on. Going back to the fair that night; baskets must be sold; Consuelo was going to dance again; Anica must take up her stand at the fortune telling booth. Zina and Marcal to wrestle; Voda to make little Honey roll and perform his merry tricks and make the children laugh and toss their pennies; and the Dummy to sell his pictures; and all of the hundred and one things the gypsies could do to make money out of the gorgio fair.

Down at the creek Consuelo gazed her restless feet in the water, cooling the dusty toes. She lay back against the moss, eyes closed. Perhaps she was weary or perhaps she was only weaving her dreams into form. For a long time she lay motionless and the jingling music of her was silenced. It, too, was resting.

The Dummy came down the trail and saw her thus and the artist soul of him was stirred and he stood and stared at her. In his mind he painted the picture of her lying there, the graceful curve of her body, the drooping of the hands, the wistfulness of her face which never held that wistfulness in animation. He would paint her so and because he could not speak nor hear he was gifted with a mind that carried to the smallest detail the thing he saw so that once seen it was never forgotten and at his call would stand forth so clearly that his fingers could reproduce that which he had seen. In his own heart he knew this but the time of testing had not come yet. It would—soon.

Consuelo yawned and sat up.

"Hello, my dummy."

He sat down at her side.

The girl reached into the deep pocket in the folds of the torn wedding skirt and drew forth a handful of coins. She let them run through her fingers into her lap, displaying with pride the money she had earned. She counted it then. Six dollars and seventy-eight

cents. Three pennies. She picked the pennies up in disgust. They had tossed her pennies for the dance that was part of her very life.

She threw them into the stream and then almost instantly laid the other coins upon the moss and, wading into the water, picked up the bright copper. She made a little face at the Dummy and put the pennies back into the pile.

Lovingly she fingered the money. Six dollars and seventy-eight cents. She'd turn over to Girtza a dollar and seventy-eight and that would leave her five dollars. Five dollars. With that much she could buy that set of ruby earrings from Gita—Gita was too young to wear such fine earrings. Five dollars all her own and no one knew about it except the Dummy and he didn't count. Maybe another five, or more, to-night.

She sifted the silver through her fingers and then sorted out the dollar seventy-eight and laid it to one side. She tossed a nickel back into her pile, then a dime and counted it again. Then another dime. A dollar and a half and the contemptible pennies—that was enough to turn in. She hated to part with that much. Would liked to have kept it all, but something was disturbing her conscience, perhaps the memory of Girtza stepping down from the van after he had beaten Anica. She was glad then of the blue marks on her neck. Undoubtedly that was why he had let her wear the skirt and why the whip had not been used again.

She turned to the Dummy.

"Why do you suppose papa whipped Anica to-day? Do you think it was just because she tried to choke me or was it because he knows that Anica is in love with Marcu?"

The youth shook his head. His lips moved but no sound came from them.

"Don't! Oh, my gumb one, you make me want to cry when you do that! Why can't you talk? My darling, you're everything that any girl would want—yet you might as well be dead!" She put her arms around his neck. "Dummy, I love you, I swear I do." The lips were hidden that he might not see.

"I'd go to the end of the world with you if—" her voice broke, "if you could ask me to!"

The warmth of her soft body, her arms about him, maddened him and he held her to him passionately, his dark eyes desperate. Then almost instantly he released her. His hands fell listlessly to the moss, a futile gesture the girl knew so well.

Blank empty silence between them. The low whistle sounded through the wood. Once, twice, three times.

"Supper's ready," Consuelo said. She picked up the money, keeping hers separate. The dollar fifty-three jingled in her pocket as she swung along the trail to the camp, the Dummy following, but the rest was wound in her sash, held close against her body. She could feel the warm imprint of the coins against her flesh as she walked. It was good so.

Into the common purse went the few pieces.

"Where is the rest 'f it, little pig?" demanded Girtza.

"That is all," was the reply.

"Give me the rest!"

"That is all," she repeated loudly.

"Now you will not lie to your father!"

He reached out and slapped her across the face. "You may lie to the gorgios and cheat them if you can but with me you will have to be clever, my young one, or I find you out!" He ran his fingers under her sash and extracted the money. He jingled it in his hand and his black eyes began to twinkle. He held out a dollar to her. "Here, little pig, this is for trying." He pulled her ear and sent her along with a clap on the back and he threw back his head and laughed his great laugh when she turned and stuck out her saucy tongue at him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WORKERS SHOULD NOT BE DUPED BY THE AGITATORS

An editorial note in The Sudbury Star last week says:—"Evans, the leader of the western relief camp strikers, who spoke at the Sudbury railway station while the delegates were on their way to Ottawa, was never an inmate of one of these camps. The question arises, why do men, probably nearly all of them decent, law-abiding fellows, follow a leader who is more eager to lead them into trouble than into better conditions?"

Work Progressing on the Elegant Palace Theatre

Exterior Construction Practically Completed Now. Time to be Taken to Assure Interior up to Highest Modern Specifications. Some Details.

Though no date has been set yet for the opening of the new Palace theatre, work has been progressing steadily during the past few weeks. With the four-inch concrete, steel, fireproof board and concrete work done, the rush period is over and it is understood that the interior will not be hurried too much.

Designed to seat about 1,300 people in the newest type of leather-seated and leather-backed chairs, the Palace will be the finest show place in the North. The interior is not square at the stage as are so many theatres, but has been tapered off to give a pleasing effect. Where the interior wall curves around to the stage, two high windows have been set in to be used for lighting effects and decoration. The stage itself is a roomy one, as is the orchestra pit. The operating room, just above the gallery at the extreme rear of the place offers plenty of room for the equipment. Three projectors, instead of the usual two, will be installed, as well as spotlights and other modern accessories.



Special Visitors' Boxes

The gallery, approached by steps leading into the centre, will undoubtedly be a popular spot, since it is well tiered and all the seats are easy of access. Two special boxes at the front of the gallery will be reserved for prominent visitors.

Entering the Palace from Third ave., the patron may either go straight down to the seats on the main floor or up the wide gallery staircase. A check room is provided for those who do not wish to be troubled with their coats and hats while sitting down. Large ladies' rest and smoking rooms are provided on the main floor, while similar con-

veniences for men are located in the basement.

The whole building is designed to be easily heated and offers a fine experiment in insulation. Walls are heavy cement block and tile. Steel lath is laid on the wall and plastered. Inside the plaster is a layer of fireproof "board" which has acoustical as well as insulating qualities.

Good Progress Being Made at Austin Rouyn

P. J. O'Connor, managing director of Austin Rouyn Gold Mines, Ltd., together with a party of 20, examined the company's property in the Rouyn section of Quebec, during the past week-end. B. R. Gordon, president and mining engineer, took the party on an inspection tour of the workings.

The sinking of the No. 2 shaft, which is being continued as the main mine opening, is now well under way, ad-

vancing at the rate of 28 feet per week. At the present rate of progress it is anticipated that the first level will be established at a depth of 125 feet within about five weeks. From here lateral work will be proceeded with to intersect the known ore bodies. The shaft is being sunk on the main vein system which has been traced for approximately 7,000 feet on either side of the shaft.

All camp buildings have been completed, machinery installed and provisions shipped in for the current season. A crew of 25 men is now actively engaged in development work.

Windsor Star:—Oakland, California, woman tells the judge she saw her husband only four times—the day they met, the day before they were married, the day they were married and the day after they were married. Up here most bridegrooms don't go back to golf until along about the third or fourth week.

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