

**GYPSY GIRL**  
THE STORY OF AN IMPASSIONED ROMANCE  
by McDONALD FEADER  
FICTION



His arms crushed her to him

**READ THIS FIRST:**  
Conseluo, 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 demands 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. Consuelo's father slaps her when she catches her trying to hold back money she has earned dancing at the county fair. Both the sheriff and Voda, trainer of the gypsies' bear, attempt to steal a kiss from Consuelo after she finishes dancing again but she repulses them both.  
**(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)**

**CHAPTER 6**  
**"YOU WERE** a long time," Marcu said.  
Consuelo took no notice of him. She loosened the tambourine from her girle and flung it to the ground.  
Then she sat cross-legged before the low burning campfire and stretched her arms.  
"I'm tired now." She pulled the scarf from her hair and loosened the strands with her fingers. Reaching in her pocket she drew forth a five-cent candy bar. It was limp from the heat of her body. She unpeeled the silver wrapping and bit into the sweet stuff. She noticed him then. "Want a bite?" As he refused, she continued eating until it was gone. She licked her lips and after a moment looked up at him.  
"What have you got for me?"  
"Something nice."  
She shrugged her shoulders.  
"Well, give it to me now that I am here."  
"We'll talk a minute first." He was standing, arms crossed, looking down at her. "Girtza has promised that we marry. When will you be ready?"  
"Never, ugly fellow. I hate you as I would a low, crawling snake."  
"Low crawling snakes are dangerous. They carry deadly poison with them."  
"Now you are talking of great crawling snakes. I am talking of the little water snakes that hiss at your feet but cannot harm you. You are like that, annoying—but not dangerous."  
"We will not talk longer of snakes. When will you marry me?" It was evi-

dent Marcu was holding his temper in check.  
"Never!" She yawned. "I didn't come back here to talk with you. You said you had something for me but I guess it was another one of your big promises." She got to her feet. "I go back to the fair. There are plenty of men there to tell me how beautiful I am and who will give me things without my having to talk all night first."  
"Go back to the fair. I have something—but I am wasting my time. I'll give it to Anica."  
"Why give her anything? She is fool enough to adore your dark skin without your paying for it."  
"Shut your mouth, little slut! She's your mother!"  
"—and your sweetheart!"  
"You lie! You lie! There's only one sweetheart I want!" For a moment he held her at arm's length and looked down into her eyes. His hands trembled and he thrust her from him. "Are you made of stone? Can't you see I love you?"  
"Fine way you have of showing it! She spat down at his feet. "I'm going back to the carnival."  
Marcu gritted his teeth.  
"When you are my woman I will beat you for all these words. Sit down!" His hand went to the opening of his blouse.  
Instantly the girl was attention.  
"Have you really something pretty for me?"  
"Something better than you deserve, my pig." He drew forth a wadded bit of paper and unwrapped it.  
"It's a ring!" cried Consuelo.  
Marcu turned it in his fingers.  
"A diamond!" gasped the girl. "A diamond as big as my thumb! It's—it's beautiful!"  
The stone caught the reflection of the fire and glittered with unbelievable beauty.  
"It's for you," Marcu said.  
"Now you are my darling one!" Her tan fingers reached for the ring, but it was withdrawn from her grasp.  
"For you," Marcu repeated, "if—"  
The girl could not take her eyes off the ring. She had never seen anything so lovely.  
"If what?" she asked, scarce heeding the words. The diamond held her like a magnet, its fire drawing her. Her fingers touched the stone lightly and a thrill raced through her body. "Oh heavens, I have never seen such beauty! And it is mine!" Again she reached for it. "Give it to me!" she cried.  
Marcu held the jewel tighter.  
"You may have it if—" The perfume of her body rose to his nostrils; the satin smoothness of her throat was very close to him. The veins rose and swelled on his forehead. "Say you're mine, little sweetheart, and you can have the ring."  
"Yes, yes!" breathed the girl. What

was she saying? What was he saying? She didn't know. She didn't care. The ring! The beauty of the diamond was all that mattered—all that could ever matter. It was hers now. But not! The dark fingers did not release it. His words penetrated to her mind in a maze of meaningless jumble.  
"Gypsy women lie!" He pushed the ring on his little finger. It scraped the skin from his knuckle and drew the blood. Then like a starving man his lips found the bare loveliness of her throat. His arms crushed her to him.  
"Consuelo, breakfast!"  
A sleepy voice answered from inside the van. "I don't want any breakfast, papa."  
"Now, it's the first time that pig has missed food," remarked Anica.  
"Consuelo, come eat your breakfast!"  
"I tell you, I don't want any!"  
Marcu glanced up from the tin plate.  
"Why don't you let her sleep, old one? It will be more than an hour before we are under way."  
"When you are married to her you will have a right to say that. Now, I'm chief here!"  
Significant glances went around the circle. A fight, perhaps?  
The two men stared at each other and Marcu was the first to give way. Then Girtza crossed to the van and parted the ragged curtains.  
"Consuelo, come out here!"  
The girl, lying on a pile of old blankets, rose to her elbow.  
"Let me sleep, papa, I'm tired," she pleaded.  
"Get up this minute, you lazy good-for-nothing." And he went back to his breakfast.  
Consuelo yawned, stretched, uncurled her body and got to her feet. She knew coaxing would get her nowhere with Girtza in a mood like this. She pushed back the tangled hair from her face and straightened the mussed wedding skirt. An ironical smile crossed her lips. A wedding skirt! Now maybe sometime she would marry Marcu. She held up her hand and looked long and lovingly at the diamond. How beautiful it was! She pressed her lips to it and a sob of joy choked in her throat.  
"Yes, today I shall tell Marcu I will marry him. I have been the mad one to hate him so. His arms are a thousand times stronger than any other chav's and besides no other one has ever given me anything as beautiful as this diamond." She held it out and turned it in the light and saw new beauty. "In it are pearls and rubies and sapphires and emeralds. The diamond is the mother jewel. The other stones lie under her heart ready to be born and—"  
"Consuelo!"  
"Oh now damnation, I say!"  
She jumped down from the van and stood for a moment looking deeply at the scene around the campfire and it seemed that she had never seen it before. She saw Marcu, his back toward her. How tall and strong he was, how wide his shoulders, how noble his head with its black curling hair.  
Again a sob rose to her throat. He was her man now. Hers! She would go to him, throw herself at his feet and tell the tribe that no longer was she a wild gypsy girl but a woman subdued and in love.  
As she stood there Marcu glanced around and saw her and because he was not, at this moment, as big and brave as he looked, he turned and, moving away from the circle, mumbled that he would round up the horses. His arms were burning with passion for her. She was his now—no denying that. But because of what had happened last night he was a bit afraid of her and so instead of remaining and taking a chance of her anger or scorn, he ran away.  
**(TO BE CONTINUED)**

**Goats Said to Follow the Opening of Gold Camps**  
(Canada Week by Week)  
Strange as it seems, goats follow gold, and with the increased activity in gold mining in recent years throughout Canada, it is only natural that goat raising should expand. Goats have no interest in the precious metal themselves, but they are coming more and more into prominence as a source of milk supply for the miners' families.  
In the mining areas northward in Ontario and Quebec, the country produces an abundance of browsing fodder which is admirably suited for goats, and it is to be expected that, as the mining and lumbering industries reach farther into the northland, the milk goat will follow settlement.  
Goat raising in Canada continues to expand in all the provinces. In the Maritime Provinces, the fishermen resident along the rocky shores find the goat an economic asset. The province of British Columbia has the greatest number of milk goats in the Dominion, due to the mountainous nature of the province and the mild climate of the west coast.  
The principal breeds of milk goats in Canada are the Saanen, Toggenburg, and the Anglo-Nubian. They appear to be hardy and suited to all climatic conditions of the Dominion, provided reasonable care is bestowed upon them. In most of the other provinces goats are kept as a rule by truck gardeners and others living in the suburbs.  
Not only is the milk of the goat of high dietetic value, but every year in Canada sees an increase of commercial dairy products made from it.  
Mail and Empire:—Maybe Mussolini figures that if he gets embroiled in Abyssinia he will miss the next big fight in Europe.

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**Canadian Pacific**

**City of Sudbury Passed Counterfeit \$10 Bill**

The City of Sudbury has placed itself in the position of admitting that it passed a counterfeit \$10 United States bill. The bogus note, according to the Royal Bank branch at Sudbury, was deposited with other cash on June 10th this year. Prof. Georges Boisvert, of Sacred Heart College, applied to the bank for American currency as he was going to make a trip to Manchester, N.H. When he attempted to pass this particular ten dollar bill he was informed it was counterfeit. He wrote the Royal Bank about it, and the bank informed the City of Sudbury as well as Prof. Boisvert. Then he wrote the City of Sudbury and asked for a genuine bill in place of the bogus one. Sudbury city council decided that the only fair thing to do in the matter would be to reimburse Boisvert.  
It may be noted that this year there have been many counterfeit United States bills circulated in Canada. Some of them have found their way to the North Land. A man and his wife from Schumacher were arrested in the United States some weeks ago charged with having counterfeit United States money. It is said that the counterfeit United States money has been finding its way up here through other illegal traffic. Men have come to the North from the United States to buy high-grade and when the mists have cleared away they have found that the "gold" was only brass filings or something just as good. Recently, it is said, those selling gold and filings alike have been paid off in counterfeit United States bills. These bills, of course, gradually find their way into circulation and innocent people are likely to be holding the bogus money when it is discovered to be counterfeit. Counterfeit United States bills have recently been discovered at Kirkland Lake, Rouyn, and others places in the North. Sudbury at least got one of them, while other towns and cities are also on the watch for these counterfeit United States bills.

**Move to Stabilize World Currency at Secret Meeting**

Cables from London, England, say that The Daily Herald in that city makes the statement that Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, has pledged 375,000,000 pounds to bring about world stabilization of currency without government agreements.  
The money is the publicly-owned British exchange equalization fund, to be used, Norman said, "for the support of almost any international currency which shows weakness."  
Declaring that the Bank of England, entered into an agreement at a secret meeting at Basle, Switzerland, over the week-end "without previous consultation with the treasury," the paper states that British funds may even be called to the defence of the German Reichmark in the event of a financial crisis.  
"The agreement reached at the International Bank is that the governors of all central banks represented shall join in a common action for the future as and soon as the first sign appears of any attack on the currencies of any countries concerned," the paper continues.  
"The position is an amazing one in view of repeated declarations of Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, that Great Britain isn't prepared to consider currency stabilization yet."  
"The United States' Federal Reserve," the Daily Herald says, is not directly concerned with the agreement, which "may easily therefore in practice mean an alliance between the pound and gold bloc countries to the exclusion of the dollar."

**Advance Newsboys Are Given Treat by Big Show**

Guests of Con Gray's shows last Friday evening, a group of newsboys from The Advance had a real treat on the big rides the show boasted. The party was to have been held in the afternoon, but on account of the rain, it was postponed until the early evening.  
They crowded the ferris wheel, the caterpillar, the swings and the whip until the rides began to look like the Toronto exhibition on children's day.

**More About Early Cobalt Discoveries**

Third Discovery Made by Tom Hebert. Discoveries by W. B. Trethewey and Others.

Recently The Advance published a review of early discoveries in Cobalt as outlined by W. J. Gorman in his "Grab Samples" column in The Northern Miner. Many readers of The Advance found the article of special interest and value, and accordingly The Advance is giving another article from the same source.  
Further dealing with early Cobalt history, "Grab Samples" says:—  
"Last week in this column an account of the silver discoveries of McKinley, Darragh and La Rose were given. Continuing the narrative from the same source, there follows an account of the Nipissing, Trethewey and Coniagas finds:  
"The third discovery was made by Tom Hebert, who, on October 21st, located the first vein on the property now owned by the Nipissing Mining Company. On October 22nd, assisted by Messrs Arthur Ferland, of Halleybury, and R. A. Galbraith, an engineer on the T. & N. O. R., Hebert staked his discovery.  
"A few days later Hebert discovered the vein now known as the "Little Silver," one of the important producing veins on the Nipissing property. Hebert's interest was purchased by Messrs Arthur Ferland, R. A. Galbraith, W. C. Chambers and W. B. and R. E. Russell, who later sold all their holding, aggregating 846 acres to Mr. E. P. Earle, of New York. Mr. Earle, in conjunction with other New York capitalists, organized the Nipissing Mining Company, incorporated on December 16th, 1904, with a nominal capital of \$250,000.  
"The first discovery on the O'Brien was made in November, 1903 by Neil King, who was employed on the construction work of the T. & N. O. R. King made his find about where the main shaft-bruse now stands, and staked a full 160 acres. He submitted his find to Mr. J. B. O'Brien, a Toronto lawyer, who laid the matter Mr. M. J. O'Brien, of Renfrew, Ont. Nothing was done on the property until May, 1905, when Mr. M. T. Culbert was sent up to take charge of the property. Within a few weeks a car of ore was shipped, which netted over \$65,000. After that, shipments were stopped by litigation over the title until January, 1907, when a compromise with the Ontario Government was reached whereby the O'Brien people agreed to pay the Ontario Government a royalty of 25 per cent of the gross value of the ore produced, the Government paying 25 per cent of the above ground charges.  
"The principal factor in attracting outside interest in the new silver field was Mr. W. G. Trethewey's discovery of the Trethewey and Coniagas properties, which is perhaps better told in his own words:  
"In the fall of 1903 I became acquainted with Dr. Hersey, City Analyst of Montreal, after I had settled all outstanding business matters in connection with the real estate business I had at Edmonton. I have always been a mining man, and Dr. Hersey and I used to look over the samples he had in his office. I was figuring on going out west when the Doctor said to me: 'By the way they have found something up in the Nipissing country which is very promising' and he showed me some conglomerate rock and some specimens of metallic silver. While metallic silver had never amounted to much in Ontario, I determined to visit Cobalt as soon as the snow went out. I came to Toronto and equipped myself for prospecting. I left Toronto on May 6, 1904. At that time, one had to go to North Bay by the Grand Trunk, then on the C.P.R. to Mattawa, and by the short line to Temiskaming. From Temiskaming one had to get to Halleybury by the Lumsden steamers. From Halleybury we had to walk over a muddy trail about five miles to the new camp. No one at that time appeared to be very much impressed, even the fellows who made the discoveries not being at all excited, although the silver was looking them in the face. I visited the Little Silver vein, from which half a million dollars in ore has been taken, and there was at least \$200,000 sitting up there and looking at them right on the surface of the vein. But they were sitting back and doing nothing.  
"My idea was to buy something in the camp, but I discovered that no one was prepared to sell. I went back to Halleybury and hired a man there and came right back, pitched camp on what is now O'Brien property, and started to prospect. Alec Longwell, who was up there for Mr. Leonard, shared my tent with me. I was prospecting just two days. On the second day I went out to Pickeral lake, where Longwell thought there was something good, but found nothing, and came back to camp at one o'clock. About four o'clock I thought I would finish up the day, and I struck out in a northerly direction, to a section to which no one had paid any attention at all. The impression at that time was that the valley along the T. & N. O. divided the mineral area from that which contained no silver, as all the discoveries so far had been made on the east side of the divide.  
"I walked almost straight to the old Trethewey mine. I passed over several ridges until I struck one where the rock looked good, and I followed it south. As I walked along it I could see where the other fellows had torn away the moss. I came to a bluff where the point ran down into a swamp. I had to wade into the water to get around its western face. I could not see the face of the cliff until I had got out about 20 feet, when I saw a black streak on the face which I knew was a silver vein. My first anxiety was to see if anyone had

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been there before me, but after a careful examination I concluded that it was a virgin discovery. I had no axe with me, and there were fellows down at camp who would have made a wild rush up there if they had known, and I might have lost my mine. So I hid it as well as I could by throwing sticks and moss over the rock where I had chipped it, and I came down to my tent and quietly had my tea. I did not know how to get away from the camp without the others following me, so I said to my man 'Give me my axe, I am going to chop a tree down.'  
"I started out with my axe on my shoulder slowly enough until I got out of sight of the camp, and then I only hit the ground at the high places. I squared a post, put the number of my license and my name on it, and planted it firmly over the discovery. And I made a witness tree. Then I started along the bluff a little farther and discovered the Coniagas mine. I knew by the indications that there was a vein, but it was dark and I was afraid of getting caught in the woods. I saw Prof. Miller that night and told him I had made a find and asked him to say nothing. He and his assistant, Cyril Knight, visited the property next morning, and we examined it thoroughly to see if there were any signs of prior discovery. But there was nothing. Alec Longwell helped me to stake out the two claims.  
"I put in the first little steam plant that went into Cobalt, and then the dynamo for electric light. We shipped the second car of ore that ever came out of the camp, on October 1, 1904. I sold out in the fall of 1906, having at that time taken out \$600,000 in ore."  
Picton Advocate:—"The new parties are long on promises but the more you look into what they base their promises upon the less foundation you find."

**BE BEAUTIFUL**  
By ELSIE PIERCE  
FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT



IRENE DUNN keeps her skin radiantly clear and beautiful with soothing mask treatment. Therefore she can wear frocks of outstanding smartness and daring materials such as the one photographed.  
ALMOND MEAL AND MILK A FAVORITE COMPLEXION PACK.

Masks or packs are becoming more and more popular for their clearing and refining effect on the skin. And among the favorites is the almond meal and milk pack. It has a drawing effect, rids the skin of impurities, is a mild bleach and tends to make the skin softer and finer.  
Its application is fairly simple. First the skin should be thoroughly cleaned. Soap and warm water or cleansing cream (the liquefying type) may be used. After the soap and water cleansing be sure to rinse thoroughly and pat gently until the skin is dry.  
Now mix the mask. Take about two heaping tablespoons of the meal and to this add enough sweet milk to make a paste. If you can steal the top milk from the milk bottle so much the better. The paste should be just of the right consistency to spread evenly in a thin layer and stick.  
Applying the Almond Meal Mask Spread on with a small wooden spatula. Or, use the fingertips if you wish. Start at the tips of the shoulders and work up all over the chin, nose, forehead and cheeks. If you need more meal mix a second helping of the paste.  
Then leave the mask on to set or dry. Some beauty salons in giving the mask, cover the face and neck with a thin layer of gauze, cutting holes for eyes and nostrils and tying head and chin band securely over it. Then towels wrung out of piping hot water are applied. The steaming throws the pores open and the mask does a more thorough job of cleansing and clearing the skin.  
Removing the Mask The mask is removed with luke-warm water and cotton or soft cloth, the skin rinsed in lukewarm water, patted dry and then, of course, a thin layer of nourishing cream molded over face and neck and allowed to remain for a half hour or so, longer if the skin is inclined to be dry. Cover the eyes with little cotton pads soaked in iceed witch hazel, put a black knight over them to shut out the light and sleep for a half hour. Then remove any remaining cream, pat with mild skin tonic and make up.  
Once a week or once every two weeks and this pretty complete treatment will make your skin look clean and alive.  
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