

GYPSY GIRL

THE STORY OF AN IMPASSIONED ROMANCE

McDONALD FEADER



READ THIS FIRST:

Consuelo, a beautiful gypsy girl, longs to dance with all the world at her feet. In love with her the Dummy, a deaf mute, and Marcu, both members of her own tribe. She has only hate for her mother, Anica, but is extremely fond of her father, Girtza. The latter 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. Consuelo's father slaps her when he catches her trying to hold back money she has made dancing at the county fair. Both the sheriff and Voda, trainer of the gypsies' bear, try to steal a kiss from Consuelo after she finishes dancing again, but she repulses them both. Marcu tempts Consuelo with a huge diamond and she agrees to marry him.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 7

CONSUELO watched Marcu go, a puzzled frown on her face. She went to the campfire and sat cross-legged. Suddenly she felt very small and helpless, and she knew she was going to cry and because, as always, she was the centre of many eyes, she rose and flung her arms around Girtza and hid her face against him and nestled her body in his lap.

"I love you, papa." Her voice was choky and she clung to him.

Girtza put down his breakfast plate and wiping his hands across his jacket, put his arms around her.

"My little frog." He kissed the top of her head. "What does my baby one want?"

"Nothing. I just love you, papa." She was sobbing now. "Can't I love you?"

"Of course you can, my baby." He held her gently. After a moment, "Come, come, my sweet, we can't sit like this all day. You must eat your breakfast and I must finish mine and we must get along." He held up her face and looked into it. "You have spent the money you made last night," he teased. And then because she was still crying, he said, "But I do not care. Anyone who can dance and still thrill my old heart as you do can have the money you earn. Keep it, little one, and buy yourself something pretty."

But conscience plays funny tricks.

handed to her and the fragrance of the food rose temptingly, she realized that she was hungry, awfully hungry. Her tears vanished. Her hand dived into the plate. Instantly a dozen eyes fastened on the glittering ring on her finger.

Girtza stooped down, grasped her hand and looked at the diamond, his mouth agape. She tried to draw the hand away, a crimson flush sweeping up her ochre neck and spreading over her face.

The laughter was gone from Girtza. "Where did you get that?" he demanded.

"Yes, where did you get that?" Anica echoed, looking greedily on the stone.

Exclamations were echoed around the campfire and curious ones drew closer to examine this ring.

Consuelo glanced from her father to her mother, her mind in confusion. The flush deepened.

Girtza was shaking her now.

"Where did you get that?" His voice was a roar of anger.

"I stole it," she faltered.

"You little fool!" Girtza reached out and hit her across the face.

The blow knocked her backwards and so it was that she saw the sheriff first, saw the star gleaming on his vest, and caught the glint of light on the revolver in his hand. A groan escaped her lips and she sprang to her feet.

The sheriff pushed back the bushes and moved into the silent circle. There were two men behind him and each was armed.

"Well, I know'd I'd catch you at it if I stuck around long enough. Let's see that ring!" He grabbed the girl's hand. "My gad, a diamond, and big as a rock! Where did you get it?"

The talk had been in Romany. The sheriff could not have understood what had been said. He was only supposing, so Consuelo smiled at him. She held her hand out, letting the diamond catch the sunlight.

"It is a pretty thing, now, isn't it? When I was a little girl my great, great-grandfather, Chief Zena, gave it to me and now because I am a woman I am wearing it for the first time."

"Baloney! Listen, girl, you can't kid me—not after last night, you can't. I dunno whether that diamond came from this town or not, but chances are it did. You gypsies are a bunch of thieves and I wished I'd runned you out in the first place. But now, bigad, I've got the goods on you!"

"What the girl says is true," Girtza spoke.

"Huh—a platinum heirloom, I suppose. Say, old man, don't you think I got brains? They didn't use platinum in them days. Give me that ring girl!"

"You go to the devil!" Consuelo threw the words at him.

"Better try to be nice to me now, Consuelo emptied her pocket in his hands and the silver over-spilled from them.

"I—I don't want it—"

gypsy," he said meaningly and put his hand under her chin.

She bit his fingers and spat down at his boots.

Girtza chuckled.

"Now I will take it and buy you a new skirt all your own." He put the money in his jacket and pulled her hair. "No time now for such a long, sad face." He lifted her from his lap and set her on the ground close beside him. "A plate of potatoes and gravy and an extra slice of bacon and a mug of coffee with half of it thick cream, all for this girl, my daughter."

Again she protested but he would have none of it. But as the plate was he drew back from her and turned to Girtza.

"You an' this girl come along. I can't take all of you, but I might as well make sure that you ain't goin' to get away too far." He gripped his gun. "One of you git over there and take the wheel of that biggest wagon. You want go off and leave your chief, I guess, so that'll keep you here in case I need you."

Not one of the gypsies moved.

"Did you hear me?" the sheriff yelled, his face red. "Git over there and take a wheel off that circus wagon!"

Still no one moved.

The sheriff motioned to the two men.

"Stand by me, fellows, these here gypsies may git tough." He leveled his gun at Girtza. "You're the chief here. If you don't make one of them do what I say, you git some of this through your belly."

"Very well!" Girtza boomed. At his word the men swung into action. The wagon settled on its props as the wheel was pulled from it.

"Now, have a couple of them roll it into town. And you—"he took hold of Consuelo's shoulder, "and you—" nodding to Girtza, "come along with me. Come on, line up! I'll follow behind you, and just remember that I ain't a bit bashful at shootin'."

The courthouse, an imposing wooden building with a high front, was placed conspicuously in the town square. It was here that the justice of peace held court and that all legal matters of the countryside were taken care of. And it was here that the old men of the town sat on benches under the trees and discussed the crops and the wars and the farm pests and last year's wheat prices.

At the moment the benches were deserted. The courthouse was filled with curious people who were all talking at once. Behind the gates up front stood the gypsies, the black bearded one, the dancing girl, and two swarthy fellows, a wagon wheel between them. Across from them was the sheriff, whirling his gun on his finger and looking important and blustery. The court clerk had been dispatched to get "his honor," so they waited. The gypsies did not speak and Consuelo did not look at Girtza.

A long ten minutes passed before the judge appeared, unshaven and in his shirt sleeves and puffing from the heat. He eyed the gypsies as he assumed his seat of authority.

"Well, sheriff, I see you've been busy this morning. Rather early, isn't it?"

"Never too early to serve the law, your honor," the sheriff answered like a school boy.

"What have they taken now?"

"Nothing!" Girtza thundered out the word.

"Nothing, me eye! That girl's got a ring as big as a potato. Show it to him, gypsy."

"What ring?" Consuelo asked, with a toss of her pretty head.

"That ring on your finger."

Consuelo held out tan hands. No stone glittered on them.

The sheriff stared pop-eyed at her.

"Where the hell is that ring, girl?" Consuelo shrugged; her shoulders.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Barrie Examiner:—Observation of the extent to which parking notices are ignored leads one to think that many people don't believe in signs.

Fort Erie Times-Review:—At an American university a chain of ivy, containing some of the poison variety, was used in connection with graduation day ceremonies, to the resultant discomfort of the dean and several graduates. Applications for the post of professor in botany at the college will be received during the summer.

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CANADIAN NATIONAL



That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D., Toronto

Removing Tonsils by Electricity

Nose and throat specialists are agreed that the best way to remove tonsils is by the use of the knife. The tonsils usually come out like the kernels from nuts.

However, there has been so much said about the removing of tonsils by electro-surgery that many patients, who dislike the idea of the operation, eagerly seek this new method which means no stay in hospital and no danger from bleeding. The tonsil is gradually removed by electricity.

Now this electric method of removing tonsils is not meant for the average case but for just a "small group of patients." This group includes the elderly patient; the bleeder—one who bleeds easily from the slightest cut; the patient whose blood does not clot quickly enough; the tuberculous; the individual with high blood pressure; and one with heart disease.

Dr. F. L. Wahrer, Marshalltown, Iowa, in Archives of Physical Therapy, X-ray and Radium, says "As a result of seven years' experience, I feel free to say that it has proved to be a useful, practical and successful method in 'selected' cases. These selected cases number about ten per cent. of all cases that come to me for tonsil removal."

"So far as results of surgery and electro-surgery are concerned, the two methods are capable of giving the same result—the complete removal of all tonsil tissue. After inspecting the throats of 200 patients in which the tonsils were removed by electricity—electro-coagulation—at least one year after removal, I found remnants of tonsils in only four cases, three of which were among the first 25 operated upon by this method. The fourth patient, living at some distance, was not seen again after the last treatment, until eleven months later. It is my practice to see every case several weeks and also several months after the last treatment so that if any tonsil tissue remains it can be readily removed."

It would therefore seem that this electric method of coagulating the tonsils is a successful method of removing tonsils in selected cases.

It takes a long time, as many as 20 or more visits to the doctor's office, but this long time and the many visits suits a great many patients better than operation by the knife.

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Blackmail Scheme Fails

To Work on Rouyn Citizen

The following interesting story, with more than one lesson behind it, is told last week by The Rouyn-Noranda Press:—

"A young man from Ottawa, with good connections in the capital, who has been around Rouyn for a couple of months, ran afoul of the law during the week as a result of attempted blackmail. He selected for his intended victim a well-known citizen of Rouyn who declined to be exploited in this manner and turned the tables on the young man who tried this method of obtaining easy money.

"The Rouyn man early in the week received a letter accusing him of several offences against the moral code and threatening, unless a sum of money was left in a local hotel within a specified time, his wife would be informed of his misdeeds.

"The intended victim purposely delayed his reply in order that a watch might be kept for persons looking for mail, it being felt that the address given was a fictitious one. Suspicion being aroused, the answer was left in the hotel mail box, and when the lobby was empty the young man started a search of the mail box and took away the letter, which contained no money. He was being watched, and when he departed from the hotel Chief Desroselliers was notified and soon had the guilty party under arrest. Appearing in police court on Saturday, he was given a remand, and that evening admitted responsibility for the blackmail attempt, pleading tearfully for leniency on account of his family and particularly for the reason that his father is dangerously ill with heart trouble.

"The citizen on whom the attempt was made, reticent about proceeding against the young man in what is believed to have been his first offence of such a nature, finally consented to withdrawal of the charge on payment of the costs thus far incurred and the prisoner, who was only 21 years of age, was liberated on Monday on payment of the sum of \$50. On Tuesday, chastened and much relieved at getting off so easily, he left here for other parts."

Doctor Had "Nautical" Ideas for Baby's Relief

From "Mainly About Women" column in The Sudbury Star:—

Doctors, miraculously patient on some occasions, are, like other human beings, prone to be a little short-tempered at other times. One instance this week occurred when a doctor, harried by the impossibility of being a dozen places at once, was called up by a client.

"Oh, doctor, what shall I do?" she wailed. "My baby has swallowed one of those toy boats out of a bag of popcorn."

And the doctor answered: "Put a sail on the boat and give him lots of water."

Toronto Mail and Empire:—It cost 134 lives to celebrate Independence Day in the United States. We suppose that over the years the fatalities in celebrating it have exceeded the casualties in achieving it.

Kiwanis Governor to Visit the North

T. Walden Thomson to be at Timmins on Thursday, August 15th, according to Present Plans.

President Arch Gillies of the Timmins Kiwanis Club has received word from T. Walden Thomson, Lieut.-Governor for the Northern Division, Ontario-Quebec-Maritime district of the Kiwanis, that the official visits of the Lieut.-Governor to the North will be in August. The Lieut.-Governor regrets that it is impossible to meet with all the clubs on their regular meeting days and hours, but such a plan would be impractical. However, as convenient as possible a list of dates has been arranged. Timmins will be visited on Thursday, August 15th.

The following is the schedule of visits to the Northern clubs as outlined in the Lieut.-Governor's letter: Monday, August 12th, Cobalt, 12.15 noon.
Monday, August 12th, New Liskeard, 6.30 p.m.
Tuesday, August 13th, Kirkland Lake, 12.15 noon.
Tuesday, August 13th, Noranda, 6.30 p.m.
Thursday, August 15th, Timmins, 12.15 noon.
Tuesday, August 20th, Sault Ste. Marie, 6.30 p.m.

Lieutenant-Governor Thomson will make the tour of the North by motor, and will be accompanied on the trip by Mrs. Thomson.

Mines Have Even Started Bubbles Working for Them

The bubble—the plaything of childhood, the symbol of instability and evanescence—has been put to work during recent years and to-day is making millions for the people of Canada. If it were not for bubbles, in fact, some of the largest and most profitable mines could not be worked. It is the hard-working modern bubble that is separating the valuable metals from one another and from the useless rock material at the Sullivan (Smelters), Flin Flon, the Frood, Noranda and many other mines, large and small. Much of the ore in these mines would be useless to-day if the engineers had not discovered how to put bubbles to work on them.

The flotation process used to treat these ores is simply the application of bubbles, as froth, to float off certain of the mineral particles of the finely pulverized ore, leaving others to sink. By this means huge deposits of ore formerly too refractory to treat by the old methods are now put to use, which has resulted in keeping the price of the base metals at a low level in spite of the enormously increased consumption of the last quarter-century.

The scientific basis of this modern bubble-blowing is set forth in the July "Bulletin" of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy in a paper entitled "The Story of the Bubble" by G. A. Gillies, of the University of British Columbia. Professor Gillies shows in this a familiarity with the scientific basis of making and using bubbles that permits him to explain it to the less erudite members of the mining industry. His paper will therefore interest many of those concerned with the flotation process.

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The Household by Lydia Le Baron Walker

THE LATEST STYLE IN BEACH AND LAWN MATTRESSES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM



The new type of beach mattress with head rest of frame work to which the mattress is fastened.

Beach and lawn mattresses are among the garden furniture furnishings that contribute to comfort, and which may be delightfully decorative also. The new note in them is the raised head rest of framework which holds one end of the mattress elevated just enough to suggest the sloping contour of a lounge or chaise longue. The mattress is fastened to the frame to prevent its slipping when spread out on the sand or the grassy lawn. It is about this metal frame that the mattress is coiled when it is carried. Mattresses of this variety are to be found in shops that deal in garden furniture and furnishings.

Folding Head Rest

It is quite within the scope of any woman's ability to make these decorative lawn mattresses which have the raised end attachment, although of a different type. The detachable foot rest of an ordinary folding beach or lawn chair or the "beach back" is requisitioned by attaching the mattress by tapes to the footed end of the rest or the top of the "beach back." The mattress is secured against slipping off, as it rests against the inclined surface until it stretches the remainder of its length over the sand or grass.

Mattresses

The mattress itself is made of two strips of awning cloth, of fapcy ticking, or denim top and back. These may be the width of the foot rest, but wider strips that will extend about 2 inches beyond each end of the rest are recommended. This makes them 4 inches wider than the frame of the back. The mattress when completed should measure 6 feet, 6 inches. The entire length consists of 13 sections 6 inches deep, or 8 sections, 9 3/4 inches deep. When cutting the two strips, allowance must be made for the take-up of the wadding, and each section calculated as 2 1/2 to 3 inches longer than the measurements given. Upon the thickness of these wadded sections the comfort of the mattress depends.

Carrying Mattresses

To carry these homemade beach or lawn mattresses about, close the head rest, whichever sort it is, and fold the mattress about it. Tie about frame with tapes sewed to end of mattress for the purpose. The side of the frame provides a good handle for carrying the mattress about when folded as directed.

Channel Furniture

When backs of lawn chairs or lengths of mattresses are made with upholstery with wadded sections extending across

them, they are called Channel backs or Channel mattresses. When the sections so wadded are upright as is popular in furniture upholstery just now, the name is Barrel or Organ Pipe upholstery.

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Popular Dance Orchestra on International Radio

The extension of the Gene Fogarty Orchestra broadcasts from Jasper Park Lodge from 15 minutes to half an hour has been arranged with the Canadian Radio Commission and the National Broadcasting Commission's chain of United States radio stations, it was announced by J. Van Wyck, General Manager of Canadian National Railways Hotel Department. The Jasper Park Lodge orchestra has been on an international chain since June 18th and has proved popular with listeners on both sides of the international boundary. The orchestra which played in the Canadian Grill of The Chateau Laurier, at Ottawa, during the winter months, moved to Jasper Park Lodge, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, for the tourist season and has since been on the Canadian Radio Commission and N.B.C. Blue networks at 8.30 p.m. every Wednesday, Mountain Standard Time (12.30 Eastern Standard Time). Their broadcasts will now finish at one o'clock Eastern Standard Time.

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