

GYPSY GIRL

THE STORY OF AN IMPASSIONED ROMANCE

READ THIS FIRST:
Consuelo, a beautiful gypsy girl who longs to dance, is loved by the Dummy, a deaf mute, and Marcu. She despises her mother, Arica, but is fond of her father, Girtza. Marcu tempts Consuelo with a huge diamond and she agrees to marry him until she suspects her gypsy sweetheart has tricked her about the ring's value. In town she sees three men playing cards near a private car on a railroad siding. She dances for them. Much impressed, one of the men, Stewart Blackmire, New York theatrical producer, promises to return in 10 days and give Consuelo a pair of slippers. Marcu bargains with Girtza for his daughter's hand. Reluctantly Consuelo agrees to marry Marcu and the gypsies celebrate.

bitter hurt in his heart left him. This was a moment that only the gods can give to a man. And so he looked at the face as a thing apart, that he might carry the beauty of her in his soul. Kiss and forgive, never again could he do that. To-night she would be a bride, the bride of another man.

There were many things the girl had intended to say to him but she forgot them. She knew now that no matter what she did he would still understand—and forgive.

She stirred. She must be going. She put her lips to his and kissed him long and tenderly as a mother might kiss a cherished child. Then she rose and left him and did not turn back. He made no effort to keep her or to follow. As her figure faded in the trees he turned the key in the lock of his memories. Always he would have the sweet beauty of this hour with him.

Consuelo hurried toward the town. When she reached the railroad siding she hid behind a pile of rocks to wait for the private car. Ten days. It was due this afternoon. If it did not come—but then the man had promised her a pair of slippers. Now they would be a wedding present and a reminder of unfulfilled dreams.

An hour and a half she waited before the train pulled in and left the private car upon the siding. Still she sat behind the rocks. She saw the men come to the observation car. They were talking together and looking around. The man they had called Stewart Blackmire had a package under his arm. He had not forgotten.

The girl left her hiding place and approached them. "There she is now! Hello gypsy girl." There was gladness in Stewart's voice. "Hello, white man," she greeted, a half smile on her lips. "I see you didn't forget us."

"I have thought of you until my head swims," she answered. "I could not forget."

"Neither could I." He held out the package to her.

"This is my wedding gift," she announced tonelessly, accepting it.

"Wedding gift?"

"Yes. To-day."

He stared at her without speaking.

"So you deserted us and decided to get married," Doug filled in the silence. "The tall man you were with that day?"

Consuelo shook her head.

"No, someone else."

"Let me congratulate you and give you my good wishes, gypsy girl," Stewart said stiffly.

The light flared back into her eyes. "I don't want your good wishes! Good wishes! I spit on them! I hate them!"

"Are you really a king?" she asked.

"A king?"

"Yes, a king of the theatre who puts on shows?"

He nodded, smiling.

"You thought I was a good dancer, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then take me back with you and let me dance in one of your shows."

After a moment Blackmire shook his head.

"But you are going to be married to-day."

The remark was ignored.

"Will you let me go with you?" she asked again. "I have the \$50 you gave me and \$14 I have had. I could live months on that. I have bracelets and jewelry—she held out her arms. The diamond on her finger shone in the sunlight. "I could make money for you. When I dance at the fairs my hands overflow with silver. In your New York they would toss nothing less than dollars and all they throw to me I would

give to you. I would make you rich. Marcu has given my father 80 pieces of gold, a gold and diamond watch, two mares, an unborn colt and a year-old colt and my father told him it was not enough for me. He said, 'she will earn you a hundred gold watches!' All this I am worth, white man, and I beg you will take me with you and let me dance in one of your shows."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mosquitoes Flew Away with Flat-Bottomed Boat

An old-timer of the North started to complain of the mosquitoes he had encountered in the bush near here this year. "But they are not so bad this year as some years I have known," he said. Then he added: "And some places I have known." He hesitated for a minute or two, then he said: "Yes, I'll show you!" and he produced the following clipping, which he thought was from The Regina Leader-Post:—

"The mosquito is unusually numerous and active in Western Canada this season, no doubt due to the increase in weather. In the last five years the weather was so dry in these parts that mosquitoes cracked up, due to lack of moisture, and fell apart just like a wooden wagon wheel falls apart in a dry season. But this year the mosquitoes have been able to splash up to their eyes in water and old-timers say they never saw a generation of them so rambunctious and full of 'pizen.' When one bites you, the side of your head, if it be there the mosquito has put his beak in the trough, gets a lump on it like the stoop on a barn, and you have to get through the front door sideways and perhaps send for the doctor, the blacksmith or the veterinary surgeon. This swelling business indicates that either the people of Saskatchewan or the mosquitoes have more poison in their systems in 1935 than they ever had before, and you can make your own guess as to which group has more of it. In view of some of the letters written to this paper, we feel inclined to take part of the blame away from the mosquito.

"Mosquitoes have been bad in Western Canada before this. Up at Hudson Bay a few years ago a couple of prospectors near Churchill were attacked by a flock of the long-nosed, buzzing mosquito, which is also known as the Ottawa mosquito. The prospectors sought shelter under an old York boat. The York boat was a creation of the Hudson's Bay Co., built for heavy travel, and had a plank bottom two inches thick. The mosquitoes jumped on the boat and started bushing their stingers right through the two-inch planks. The prospectors were armed with mining hammers and as the beaks came through they clinched them by hitting the ends with the hammers.

"Soon all the mosquitoes in the area were clinched to the boat. The mosquitoes then flew off, taking the boat with them. Believe it or not, and why should you?"

Many Accidents Reported on the Ferguson Highway

Reference has been made several times recently to the number of accidents on the Ferguson highway. Some of these accidents are serious, some, indeed, have proved fatal. In others considerable property damage has resulted from cars colliding and from other motor accidents. There is a tendency to blame many of these accidents on the bad condition of the roads. There is not much doubt but that the condition of the highway has much to do with the number of auto accidents along the Ferguson highway, but at the same time it has to be admitted that other causes contribute to the general result.

In speaking of recent accidents on the highway, The Halleyburian last week says:—

"Accidents on the highway continue to be numerous in this district despite the more stringent regulations recently imposed, and within the past week there have been several serious crashes in this neighbourhood, although in only one has there been serious injuries to drivers or passengers. That was on Thursday morning last, when a loaded truck from Toronto turned over between Halleybury and North Cobalt. The driver, A. Lebo, his wife, who was riding with him and a passenger, Gusta Eder, also of Toronto, were all seriously injured and had to be taken to the hospital here. According to Traffic Officer Harper, who investigated the crash the driver swerved sharply to avoid collision with a truck owned by V. Sulphur, lost control of his vehicle, which rolled over two or three times. Lebo had some fractured ribs and sustained other injuries, his wife suffered bad bruises and torn muscles in her right arm and Eder, who was riding in a pile of cabbage with which the truck was partly loaded, had both bones broken in his right leg. Garden produce, fruits and live poultry being carried on the truck were scattered over the road. At the week-end a collision occurred on the highway seven miles north of New Liskeard, when L. A. Pope of Charlton, driving a cream truck, emerged from a concession and attempted to cross just as B. A. Barstead of New Liskeard arrived at the cross roads. Some damage was done to the Barstead truck but neither driver was injured. On Friday night as J. W. Myles was driving home from New Liskeard his car collided with the rear of a wagon in which P. Barrette was hauling a load of furniture. The car was damaged and some of the furniture suffered in the crash. It is alleged that there was no rear light on the horse-drawn vehicle and a charge has been laid against the driver."

Confiscating Mines Would Hurt Railways

Old-timer of the North Asks Questions of Hon. Mr. Stevens and his New Platform.

South Porcupine, Ont., Aug. 24th, 1935
To the Editor of
The Advance, Timmins:

Dear Sir:—I wish to ask Hon. H. H. Stevens how he is going to take over the mines and mining without doing considerable harm to our government-owned railways, which are in bad enough shape now so far as finances are concerned. For the past 30 years and at the present time thousands of prospectors are paying their railway fares and freight costs, as well as the big mines also turning over fortunes to the railways. If Mr. Stevens does what he says he will, all this will be changed and our railways will be in twice as bad shape as they are, and the result will be that many employees will be laid off and there will not be one-half the prospectors and mining men travelling, but instead they will be out of their jobs as prospectors. There will be many business failures also. Where is Mr. Stevens going to get the money to pay his prospectors? Will they ride free on the railways? Will all freight for the mines be carried free? For every Dome or Hollinger mine his men discover, how much will he lose before they are found? Will he spend the money our prospectors and mining magnates are doing to try and produce new mines? And if new ones are found will he use millions of the profits to try and get further new ones, like our big boys are doing?

Now comes investigation! We all know what it has cost the country for big investigations, over hydro power, the railways, the lumber, and other things, and now Mr. Stevens wants to add mining to these, and I feel sure that it will turn out to be like the other government-owned business. With so much mining going on our railways are losing. So, if they can't get along at the present time, how is Mr. Stevens going to make them pay dividends by taking away half the business they now enjoy?

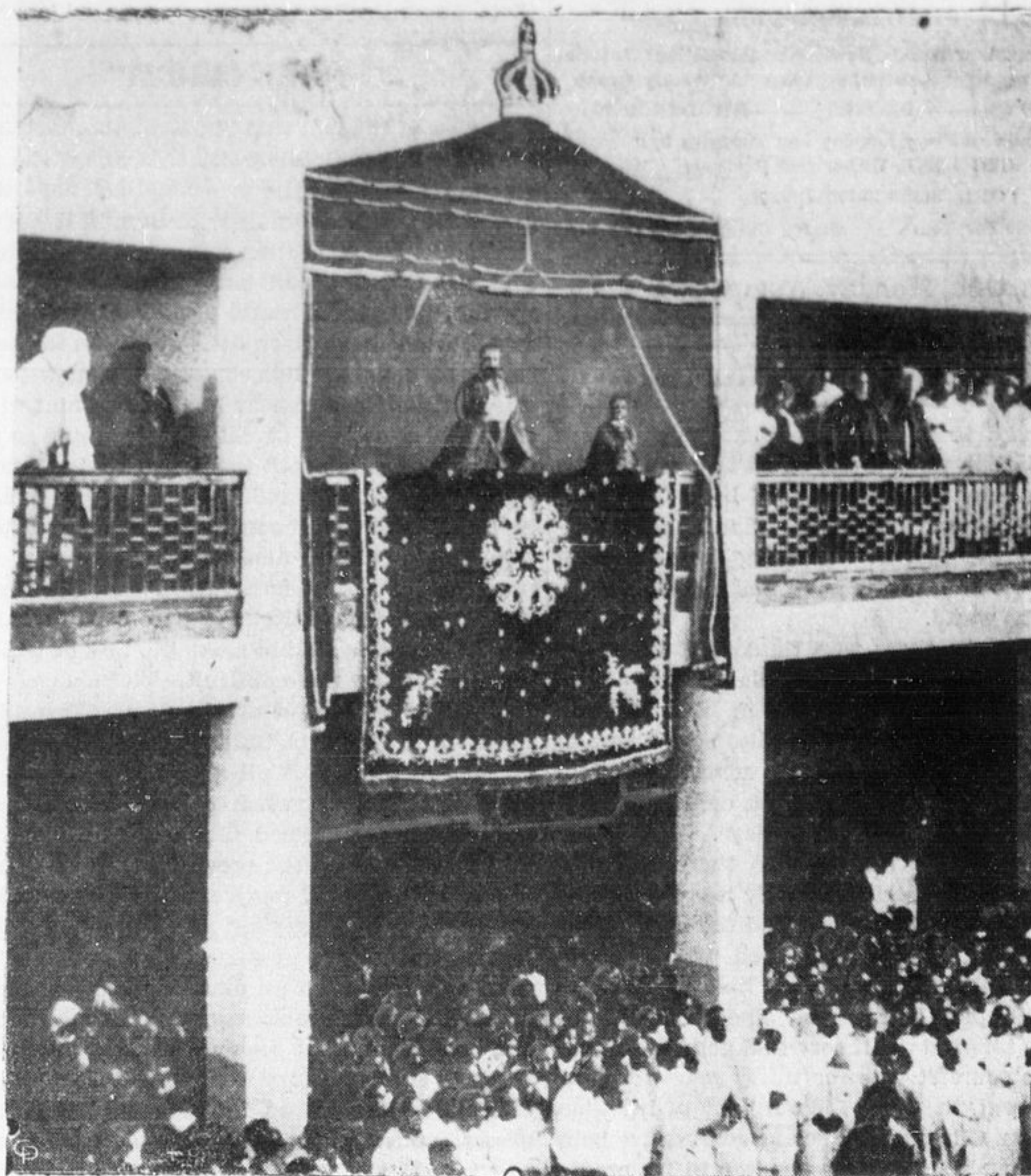
Yours truly,
H. A. Preston

DR. MURTAGH CHOSEN AS STEVENS CANDIDATE HERE

At the convention held in the Moose hall, Timmins last week, Dr. A. P. Murtagh was the unanimous choice of the members of the Stevens Club as representative for the riding. There were other names suggested as the standard bearer for this riding for the new party but Dr. Murtagh was the popular choice and the other withdrew in his favour.

London Advertiser: Some of the able-bodied men on relief who refuse to work in the fields remind one of the sailor who was asked by the ship's doctor to describe his symptoms: "I eats well, and I sleeps well; but as soon as I sees a bit of work ahead of me I gets all of a-tremble."

Judah's Conquering Lion Roars at Crowd



Haile Selassie, the Power of Trinity, Conquering Lion of Judah, Emperor of Ethiopia, is shown on the balcony of his palace as he addressed an immense throng of his subjects. In a war-like speech, he called upon them to resist to the death the threatened invasion of their land by the black-shirted forces being sent from Italy by Mussolini.

Interesting Talk to Lions on Blindness

Mr. Thomson, of the National Institute for the Blind, Gives Inspiring Address Here.

There is no such thing as "total blindness," in the minds of the blind themselves," Mr. Thomson, of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, told the Timmins Lions Club last Thursday evening. The three factors of sight, as they appear to the blind themselves are mental, spiritual and material. Of the three parts, those who have no vision in the ordinary sense, consider material blindness to be the least. It is not an affliction to them, but merely another handicap to be overcome.

When just 14 years of age, Mr. Thomson lost his sight through an accident while playing baseball. Operation after operation failed to bring it back but he soon learned the ways of the

blind and has since learned to enjoy life to its full. He likes to be out on a busy street, jostled about by the crowd, he told the Lions, for it helps to make him feel that he is a normal person and that his impairment does not set him apart from his fellow men. There are occasions when the help of those who have the use of their eyes is desirable, however, and Mr. Thomson said that a blind man will never refuse aid, even in the things he has learned to do himself, for fear of discouraging others from helping when the need arises.

A watch, by which the blind can tell time, was passed around amongst the members of the club for inspection, and a "Braille" slate, on which the blind can "write." The system was originated, he said, by a young Belgian, who got the idea one day when playing with an awl in his father's workshop. The little dots in various positions that indicate to the blind man's skilled fingers which letter of the alphabet is meant, make reading and writing possible.

Mr. Thomson commented on the fine action of the club in providing glasses for a nine-year-old Timmins girl who

had not been able to join her playmates in their fun on account of her poor eyes. Every minute of her life is now a real pleasure.

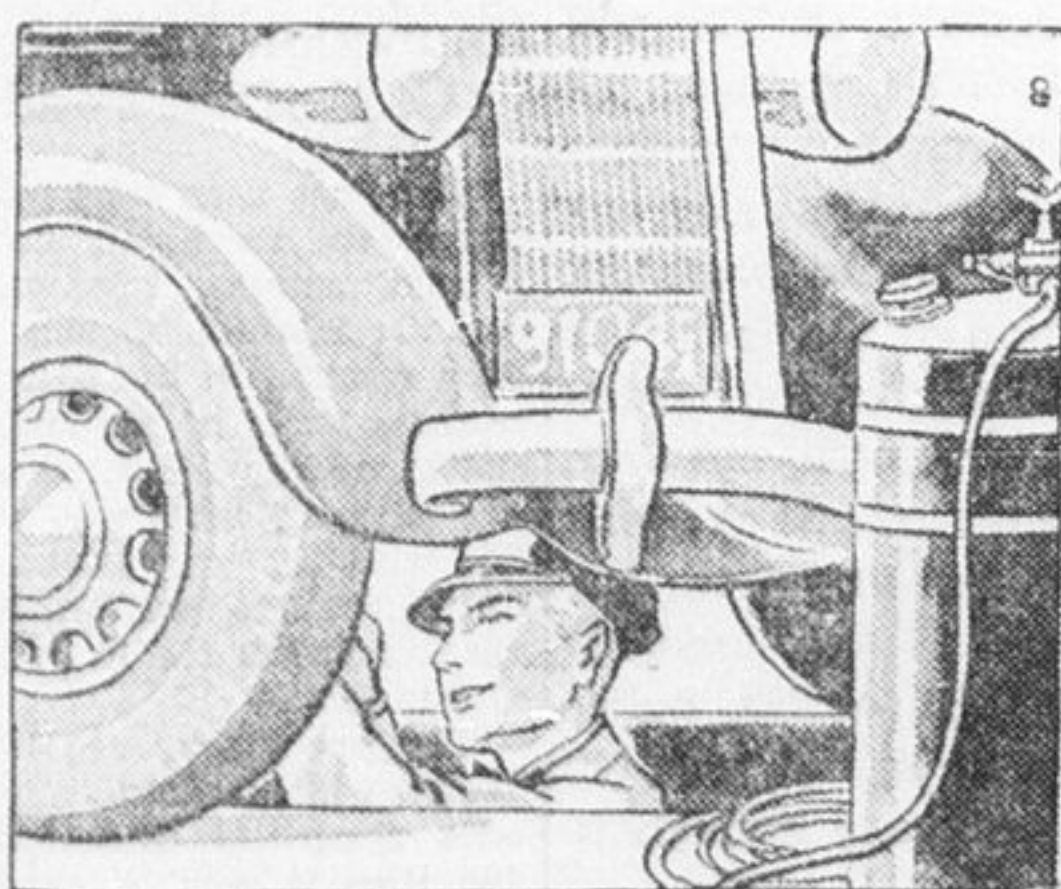
Lion Fred Stock thanked Mr. Thomson for his fine address on behalf of the club. "The spirit of sightless people as exemplified by Mr. Thomson might well be emulated by all people," he said.

Lion Alex Rose was welcomed to the meeting. It was the first he had attended in some time, since his recovery from a serious illness.

Barney Sky was a visitor at the Thursday meeting.

Next week's address will be on the facilities of the Ontario Department of Health and will be delivered by Dr. H. H. Moore, Timmins Medical Officer of Health.

From the Brantford Expositor: Canada has thus far had seventeen general elections and in every constituency of each contest all the candidates had felt that they would win. There is no one on earth so trustingly hopeful as the man who is carrying some kind of a party standard in these affairs.



LUBRICATE with SHELL

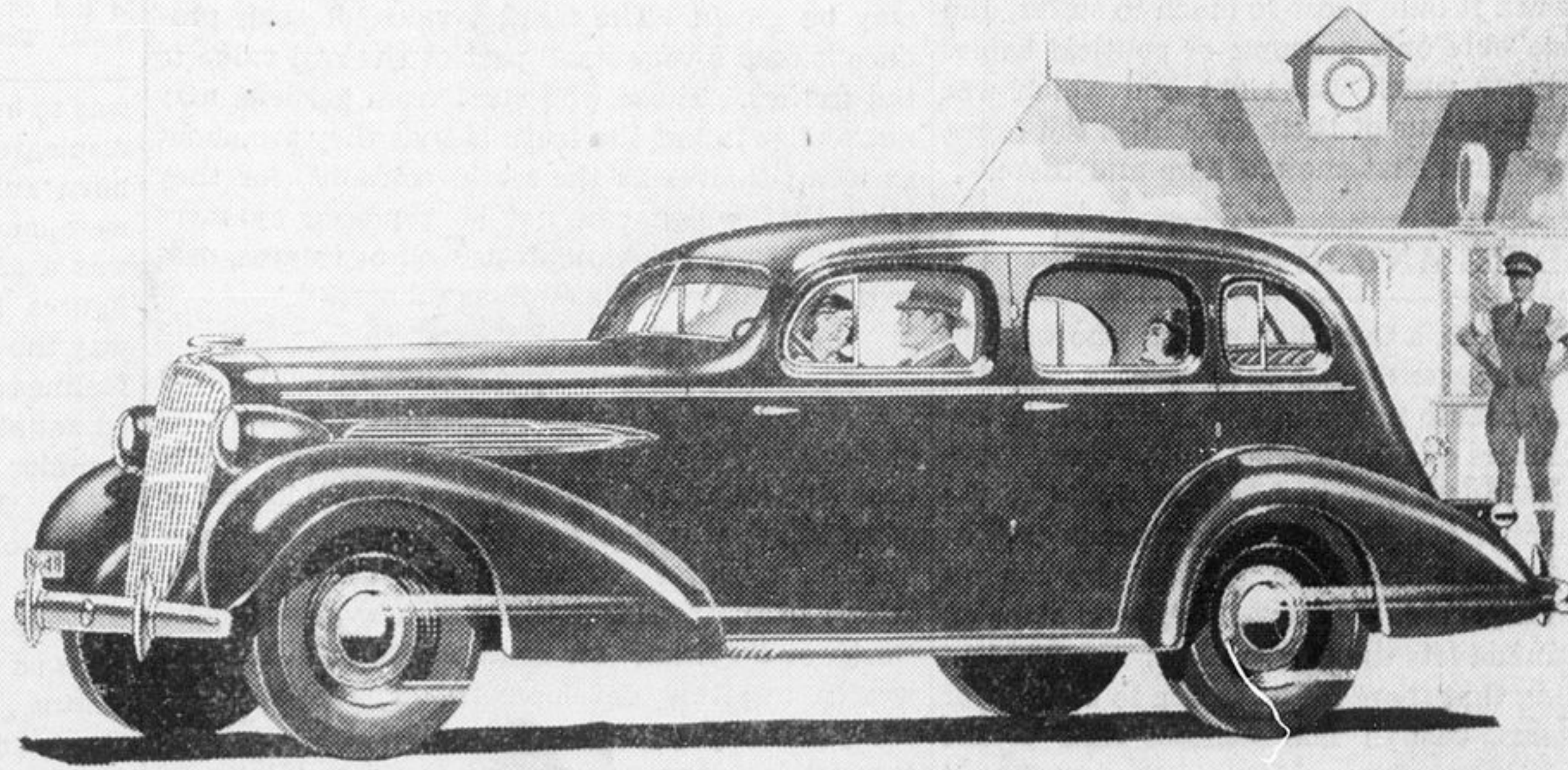
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