

GYPSY GIRL

THE STORY OF AN IMPASSIONED ROMANCE



READ THIS FIRST:

Consuelo, a beautiful gypsy girl who longs to dance, is loved by the Dumny, a deaf mute, and Marcu. She despises her mother, Anica, but is fond of her father, Girtza. Marcu tempts Consuelo with a huge diamond and she agrees to marry him. But on her wedding day she boards a train for New York on which are riding Stewart Blackmire, theatrical producer; Doug, his secretary, and Bill, a friend. Consuelo had danced for ten days previously when their private car had been waiting on a railroad siding in town. In New York a series of publicity stunts prepares Consuelo for her debut in the Folies. She has an altercation with Louise, star of the show and Stewart's friend. Doug takes Consuelo to a fashionable shop to outfit her in American clothes. The gypsy's first dance on a Broadway stage proves a tremendous hit. Stewart is amazed how beautiful Consuelo looks in American clothes when he takes her to supper after her first performance. Meantime the gypsies are lost without Consuelo, their favourite.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 29

GIRTZA, TOO, missed Consuelo. His heart was heavy. There were no dancing feet in camp; no laughing songs; no saucy impudence; no child of his own in the van; no dusty black curls to rest against his shoulder. After his first roaring anger had spent itself, he ceased to reproach her. He tried to hate her, but could not.

He dispelled the thoughts that there was a gorgio, but he knew her love of jewels and finery, and so he sighed, the ache in his heart dull and heavy. He did not think of her returning. Perhaps it would be better if she never did. He told himself that he would never forgive her if she did come back, and yet he knew that his loneliness would compel him to.

Of all the camp there was only one who was glad that she was gone, and that was Anica, her mother. Her black eyes rested often on Marcu now. Her hands were restless, but there was no hurry. She was done to Girtza and he did not notice that she wore her best clothes and her finest jewelry and kept her hair combed.

So life in the camp moved on without the girl. Little Gita was dancing in the fair, but the men did not crowd after her and her pockets were never heavy with gold. Voda and Honey played and wrestled and entertained the gorgios, but Voda forgot to flirt with the white girls. They did not look good to him and he remembered the night he had almost kissed her—if Honey had not tripped him. Petru's flute did not sound so gay and the dancing around the fires was not as spirited now.

Oftimes they had no more than unhitched the horses and put the cows to feed and set up the tents when Girtza would boom out in his great voice that this place was not fit for a gypsy. They would look at the grass and the trees and the clearness of the brook all in

one glance. The moment before it had seemed good and the year before it was an excellent camping place, but now truly it was not fit for a gypsy and they would eat a hasty meal and go on and on and on.

So success had come quickly and easily to the gypsy girl. All in one night it had given to her more than it gives to most in a whole lifetime. Gypsy that she was, she counted it as nothing. Hadn't she dreamed of this? Then of course it must come true, for dreams of the heart are as real as life itself. Back in camp when she left she knew that this would happen, just how, no, but it would happen and had.

So it was the next morning that she lay asleep in the bed as contented and satisfied as a kitten. The room was filled with flowers and she breathed in their fragrance and it brought into her dreams remembrance of a morning long ago. She thought that once again she was lying on a hillside covered with lilies. She had left the camp one evening in the springtime and had come upon this hillside that was massed with lilies, overturned bells that grew no more than a few inches high, but filled the mountainside with their sweet scent. She lay down among them and their perfume became a robe about her and she fell asleep. The moon rose in the heavens and its beams caressed her and touched her with pale beauty. It passed on and the sun rose and dropped its rays of gold about her. And now again she was awakening on the hillside and life was good and beautiful. She opened her eyes and saw where she was and that it was the flowers that had brought the dream.

"I'm glad you've awakened, miss." It was Ann beside her. "They've called you to come to the theatre at 11. I've ordered your breakfast. I've brought in the papers and there's telegrams that have come in." She paused, looking at the girl. "Ah, miss, I never saw anyone so beautiful as you were last night. When you danced it was easy and graceful and wild, as if nothing in the whole world mattered except your dancing. When you sang I was not Ann serving in a foreign country, but Ann at my own home, back where the trees are green and the cows come up to the sill and the cock crows at dawn. I'll bring your breakfast in now, miss."

The girl stretched lazily and kicked down the covers and wiggled her toes. She propped up the pillows behind her, sat cross-legged on the bed, and opened the newspapers. There was a large picture of her in her white dress. Another holding flowers. One in costume. A flashlight showing the alley with Goldberg and Stewart and Doug behind her and the people, a dark blur, waving their hands. She poked her finger through the paper and tore out the small head of Stewart. It was not in focus and it made him look funny. She laughed and wet the back of the paper with her tongue and patted the picture on her arm and looked down at him.

"Now you are my man," she whispered. On her other arm was a new

bracelet of square-cut rubies set in platinum that matched the necklace he had given her. She looked down at it now and fingered the little safety chain.

"I wonder whether you are real or if you, too, are only a piece of glass!" She looked away. "Now surely he would kill me!" She shook the thought from her and idly, without much interest, looked through the rest of the papers and with difficulty read the telegrams of congratulations. "Now this is silly, for I do not even know these people who send me these things that are so hard to read." And she tossed them to the floor.

She sprang from the bed and going to a basket of flowers tore off the buds and made a crown of them for around her head and stuck others in the lace of her sliken nightgown. She was humming to herself and thinking that her man would be coming to see her soon.

So she was sitting in the bed like a young wood nymph when Ann brought her breakfast to her.

She ate greedily and scolded because there were not enough potatoes. She laughed when Ann said she would get fat eating so much starch like that. Before she had finished Douglas called. At first she was disappointed that it was he and not this other one, but then, after all, she was glad he had come and commanded that he be brought in.

"My darling, come eat some breakfast with me—"

Doug held his hand over his face. "Yes, my pet, but will you remember that night is less than nothing. Ann, cover up the young lady, quickly!"

Consuelo laughed and tucked her legs under the covers.

"Oh, you are the kidding one! Come, tell me about last night, my Douglas!" Doug sat down beside her.

"You're a tempting morsel this morning. Tell me, have you been out in the woods picking flowers and putting them in your hair like this?" He took one and put it in the lapel of his coat.

"Now about last night, you were quite the loveliest thing I ever saw. Scrumptious, gorgeous, swell, elegant and what-not. But tell me this, young lady, where did you disappear to? I saw you and then I saw you not and you had disappeared like a rabbit. Tell Doug."

The girl was blushing. She fumbled with the toast on her plate and made great pretense of buttersing it.

"Aaaaah—so, a man—a villain enters this peaceful scene. Tell Doug, who is this brute."

She nibbled the toast and sipped the coffee and would not answer him.

He saw the bracelet on her arm and recognized it—after all, hadn't he purchased it only yesterday at Tiffany's for Stewart? He rose from the bed and crossed to the window and looked down into the street.

After a while he said, "Get your clothes on; we're going to the theatre. You're late now. They want to see you and talk over an encore and start planning a new act for you. Hurry up." He left the bedroom.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

North Bay Protests Move of Railwaymen

Council, Board of Trade and Others Object to Transfer of T. & N. O. Officials to Englehart.

The news of the transfer of a number of officials and members of the staff of the T. & N. O. Railway from North Bay to Englehart was received in Timmins last week when announced by The Advance as a matter of considerable interest, but in North Bay it was greeted with considerable protest. In making the change the heads of the T. & N. O. said it was with the idea of increasing the efficiency of the railroad, and placing the transferred staff closer to the centre of their work. Also the T. & N. O. officials said that the matter had been under careful consideration for some time. On the other hand North Bay protested against the move which was believed to be a hurried one, and also the objection was made that the work of the railroad had been conducted with the greatest efficiency for over 30 years and that consequently there was no valid reason for the change.

The North Bay council passed a resolution protesting against the change, and immediately afterwards the North Bay Board of Trade called a special meeting at which a resolution was drafted to be sent to Premier M. F. Heppburn, J. Harry Marceau, M.L.A. for Nipissing, Col. Malcolm Lang, chairman of the T. & N. O. commission and A. H. Cavanagh, general manager of the railroad. A deputation to Toronto may follow the protest.

The resolution protests against action taken by officials Wednesday on the grounds that many employees affected are old residents of North Bay, with money invested here and their children attending school. "In view of the fact," it reads, "that the T. & N. O. Railway has been operated efficiently from North Bay since its construction, it is requested that no action be taken until a full investigation be made and city council and the Board of Trade given a chance to consider all angles of the move."

J. Harry Marceau, M.P.F., was "on the carpet" in the matter and his reply apparently did not fix the question so far as the North Bay board of trade was concerned. He pointed out that the railway covered four provincial ridings and not just the one of Nipissing. "Oh," said some of the board of trade, "so, it's political reasons that are concerned."

At the meeting it was suggested that the Cabinet had not decided the question but that the order came direct from Premier Heppburn.

Special reference was made at the meeting to the short notice given the members of the staff who were allowed less than 24 hours in which to pack up and leave North Bay for Englehart.

According to reports of the board of trade meeting at North Bay efforts will be continued to have the members of the staff moved back again from Englehart to North Bay.

It would appear that North Bay has been greatly upset by the move and that the transfer is not at all popular in that city. On the other hand, however, Englehart is greatly pleased, but that is another story and is dealt with in another article elsewhere in this issue.

Parties Not Ready to Designate Seats

Politicians Claim Victory for Their Respective Parties, but Shy at Particulars

This is one election in which the heads of the various political organizations are not ready to name the probable winners in the various provinces and ridings. There is some talk about this party or that having so many seats but the prophets shy at particulars. Of course, there is the usual case of this or that speaker telling about the thousands of majority that such and such a candidate will have, and this is wildly cheered perhaps, but it doesn't mean anything and everybody knows it. Although the election is only a few days away there have been no definite pronouncements as in former elections. There is to be such an announcement this (Thursday) evening by Hon. J. Earl Lawson, chief organizer of the Conservative party in the Dominion. At the last Dominion election a similar forecast was made by Gen. A. D. McRae, then the chief organizer. That forecast will be famous in political history for many years. The chief organizer in 1930 announced almost to the seat, how many Bennett candidates would succeed. He gave a summary by provinces that was proved later by the actual returns to be almost perfect. The forecast of Gen. McRae has frequently been described as uncanny, and it appears to have been one of the most remarkable forecasts ever made in regard to an election. Those high in the councils of the party questioned particulars of it, but Gen. McRae said he had kept in such touch with the constituencies and had so effective an organization that he was certain he was right. He was as right as right could be.

Times have changed since 1930, however, and it will be a bold man who will give definite forecast at this time. One writer at Ottawa, however, makes this comment:—"Conservative headquarters are not yet prepared to do that for the 1935 election, but they did tell me recently they were satisfied that Premier Bennett's coast-to-coast tour has been worth 150,000 to 200,000 votes for the party. Exactly how that will translate into seats, they are not prepared to say. With four and five parties contesting almost every riding, they don't believe

there are any 'safe seats' any more. So far as their own chances are concerned, while satisfied of winning the election, they wouldn't at the moment, they said, even indicate six sure seats. They don't believe the Liberals have any more, either."

Continuing his reference to the prospects of the election this writer says:—"The reports coming from the Maritimes are cheerful, but headquarters here, which takes a more realistic view, I find, than the reporters who accompany the prime minister, says there is plenty to be done down there yet. New Brunswick still looks pretty black, they say, but Nova Scotia is better, and so is Prince Edward Island. Reports coming in from Quebec are so optimistic that headquarters is inclined to discount them. The organizers down there say that while some seats will be lost, others will as surely be gained, and that the standing of the party after the election will be at least as good as it was before the dissolution of parliament. They recognize the threat of the Liberals in Quebec, but almost completely dismiss the Stevens menace there. They say that outside of the Island of Montreal, where the Reconstruction party has a chance, there won't be a single Stevens member in Quebec. This clashes sharply with Reconstruction claims of from 30 to 40 seats in that province. While the Conservative headquarters believes that Mr. Stevens has hurt the Liberals quite as much as they have Mr. Bennett, they admit that in a few solidly entrenched Conservative seats, almost entirely confined to Ontario, the Stevens party has caused some concern by winning over the party organization, and making it necessary to build up new machinery on the eve of the election. Special attention is being paid to these ridings."

The multiplicity of parties is what makes the forecasting so difficult. In such a case the usual signs seem to fail. The Conservatives are perhaps chiefly concerned with the Stevens party vote. In this connection the Ottawa expert says:—"In the main, however, Conservative headquarters is satisfied that the Stevens vote consisted mainly of disgruntled or discontented voters, which the government had little or no chance of getting, which would have gone in a two-party contest to the Liberals, but which now is divided and is not likely to do so much damage. That is their present view of the matter."

In following out the chances by provinces the writer at Ottawa referred to makes the following summary:—"Manitoba continues to be a risky spot for the Conservatives, with Saskatchewan also promising they say. Of course they already have a good representation in both those provinces, and would probably be satisfied to hold their own. Their sources tell them that several Liberals in northern Saskatchewan, notably Jack Vallance, C. R. McIntosh and George McPhee, appear to be beaten by the Social Credit forces. In Alberta the Conservatives are satisfied that Premier R. B. Bennett will be elected, but they recognize that in other ridings the Social Credit candidates will be tough. British Columbia is another dark spot still for Conservatives. They believe that Mr. Stevens will be trimmed in his own riding, not by the C.C.F. who are making their boldest bid in that province."

Sudbury Star:—Because she stole some chocolate from the factory where she worked, a woman has been sentenced to die in Soviet Russia. Probably that's one reason why a number of people who boost Russia in Canada take good care to stay in this dominion and are not anxious to live in the Soviet.

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The ends of stocking strands are joined and wound into a ball when colours are sufficiently similar to permit of using them so in making rugs.

THE USE OF STOCKINGS AS MATERIAL FOR MAKING RUGS

Several requests have come to me to know if there is any way in which old stockings can be made into rugs. This indicates that it has been a long time since I wrote on rugcraft materials, for hosiery is one mentioned frequently by me as it is a kind that can be put to excellent purpose in the fashioning of various homecraft floor coverings, such as carpets, large rugs, door mats, scatter rugs, bedside rugs, porch rugs, bathroom rugs, etc.

To Make Rug Strands
Stockings must be cut in correct strands to convert into the special sort of floor covering desired. For most kinds, cut each stocking into one continuous length. Start cutting at the toe and cut spirally to the top. The width depends on the weight of the stocking. The strand must be of uniform size when it coils, as it may, or as the work-shaper it. So if stockings have heavier weaves at top and feet, cut these parts narrower than the legs should they be more sheer. The correct size is approximately that of heavy rug yarn, resembling the size of clothesline, only the strands will be soft and pliable, owing to loose coiling and inherent texture.

Pile of Rugs
For pile rugs, that are not hooked, strands are cut into short pieces to permit of ends standing upright after insertion into foundation to suit the depth of pile wanted. Short pile rugs are preferable to long, since the tendency of the latter pile is to flatten down or mat. A pile 1/2 or 3/4 inch deep is practical and durable.

Background Colours
For backgrounds it is pleasing to have gradations in tints, so stockings that are not identical, but similar in colour can be used together, not in patches of tones, but in alternating or

hit-or-miss arrangement, thus presenting what may be likened to shadows in their delicate mixtures.

Designs
For patterns, darker hosiery can be saved, such as will not require dyeing. Very light stockings can be dyed any desired colours. Avoid making a hit-or-miss rug, that is one in which there is no design. While it may be durable, it will never be really sightly. A design may be so simple that it consists merely of blocks, or squares in immediate contrast, or outlined in one colour, preferably black, throughout.

Patterns Available
Patterns for a tessellated rug done in crochet or in knitting are in stock. Also patterns for knit rugs composed entirely of one or more knit circles, or these circles in combination with wedges. The circles and wedges may be combined to form flower and foliage borders for rug fields (as centres are called), which fields may be in strips of one colour, or knit to make the surface in squares. On this knit rug pattern sheet are directions for cartwheel rug, that is rugs formed of just one circle, hexagonal rugs, and door mats. Colour key comes for the designs all of which are pictured. Each of the two pattern sheets is 10 cents.

How To Get Patterns
To obtain them enclose 10 cents (or twenty cents if both patterns are wanted) with a request and a self-addressed stamped, (3-cent) envelope. Address requests to Lydia Le Baron Walker care of this paper.

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The Medicine Hat News says "there are a lot of people who don't know anything except how to run the government."

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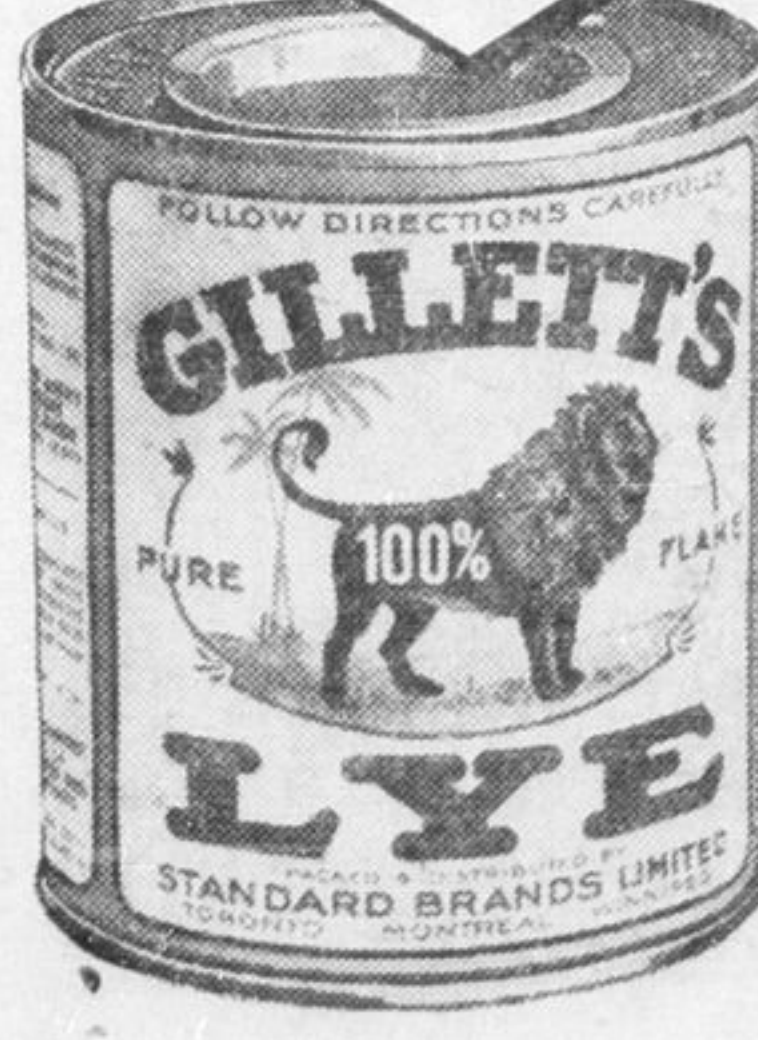
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