

# GYPSY GIRL

THE STORY OF AN IMPASSIONED ROMANCE

CHAPTER 56

A HALF HOUR after she left Willowby's apartment, Consuelo stood in her own bedroom, a litter of confusion about her. Dresser drawers were pulled out; cedar chests open; clothes strewn upon the floor, a pile of gypsy clothing tossed together in a heap; jewelry dumped on the dressing table.

The doorbell rang and light-footed she ran to answer it. There stood a man, sleepy-eyed, hat on the back of his head, tie askew.

"Oh, darling, my darling Douglas—"

She grabbed him by the arms and whirled him into the room. "I'm so glad you've come. I need help—"

Doug took a deep breath and disentangled himself from her arms.

"You don't look to me like a woman in desperate need." He sank into a chair. "Any other dame who would call me madly in the middle of the night to come right over would have received a cutting reply and be told to gwan back to sleep, but you—Well, baby, here I am, ready to jump through hoops for you as usual. Tell papa, what's all the excitement about?"

"Douglas, darling—" she perched like a bird on the arm of his chair. "I'm going away!"

"Sure! Wedding bells and honeymoon—I know, but that's no reason for rousing me out of a sound sleep—unless you've decided to elope with me."

She crossed her bare feet, head tipped back, eyes dreamy, scarcely hearing his words.

"He wrote me a note. He said to come. He painted the loveliest picture." She drew in her breath catching and sprang to her feet. "I can't stand it any longer, I'm through. . . . All through. I've untied the hands of the clock. I'm going back."

"I may not be quite awake yet, but at any rate what you're saying doesn't make sense. Now—one, two, three, start out all over again."

"I'm going back, I'm through."

"You said that. Now—the why, the when, the wherefore?"

"Oh, Douglas, you are the stupid one. Back to the gypsy camp—if they'll have me."

Doug whistled. For a moment he didn't say anything, then casually, "When?"

"To-night."

"To-night?"

"Yes."

"Aw, now, nix baby, nix. You can't run out like this."

She laughed and caught up his hands. "Don't be like Stewart." Suddenly she was serious. "It couldn't be, not really—not Mrs. Stewart Blackmire. Ah, no, my friend. I thought a gypsy could change. I wanted to be a gorgio. All that I wanted is no good. I am just a gypsy. I am lonesome—oh, so lonesome. I shall die here in this city of New York if I stay longer. Douglas, did you ever hear how quiet everything could be, so quiet that the sound of your own heart was loud and you could hear the music of the stars? Dew on the grass? A great feeling of aloneness—ah, but not lonesomeness. There in the darkness about you, your own people—and beyond the space of a tent or two your own loved one—"

She paused. "My loved one—and in his arms another—his new bride. Oh, Lord, how I shall hate her! Lying there so close—my place. Her lips—on my lips. Ah, now I shall kill the hussy and take her place—my own." She had forgotten Doug. Her lips trembled. "He wouldn't have me—now. Revenge—how bitter. Revenge for him. His hands upon my throat. He will kill me surely. . . . Ah, better death at your feet, Marcu, than life without a sight of you."

There was silence in the room. Doug crossed and recessed his legs uneasily.

"Now listen, gypsy, I'm not so hot on this idea. What the heck do you see in some big gypsy brute choking the stuffs out of you? If you're fed up with all of this, why you and I can sneak off and have a whopping good time, but nix on this villain-choking business."

"Ah, Douglas, you do not understand." She flung herself at his feet. "My darling, my good friend, help me. I must go back."

"But you've got a contract, a month or more before the show closes. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"How can it mean anything when already my heart has gone before me? I cannot dance—like this—" She spread out her hands in futile gesture. "All is gone. I shall never dance again unless my heart is singing."

"And Stewart—what about him?"

"Stewart—oh, Stewart."

"Yes, you know, Stewart Blackmire," he added ironically.

"Oh." She got to her feet. "Between you and me, Douglas, we understand, don't we?" She did not wait for an answer. "It has never been the Gypsy Consuelo he loved, only someone who was not quite the same—as the rest of his women. And he was not content with that. He drew a pattern and said, 'Into it you must fit.' And I cannot. Every bit of me is tired, oh, so tired. I want my bare feet in the warm soft dust again. I want to sleep under a tree—just to sleep and sleep—I want—nothing I have wanted, only those things which I had when I was a ragged gypsy girl. Help me, my friend."

There was silence, then, "Well—when you put it that way it makes it different. I guess there's not much argument left. Now, how can I help?"

"Oh, you darling one!" She threw her arms around him and kissed him.

"Here, now, cut that out. Don't break my heart further or I'll refuse to enter into this nefarious scheme. But tell me, where and how does one get back to a gypsy tribe that's wandering hither and thither—"

led him into the bedroom while she talked. "Oh, you are the good one to help this bad gypsy. They've left winter camp. Mr. Willowby has just gotten a picture from the Dummy from a gentleman—in the Alleghenies, you know. I know where it is, the very spot they are camping—down on the river outside the town." She was segregating her gypsy clothes from the others.

"Three years ago it was, when we were there that papa, my very fine papa, got caught stealing a cow." She chuckled. "Least that's what they said. Papa claimed he was only borrowing it and Honey—that's Voda's little bear—got locked in somebody's cellar and Voda had to pay with his good gold for the damage done. It was there Marcu beat up a man for giving me a kiss—just a little kiss—and we left town quickly because the man was mad."

She went to the dresser and fingered the heap of jewelry. "It is a shame not to take all of this, but Girtza would beat me—" Her fingers stilled, her eyes closed. "He will beat me anyway. Perhaps he will not let me stay. Perhaps he will cry in his great voice. 'This is no daughter of mine!' Oh, Lord! Now I am frightened. But no, the Dummy will fight for the right to let me stay and will pay his gold—yes, perhaps now I shall marry him. Strange to think of never hearing his voice, his lips upon mine—lips which never can speak—and children, perhaps—without voice—Oh, Dummy, Dummy, my dear one, my heart weeps for you. . . . Perhaps it would be better if Voda were the one to fight for me—or Petru, ah, Petru would if he did not have a fat slut of a wife."

"You're going to have a lot of fun messing up that camp," mused Doug. "Trouble-maker!"

CHAPTER 57

CONSUELO DID NOT hear Doug. She looked down again at the jewelry and slowly picked up the square cut ruby necklace which had been one of Stewart's first gifts to her.

"I shall take this. It is good perhaps to have something—something fine to show—something which might make them want me to stay." She fastened on the necklace and gathered up the rest of the jewels in her hands. "Take them, Douglas, they are not for a gypsy." She poured them into his coat pockets until they overflowed. She raised her arms then and shook the cheap costume bracelets which, with her gaudy costume, she still wore from the theatre. "These for a gypsy. Ankle-lets I shall buy again." Her eyes fell upon a diamond bracelet caught on the edge of his pocket. "Still, it is a shame to give them all away—" She took the bracelet and put it on her arm, making a little face up at him.

"Gosh, almighty, what am I going to do with all this stuff?" Doug shoved them further down into his two pockets. "Just ripe for the gangsters." He wiped his brow. "I can already see me lying cold and stiff on the sidewalk—"

"Oh, Douglas, don't, or I shall take them all back."

"He sidestepped her.

"In any event I see myself in the lap of ease and luxury, no longer a prey for an old lady with a Pekinese. Any old clothes, lady, rags, bottles, sacks?"

She kicked a fur coat contemptuously with her foot.

"Bah! Give them back to Stewart; he likes them so well." She spread the shawl the Dummy had given her on the floor and heaped the motley array of gypsy clothing upon it. "These I shall take. Who else could wear them but me?"

"Like that? No suitcase? No trunk?"

"What would I want with a trunk!" She knotted the corners of the shawl together, the gay clothes leaking out. With quick, deft movements she shoved them in and pulled the knots together. She looked around.

"On the train like that?"

"Eh? And why not?" She stopped.

"Oh, Doug, the train—I had forgotten. Call—quick, find out when one leaves—get me a ticket—anything—quick—I'd forgotten—"

A few moments later Doug's voice reached her from the other room. "The only one to-night leaves in just 40 minutes; can you make it?" and at her answering "Yes," he returned to the bedroom. "Snap into it now, baby, otherwise you'll have to wait for the morning train. We go to the Pennsylvania station. You'll have to go on to Pittsburgh and then take a bus back to Greensburg. Train fare \$15.82 without a berth. Change your clothes if you're going to; if not, get your coat and we'll be off."

"Call it—oh, no, better a cab—Douglas, you have got money?"

"Money, you ask me if I've got money? When did I ever have money? Four dollars and eighty cents, baby, is my total capital at the present moment."

"Oh—" She sat down, half sobbing.

"But Douglas, I must have some—the train—the bus—food—call Stewart—no—I can't do that. Oh, damnation! What shall I do?"

"Listen, baby, all kidding aside, you mean to sit there and tell me you haven't got any money? No cash? What about your weekly cheques from Goldie? Come, come, you must have some!"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Stewart's secretary takes them. My fine fellow tells me I must put them safe in a bank. Now, who ever heard of a gypsy putting money in a bank?" She looked up at him. "But it's not money—this paper stuff with words written on it—gold it is I want—silver dollars—I have not seen a dozen pieces in all of this New York. Always it is Stewart signs something. Always it is he says, 'What do you need money

for?' Anything you want I'll get you. All I have got is a bank book and what good is that now when I have need of a train ticket?"

"For once I'm inclined to agree with you!" Doug scratched the back of his head. "Nearly two o'clock in the morning—and train time getting closer and closer—gosh! Now let's see—there's Stewart—only he's out. Who else—where else—I got it, the apartment house manager downstairs. You pay your rent, don't you? Again she shrugged her shoulders. "I mean Stewart keeps up a small item like that, doesn't he?" He glanced at his watch. "We got to snap out of it. Have you got what you're going to take? Find that bank book and come along. Put a coat on—you can't go out in the cold like that."

Consuelo grabbed up the fur coat and put it on. She handed Doug the heavily packed shawl and breathlessly began to search through the denuded dresser drawers for the bank book. Doug called a cab.

"Never mind, baby, never mind—we'll do it some other way. It's good for cash, kid, go to any bank and they'll tell you how to get it—" He was leading her out the door. "I'll find it and send it to you. Listen, how can I get in touch with you?"

"Through Mr. Willowby—you know him—oh, you are the good one to help me. Do you think we can catch it?"

"It all depends upon how hard the manager sleeps and—is." He was ringing the elevator button. "Cripes, what service. Where the heck is that sleepy dumbbell?" He mopped his brow. "Now, baby, don't get excited. I'll tend to everything—"

The elevator doors opened.

"Come on, boy, step on it. We're in a hurry."

The boy grinned.

"Going somewhere, Miss Consuelo?"

"Oh, yes, yes—" Doug kicked her. "Oh, just for a—walk."

"Sure, miss, have a good time." The boy's grin broadened.

On impulse Consuelo reached into Doug's pocket and taking out the first thing her fingers rested upon handed it to the boy.

"Gosh, miss, for me?" His eyes popped open as they stared at the lovely star sapphire ring. She nodded. He gulped and held it in his hand. "Gosh—gosh—thanks—and—have a—good time—" he stammered.

Doug groaned, muttering, "Maybe yet the old lady and the Peke."

They were down. Doug dropped the bundle and admonishing Consuelo to wait for him, hastened to the manager's apartment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WORK OF THE KIWANIS CLUB IN TIMMINS DURING 1935

Under the heading—"Club Activities for November, being a brief resume of the accomplishments and activities of the clubs as they appear in the monthly reports of secretaries," the following appears for the Timmins Kiwanis Club:

"Timmins—A few poor families with children of pre-school age are receiving daily deliveries of milk at the club's expense. Concentrated cod liver oil is being distributed by the club to several cases of T. B. contacts among young children."

Peterborough Examiner:—Premier Aberhart says the press is becoming a nuisance. The reporters who bother him about the date when the social credit system will begin to operate are merely voicing the question the electors of Alberta are asking.

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### Bear Meat Being Sold on the Toronto Market

Some of the Toronto newspapers have noted the fact that bear meat has recently been offered for sale on the Toronto market. No doubt there are Toronto people who will eagerly buy bear meat because it reminds them of old times when they were in the bush and bear meat was the best they could get, and all that line. Perhaps, some of them will add, "and believe me it tasted good." Well, it is not likely to taste so good now. This may be blamed on the bear. Bears change like everything else and the bears of to-day are not nearly so sweet as they used to be. The old-timers in the North, however, refuse to enthuse over bear meat. One man who could get nothing else one time said it was something like strong, tough pork, only more so. "Only don't mention that," he added, "as it might interfere with the sale of the bear meat on the Toronto market." Another man suggested that the Toronto man who bought bear steak would likely wind up by giving the meat to the dog, after the row with the wife. "I had a dog once that would eat bear meat," he said. As a matter of fact there have been lots of good dogs in this North fed on selected bear meat for a time, but the average man here does not seem to favour bear meat, though there are always reports of its use as a regular delicacy for some. It is interesting to note that the bear meat brought good prices on the Toronto market. Steaks sold at 50 cents per pound, chops at 35 cents, and roasts at 25 cents. Probably the best opinion on the bear meat question was given by one old-timer who said he had used it when he was hungry enough to enjoy it and that it was largely a matter of taste. "It depends on the bear," he said, "how old he is and how much running around he has done and what his menu has been."

### Planning to Assist the Various Mines in Canada

The Ottawa Journal has the following to say on Monday:—

Proposals aimed at assistance and encouragement to Canada's mining industry were discussed yesterday at a meeting of the mines ministers of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and British Columbia with Hon. T. A. Crerar, Federal Minister of Mines.

The ministers spent most of the day conferring on taxation problems and on proposals for geological and other surveys. Agreement was reached on most of the questions discussed and in so far as the proposals involve Dominion Government action Mr. Crerar will lay them before the Federal Cabinet, while the provincial ministers will do the same with matters requiring action by their governments.

**Credit for Testing Work**

One method of encouraging new mining ventures discussed was to allow mining companies credit in their corporation income taxes for money spent in testing new mining areas. The mining companies had asked that the depletion allowance exemption from income tax be raised from 33 1/2 per cent, to its former level of 50 per cent, but the idea of granting credit instead for money spent in exploration met with stronger support.

Results from last summer's geological survey work have not yet been compiled. The sum of \$1,000,000 was voted by Parliament for surveys of areas likely to produce gold. Future policy in connection with surveys was discussed, but it was considered unlikely such a large expenditure would again be made by the Dominion in any one year.

**To Continue Work**

Continuance of the work was considered desirable and arrangements may be made to carry it on in more modest way next year, possibly with the Dominion and the provinces sharing the cost.

A definite demarcation of the boundary line between Ontario and Quebec in the northern, unsettled areas was discussed. Prospectors, it was stated, often have difficulty in finding out in which province their claims are situated.

Wilson Papers:—The visitor who hasn't time to take a chair usually stays for an hour.

### Work on Canusa Vein by South Tiblemont

#### Crosscut Exposes a Body of Ore-bearing Material of Good Width, Says Engineer.

South Tiblemont Gold Mines, Ltd., is proceeding with preparations for further development of the property in the Porcupine gold area, while financial negotiations are under way for the development of the group in the Falconbridge group, which is being operated by a subsidiary of the company, Falcon Gold Mines, according to official word.

On the Porcupine property a shaft has been sunk to a shallow depth on the Canusa "shaft vein." A crosscut was driven a short distance north and south exposing a body of ore-bearing material of good width. J. N. Robinson, mining engineer, in a report on the property, stated that in the underground workings the vein material is very well mineralized with copper and iron sulphides with free gold showing in several sections. Under former operations several hundred feet of trenching was done, exposing what is now known as the "D" zone which shows a series of quartz stringers in Keewatin basalt. The occurrence has a known width of 45 feet.

### Decrease in Year in Ontario Fire Losses

Losses Nearly \$2,000,000 Less than in 1935. Insured Losses During Year.

1935:	1934:	Insurance	Uninsured
Fires	Loss	Loss	Loss
14,641	\$8,133,362	\$6,861,639	\$1,271,723
13,944	15,475	10,040,144	8,486,615
Decrease:	834	1,906,782	1,624,976
		281,800	

Ontario's fire loss for 1935 shows a decrease of 834 fires and a decreased loss of \$1,906,782 and a decreased insurance loss of \$1,624,976, according to a report issued Friday by W. J. Scott, Ontario fire marshal.

The number of fires and loss was less for dwellings, stores and factories, but the fourth class, barns, showed considerable increase in the fire loss although number of fires was less.

**Each Quarter Down**

Each quarter in 1935 showed a decrease in number of fires and loss except the last quarter, in which five large fires more than accounted for the increase in loss over the same period of 1934. One fire alone, believed to have been caused by defective wiring, accounted for more than half the increase.

In the last six months investigators from the fire marshal's office were particularly busy with criminal charges, where investigation showed fires were of incendiary origin or of suspicious origin. On arson charges, six convictions were obtained, with four acquittals, and six persons at the end of the year were under arrest and committed for trial on arson charges. The longest sentence on an arson charge was seven years.

There were four convictions on fraud charges arising out of fires, one conviction and one acquittal on criminal negligence charges, one conviction for perjury and one case of perjury pending at the year end.

In the first six months of 1935, prior to reorganization, there was one conviction for arson and one acquittal and no other criminal cases.

In Toronto the arson squad of the city police worked under the direction of the fire marshal and in co-operation with the fire marshal's office. In this branch of the work there were 13 convictions, six acquittals and one case not disposed of. Juvenile offenders numbered seven, while in the rest of the province only three concerned in charges were juveniles.

The comparative loss for 1934 and

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### Creighton Mine Man Given Remand to Next Monday

Alex Krekola, charged with the attempted murder of his wife, was remanded this week at court at Sudbury until next Monday. The crown asked for the remand as the wife was not able to appear in court. She has been in the hospital for over two weeks and may be there for some time yet. Mrs. Krekola was a pretty young woman until the recent attack upon her. Now in addition to the suffering she has endured there is the chance that she will be disfigured for life. The police after their investigation of the case say that Krekola was jealous of his wife and for some fancied reason attacked her about two weeks ago with a razor. He slashed her face and head in serious fashion. Her lip was almost severed, her nose badly cut, as well as other injuries being given to her face and head. Over thirteen stitches were said to have been necessary to close the wounds made on her face. The attack took place in the home and boarders hearing the screams of the woman rushed upstairs and after some difficulty dragged the accused away. It is said that so fierce was the attack on the woman that the edge of the razor broke and a week after the assault there were minute pieces of the razor found in the wounds. To add to the suffering of Mrs. Krekola infection set in, several of the wounds becoming inflamed and the greatest difficulty was experienced in avoiding even more serious consequences for Mrs. Krekola.

Sudbury Star:—People who live in glass houses should learn to undress in the dark!

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