

Interesting Events at South Porcupine

Whist Drive and Bridge by the Rebekahs. Meeting of Girl Guides. Other News of Interest from South Porcupine and the Dome.

South Porcupine, Ont., Jan. 15th, 1935. Special to The Advance. Mr. and Mrs. Olsen, of Kirkland Lake, spent the holiday with Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnson, of O'Brien avenue.

The whist drive and bridge given by the Rebekahs on Friday evening was a very pleasant affair as these parties always are. Possibly the cold and blustering weather kept a few from coming out, but those who attended enjoyed the evening very much.

The prizes were exceptionally nice for the occasion, most of them being donated. The fortunate ladies in bridge were:—1st, Mrs. A. Ewing; 2nd, Mrs. J. Aiken; consolation, Miss A. LaForest. For gents, Mrs. R. Mansfield playing as man won first, and Mrs. W. W. Wilson second. Ken Myers won consolation.

At the whist party the successful ladies were—1st, Mrs. B. Curtis; 2nd, Mrs. G. Helmer; third, Mrs. T. Mahon. Gentlemen prize winners—1st, Mrs. Wm. Thomas (as gent); 2nd, Mrs. Libby; 3rd, Mr. T. Mahon.

Miss Margaret Gooding, in order to help the Toronto "Star" Santa Claus Fund this Christmas, put up a cedar chest of chocolates among her friends to be drawn for. The lucky winner was Mr. Lindewall, manager of the Consumers' Co-operative Store, in town. Number 66 was the lucky ticket. The resultant funds were sent to the "Star."

Little Joyce Knott entertained twelve of her little chums on Dec. 20th—the occasion being her third birthday. She received many beautiful gifts. Mrs. A. B. Gooding's gift was the lovely lunch served, the table being prettily decorated with Santa Claus trimmings and flowers, and centred by a beautiful birthday cake. All the kiddies had a wonderful time, and went home at 8:30 p.m. happy with a bag of fruit and candy.

The Girl Guides met on Friday in their usual "hall"—the school at the Dome. As their Christmas party had been postponed they opened the New Year with jollification. A party of twenty-four girls can have a grand time together—and they did. Gifts were exchanged and a lunch made up among themselves. The leaders, Captain W. Naish, and Lieutenant I. Donaldson, tell us that serious business is now to commence. Next Friday a large attendance (at 6:30 p.m.) is requested and the meetings will be taken up with regular "Guiding."

The different patrol leaders were given their emblems on Friday. The Oriole Patrol under Edyth Rapsey, Forget-me-Not Patrol under Etta Munroe, Beatrice Maxwell-Smith leads the "Honesty" Patrol; and Joan Naish takes charge of the "Snow Drop" Patrol.

Mr. Oliver, of Haileybury, is visiting at the home of his son, Mr. E. Andrews, Connaught Hill. Mr. Blakeman from Elk Lake, spent the holiday with his family. Mr. Hopkins, of Connaught Hill, who has been visiting his brother for two months, in Muskoka, has returned home.

A most enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Gooding, of Crawford street, on New Year's Eve, when several of their friends gathered to sing and dance the old year out and the new year in. The party broke up early in the morning, everybody having had a wonderful time.

Miss Margaret Lloyd left for Stratford on Saturday after spending the holiday at home. The regular schedule of air service between here and Sudbury is not yet in operation. Passengers are being taken as necessity occurs. The new hangar at the airport is slowly progressing. The Men's Club of the United Church is meeting on Tuesday, Jan. 15th, for its regular session.

The Ladies' Guild of the United Church meets on Tuesday afternoon at Mrs. Burton's Dome Mines, for election of officers. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Lang entertained a number of children at a New Year's party at their home at Dome Extension on Friday night. A good time was enjoyed by the youngsters.

Mr. Schneider, pilot for the Algoma Airways, has accepted a position with the Canadian Airways Ltd., and is leaving soon for Montreal. Mr. Terry Hunt also leaves with him. Mr. Woon, hockey player, is quite sick with laryngitis.

Two More Women Charged with Breach of Morals. On Saturday night police picked up two women, one at 1 Balsam street north, Anne Girard, and the other at 155 Main avenue, Betty Johnson. They will appear in police court tomorrow charged with immoral living.

Mail and Empire.—His Majesty's honours list for Canada is deservedly popular.

The WOMAN with TWO SMILES or Maurice LeBlanc CREATOR OF Arsene Lupin

CHAPTER I

DRAMA BEGETS drama. Sensational happenings of today are often linked with events that thrilled and horrified another generation. Before revealing the triumphant part played by Arsene Lupin in the affairs of the Woman with Two Smiles, it is necessary to tell, briefly, the story of something that happened 15 years before. The reader shall be put in possession of every relevant fact, and be in a position to compete with Arsene Lupin in solving what, at the time of the tragedy, appeared an insoluble problem.

It all happened in the simplest possible way. There had been no premonition of evil, no subtle intimations of the shock to come. No breath of wind had heralded the storm. No one had felt any apprehension, any undue anxiety; there had been no misgivings in the breasts of those who were the startled spectators of that event so trivial in itself, so tragic on account of the impenetrable mystery that enveloped it.

Monsieur and Madame de Jouvelle and the guests staying in the country house at Volvic, in the Auvergne district—a huge turreted manor house—had all been to a concert at Vichy given by the wonderful singer Elisabeth Hornain. Madame de Jouvelle, who had known Elisabeth before her divorce from Hornain the banker, had invited the singer to lunch on the day after the concert August the 13th, Vichy being only a few miles from Volvic.

All had gone gaily at lunch. The de Jouvelles made splendid hosts, entertaining with great charm and cordiality. The guests, eight in number, had vied with one another in merriment and wit. There were three young couples, a retired general, and the Marquis Jean d'Erlermont, a distinguished man of about 40, whose charm of manner few women were able to resist.

But the homage of the ten at table was entirely directed towards Elisabeth Hornain. She was the centre of attraction; wit and repartee converged upon her; each speaker eager to gain her attention and approbation. She, on the other hand, made no effort to shine or please. She spoke but little, and though her remarks did not lack point and shrewdness, she did not strain after cleverness or wit. Where was the need? She was beautiful.

She dressed with great simplicity, but even had she been more strikingly clothed what she wore would have passed almost unnoticed, so great was the appeal of her perfect figure, so harmonious her every movement, so marvellous her bearing.

Ropes of flashing jewels hung round her neck, interlaced in a dazzling confusion of rubies, emeralds and diamonds. When anyone ventured to admire them, she would turn off admiration with a smiling: "Oh, they're only stage jewelry, you know, but really very good imitations."

"I could have sworn they were genuine," would be the invariable reply. "So should I," she would agree. "Everyone is taken in by them." After lunch, the Marquis d'Erlermont skillfully manoeuvred so that he got Elisabeth to himself. She appeared to listen to him with interest but rather dreamily.

The other guests gathered round Madame de Jouvelle, who seemed a little put out at the marquis for monopolizing the guest of honor. "He's wasting his time," she murmured. "I've known Elisabeth for years. Nothing doing there! She's like a lovely statue, icy cold! Nothing doing, my friend, sheer waste of time!"

They were all gathered outside on the terrace in the shade of the house. The garden sloped away at their feet, bathed in the hot sun. It was laid out formally in lawns and gravel paths, the flowerbeds bordered by clipped yew hedges. At the far end of the garden stood some ruins, the remains of an old castle, its crumbling walls, towers, keep and chapel standing on mounds or jutting upon the paths that wound in and out of a shrubbery of laurel, box and holly.

It was a scene of majesty and power, especially when it is remembered that on the other side of the shrubbery a mighty precipice fell sheer away to the ravine which surrounded the castle and at the bottom of which, 50 feet below the garden level, roared the waters of a raging torrent.

"What a wonderful setting!" exclaimed Elisabeth Hornain. "When I think of our painted canvas scenery with its trembling walls and artificial trees,.....! How marvelous it would be to act in scenery like this!" "What's to prevent your giving us a song here, Elisabeth?" asked Madame de Jouvelle.

"But my voice would be lost in such vastness." "Not yours!" protested Jean d'Erlermont. "It would be so wonderful! Don't deprive us of such a treat!" Elisabeth Hornain laughed as she tried to find excuses while everyone pressed round begging her to sing. "No, no.....I should never have suggested such a thing. I should be ridiculous..... A pygmy lifting up its voice!"

But she was yielding to persuasion. The marquis had seized her by the hand and was trying to get her to follow him: "Come on,.....I'll show you the way..... Do come, it would give us all such pleasure!" She still seemed to hesitate, then



She seemed supernaturally tall.

suddenly decided: "Very well, then! Just take me to the foot of the ruins."

There was no longer any hesitation about her as she walked slowly off, with the easy measured gait that was hers on the stage.

A moment later she could be seen again, this time alone, climbing more steep steps, while Jean d'Erlermont retraced his way up the garden. Then she appeared again, still higher up, on a terrace where stood the three Gothic arches of the ruined chapel, a curtain of ivy veiling the empty space beyond.

Here she paused. Standing erect upon a mound that served as a pedestal, she seemed supernaturally tall, and when she spread forth her arms and began to sing both voice and gesture seemed to fill the vast natural theater of green and granite beneath the blue vault of the sky.

Not a soul could have said what Elisabeth Hornain was singing. Her voice rose and fell in grave, sonorous notes, now breathing of tragedy, now full of life and hope, when, suddenly,.....

It must not be forgotten that all this was happening in the safest, most secluded of spots, nor was there any reason to suppose that all would not conclude serenely. What followed was as rapid as unexpected. Suddenly, all was catastrophe. The magic voice ceased abruptly. The living statue singing among the ruins was seen to totter on its pedestal and suddenly crumple up, without a cry or gesture, without any show of effort or anguish. All who beheld it were convinced that there had been no struggle, no agony, and that they would find not a dying woman but one whom Death had struck down instantaneously.

Nor were they mistaken, for when they reached the place, Elisabeth Hornain lay there stark and livid. A stroke? Heart failure? Neither! For blood could be seen oozing from her bare neck and shoulders.

And in the same second that they saw the blood, someone voiced the general stupefaction with the cry: "Look! Her jewels are gone!"

There is no point in going into the details of the inquest, which at the time was a nation-wide sensation. It shed no light upon the mystery, and was rapidly concluded. Both magistrates and police investigating the affair were up against a blank wall and could not penetrate to the secret of the singer's death. Soon everyone was convinced that nothing more would ever be known. That there had been murder and robbery was all they knew. There the matter ended.

That murder had been done could not be doubted, although no bullet, knife or murderer had been found. But it was obviously murder. Five out of the 42 spectators of the singer's collapse swore to having seen a flash in the air, without, however, being able to indicate the exact direction of the flash. The other 37 declared that they had seen nothing unusual. Meanwhile three others felt sure they had heard the dull report of a gun, while the other 39 had heard nothing at all.

Nevertheless the proof of the murder was visible in the wound, a terrible, ghastly wound, such as might have been made by some diabolical bullet tearing the flesh from the left shoulder to the base of the neck.

Then, again, what had become of the jewelry? If murder and theft had been committed, who had committed them? By what miracle had the assassin been able to escape, when some of the servants, who were stationed at top floor windows had had their eyes on the singer all the time, on the spot where she was singing, on her body as it fell, on her corpse as it lay on the ground? They would most certainly have noticed any suspicious character lurking in the grounds; would have seen his flight through the shrubbery; his dash for freedom, and, again, just beyond the ruins fell the precipice which it would have been sheer impossibility either to scale or to descend.

Had he lain concealed beneath the ivy or in some hole in the grounds? Both were searched for weeks. A young detective was summoned from Paris, an ambitious and zealous sleuth called Gogeret, who had already distinguished himself in his profession and was noted for his skill in bringing criminals to bay. All to no purpose. Investigations proved fruitless. The case was shelved much to the disgust of Gogeret, who vowed never to give it up.

Completely broken up by the tragedy that had darkened their home, Monsieur and Madame de Jouvelle left Volvic, never to return.

The chateau was put up for sale, furnished. Six months later it was bought, but nobody knew the purchaser, Maitre Audigat, the lawyer, having carried out the sale with the greatest secrecy.

All the staff were dismissed—servants, gardeners, farm workers. Only the big tower over the entrance gate was inhabited by an elderly man called Lebardon—an ex-policeman—and his wife. Eleven years later, Lebardon died. His wife remained sole guardian of the old tower. She proved every bit as secretive as her husband, and never uttered a word about what went on in the chateau—if, indeed, anything ever went on there.

Four more years passed. The new drama was ready to begin. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Junior Employees Dropped by T. N. O.

Consolidations and Changes in T. & N. O. Railway Depts. Cause Eight or Ten Releases. Seniority Counts.

At North Bay last week, A. T. Cavanagh, general manager of the T. & N. O. Railway, admitted that recent changes and consolidations meant that eight or ten junior employees had been released from employment, through the exercise of the seniority rights of older employees. At the same time he pointed out that the changes were not nearly so extensive as rumour suggested and that the number let out of employment would not exceed eight or ten. Other employees will find themselves holding lesser positions and in receipt of smaller salaries through the reorganizations.

Four departments are affected, Mr. Cavanagh said, the paymaster's, auditor's, accounting and treasury departments. It has been found that economies could be effected in the operation of these departments.

Exercise of the seniority system has resulted in charges being made in several departments not directly affected by the consolidation, as older employees "bumped" their juniors.

In some cases, messengers with only a short service record have been forced out of their positions by the men whom they succeeded when they first took resulted in changes being made in positions with the road. At the present time, the re-alignment of positions has not been completed, and "bumpings" are still in progress.

When the consolidation does go into effect finally to its full extent, eight or ten employees are the maximum number who will find themselves without positions, the general manager estimated, although a larger number will find themselves holding lesser positions and receiving smaller salaries.

The process of re-aligning positions is a lengthy one when the seniority system is used, Mr. Cavanagh intimated. It may be some time before the full extent of the consolidation is felt, he said. Sudbury Star.—With Canada's gold production for 1934 at \$102,000,000, a new high record, the mineral industry has something to aim at in 1935.



16-43

Dick WILHELM

"Hello, Everybody!"

"I'm Chip Collins — And I'm going to see you twice a week, from now on—"

"And you're going to see me, too—in The Advance's exciting new adventure-story strip—CHIP COLLINS' ADVENTURES!"

"You and I are in for some thrilling adventures."

"I know. Wait and see!"