

# The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

by Maurice LeBlanc CREATOR OF ARSENE LUPIN



She made a bee-line for the desk

**READ THIS FIRST:**

Fifteen years before the story opens Elisabeth Hornain, a beautiful singer, who is a divorcee, is mysteriously murdered at the chateau of Monsieur and Madame de Jouville at Volnic. Marquis Jean d'Erlemont, distinguished society favorite, is among those present. The tragedy caused the de Jouvelles to sell their chateau to an unidentified purchaser. As the story opens Chief Inspector Gorgere, who had worked on the Volnic mystery years before without success, and his aide, Flamant, follow an attractive girl who they believe is one Blonde Clara, friend of Big Paul, fugitive crook, to the home of the Marquis d'Erlemont at Saint-Lazare. By mistake she reaches the apartment of Monsieur Raoul, who leases the first floor of the marquis' home. Attracted by her beauty, Raoul sends the detectives on a false scent. After leaving Raoul she meets the marquis through a note from her mother, now dead, a forgotten sweetheart of d'Erlemont. He learns her name is Antonine and offers her a position as his secretary. Raoul reveals he is Arsene Lupin, a gentleman burglar, to Courville, d'Erlemont's secretary. Because the secretary is under obligation to Raoul, the latter induces him to give him the key to the marquis' apartment. Invading the marquis' quarters while the latter is away, Raoul finds an old photograph of Elisabeth Hornain and concludes the dead singer was one of d'Erlemont's many loves.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

**CHAPTER 9**

IT WAS a slight, grating sort of noise that would have passed unnoticed by anyone but Raoul; it seemed to come from the direction of the front door by the stair. Someone was inserting a key in a lock; it was turning. The door opened softly, and light, almost noiseless steps came along the passage.

Raoul could no longer doubt it... someone was coming towards the library.

It was a matter of split seconds for Raoul to replace the drawer in the desk, switch off the light, and conceal himself behind a lacquered screen.

Such surprises always filled him with a keen sense of enjoyment. They added a spice of danger to his adventure, and provided a new element of interest which often resulted in his discovering something likely to prove of peculiar use to him. How fortunate he would count himself if he were able to discover the reason of the unknown enterer's nocturnal visit to the marquis' flat!

The handle of the door was turning stealthily without creak or warning—Raoul's keen ears alone told him what was happening. Then, in the dimness an electric torch flashed...

Through an opening in the screen, Raoul could discern a figure approaching. He had the intuition rather than the certainty that it was a woman—slight, hatless, wearing a close-fitting frock.

The impression was confirmed by the figure's step and outlines. She halted, turning her head, evidently taking her bearings. Then she made a bee-line for the desk, flashing her torch over it; then, evidently satisfied with her inspection, she set her torch down on the table.

"She must obviously know all about the secret drawer," thought Raoul as he followed her every movement. "She acts like one very well informed!"

He was right. Herself keeping well out of the light shed by her torch, the figure went around the desk, bent over it, took out the main drawer unhesitatingly, and maneuvered to make the secret drawer come out. Then she proceeded exactly as Raoul had done a few minutes previously, discarding the bank notes with the same indifference as he had shown, and at once began searching through the photographs, as if bent on finding a particular picture.

She worked deftly. There was no lingering curiosity about her pro-

cedure. She searched with feverish hands whose whiteness and delicacy Raoul could discern in the gloom. She had evidently found what she was looking for. As far as Raoul could see in the torchlight, it was a photograph of medium size. For some time, she gazed on it, then turned it over and read the inscription on the back, sighing heavily as she did so.

So absorbed was she in her contemplation that Raoul decided to take advantage of her inattention. With noiseless stealth he crept to the electric light switch and, keeping his eyes on the stranger, suddenly switched on the light and made a dash at the woman, who had uttered a startled cry of fright, and was seeking to escape.

Catching up with her, he seized her arm and, despite her desperate struggles, jerked her round to face him.

"Antonine!" he exclaimed in utter amazement as he recognized his involuntary visitor of that afternoon.

"So that was the reason of your visit here this afternoon? You were on a voyage of discovery... Then, this evening..."

She seemed not to understand, and stammered:

"But I haven't taken anything... I never touched the money..."

"Neither did I... but all the same we're neither of us here to say a few prayers."

He tightened his grip on her arm, as she tried to get free, making her wince with pain.

"But who are you? I don't know you!"

Raoul burst out laughing.

"Oh, come now, that's unkind of you! What, after our meeting this afternoon in my little flat, you ask who I am? What a bad memory! And I, who fondly imagined I had made quite an impression on you, fair Antonine!"

"But my name's not Antonine," she objected.

"Oh, quite. No more is mine Raoul. We've dozens of names in the profession," said he cheerfully.

"What profession?"

"Oh—er—abstraction and appropriation, don't you know?"

"I'm not a thief, if that's what you mean!" she cried bitterly.

"Nonsense! Even if you prefer photographs to money, it only goes to prove that a photograph is of more value to you than the money, that's all, and you could only get it by burglary!"

He endeavored to master her. She struggled in his powerful grasp, however, with a final wrench managed to break free.

"One would suppose," said Raoul unperturbed, "that Big Paul has been teaching his little friend jiu-jitsu."

The girl look terrified.

"What do you mean?" she almost whispered. "What did you say then? Big Paul. Who is that? I don't know what you mean!"

"Oh yes you do," Raoul insisted. "You know perfectly well, Clara dear!"

"Clara? Clara? Oh, what do you mean?" she repeated, with increasing agitation.

"Just give a moment's thought, Blonde Clara!"

"Blonde Clara?"

"When Gorgere nearly got you this afternoon you weren't nearly so rattled. Come on, pull yourself together, Antonine or Clara or whatever you like to call yourself. Surely, if I saved you twice this afternoon from the clutches of the police, that ought to show you I'm not an enemy... Come on, smile please... such a nice smile you had this afternoon!"

The girl was seized with sudden faintness. Tears were running down her cheeks; she no longer seemed to have any strength to resist Raoul, who had taken her hands in his and was stroking them as one would those of a frightened child.

"There, there, calm down, Antonine... I like that name best. Big Paul may call you Clara, but I like you as Antonine up from the country. Now, don't carry any more... everything's going to be all right! Is Big Paul after you? Is that why you're here. Only, you must tell me everything... every single thing..."

"But I've nothing to tell," she wailed, almost fainting. "I mustn't say anything..."

"Tell me, my dear..."

"But I don't know who you are."

"You may not know me, but you trust me, don't you?"

"I believe I do... I don't know why... I feel..."

"You feel I can protect you, don't you? And help you? But in return, you must help me, too, by telling me everything. How did you get to know Big Paul? What are you doing here tonight? What do you want with that photograph?"

"Oh, please don't ask me," she implored. "Please don't... Perhaps some other day I'll tell you."

"But it's now, immediately, that you must tell me. A day lost, even an hour, may be irreplaceable."

There was a pause.

"Well, anyway," said Raoul breaking it, "promise that I shall see you again."

"I promise," she assented submissively.

"And you'll confide in me?"

She nodded.

"And in the meantime, can I be of any service to you?"

"Oh, yes, yes," she exclaimed hurriedly, "please come with me."

"You're scared of something?"

He could feel her trembling as she said tragically:

"When I came here tonight I had a feeling the house was watched."

"By the police?"

"No!"

"By whom, then?"

"Big Paul... Big Paul's friends."

The girl spoke the name in terror.

"Are you sure?"

"No... but I thought I saw him, some way off, leaning over the edge of the Quay... and his right hand man that they call 'The Arab.'"

"How long is it since you last saw Big Paul?"

"Some weeks."

"So he could not possibly know you meant to come here tonight?"

"No."

"Then why should he be here tonight?"

"He has his own reasons for watching the house."

"That means... the marquis... and for the same reasons as bring you here?"

"I don't know... he once said in front of me that he hated the marquis mortally."

"Do you know why?"

She shook her head.

"Do you know Big Paul's gang?"

"Only 'The Arab.'"

"Where do they meet?"

"I'm not sure. It may be in a bar at Montmartre."

"Can you remember the name?"

"Yes, the Ecrevisses Bar."

Raoul did not ask any more questions.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Develop Old Claims West Shining Tree

Original Bennett Property to be Developed in the Spring. Another Reason for Timmins to Sudbury Road.

Every new property brought towards development in the West Shining Tree Shining Tree area is another argument for the Sudbury to Timmins highway. Just at present there seems to be special interest in the Shining Tree camps. If there were road facilities giving access to Timmins and Sudbury and other centres there is little doubt but that development would be much more rapid.

Negotiations were completed last week between Lionel Brooke, Sudbury mining engineer, and Gilbert Bennett and associates, for the development of the Bennett gold property, MacMurphy township, in the West Shining Tree area. A limited company is now in process of organization to take over the claims, and active development work is expected to begin in April.

The Bennett claims were among the first stakings in the West Shining Tree area 23 years ago, being staked by Gilbert Bennett, the well-known and successful Sudbury prospector. In 1919 the owners are said to have refused \$100,000 in cash. The property has long been regarded favourably by engineers but until the present it has not been possible to get the owners to agree on a proposal for development, hence the property has lain dormant.

There are a number of quartz veins on the property, all of which show free gold, some of the occurrences being spectacular. On the discovery vein a small shaft was sunk to a depth of 40 feet some 20 years ago. One ore shoot on this vein when channel sampled gave an average of 2.7% oz. in gold per ton (\$97.26 per ton with gold at \$35) for a length of 50 feet over an average width of 17 inches. Channel samples as high as 36 ozs. gold per ton are said to have been recorded.

Mr. Brooke during the past few months has been responsible for developing the Bousquet mine, in the West River area, to the point where production seems assured and a large company, Anglo-Huronian Limited, has been induced to take a share interest and sponsor further development. It is expected Mr. Brooke will apply similar energy and efficiency in the prospective operations in the West Shining Tree gold area, which has lain dormant for so many years through a combination of financial fiascoes.

Louisville Times:—It's a little hard to tell whether Mussolini wants peace in Africa, or a piece of Africa.

## Moosonee Coldest Centre in Ontario

Official Thermometer Gives This Distinction to New Townsite in the James Bay District.

South Porcupine this winter has reported a temperature of sixty below. The temperature of seventy-three below registered on the river at Iroquois Falls has become famous. But neither of these low marks are considered as official. The temperature in the Iroquois Falls case was reported as recorded on a government thermometer but this could not have been the case as the official figures do not give the 73 below mark. Instead official figures disregard the 60 below at South End,

73 below at the Falls, the 53 below at the Mattagami bridge near Timmins. The lowest temperature in the province is given by the official figures in Toronto despatches as 44 below. This figure is granted as the official temperature recorded on government thermometer at Moosonee, the townsite at the end of the T. & N. O. extension north of Cochrane. Moosonee no doubt has felt very low recently with Premier Hepburn talking the way he has done. Perhaps the 44 below zero stuff was designed to freeze-out Hon. Mr. Hepburn and his fellow knockers of the wonderful country north of Cochrane.

Moosonee's new low of 44 below gives the other cold spots in the province.—White River, Sault Ste. Marie, etc.—a new mark to shoot at.

It is interesting to note that according to the despatches from Toronto last week a government thermometer at Apsley, forty miles north of Peter-

borough, sank to 36 degrees below. Peterborough itself went to 28 below, while along the frozen shores of Lake Ontario, Belleville suffered its most bitter spell in years at 29 below, while Kingston at 18 below, registered the coldest day of the year.

Throughout Western Ontario the cold was not as severe, with Guelph, Galt, Kitchener, Stratford and St. Thomas all registering from 10 to 14 below.

Sault Ste. Marie reported the temperature slowly climbing from a low point of 22 below.

Hamilton Herald:—One of the survivors of the Dundas train wreck, lying in a critical condition in hospital, said: "Well, at least we've taken those Dionnes off the front page." The capacity of human beings to laugh at the very moment of death, and in the direst extremity, is one of the most admirable qualities of the race.

**EDEL FORD BUYS MORGAN ART TREASURES, IT IS SAID**

Six new paintings from the James Pierpont Morgan collection—including the almost priceless "Vivanna Tornabuoni" of Domenico Ghirlandajo, one of the world's most valuable paintings—have been disposed of for a total of \$1,500,000. H. Knoedler Galleries announced at New York last week.

Although Charles R. Henschel, president of H. Knoedler's, refused to confirm any names of buyers or exact selling prices, it was believed the Ghirlandajo was sold to Edel Ford for \$500,000.

The other paintings included: Franz Hals' "De Heer Bodolphe" and "Mevrouw Bodolphe," sold together to an out-of-town buyer for \$300,000. Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Miss Farran" sold in New York for \$200,000.

Try The Advance Want Advertisements

"The Talk of the Town!"  
**Sale!**

Everyone is hurrying to Shaheen's Tuesday to get their share of the wonderful values offered. All high quality goods, (not old stock, but new) that must be cleared regardless of cost to make room for the extensive alterations to the store. Look at these prices. Have you ever seen the like before? No wonder it's the Talk of the Town!

## Wabasso Prints

Just Arrived!

New prints, lawn and broadcloth in every colour combination imaginable. A galaxy of designs, stripes, checks, plaids, polka-dots, coin spots and floral effects. You must come in and see this first breath of spring. They are priced from:

**17c to 35c**  
Per Yard

## Goloshes

PAY DAY SPECIAL

Trimmed with Fur

First Grade

**2.69**

LADIES' SHOES Sacrificed Values to \$6.00 Including the Famous "CLASSIC BRAND" **\$1.99**

## - Dresses and Coats -

Half Price and Less Dresses

Afternoon and Evening Dresses in a great number of becoming models. There is a wide range of colours, shades and materials. Transparent velvet, shimmering satins, chiffons, gay prints and other popular fabrics. Every one priced away down in most cases less than half price. This is a glorious opportunity to restock your wardrobe at a great saving. Now reduced to

**\$5.95 and up**

Coats

Extraordinary Value

Such variety. A lovely selection of Coats in the styles of the moment. Luxuriously finished with collars of sable, fox,itch, wolf, muskrat and marmot. You wouldn't believe coats of such quality could be sold at these prices. Now as low as

**\$9.95**

## Hosiery

Chiffon and Service First Quality

**59c**

2 Pairs for .....99c

CHILDREN'S Sleepers

Values to \$1.00

Special per suit **49c**

We are Exclusive Agents for

**NU BACK** Foundation Garments for Northern Ontario

See special winter prices.

# A. SHAHEEN

19 Pine Street South Timmins Phone 605