The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

by Maurice Leblanc CREATOR OF Arsene Lupin

Raoul was amazed at Big Paul's face.

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 Jouvelle 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 Gorgeret, who had worked on the Volnic mystery years before without success, and his aide, Flamant, follow an attractive girl whom they believe is one Blonde Clare, 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, 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' 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. A girl who Raoul recognizes as Antonine slips into the marquis' apartment while he is there and takes a photograph from a secret drawer. They talk and she shows great fear when Raoul mentions Big Paul.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 10

"AND NOW, let's go," said Raoul. "And whatever happens, don't get scared. I'll look after everything."

He glanced around to see that all was in order, then switched off the light, and taking Antonine's hand guided her in the dark to the front door of the flat. He shut it softly behind them, and they proceeded downstairs.

"If you knew me better, you'd know that nothing can hurt you while I'm with you. We'll stop here just a moment while you take a deep breath and tell yourself everything's going to be all right!"

Ater a moment's silence while they stood hand in hand on the dark stairs, the girl spoke quite calmly:

"Come on," she said.

Raoul knocked up the concierge to open the street door, and they passed out.

It was a foggy night; the street lamps were blurred and dim. There were very few people about at that hour, but Raoul's quick eye spotted two silhouettes crossing the road and gilding by a waiting car beside which two other forms hovered shadowly.

"That's them, I'm certain," whispered Antonine, getting thoroughly scared again.

"Is Big Paul the tall lanky one?"

"Yes."

"Splendid. I would have speech with him."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Only if you start screaming my dear."

Suddenly a low whistle sounded in the stillness.

Then all was confusion. Three of the men sprang at Antonine, trying to drag her to the waiting car. Big Paul barred Raoul's path with a levelled revolver.

Before he could fire, Raoul had knocked his wrist up and disarmed him.

"Fool!" chuckled Raoul. "Always shoot first and aim after!"

He caught up with the other three toughs. One turned round just in time to receive a violent kick that sent him sprawling; the other two did not wait for more, but rushed to the car and shot off in it. Freed from her molesters, Antonine fled in the opposite direction, pursued by Big Paul who found himself suddenly tripped up by the nimble Raoul.

"No thoroughfare!" proclaimed Raoul. "Let Goldilocks go her way! That's a thing of the past already, friend Paul, and you'd better just forget it."

Big Paul, however, tried to push past and dodge to one side of Raoul. The two men were like strangers in the street who dance an involuntary jig before they can pass.

"Naughty, naughty," admonished Raoul. "Great big chap like you trying to run away from his new friend who's a harmless little thing like me. And all this time the damsel's on her way . . . . miles off by now, safe from the Pauline pursuit . . . so we can quietly settle the score between us. Ready?"

With one bound he was upon his enemy, pinning him by both elbows and bringing him helpless to face him.

"Click! Like being handcuffed, isn't it? What a poor sort of gang yours is, no team spirit at all. Fancy running off and leaving the great white chief to fend for himself like this. But that's not the burning question. I positively must look upon your beaming countenance!"

Big Paul again struggled to free himself, astounded at his helpless state. But he was powerless to wrench himself from that iron grip. It was all he could do to keep on his feet.

"Come on, now," jerred Raoul. "A nice, bright smile for Uncle Raoul, and no contorting those noble features in an attempt at disguise. What, you won't? You avert the head in modest shyness?"

He pivoted his prisoner round in a succession of jerky bumps. Big Paul, in spite of his desperate wriggling, found himself facing a torch that lit up his features.

Yet another jerk, and Raoul's efforts were crowned with complete success. On seeing Big Paul's face clearly, he was utterly amazed, and could only articulate the one word;

"Valthex!"

He repeated it, laughing almost hysterically:

"Valthex! Valthex! Well, I never expected that! So Valthex is Big Paul, and Big Paul is Valthex? Only Valthex wears a smart suit and a bowler, hat and Big Paul wears slacks and a cap! Heavens, what a rag! You're a friend of our marquis and a gang leader as well!"

Furious, Big Paul muttered:

"I know you . . . you're the man in the first floor flat."

"Certainly . . . Monsieur Raoul at your service. And here we are, both of us, mixed up in the same job. Bad luck, old chap! Not to mention that you've seen the last of Blonde Clara!"

The mere mention of the girl's name roused Big Paul to fury.

"You leave her out of it!" he snarled.

"And who are you to tell me what not to do? You may be a super heman and up to every trick of wrestling and knifing but at the moment you're as a child in my clutch. I have you at my mercy." Raoul was enjoying himself thoroughly, "in fact, I'm quite sorry for you' you big sap."

Suddenly he released the man.

"Swine!" spluttered Big Paul. "I'll be even with you. Just wait!"

"And so you shall, why not here and now? No time like the present. Come on!"

"You keep your hands off my girl .."

"I'll see she's kept out of yours, anyway!"

They glared at one another, on the verge of a fight. But Big Paul evidently preferred to await a more favorable opportunity for squaring accounts, for, swearing under his breath, he slouched off.

Raoul watched him out of sight, limping as he went—the limp must be an affection, for Valthex did not limp.

"Have to keep an eye on that bird," reflected Raoul. "He's the type to think up a dirty night at the crossroads! Gorgeret and Valthex . . . . Um, have to watch out for little Raoul!"

Returning to the house, he was surprised to find a man sitting doubled up on the doorstep, moaning and nursing his chin. He recognized him as the man he had knocked out earlier in the fray, and who had evidently recovered just sufficiently to crawl to the step.

Raoul examined him, and the light of his torch revealed a thin, bronzed face and long, slightly curling hair straggling from under the man's cap.

"A word with you, sirrah," said Raoul. "You must be the member of Big Paul's gang who's called The Arab. Listen, would you like to earn a thousand francs?"

The man replied with an effort for his chin was badly damaged:

"If it's to rat on Paul, nothing doing."

"Nothing to do with him. It's about Blonde Clara. Do you know where she hangs out?"

"No."

"Does Big Paul know?"

"No, he doesn't."

"Then why the outdoor dramatics tonight?"

"She was here this afternoon."

"How do you know?"

"Because I was here. I was watching the busy Gorgoret. I saw him on the job at Saint-Lazare. He was looking for a girl up from the country. He marked her down and heard the address she gave her taxi driver and I heard him tell his driver and followed in their train. So I tipped Big Paul off and we've watched out here all the evening."

"So Big Paul guessed she'd come back?"

"Maybe, but he never gives his game away. We meet every day at the same pub. He gives his orders and I pass them on."

"Another thousand francs," said Raoul, "if you'll tell me one thing more."

"You've heard all I know," muttered the man.

"Liar! You know Big Paul's real name is Valthex. He leads a double life. So I can get him any day at the marquis' and hand him over to the cops."

"He can get you, too, and hand you over," retorted The Arab. "We know your flat, and that the girl's visited you there. You're playing a dangerous game."

"But I've nothing to hide!" laughed Raoul.

"All the better for you. Paul doesn't forgive easily, and he's crazy about Clara. You'd better watch out, and so had the marquis. Big Paul's not so friendly towards him."

"Why?" purred Raoul.

"I've said enough," was the sullen reply.

"Right! Then here are two thousand notes and an extra twenty francs for you to take the taxi over there."

Next morning Raoul telephoned Courville, the secretary.

"Where's the marquis?"

"He left early this morning, monsieur. The butler brought the car round, and the marquis took two suitcases."

"How long will he be away?"

"I believe for some days. And I believe he's taken the fair young lady with him."

"But surely he gave you an address?"

"No, monsieur. He's always rather secretive, and never lets me know where he goes. That's easy, for he drives himself and . . . ."

"You're a fool, Courville, and for that reason I'm leaving this flat. You'll dismantle the private telephone and anything else that might look suspicious. After which we'll take our time moving. Goodbye. You won't hear from me for two or three days."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Invents New Airplane Motor that is Silent

An airplane engine that is nearly silent, weighs little and operates indiscriminately on gasoline, alcohol, light fuel oil or castor oil, was the achievement announced at New York last week by William Harper, Jr.

Harper, H. B. Motor Company head, designed, built and flew one of the first monoplanes in 1908. He declared his new engine, almost ready for marketing, cannot be heard more than 100 feet away. A radical departure, it uses its exhaust gases to increase supercharging, making muffling possible without loss of power. This also adapts it to high speed, high altitude flying, low fuel consumption, and fuel less refined than gasoline, he said.

The new engine was developed at Harper's Brooklyn plant. Recent tests were made at Pratt Institute Laboratories. Trial engines, Harper said, have been of only 100 horse-power, weight 100 pounds. He said this indicates the full-sized engine will be remarkably light as the ratio of power to weight increases with the size of a motor.

He believes the exhaust-supercharged engine will make 300-mile-an-hour flights "commonplace" at higher altitudes.

Harper described the engine as a six-cylinder, two stroke, opposed cylinder type, valveless in the ordinary sense. It utilizes its own exhaust pressure through by-pass chambers, and under test has consumed as low as half a pound of fuel an hour for each brake horsepower.

Marriage on Saturday of Young Couple Here

The marriage took place quietly on Saturday evening at 7.30 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Southam, of 49 Lake Shore Road, of her sister, Margaret Archibald Reid, formerly of Musquodoboit, Nova Scotia, to Allan Glyn Jones, of Timmins, formerly of Bettios y Caed, Wales. Rev. Bruce Miller was the officiating clergyman. The ceremony was witnessed by immediate relatives and a few friends of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Jones will reside at 22 Hollinger Lane. Their many friends will extend sincere good wishes.

Detroit News:—Someone suggests that Uncle Sam go on the air with his next statement on instalments overdue from war-debts. He might begin, "Hello, everybody!"

SUNNY LIVING

starts at the table

How you feel and how you look depend largely on the foods you eat. The balanced menu provides the "bulk" to prevent common constipation—caused by lack of this essential fiber.

Common constipation frequently causes headaches, loss of appetite and energy. Yet, in most cases, it can be overcome pleasantly and safely by eating a delicious cereal.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a natural food for normal individuals. It furnishes "bulk" in convenient and concentrated form. ALL-BRAN also provides vitamin B and iron.

Isn't this sunny way better than taking patent medicines? Two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN daily are usually sufficient. Chronic cases, with each meal. If relief is not obtained, see your doctor.

Serve ALL-BRAN as a cereal, or use in cooking. Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Keep on the Sunny Side of Life

Observing Half-Holiday Eleven Months at Cobalt

The New Liskeard Speaker last week says:—"Drygoods merchants in Cobalt by means of the formal petition required under the statute, have swung into line with grocers and other storekeepers there who observe the Wednesday half-holiday for eleven months in the year. At Monday's meeting of the Cobalt town council, notice was received of the intention of these stores to observe the weekly break until the end of November of the present year, commencing yesterday. In the brief discussion which followed reading of the petition, it was stated the drygoods stores had been included in the by-law governing the matter two years ago, but that shortly afterwards they had withdrawn from its provisions by petition containing the required percentage of names. Apparently, however, the by-law never had been changed, but council directed the new petition should be incorporated in the civic ordinance. The half-holiday will not be observed in weeks in which a statutory holiday occurs."

Approval Given to the Studebaker Re-organization

According to a statement released at Walkerville to the newspapers today, the reorganization of The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana, submitted to the court with the consent of stockholders, bondholders and creditors, has met with official court approval. A condensed version of the statement is shown here:—"Reorganization of the Studebaker Corporation was approved in District Court today by Federal Judge Thomas W. Slick. The company, in receivership since March 18, 1933, will be headed by Harold S. Vance, chairman of the board, and Paul G. Hoffman, president, both of whom have been trustees during the receivership. New money, amounting to $5,500,000 was supplied by investment houses, three in New York and one in Chicago, effecting a reorganization. It was one of the first important industrial reorganizations under Provisions 77-B, of the Bankruptcy Act. The plan of reorganization authorized 5,000,000 shares of common stock at $1, and $7,000,000 worth of ten-year 6 per cent debentures dated Jan. 1, 1936."

Grade at Buffalo-Ankerite Higher than Expected

Owing to added income through collection of insurance on precipitates stolen, December production of Buffalo-Ankerite Gold Mines, Limited, has been finally announced as $73,000, instead of the $70,000 figure originally estimated, says The Northern Miner.

Output for the first 20 days of January was $53,000, and officials expect that this will be an $80,000 month. The increase is due to the higher grade ore now coming from the 691 vein, which is the new high grade showing to which the 900-ft. haulage way was driven at the 600-ft. level.

Tonnage was reduced during the early part of the month, because of a breakdown in the crusher. In the first ten days of the period the average was 200 tons or less per day, but grade was up to around $8. It is the intention to attempt to gradually work up to around 500 tons daily, and to have output of around $100,000 per month.

The company's annual report is now in course of preparation. Just what profits will be shown will be decided by the extent to which write-offs will be carried out. The cost of the new winze was capitalized, and how fast the amount is going to be written off remains to be decided.

Oshawa Times:—By including Remembrance Day in the Interpretation Act, all doubt as to its status as a public holiday is removed. It now becomes a punishable offence not to observe it.

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Report for January for the Dome School

Standing of the Pupils in the Various Classes at the Dome School for the Past Month.

The following is the Dome School honour roll for January:—

Senior Fourth—Marcella J. Lynch, Principal—Ralph Michell, Walter Baker, Lloyd Doran, Laura Millions, Helen Munro, Marion Jordan, Robert Rickward, Teddy Rayner, Vieno Lillhoog, Joe Slobodian, Robert Chevier, Johnynie Shumilak.

Junior Fourth—Billie Richardson, Kathleen Connelly, Billy Murphy, Elsie Parsons, Kenneth Thomas, Margaret Munro, equal; Robert Millions, Louise Kellow, Kenneth Harvey, George Vary, Donald Lightbody, Emily Klimo, Jimmie Procopio; Margaret Hegedus, Doris McGinn, equal; Jean Stringer, Ton Procopio.

Sr. III Class, C. Rath, teacher—Leontina Didone, June Countryman, Clarice Curtis,, Stewart McGinn, Grace Pirie, Viola Lalonde, Ruth Conod, James Curtis, Bobby Doran, Gertie Lillhoog, Fernleigh Uren, Ronnie Moyle, Violet Hedges, Bill Honer

Jr. III—Clifford Henry, Joyce Eames, Elsa McDonnell, Gino Campagnola, Shirley Burke, Nick Rewegan, Maureen Thomas, Elaine Leiterman, Dorothy Andrews, Walter Lang, Edna Tripp, Rauto Lillhoog, Frances Harvey, Evelyn Booker, Walter Rewegan, Mike Baker, Mildred Rickward, Carson Chevrier, Robert Richmond, Edith White, Grace Richmond.

Primary Room—V. Morris, teacher—Sr. Primer:—Minnie Zabiaka, Elina Cundari, Beulah Lang, Marion Michell, Jackie Moorehouse, Billy Hocking, Jackie Jay, Doris Kellow, Mary Countryman, Jean Williams, Thora Webb, Allen Webb, Louis Campagnola, Ada Curtis, Shirley Knutson.

Jr. Primer—Joan Conod, Marjorie Jenks, Marion Gordon, Keith Stroud, Teresa Procopio, Donald Hocking, Janet Richmond, Charles Blair, Joe Mitchell, George Izatt.

Primer A—Helen Andsten, Doreen Hocking, Barbara Rayner, Pauline Lively, Tony Fasan, Jimmie McDonnell, Lorna Henry, Jackie Phillips, Richard Barnes, Esther Collins, Billy Longworth, Mona Richardson, Mary Kemsley, Gerald Kjellstrom, Kathleen Rickward, Phyllis Lively, Dorothy Mitchell, Douglas McGinn, Mary Leiterman (absent)

Jr. 11 to Sr. 11—A. M. Pace, teacher—Carmelia Didone and Jimmy Jordon, equal; Warner Burritt, Eleanor Burke, John Klimo, Jean Moorehouse, Benny Curtis; Edith Uren and Dorothy Dempsey,, equal; Douglas Leiterman, Florence Connelly, Laverne Stroud, Billy Booker. Absent but recommended on work, Patricia Masterton, Barry Brooks.

Jr. II—Jean Munro, Lawrence McGinn, Jackie Hocking, John Rayner, Redvers Conod, Silvanus Chevrier, Clarence Chevrier, Stewart Pirie, Gladys Kellow.

1—Victor Tuite, Lois Countryman, Susan Klimo, Aldo Campagnola, Edith Visentin, Catherine Morrison, Lynn Beard, Mary Richmond, Elwyn Tripp, Germaine Raymond, John Kirkland, Irene Libby Mildred Mitchell, Billy Chevrier, Allan Hogg, Max Mohoruk, Mildred Barnes, Evelyn Jay, Raymond Williams, Harold Henry Lorene Knutson, Delora Booker, Horace Harvey, Jack McGinn (absent George Costain.)

Try The Advance Want Advertisements

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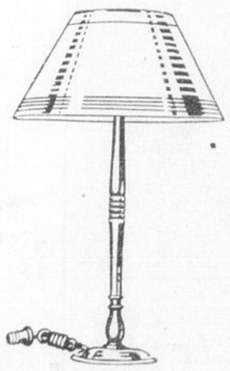

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