

THE WOMAN with TWO SMILES

by Maurice LeBlanc

CREATOR OF ARSENE LUPIN



Gorgoret came a step nearer.

READ THIS FIRST:

Fifteen years before the story opens Elizabeth Hearn a beautiful singer, who is a divorcee, is mysteriously murdered at the chateau of Monsieur and Madame de Jouvette at Volvic. Marquis Jean d'Erlemont, distinguished society favorite, is among those present. The tragedy caused the de Jouvettes to sell their chateau to an unidentified purchaser. As the story opens Chief Gorgoret, who had worked on the Volvic mystery years before without success and his aide, Flamant, follow an attractive girl whom they believe is one Blondie 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 leaves 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, at 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 Elizabeth Hearn and concludes the dead singer was one of d'Erlemont's many lovers. 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. When the girl and Raoul leave the marquis' quarters, they find Big Paul and three others waiting outside. Raoul tussles with all four as the girl disappears. Three of them run and he seizes Big Paul only to find he is Valthex, relative of the dead Elizabeth Hearn, who he knows is "bleeding" the marquis for money. Next day Raoul tells Courville he is leaving his present flat. "The marquis and Antonine are at the Volvic chateau which is about to go up for auction. The marquis is revealed as the owner. Antonine wanders about the grounds and comes upon the famous murder spot of years before."

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

ALTHOUGH ANTONINE had caught only a glimpse of him on the marquis' stairs, she felt she could not be mistaken: it was surely he, the detective whose grating voice she had overheard, who had followed her from Saint-Lazare with a warrant for her arrest. His hard features took on an expression of malevolence, as he snarled at her. "Well, isn't this just a real 'bit of luck? The blonde I just missed getting three times the other day. . . . And what may you be doing here, little lady? Are you, too, interested in the sale of the chateau?"

He took a step towards her. Terrified, Antonine longed to run away, but all the strength had gone out of her legs; anyway, flight would have been impossible in the tangle of weeds and briars that beset her path.

Gorgoret came another step nearer. "Can't get away this time, can we?" he jeered. "Gorgoret's got us cornered, eh? Gorgoret, who's been keeping his eye on the Volvic mystery all these years and thought he wouldn't miss the chance of learning something fresh at this sale, now fetches up with Big Paul's friend! If there's such a thing as fate it's all on my side for once!"

He came still nearer. Antonine needed all her self-control not to faint from sheer terror.

"I believe you're scared! If you could only see your face! Yes, you're in trouble this time, and you'll have to explain to Gorgoret what Blondie Clara and Big Paul have to do with this place. Startling revelations are what I want, and quickly!"

Three steps closer and Gorgoret took the warrant for her arrest from his pocketbook and unfolded it in cruel mockery.

"Do you want me to read this little document to you? No need eh? You come with me quietly to my car, and at Volvic we'll get on the train for Paris. I shan't mind missing the sale now. I've caught a prize better than anything that's up for auction. But—what the hell? . . ."

He broke off suddenly. Something extraordinary was happening. All the trace of fear had gradually left the girl's face, and it really seemed that she was about to break into smiles! She had lost her look of a trapped animal, of a trembling, hypnotized bird. What had attracted her attention and at whom was she smiling?

Gorgoret wheeled round.

"God Almighty!" he thundered. "What's that chap doing here?"

"All that Gorgoret could see was an arm thrust out from behind a ruined pillar—an arm whose hand brandished a revolver in his direction. But on seeing Antonine's sudden serenity, he never for an instant doubted that both arm and hand belonged to Monsieur Raoul, who seemed determined to protect this girl from the police. Blondie Clara's presence at the chateau meant that Raoul could not be far away!

Gorgoret did not hesitate for a second. He was a brave man and always ready to face danger. He felt sure, moreover, that should the girl get away—which she immediately proceeded to do—he would have no difficulty in catching her again in the grounds. So he rushed forward, shouting:

"Now then, my man, I've got you this time!"

The hand disappeared, and when Gorgoret reached the pillar, he was confronted with a curtain of ivy.

Nothing daunted, he continued his rush forward, knowing that Raoul could not have vanished into thin air. But as he advanced, the same arm was thrust forth from the ivy this time without the revolver. A clenched fist caught Gorgoret a swinging blow in the chin!

Calculated and ruthless, the blow did its work thoroughly. Gorgoret lost his balance and fell sprawling, just as the Arab had collapsed a few nights before. Gorgoret knew no more; he had lost consciousness.

Antonine reached the terrace in a state of complete exhaustion. Her

heart was beating so fast that she was obliged to rest a moment before entering the chateau where everyone was already assembled. Yet her faith in her unknown champion was so great that she quickly recovered herself. She felt certain that Raoul would know how to deal with Gorgoret and subdue without hurting him seriously. But by what amazing fluke had Raoul appeared just in the nick of time to save her from this man's clutch again?

She stood listening, her eyes fixed on the ruins at the spot where the encounter must have taken place, but she could hear nothing, nor see any signs of life.

Feeling reassured, she nevertheless decided to be ready to get clear should Gorgoret turn up again. But the ceremony going on indoors so captivated her that she forgot all about her own personal safety.

The drawing room opened beyond the hall and ante rooms. A crowd had gathered round the small group the notary had signalled as prospective buyers, who were all seated. The three tiny traditional candles were on the table.

Maitre Audigat performed the rites with great pomp and solemnity. From time to time he addressed the Marquis d'Erlemont whom the crowd gradually realized to be the owner of the property.

Just before the actual sale began, Maitre Audigat deemed it necessary to give a detailed history of the chateau, its historical importance, its beauty and picturesque quality, and the excellent bargain it would be for the fortunate purchaser.

Then he reminded them of the procedure of an auction sale. Each candidate would remain alight about one minute. Thus there would be ample time to bid before the last of the three went out, but a bidder's liability would increase if he waited till the last minute.

Four o'clock struck.

Maitre Audigat held up a box of matches, extracted one, struck it and lit the first of the tiny candles; he did this with all the precision of a conjuror about to produce a dozen rabbits from an empty top hat.

A hush fell over the assembly. Expressions grew tense, especially those of the women who sought to hide their feelings beneath a show of complete indifference, or else looked sad.

The candle went out.

The notary's voice rang out in warning.

"Two more, ladies and gentlemen!"

A second match was struck, a second candle lighted. That in turn went out.

Maitre Audigat's voice became sepulchral as he announced.

"The last candle . . . let there be no misunderstanding . . . The first two have burnt out; the third remains. I am telling you once more that the reserve price is eight thousand francs, and that nothing below that figure will be considered."

The third candle was lit.

A timid voice spoke in the stillness:

"Eight hundred and twenty-five thousand."

Another bid came quickly.

"Eight hundred and fifty."

Then Audigat, speaking on behalf of a lady who had attracted his attention:

"Eight hundred and seventy-five."

"Nine hundred," countered a buyer. The notary was getting agitated, repeating hurriedly.

"Nine hundred thousand I'm bid . . . nine hundred thousand . . . Any advances on nine hundred thousand?"

. . . Now then, ladies and gentlemen, a ridiculous price. Going at nine hundred thousand, the chateau . . ."

There was a pause.

The candle was spluttering; the flame dying down in the melting fat.

Then from the farther end of the room, near the hall, a voice called out: "Nine hundred and fifty. . . ."

The crowd parted. A man made his way forward, a pleasant-looking person with a smile on his lips, saying simply:

"Nine hundred and fifty thousand francs!"

From the moment when he slipped into the room, Antonine, has recognized Monsieur Raoul.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Man 86 Years of Age Won Skating Prize at Hensall

(Stratford Beacon-Herald.)

From Hensall comes word of a carnival at which there was a prize offered for the oldest skater. J. W. Ortwein, one of the pioneer business men of Hensall, won that prize and Mr. Ortwein is 86 years of age.

Most men who are privileged to live until they reach 86 do not skate. They find the usual form of locomotion difficult enough. They are more likely to find some place where there is warmth and where the seating is comfortable, and from that pleasant spot they are given to talking about the superiority of youth as it was exemplified by skating exploits when they were young. The participant which they best enjoy is that which has a long range.

With Mr. Ortwein it is not so. The carnival was at hand, and the suggestion had been made that he might go forth and demonstrate the fitness which he had maintained well past his four score of years.

Then it was that the man of 86 rose to unusual heights; he departed from the slippery comfort which he had so richly earned, and forth he went to the sport of other years.

Sudbury Star.—There is some satisfaction in knowing that, after all, the experienced railwaymen on the T. & N. O. staff are not to be replaced by untried Liberals.

HIS LUMBAGO HAS NOT COME BACK

Keeps Free of it With Kruschen

There can be no doubt about the effectiveness of the remedy this man uses against lumbago. Read his letter:—

"About four years ago, I had a bad attack of lumbago. After being in hospital for two weeks taking heat treatment, I started taking Kruschen Salts. Since then, I am happy to say, I have not been troubled with lumbago. I shall still continue taking Kruschen to be sure the lumbago won't come back."—A. C. C.

Why is it that Kruschen is so effective in keeping lumbago at bay? Simply because it goes right down to the root of the trouble, and removes the cause, which is an impure bloodstream. The six salts in Kruschen keep the bloodstream pure and vigorous by promoting a clockwork regularity of all the organs of elimination.

Minister of Mines Sees Bright Future

Expects Total Production of Ontario Mines for 1934 will be \$136,000,000. Reviews Mining in Province.

Twenty years ago the production of Ontario mines totalled \$53,000,000. The Department of Mines believes final reports for 1934 will show production in the past year was \$136,000,000. Hon. Paul Leduc, K.C., Minister of Mines in the Hepburn Cabinet, declared Thursday when he spoke at the Chateau Laurier, under the auspices of L'Institut Canadien Francais, at Ottawa, according to The Ottawa Journal.

Mr. Leduc told the story of pioneer days in gold, nickel and silver mining, and spoke with optimism of the great possibilities of Ontario mines for the coming years.

Two Points of Interest

He smiled, and the audience laughed, when he opened by saying there were two points of attraction in Northern Ontario receiving attention on the North American continent.

"First there are at the Callander hospital five baby girls named Dionne, who had the unique distinction of being born on the same day from the same mother. And there is also the mining industry."

Mr. Leduc recently saw the Dionne quintuplets, and in a brief reference to them said they were beautiful babies, very much alive, and the most photographed babies in the world.

Ontario is leading its eight sister provinces in the mining industry, he stated. Since the earlier extractions, minerals of a total value of more than \$2,000,000,000 have been obtained from mines of this province; if such wonderful results were achieved in the past, it was easy to visualize what the mining production would be tomorrow. Thousands of square miles were awaiting development. Aviation is now helping considerably for the discovery, the development, and the exploitation of mines.

In normal times building contractors absorbed a considerable quantity of products such as cement, lime, sand, gravel and stone. Last year these products in Ontario amounted to \$18,000,000. An improvement was indeed noticed in building activities since last Spring, and all indications pointed towards continued improvement in construction operations.

First Gold Discovery

Of all minerals, gold, to the highest degree, caused the most increasing activity. Mr. Leduc told of the first discovery of gold in Ontario, on the Richardson farm, near Madoc, in 1866, by a miner named Powell. The story of this first discovery was like a fairy tale. Powell gold his rights for \$36,000.

It was known as early as 1896 there was gold in the neighborhood of the Porcupine river, but it was only 13 years later that a group headed by Jack Wilson, discovered what was to become the Dome mine. Returning to Halleybury to register their discovery, these prospectors met Benny Hollinger and two of his friends and told them of their success. Hollinger hastened towards the rich district, and staked his claim on what was to become the Hollinger mine.

Mines of Percupine and Kirkland Lake were solidly established, and had been so since they were discovered, Mr. Leduc stated. Since its first extractions until the end of 1934 the Hollinger mine produced gold of a total value of nearly \$200,000,000 and nearly \$70,000,000, in dividends were paid. McIntyre, Lake Shore, Teck-Hughes and Wright-Hargreaves all produced millions worth of gold and also generously rewarded their shareholders.

Now 31 Gold Mines.

Thirty-one mines are now active in the production of gold in Ontario, Mr. Leduc said. There were vast quantities of minerals of low grade ores. It would be impossible to develop them under the old price of \$20.67 per ounce, but at \$35 per ounce they could be developed at a profit. Companies exploiting these minerals could even pay light dividends to their shareholders.

Mines of the northwestern part of the province are operated on this basis of small profits. During the first nine months of 1934 no less than 450,000 tons of minerals of low grade ore were crushed, and 59,861 ounces of gold were extracted from them. At \$20.67 an ounce this quantity had a value of \$1,232,043, but with the new price, they reached as high as \$2,070,268.

The Minister of Mines said the higher price on gold had the effect of causing mines which had been idle for some time to resume operations.

Nickel and Copper

Nickel and copper came second in Ontario's mining industry. Two companies were now operating nickel mines in the Sudbury district the International Nickel Company and the Falconbridge Nickel Company. The former was the larger of the two. During the first nine months of 1934, Mr. Leduc stated, 2,141,604 tons of minerals went into the Sudbury smelters, an increase of 127 percent over the same period in 1933.

Sudbury minerals contained a considerable quantity of gold, silver and platinum. For the first nine months of the past year gold taken from these mines totalled 40,766 ounces; silver, 1,286,504 ounces and the production of platinum totalled \$2,678,676. Because of the Sudbury mines Ontario was one of the largest producers of platinum in the world.

Saint Valentine's Day, February 14th

Old English Essayist Writes on the Saint whose Day is Observed To-day.

This is St. Valentine's Day. It has been observed for centuries, the form of observance changing as the years pass, but tending to swing back to the original form of observance.

According to the legend, St. Valentine was beheaded on Feb. 14th, at Rome, during the reign of the Emperor Claudius, with the exact year left in doubt. The original opinion was that birds mated on Feb. 14th, and from this arose the custom of young persons of both sexes choosing each other as "valentines" for the ensuing year by a species of lottery, and also of sending love missives to each other.

With the growth of the years there developed two forms of "valentines," the original one being a love message, and the newer one an anonymous and usually offensive "valentine." Some valentines are highly ornamental and artistic (to use the solemn words of one encyclopedia article), while others (commonly called comic valentines) are caricatures, designed to reflect on the personal appearance, habits, character, etc., of the persons to whom they are addressed. For some years it seemed that the practice of sending valentines by mail was decreasing year by year, but in recent years there was a flurry in the sale of the comic valentines, millions of these being sold on this continent, with Canada buying its share and a proportionate number being sold in Timmins. In the past few years the sale of the comic valentines has scarcely increased, but there has been an increase in the sale of the original form of valentine, many very pleasing designs being available. Any year there is liable to be a reversal of taste with either the regular or the comic valentine in the ascendency.

In Timmins and district at the present time St. Valentine's Day seems to be chiefly observed by dances and similar social events.

It may be interesting to re-read the little article by Charles Lamb, English essayist and humorist, on St. Valentine. Lamb was born in 1775 and died in 1833, over a hundred years ago. Here is his essay on St. Valentine:—

Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen!

Immortal Go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a name, or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with decent lawn sleeves?

Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar;

Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precursors; and instead of the crossier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

This is the day on which those charming little missives, yeilded Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments.

It is scarcely credible to what an extent this courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bellwires.

BEE HIVE GOLDEN CORN SYRUP A GREAT ENERGY FOOD

In these little interpretations, no emblem is so common as the heart—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more affections than an opera hat.

What authority we have for placing the metropolis of God Cupid in this anatomical seat, rather than in any other, is not very clear. But we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other. Else we might easily imagine a lover addressing his mistress, "Madam, my liver and fortune are entirely at your disposal"; or putting a delicate question, "Amanda, have you a midriff to bestow?" But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbours wait at anatomical distance.

The knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth good tidings. It is less mechanical than on other days. The happy maiden, opening with careful finger, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory:

Lovers all
A madrigal,
Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings
Ophelia; and no better wish we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble disciples of old Bishop Valentine, and his true church.

identical with the famous "Queen's Quarter," with the exception that there are no initials carved on the coin held by Mr. Weir. No one need venture the suggestion that the coin in question is the same as the other one reaching The Advance several days ago. Mr. Weir's coin has no initials on it, and in addition Mr. Weir has had this coin in his possession for two years. During that time Mr. Weir has not allowed it to circulate around at all. He has kept it very strictly at home. Mr. Weir found this coin in the collection at the Baptist church a couple of years ago. Mr. Weir is the treasurer of the Baptist church here and looks after all the monetary affairs. He noted the defaced coin in the collection money and promptly removed it, putting it away as valueless but still believing that it should not be allowed to circulate. Some days ago he noticed the "Queen's Quarter" in a local store and was impressed with its apparent likeness to the coin he held. He could find no variation except the initials cut on the "Queen's Quarter."

North Bay Nugget.—A millionaire's mansion is reported as having twenty-four baths. What a busy place that must be Saturday night.

London Advertiser.—One of the latest words coined is "socialite" meaning a person who moves in fashionable circles and follows the fashionable routine. To coin another word, it means a victim of socialitis.

Another "Queen's Quarter" has Been Circulating Here

Reference was made recently to the steady circulation in town of a coin now known as the "Queen's Quarter." It is apparently a shilling of the Queen Victoria vintage, with the one side filed down smooth. It has been identified by the fact that initials were scratched upon the smooth side. The coin has kept coming back time and time again to the same people in the last few months. Merchants will note it in the till; then it will be paid out in change or otherwise; and then in a few days, or weeks, it will be found again, having been paid into this particular merchant once more after all sorts of rounds in the town. Many have begun to watch for the return of the Queen's Quarter," and to speculate on its travels.

Apparently, there are two of these "Queen's Quarter" coins. R. W. Weir last week showed The Advance a coin

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