

The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

by Maurice Lelland

CREATOR OF ARSENE LUPIN



Raoul spoke in his ear.

READ THIS FIRST:

Fifteen years before the story opens Elizabeth Hornain, a beautiful singer is mysteriously murdered at the chateau of Monsieur and Madame de Jouvellat at Volnic. Among those present is Marquis Jean d'Eriemont, society favorite. The tragedy caused the de Jouvellats to sell their chateau to an unidentified purchaser. As the story opens Chief Inspector Gorgeret, who had worked on the Volnic mystery years before, and his aide, Flamant, follow an attractive girl whom they believe is one blonde Clara, friend of Big Paul, fugitive crook, to the home of Marquis d'Eriemont at Saint-Lazare. By mistake she reaches the apartment of Monsieur Raoul, who leases the first floor of the marquis' home. Raoul sends the detectives on a false scent and later the girl, whose name is Antonine, meets the marquis through a note from her mother, now dead, a forgotten sweetheart of d'Eriemont. Raoul, who pretends to be Arsene Lupin, gentleman burglar, enters the marquis' apartment when the latter is away and finds there a picture of Elizabeth Hornain, concluding the dead singer to be one of d'Eriemont's old loves. While there, a girl resembling Antonine enters. Raoul accompanies her outside where Big Paul and three other men await her. After tussling with all four, Raoul finds that Big Paul is Valthez, relative of Elizabeth Hornain, who he knows is "bleeding" the marquis for money. As the old chateau at Volnic goes up for auction, the marquis is disclosed as the owner. Antonine is there and Raoul proves to be the highest bidder. Raoul introduces himself to the marquis and offers to help him find his inheritance. After Raoul astounds the marquis with all he knows about him, d'Eriemont declines to confide in him. Nevertheless, Raoul promises within 25 days, to bring him his missing inheritance as well as to solve the Volnic mystery.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 15

THE INTERVIEW between Raoul and Maître Audigat was of the briefest. The notary asked him some utterly pointless questions to which Raoul replied concisely and peremptorily. Much pleased with what he considered his perspicacity, the notary promised to put through the formalities with all possible speed.

Raoul left the village quite openly, driving his car himself, and proceeding to Vichy where he dined and booked a room. He returned to Volnic at about 11 that night. He had studied the place thoroughly, and knew his way about. There was a gap in the castle wall through which he scrambled, hidden by ivy, he found Inspector Gorgeret still bound hand and foot.

Raoul spoke in his ear.

"I'm the kind gentleman who arranged for you to have this lovely rest, and now I've come to add to your enjoyment by providing light refreshments: ham, cheese and red wine."

Raoul very kindly removed the inspector's gag. In strangled tones, Gorgeret emitted a volume of abuse so violent that it was impossible to distinguish the words. Raoul approved: "If you're not hungry, you mustn't force yourself to eat, Monsieur Gorgeret. Forgive my having interrupted you!"

He readjusted the gag with great care, examined his victim's bonds, and departed.

All was silent in the garden; the terrace was deserted; all lights were out in the chateau. Earlier in the day, Raoul had noticed a ladder leaning against an outhouse. He collected this and leaned it against the wall under the window which he knew to be that of Jean d'Eriemont's bedroom. It was a warm night, and the windows were wide open behind the shutters.

It took Raoul a moment only to force open the catch of the shutters, and to enter the room.

He listened to the regular breathing of the marquis, then produced his electric torch and found the sleeper's clothes neatly folded on a chair.

Raoul found the marquis' pocket-book in the coat pocket, and inside it the letter Antonine's mother had behind, destroyed some papers and at

half-past four jumped into his car. At the Gare de Lyon he inquired the time of arrival of the Vichy train, and took up his position at the barrier of the platform indicated.

Among the crowd of travellers hurrying from the train when it got in, he saw the massive figure of Inspector Gorgeret.

The latter handed his card to the ticket collector and passed through. A hand fell on his shoulder, a smiling face looked into his, and a suave voice said:

"How do you do, inspector?"

It took quite a lot to upset Gorgeret as a rule. He had seen with that was extraordinary during his police career. But for once he was taken aback, and incapable of remembrance.

Raoul seemed surprised.

"What's the matter, pray? Not ill, I trust? And here was I thinking you'd be so pleased to have me come and meet you! Surely I can give you no greater proof of my undying affection?"

Gorgeret clutched his tormentor's arm. Shaking with anger, he cried:

"You've got the devil's nerve! Do you really imagine I didn't recognize you in those ruins last night? Skunk! You come along with me to headquarters. We can talk there."

He was beginning to raise his voice, and several people had gathered round.

"All right, old man, I'll come if it gives you any pleasure," said Raoul. "But reflect a moment and you'll see that if I came here and greeted you, I must have had very serious reasons for doing so. One doesn't run thus lightly into the lion's mouth—and what a mouth!—unless obliged to!"

The force of this argument impressed Gorgeret. Controlling himself, he said:

"What do you want? Come on, be quick about it!"

"I want to talk to you about someone."

"Who's that?"

"Someone you hate like poison—an old enemy, someone you captured once, but who escaped. His arrest is your prime object in life; it will be the crowning point in your career. Need I mention the name?"

Pale with emotion, Gorgeret muttered:

"Big Paul?"

"Big Paul!" confirmed Raoul.

"Well, what of it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Did you come and meet me at the station to tell me about Big Paul?"

"I did."

"You've got something to tell me about him?"

"Better still, something to propose."

"What's that?"

"To arrest him!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

UNIVERSITY STUDENT IS SHOWING MUCH ORIGINALITY

An enterprising student is making his way through the University of Toronto, operating a "date bureau," says The Huntingdon Gleaner. Investigation showed hundreds of students never made further acquaintances than those in their own fraternities, sororities or classes. This gave the enterprising student an idea. He asked all students, young men as well as women, who wished to extend their acquaintanceship to file their photographs as well as name, age, height, color of eyes and preferences as to amusements. For the payment of a dime, the bureau will provide a date for a member of either sex for a party, dance, show or other social function, and let the applicant make his or her own selection from the file of photographs.

INCREASE IN ORE RESERVES AT THE EAST GEDULD MINES

East Geduld Mines, Limited, the Rand producer in which Dome Mines Limited holds an important interest, reports a substantial increase in ore reserves during the past year.

As at December 31st last, reserves totalled 7,000,000 tons valued at 6.6 dwt. per ton over an estimated stopping width of 59 inches. This compares with 4,925,000 tons of about the same grade and width at the close of 1933.

In January, 1935, the company's operating profit was £123,265, compared with £116,188 in December and £119,136 in November.

Canadian Lumberman:—Footprints on the sands of time are not made by sitting down.

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Canadian Pacific

Dog in Alaska Meets all Boats Reaching There

(Letter to Our Dumb Animals)

I thought you might be interested in the following dog story which I am informed is absolutely true.

Last Summer we thoroughly enjoyed a trip to Alaska. Nearing Juneau, the territorial capital of Alaska, the officers of the S.S. Aleutian told us to be on the lookout for Juneau's "official greeter."

As the ship came to the pier, they pointed him out—a brown dog of uncertain age at the very edge of the pier. Attached to his collar was a tag conferred upon him by the citizens of Juneau announcing that he had been duly designated "official greeter" for the capital city.

This is his story:

Four or five years ago he disembarked from a steamer with his master. In some way they became separated. Whether the master sailed away or met with some ill fate is a mystery. But from that day to this whenever a steamship whistles its approach the dog rushes to the pier looking for the master who never returns. In all these years he has never missed a boat, whether it comes in at noonday or at midnight, whether it is in warm Summer days or in the storms of Winter. There he stands or lies with a look of ineffable longing in his eyes, waiting for the one he loved and lost.

There have been many tragedies in Alaska both before and since the days of the gold rush and this is only another in the long list. But one who has looked into his eyes, can never forget the story of his faithfulness.

DAMON E. HALL
Boston, Mass.

Mining Engineers Study Social Needs

Feel Their Responsibility to the Men who Work with them in the Mining Industry.

The mining engineers of Canada are responsible, as managers of the Dominion's mines, for the livelihood of some scores of thousands of wage earners. They are similarly responsible in large measure for the living conditions, health and happiness of some hundreds of thousands of women and children, the families of the miners. In the majority of cases they take this responsibility seriously, and in some instances they have discharged it with notable skill.

At recent mining conventions the questions of industrial relations in general and of employer-employee relations in particular have been the subject of much discussion. At the important meeting of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy in Vancouver, for instance, one-quarter of the papers presented dealt with the broad question—a significant trend, surely, in an institute whose proceedings heretofore have been largely technical.

The annual convention of the institute is to be held this year in Winnipeg on March 12th to 14th. The president, Dr. S. C. Blaylock, vice-president and general manager of Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada Ltd., will lead off the meetings with his presidential address, on "Industrial Relationship." Dr. Blaylock has established among his employees at Trail, Kimberley, and elsewhere in British Columbia and throughout Canada, a co-operative system of dealing with matters affecting labour that has given remarkably good results. He described this Co-operative Committee System at the November convention in Vancouver, and doubtless will refer to it again in Winnipeg.

Social justice is now the deliberate and definite aim of a considerable number of mining men, who see in this the only adequate means of industrial stability and progress and the chief safeguard against anarchy. Established so often as the almost absolute rulers of the isolated communities round the mines, they are keenly aware of the necessity for some improvement in the present system. It seems probable that the discussions in Winnipeg will bring out points that will interest a circle much wider than that of the Mining Institute.

Mayor of Toronto as Singer Tickers Northern Ears

The following despatch from North Bay was published in The Telegram on Tuesday last week:—

North Bay, Feb. 19.—The north country does things to people. Take Mayor Simpson of Toronto. Last Saturday he paid a visit to this city. He was visibly impressed with the Gateway of the North and didn't lose an opportunity to tell the natives so. However, very few actually knew just how much he was stirred.

An item in the social columns of a local paper reporting a tea and bridge of the junior branch of the Catholic Women's League, is an interesting revelation. It reads in part:

"The gathering was delightfully entertained with two request numbers, a solo by Mayor Bullbrook and particularly favoured with a vocalized selection by Mayor Simpson, who honoured the event with his presence."

From an authentic source it is learned that Mayor Simpson sang "Annie Laurie."



Comfortably attired in shorts (the duke) and light linen garments, the royal honeymooners are pictured under the cocoanut trees at Trinidad in the British West Indies. Both are wearing sun-glasses.

Settlers the Constructive Force in the North Land

Many will be impressed with the viewpoint expressed by The North Bay Nugget that the settlers of the North are the most truly constructive force in this country. There will be a tendency, however, to point out that this theory is really as it should be, rather than as it is. For the permanent advantage of the country the settlers must have a better chance. There is little sense in saying that the settlers are the most constructive force in the North when so many of the settlers are on relief. The first thing that should be done is to enable the settlers to get off relief. It would appear that this can be done by the inauguration of a land bonus plan. This bonus for clearing land appears to be a fundamental to making the settler the truly constructive force he should be and must be if the long view is to be taken.

In the meantime, however, the viewpoint of The Nugget is interesting. In a recent issue The Nugget has the following:—

"What do you consider the most constructive force in Northern Ontario's development, and why?"

"This question is put by a subscriber to The Nugget residing in Smooth Rock Falls.

"The answer to the first part is 'the settler,' which, naturally, is pluralized when Northern Ontario is to be the application.

"The reply to the last part of the question: Because Northern Ontario or any other part of the Dominion, natural resources or no, would not amount to shucks unless the settler enters to make permanent residence.

"If the day comes when Northern Ontario produces no more mineral; if the forests are depleted of their timber wealth, of what account will be the region unless every area of arable land is settled and producing?"

"It is the settler who gives permanency to a region. It is he who organizes communities, erects schools and churches and otherwise achieves wonders in the upbuilding of a country. The Canadian Pacific Railway and other railways stretched across the Dominion followed in the footsteps, as it were, of the settler. If the pioneer had not invaded Western Canada to learn of its expanse of arable prairie and opportunities for ranching and herding; if this class had not driven their oxen beyond Winnipeg, forded the Assiniboia and Saskatchewan Rivers, there would not have been an incentive to provide the quicker and less arduous means of transport.

"While it wasn't the settler who discovered the great mineral wealth of Northern Ontario, it will be the settler who will have the last word in its ultimate success. Mineral and timber must eventually become exhausted, but if Northern Ontario's arable sections are populated and marketing conveniences provided, the region will continue to flourish after the natural resources, other than water power, are spent."

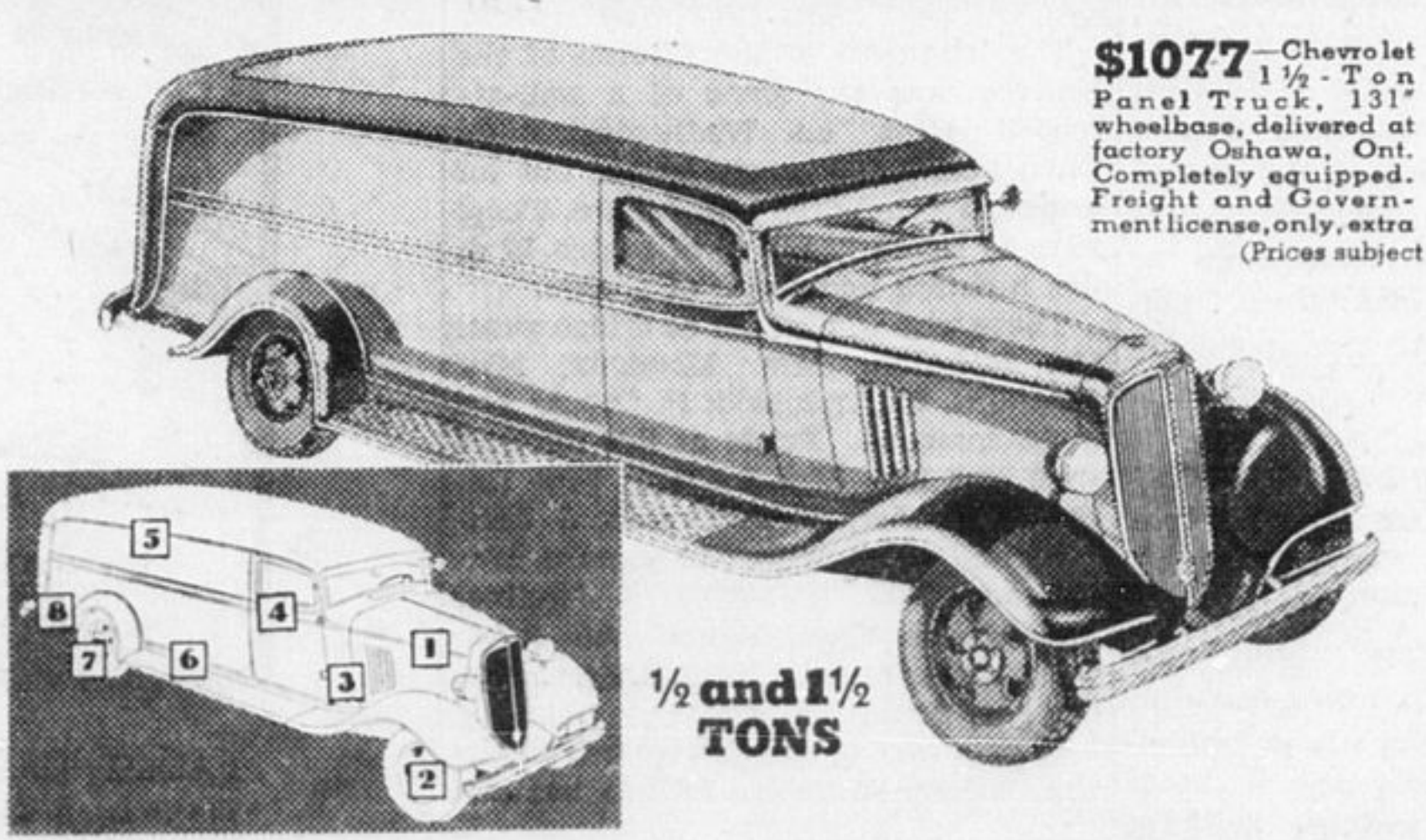
RETAIL LUMBER DEALER ELECT THEIR OFFICERS

A. R. Stinson, of Toronto, was named president of the Ontario Retail Lumber Dealers' Association in annual session at Toronto last week. Other officers are: C. F. Richards, London, vice-president; H. Boulbee, Toronto, secretary-manager; Gordon Thom, Smiths Falls; R. P. White, Belleville; L. Hill, New Liskeard; V. E. Boake and George Reid, Toronto; Charles C. Lawson, Hamilton; O. Houck, Kitchener and E. A. Naylor, Wheatley, directors.

Mail and Empire:—It used to be that father's trousers were cut down to fit Willie. Now the young hopeful presents his parent at Christmas time with his second best pair of skates.

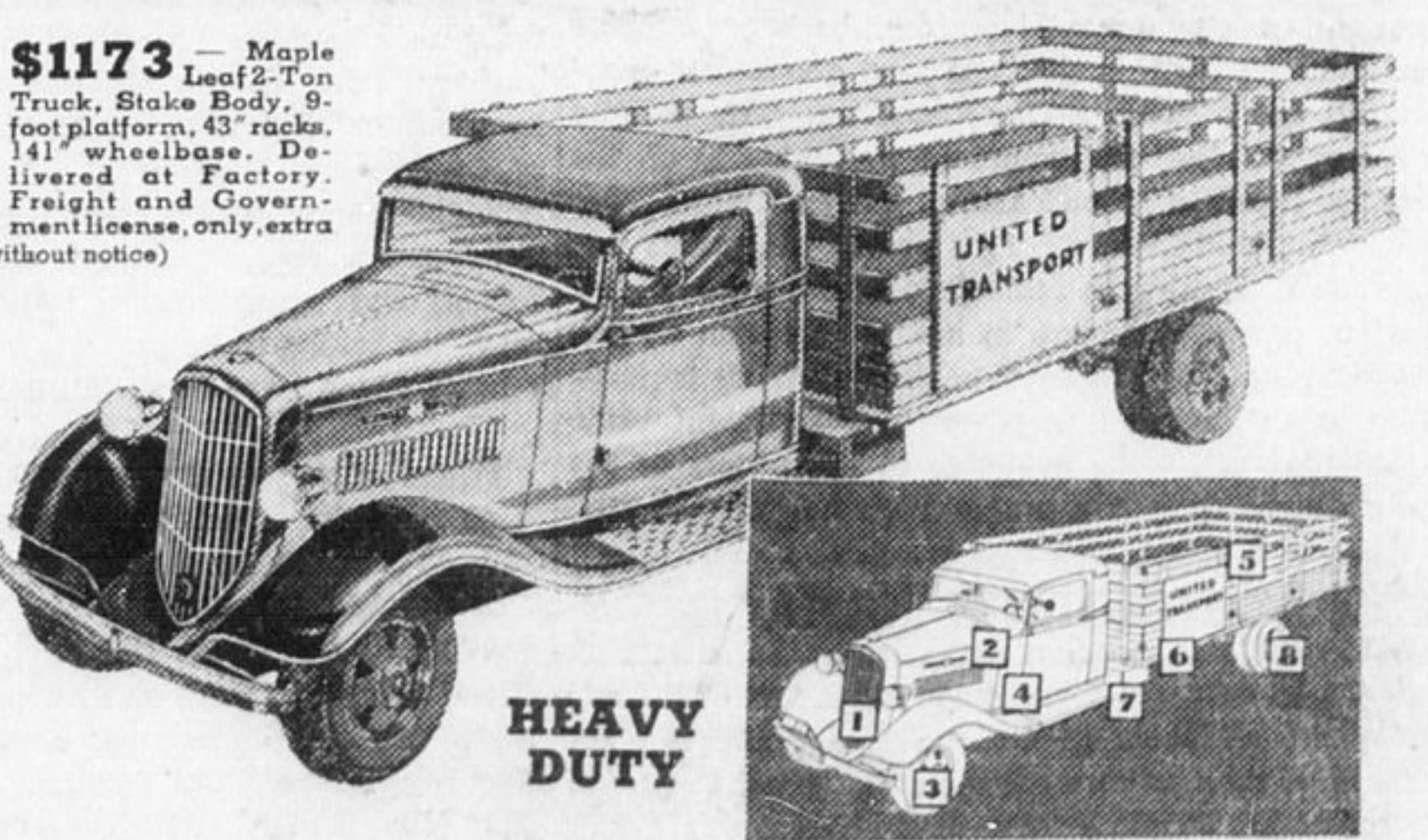
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