

The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

by Maurice LeBlanc

CREATOR OF Arsene Lupin

READ THIS FIRST:

Fifteen years before the story opens Elisabeth Hornain, a beautiful singer, is mysteriously murdered at the chateau of Monsieur and Madame de Jouvelle at Volvic. Among those present is Marquis Jean d'Erlemont, society favorite. 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 Volvic mystery years before, and his aide Flamant, follow an attractive girl whom they believe is one of the de Jouvelles. She is blonde Clara, friend of Big Paul, a fugitive crook, to the home of Marquis d'Erlemont at Saint-Lazare. She first takes her to 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'Erlemont. Raoul, who proves to be Arsene Lupin, gentleman burglar, enters the marquis' apartment when the latter is away and finds there a picture of Elisabeth Hornain, concluding the dead singer to be one of d'Erlemont's old lovers. 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 Valthe, relative of Elisabeth Hornain, who is "bleeding" the marquis for money. As the old chateau at Volvic goes up for auction, the marquis is described 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'Erlemont declines to confide in him. Nevertheless, Raoul promises, within 25 days, to bring him his missing inheritance as well as to solve the Volvic mystery. Back in Paris Raoul meets Gorgere, the detective he had left tied up in the ruins near the chateau during the auction. Gorgere is furious but Raoul makes him a proposition—telling him where he can arrest Big Paul.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 16

GORGERE did not move, but Raoul could see from certain symptoms—a fluttering of the eyelids—how deeply he was moved. He spoke insinuatingly: "When? In a week's time, or a fortnight?"

"Tonight!"

Renewed quivering of nostrils and eyelids.

"What's your figure?"

"Three francs fifty!"

"Quit fooling! What do you want in return?"

"For you to leave Blonde Clara and myself alone."

"Right!"

"You swear it?"

"I swear it!" affirmed Gorgere, grinning.

"I shall want five men, not counting yourself," continued Raoul.

"What! Are there so many in the gang?"

"There certainly are!"

"I'll bring five tough babies."

"Do you know the Arab?"

"I do. Nasty bit of work."

"He's Big Paul's right hand man."

"You don't say!"

"They meet every evening for an apertif at the Ecrevisses Bar in Montmartre."

"I know the place."

"So do I. You go down into a cellar, and there's a secret door out of the cellar that makes a getaway."

"That's the place."

"We'll meet there at quarter to seven tonight," decided Raoul. "You'll hurry into the cellar, as one man, with drawn revolvers. I'll be there first. But take care not to fire on a nice looking cove in riding kit, because that'll be me giving my celebrated imitation of a jockey. And post two policemen at the secret exit to catch anyone trying to escape. Got that?"

Gorgere gazed steadily upon him. Why separate now instead of their all going together to the bar? Was it just another trap?

As heartily as he loathed this man who had so easily fooled him, and subjected him to such insulting treatment the night before in the ruins.

And yet, the temptation to arrest Big Paul was too great to be ignored! What a sensation it would make!

"And I'm sure to catch this other bird one day soon . . . and Blonde Clara with him," thought Gorgere. Aloud he merely said:

"Right! Quarter to seven, we'll be there!"

The Ecrevisses Bar was frequented mainly by down-and-outers—failures in art and journalism, out of work clerks who were not even seeking employment, pale young men and flashy women. But they were a fairly respectable crowd on the whole. To catch a glimpse of something more picturesque, more out of the way, the visitor had only to go round to the back instead of entering the Bar by the usual entrance. A narrow passage led to a room where a great hulk of a man sat huddled in an armchair, sunk in rolls of fat; the boss.

All newcomers had to pass the boss in his chair as they came into the back room, and exchange a few words with him. If the visitor was unknown, he had to give the password (which varied from week to week) before he was allowed to pass through a small, low door and along a dark passage. Then came yet another door, studded with nails, which opened to emit a stifling, smoke-laden atmosphere, reeking with damp, and the ladder plunged straight down the wall into a big, vaulted cellar, where on this particular day four or five couples were dancing to the sound of a violin excruciatingly played by a blind man.

At the far end of this cellar was a bar presided over by the boss' wife, who was even fatter than her spouse and decked out in bead necklaces.

Half a dozen tables were already occupied. At one sat two men who smoked in silence—the Arab and Big Paul. The Arab wore his drab raincoat and a shabby bowler hat; Big Paul had on a cap pulled well over his eyes, a collarless shirt and a brown muffler. His face was made up to give him an appearance of age and grimy

toughness.

"You look 100 per cent villain!" grinned The Arab. "Like Methusalem attending his own funeral!"

"Shut your mouth," returned Big Paul.

"And why?" complained the other. "If you want to mess your face up, that's your lookout, but for God's sake stop looking so scared. . . ."

"What's up? There's no need to be in a funk."

"Oh, isn't there?"

"Well, what is it?"

"I'm being watched."

"Who's watching you? You never sleep twice in the same bed. . . . you're afraid of your own shadow, you're surrounded by your pals here, there's a dozen'd go through hell and high water for you, boys and girls both."

"Only because I pay 'em." Big Paul was sadly sardonic.

"Well, what of it? You're guarded like royalty."

Other regulars of the Bar were strolling in; some sat at tables while others danced. The Arab and Big Paul scrutinized each newcomer suspiciously. The Arab beckoned to a waiter and asked her in an undertone:

"Who's the Englishman sitting opposite us, there?"

"The boss says he's a jockey."

"Has he been here before?"

"I dunno. I'm new."

The blind man was scrapping out a tango on his fiddle, while a white-faced woman sang in a hoarse contralto. From time to time her deep notes were accorded a melancholy silence.

"I know what's the matter with you," insinuated The Arab. "It's Blonde Clara. You've not got over her leaving you."

Big Paul's hand closed in a furious grasp on the Arab's lean wrist.

"Shut up, can't you? It's not her leaving me that bothers me. . . . I'm thinking of that beggar she's taken up with."

"You mean Raoul?"

"Ah—if I could only get my hands on him!"

"Well, you've got to find him first, and I'm fed with looking for him these last four days. . . . not my idea of fun!"

"Well, he's got to be found. If he's not . . ."

"If he's not, you're in for it! The truth is, you're scared stiff."

Big Paul started.

"Me afraid? Are you crazy? No, but it's one or the other of us; we've an old score to settle, and one of us must die."

"And you'd like it to be the other fellow, eh?"

"Naturally!"

The Arab shrugged his shoulders.

"You're a sap. And all for that girl!"

"You're quite sure, are you, that it was Clara coming from Raoul's flat that afternoon?"

"Certain. Haven't I told you? A 100 francs to the concierge got me all I wanted to know. She went to the marquis' afterwards. Then, later, when she came down, there was some sort of row going on outside Raoul's flat. Gorgere was there but the kid got away. Then, that evening, she and Raoul were on the job together in the marquis' flat."

"But what are they after?" Big Paul wanted to know. "She must have got in with that key I thought I'd lost . . ."

But what can they want? She told me once that her mother had known the marquis and told her something about him. . . . what? But Clara wouldn't tell me! Funny kid, Clara. I never could make her out. It's not that she tells lies. She's dead straight, but as deep as they're made!"

The Arab grinned.

"Pull yourself together, Paul. . . . keep the tears back! What you need is a spot of gaiety. Didn't you say you were going to the opening of that new club tonight?"

"Yes, the Blue Casino."

"Well, look out for a nice, new girlfriend there, and forget about your troubles!"

The cellar was fast filling up. About 15 couples were dancing and singing in the smoke-laden vault. The blind man and the singer were straining to make themselves heard.

"What's the time?" demanded Big Paul.

"Twenty to seven . . . perhaps a bit later."

After a few minutes, Big Paul spoke again.

"That's twice that jockey there has caught my eye."

"Maybe he's a split working in with the police," suggested The Arab jesting.

"Offer him a drink!"

They fell silent. The pizzicato of the violin ceased; the singer was just about to end the tango on a few long, deep notes, eagerly awaited by all, when suddenly a shrill whistle scounded from above, provoking a wild scurry to the bar.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Much Progress Made in the Matachewan District

Indicative of the progress that has been made during the past year in the Matachewan gold area, it is noteworthy that the Ontario Department of Mines, in their January Gold Bulletin, has segregated the figures for this district for the first time, whereas, previously they were included with those for the Kirkland Lake belt. The district represented by three producers—Hollinger's low-grade glory-hole proposition—which came into production with a 500-600 ton mill in September last; secondly, Ashley controlled by Mining Corporation—in production since August, 1932; and lastly, Matachewan Consolidated—financed by Ventures and Sudbury Basin—which was included

How to have a "Happy" Stomach

Are you sick and tired of having a stomach that acts up—that doesn't take kindly to good, wholesome food? Then bring your stomach to time. Don't take drugs. They are dangerous and habit-forming. Just follow the Andrews' Rules of Health. Eat moderately. Sleep plenty. Exercise regularly. Breathe all the fresh air you can. And keep yourself in healthy condition with a purifying, energizing glass of Andrews' Liver Salt taken about twice each week while it is still deliciously bubbling.

This last rule is quite as important as all the others. What Andrews does is to exert a definitely beneficial effect on the stomach lining. It soothes the digestive organs and strengthens the whole process of digestion and waste elimination.

Don't let your stomach boss you. Learn to enjoy a sound digestive system and good, hearty meals by following the Andrews' Rules. You will feel better—much better and healthier—from the day you begin. Get Andrews' Liver Salt from your druggist. In tins, 35c and 60c. Extra large bottle, 75c. Sole Agents: McGillivray Bros. Limited, Toronto.

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ed among Ontario's producers for the first time in December last.

Total value of output for the district for January, 1935, was \$97,016, at current prices, from 20,964 tons milled, or \$4.63 per ton, as compared with \$36,043 from 3,688 tons milled, or \$9.73 per ton for January a year ago. This represents an increase for January, 1935, in tonnage for the district 467% and in value of output at current gold price of 169% over the corresponding month of 1934, the lower grade in January, 1934 being of course due to the fact that the lion's share of output came from Young-Davidson, whereas in January, 1934, Ashley was the only producing mine in the district. In an attempt to split up January production of \$97,016 for the Matachewan district among its three producers it may be assumed that Ashley will account for approximately \$36,000 and that Matachewan Consolidated running at capacity with \$7 ore would total about \$20,000, which would leave something over \$40,000 for Young-Davidson.

North More Healthy Than South Ontario

Old-Timer of the North Not Pleased with Some Criticisms of This Country, and the Attitude Towards the North.

South Porcupine, Ont., Feb. 23rd, 1935. To the Editor of The Advance, Timmins.

Dear Sir:—The Advance of Thursday, Feb. 14th, has the following heading in large letters:—"Urges Teaching Farming at Montleith Academy," and the story was written by a farmer and dated at Cochrane. Well whoever, he is I hope he will accept my thanks for writing up such a lot of real common sense. Anyone who reads it and does not agree should go to an asylum academy and receive treatment, or anyone else who knocks this Northern Ontario and its T. & N. O. Ry. That letter states a good reason why the Trans-Canada highway should be routed north and west via Cochrane instead of through a rocky hilly country where there are no great large farming areas. Of all the provinces in Canada I say Southern Old Ontario has got them all beat for weak-minded people who don't really know what is good for them and what has been good them. They continue to find fault and try to tramp on it. Let me tell my neighbours to the south that up here in the North we people and settlers and our cattle breathe the purest air in the province and we drink the purest water. Our water is not nor ever was polluted with sewerage and dead animals. Thirty-two years ago when I lived at Niagara Falls I had recovered over twenty bodies of human beings from the river and since I left there over one hundred more dead people have been taken out by one man. I also saw dozens of dead dogs, pigs, horses, cows, floating there and I learnt to be a good rifle shot by shooting at them from the top of the gorge. Just think how many sewers flow into those waters from Port Arthur to Montreal. I am sure there are a thousand of them and not taking into consideration the vessels on the lakes. Our cattle up north do not thrive on lukewarm, slimy ponds but they have plenty of ice-cold spring water the year around. So all this goes to show that Northern Ontario is a better place to live in even though winters are a little longer and if they were not, the great lakes of Southern Ontario would soon drop several feet. Already we are having longer daylight than our Southern friends and soon will have four hours more than they which makes up for winter's short days. Who says Northern Ontario is not a healthy place to live in? Just look at our Dionne five little baby girls.

H. A. PRESTON

P.S.—What I call Old Ontario is all the territory south from Victoria Harbour to Kingston penitentiary. North of that they have more sense but south of that line the fault-finding population begins to show up.—H.A.P.

Brantford Expositor:—Dwight H. Green, United States Federal district attorney, estimates that crime is costing that country "over \$12,000,000,000 a year, an amount far in excess of that required to operate all the functions of the Government." And all that our neighbours do about it is once in a while to shoot down public enemy No. 1.

What They Think of Timmins Overseas

Resident of Timmins Writes Description of Town for The Overseas Daily Mail.

A friend of The Advance has loaned a copy of The Overseas Daily Mail of London, England in which there is an interesting article on Timmins. It is always supposed to be of special interest to know what others think of us. It should be equally interesting to know what we would like others to think of us. The article about Timmins is written by a resident of Timmins and will no doubt have its effect in giving people in the old Land and in other parts of the Empire where The Overseas Mail circulates so largely a idea of what the town of Timmins is like. There may be two or three points on which the other residents of Timmins may differ with the sketch in The Overseas Daily Mail. For instance, the suggestion that the Hollinger mine is the second largest in Canada should surely read the "second largest in the world." Hollinger is the largest gold mine in Canada or on this continent, either from the point of acreage or production. As to the origin of the people of Timmins the last census gave the following figures:—English, 2,823; Irish, 1,515; Scottish, 1,248; French, 4,975; Italian, 873; Finnish, 569; Ukrainian, 356; Polish, 302; Hebrew, 208. However, generally speaking the article will be considered as an excellent one in that in a brief space it gives a graphic picture of Timmins.

The article from The Overseas Daily Mail is as follows:—

How Things Happen in Timmins Ontario

(By A Resident)

Timmins is the terminus of a branch of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, Ontario's provincially-owned line, whose northernmost terminus is Moosonee, Ontario's only seaport.

"Distance from England, about seven days' steaming to Montreal, and 22 hours on the railway."

"This service is comfortable with excellent sleepers and dining cars, but the train seems slow in comparison with those accustomed to the giddy speeds of England."

"By such a fast boat as the Empress of Britain, one may clip one day and a half off this by disembarking at Quebec and proceeding by rail to Montreal."

"Population is about 18,000."

"Logging and gold mining are the principal industries. The former employs a large number of men in the winter but the wages are not high. On the other hand, the work is healthy and breeds a fine type of man."

"The latter employs more men in the spring and summer when surface work and prospecting can be pursued. The Hollinger, second largest gold mine in Canada is here."

Good Wages

"Wages are good, but the work is not too healthy and, on account of higher insurance rates few men can get underground after 40. These mines operate with the regularity of factories."

"Timmins is a town of many nationalities. Canadians, of course, predominate, but we have Scots, English—many of whom are Cornishmen and called "Cousin Jacks"—Welshmen, Irishmen, and every European nation, chiefly Finlanders and Italians. There is also a sprinkling of Chinese."

"Roman Catholics have two large churches and the United Methodists, Church of England, Baptists and Salvation Army are also here, and there is a Jewish Synagogue."

"Living is at least half again as expensive as in England, and the heating problem is a very serious one, as the winter lasts about six months."

"Warm clothing is also an expensive necessity. Not only must one be well wrapped up, but ears, cheeks and noses must be guarded during the sub-zero weather."

"Spring lasts about a fortnight, and the autumn months are good."

"The town is built on sand—excellent for building and excavating cellars, but very dusty. It is not uncommon for visible gold to be encountered when digging sewers and cellars."

"We get some fierce temperatures in the winter, 30 degrees and 40 degrees below zero, but it is a remarkable fact that the lower the temperature the better is the general health; while a soft spell means a busy time for the doctors."

"Rents from 7 pounds to 10 pounds per month for modern houses. Servants' wages range from 2 pounds per month for a mother's help to 6 pounds to 7 pounds for a really competent housekeeper."

"There are some excellent hotels. Restaurants are plentiful and reasonable."

"Although most of the buildings are of wood, we have a few buildings, such as banks, and one small section which contains most of the banks and brokers' offices is called out "Wall Street."

"We have a good golf course and tennis grounds. Football of both kinds is played, but the season is limited. That shouting and screaming match, which is baseball, goes on. A little cricket on the sand plains with a matting wicket is also played, but the outfield would give a Lord's enthusiast an appetite fit."

"There is a small river with boats, canoes and power boats available."

"Fishing and shooting (called hunting here) are also to be had."

"In winter there is skating, skiing, curling and ice hockey (the latter perhaps the fastest and most exciting of games), and plenty of dancing."

"Motoring goes on all the year round, although the majority of people put their cars away for the winter. Our omnibus service operates all the year round. But during the intensely cold weather the motorist is not a happy man. The engineers on the railway have a very trying time, and are often hours late."

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Former Resident Here Passes Away at Ottawa

The following is from The Ottawa Journal of Tuesday's issue:—

"Mrs. George Morrison, granddaughter of Chester Chapman, first reeve of Nepean township, died yesterday at a local hospital following a lengthy illness. She was in her 57th year."

"Born near Richmond, Ont., she was a daughter of the late John Spearman and his wife, Maria Chapman, pioneer settlers of that district. She was married about 32 years ago to George Morrison who was then connected with the Dominion Government and is now a local contractor. For several years the couple had lived at Cochrane and Timmins, but for the greater part of 25 years they had lived in the Capital. She worshipped at St. Barnabas, and St. Luke's Anglican churches."

"Surviving besides her husband are one son, Willard Morrison, Ottawa; one sister, Miss Mina Spearman, of Carleton Place; two brothers, John Spearman, of Crystal City, John Spearman, of Winnipeg."

"The funeral will be held from Racine, Limited, funeral parlors, 127 George street, on Wednesday at 2 p.m., to St. Thomas' Church at Stanley's Corners, where service will be conducted. Burial will be in the parish cemetery."

Is the Longest Word to be Used in North?

Term Used to Describe a Form of Silicosis Caused by Very Small Rock Dust Particles.

Proof comes from New York that silicosis, dread industrial disease so closely connected with the mines of Northern Ontario, is being thoroughly investigated. At least one new type has been classified.

Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanokoniosis is, according to an Associated Press despatch, the way the name of a special form of silicosis is spelled. The despatch explains that it is a form of the disease caused by exceedingly small particles of siliceous volcanic dust. They are so small that they cannot be detected with a microscope. If that 45-letter word that describes the disease so completely is accepted as a true English word, it will be the longest in the language.

It is hoped that no one in Timmins has the distinction of being afflicted with the disease; having the longest name?

Try The Advance Want Advertisements

Invasion of Flin Flon by Mining Men on March 16

The mine and plants of the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company at Flin Flon, Manitoba, constitute the largest mining enterprise "North of 54" in Canada.

Very appropriately the plants and processes will be fully described at the meeting of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy at Winnipeg in March.

Immediately after the meeting a special train will take a party of the delegates on an excursion to Flin Flon. On Saturday, March 16th, the party will be guests of the staff during an inspection of the plants and at luncheon.

Returning, the train will reach Winnipeg on the 17th in ample time for trains departing that evening.

Besides having an opportunity to see the country and the great establishment, guests who are addicted to curling may view or, if they wish, take part in, a bonspiel which will be raging during the visit.



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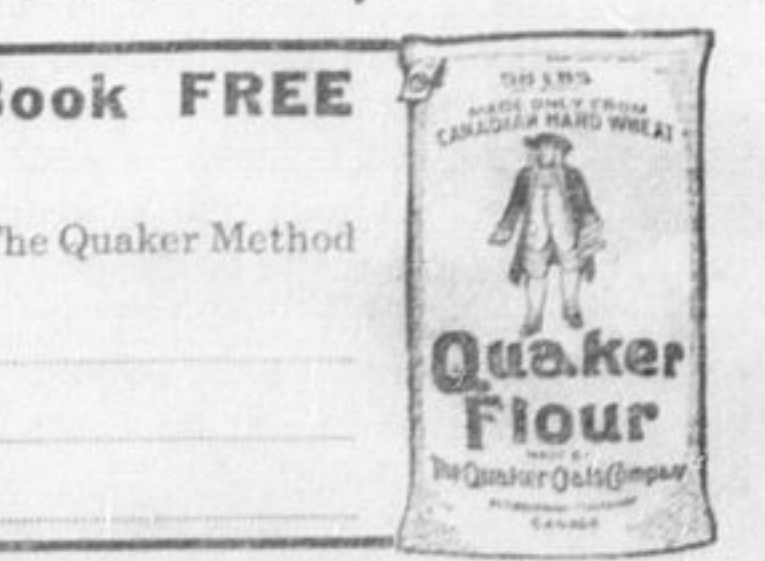
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