

# THE WOMAN with TWO SMILES

by Maurice LeBlanc

CREATOR OF ARSENE LUPIN



No one attempted to stop Raoul.

### READ THIS FIRST:

Fifteen years before the story opens, Elisabeth Hornain, a beautiful singer, is mysteriously murdered at a chateau in Volnic. Among those present is Marquis Jean d'Erlmont, society favorite. As the story opens Chief Inspector Gorgoret, who had worked on the Volnic mystery years before, seeks to arrest an attractive girl whom they believe to be Blonde Clara, friend of Big Paul, fugitive crook. They fall when one Monsieur Raoul, who proves to be Arsene Lupin, gentleman burglar, gives them a false tip after the girl calls at his apartment by mistake. She meets the Marquis d'Erlmont through a note from her dead mother, one of his forgotten sweethearts. Her name is Antoinette. Seeking to help the marquis recover his lost inheritance, by his own devices, Raoul confronts the girl who resembles Antoinette in the marquis's apartment and later helps her to escape from Big Paul whom she fears. Raoul finds that Big Paul is Valthez, relative of Elizabeth Hornain, who he knows is "bleeding" the marquis for money as a result of the latter's old affair with the murdered singer. As the ancient Volnic chateau goes up for auction, the marquis, there with Antoinette, is revealed as the owner. Raoul outbids all others and buys the chateau, later promising the marquis to bring him, within 25 days, his inheritance as well as to solve the Volnic mystery. Raoul tips Detective Gorgoret on how to arrest Big Paul but the latter evades a police raid. Raoul and Gorgoret are now looking for him at the Blue Casino night club. Big Paul is intensely interested in "The Masked Dancer," a girl resembling Antoinette.

### (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY) CHAPTER 19

THEN RAOUL suddenly became aware of Big Paul close beside him, standing there with clenched hands, the veins starting on his forehead. Raoul no longer doubted the dancer's identity, and fully realized the grave danger that faced her.

He looked round for Gorgoret. What was the fool doing? Hadn't he realized that the showdown would be here—that something was going to happen in that restricted space, which required the presence of him and his men?

Raoul decided to attack and divert the enemy's blind rage to his own person. He touched him lightly on the shoulder. When Valthez wheeled round, it was to see the mocking face of the man he most hated and feared.

"You here... you!" gasped Valthez, his face a distorted mask of hatred. "You've come for her, of course? ... You're with her?"

Then he calmed down. They were on the fringe of a crowd of people moving to and fro—guests, electricians, dressers... any scene would have attracted undue attention.

Raoul chuckled happily, and said in a low voice:

"Well, tell me, why shouldn't I be with her? She's asked me to take care of her... It seems she is being annoyed by bad characters. I find it most amusing!"

"Why does it amuse you?" growled Valthez.

"Because I mean to make a grand success of my new job!"

Valthez shook with rage.

"You can boast all you like, but you won't succeed—not while I'm alive and in Paris."

"But, my dear fellow, I happen to be alive and in Paris, too—in fact, I was with you earlier this evening down in the cellar!"

"What do you mean?"

"I was a gallant jockey!"

"Swine!"

"And I sent for the police to arrest you."

"Well, you didn't succeed with that, did you?" said Valthez with a forced laugh.

"Not that time, but this time we're all set for triumph!"

Valthez edged close to him, and glaring into Raoul's eyes said:

"What do you mean by that?"

"Gorgoret's here with his merry men."

"Liar!"

"It's perfectly true. I'm warning you to give you a chance to get away. Hop along—beat it! You're still time."

Valthez cast a hunted look round. To Raoul's delight he seemed only too willing to clear out, thus insuring An-

tonette's safety for that evening. Once Valthez was out of the way, it would be child's play to protect her against the police.

"Hurry up... You'll be a fool if you stay... Get on!"

But it was too late. The dancer had suddenly appeared, springing off from the stage. At the same moment, Gorgoret could be seen coming from the stairs, running between the artists' dressing rooms followed by five of his men.

Valthez still hesitated. He watched the dancer, then looked about him as though afraid. He stared at Gorgoret, now quite close. What was Raoul to do? Quick as thought, he lurked himself upon Valthez, but the latter managed to break away, and thrusting his hand into his pocket drew his revolver, brandishing it in the direction of the masked dancer.

A shot rang out. There was immediate panic. But Raoul had jerked up Big Paul's arm, and the bullet flew up fainting to the floor.

After that things happened very quickly. There was a scramble. Gorgoret sprang upon Big Paul, and called to his men:

"Here, Elamant! You others get Raoul and the girl!"

Then a small, paunchy old man with a flowing white beard appeared and stood like an angry bantam, legs wide apart, opposing the onslaught of the police with all his might, protesting loudly against their brutality. Next a well-dressed man took advantage of this check on the police and of the general panic, stooped down, gathered up the dancer and bore her off, flung over his shoulder. It was Raoul. Under cover of Courville's heroic stand, he ran with his burden towards the front of the club where people were dancing. It seemed to him that there lay the best chance of safety.

Nor was he mistaken. The public had seen nothing of what had been happening behind the scenes. A negro band was strumming merrily, dancing was in full swing; gaiety was at its height. So when Raoul appeared on the steps to the right of the stage, and came down onto the floor bearing aloft the masked dancer, everyone thought the whole thing was a joke, or an acrobatic feat deliberately staged for their entertainment, the acrobat pretending to be a guest and parading his prey around the room.

Then suddenly cries were heard coming from behind the stage:

"Stop him... stop him!"

Peals of laughter from the audience. It was an excellent jest. The negroes redoubled their efforts and burst into song. No one attempted to stop Raoul. Smiling, head held high, he continued his progress to the wild applause of the spectators. He reached the big entrance door, pushed through it and went out. Everyone expected him to return by the back of the casino to the stage. The club officials and the police on duty were highly amused by the surprise turn and made no attempt to hinder him. But once outside, Raoul lowered the dancer to his shoulder again, and started running full speed to the side avenue, amid the dancing shadows thrown by the lights and the waving trees.

Twenty yards from the Casino he again heard the warning cry:

"Stop him... stop him..."

But Raoul no longer hurried. His car was close at hand, parked in the middle of a long line of cars whose chauffeurs were either asleep or gossiping in groups. They heard the noise but did not realize what it was all about, exchanged questioning looks, uneasily, but did not move.

Raoul placed the still unconscious dancer, limp and inert, in his car, started the engine, and slid the car out.

"If I'm in luck," he thought, "and there are no traffic jams, I've done the trick."

Raoul always reckoned with his lucky star. Tonight it evidently shone brightly for him. There was no jam. The police, who were only a few yards off when he started, were soon left behind.

Driving fast but carefully, for it was Raoul's rule not to fly in the face of Fate, he reached the Place de la Concorde, crossed the Seine, and followed the river. Once well out of reach of pursuit, he slowed down.

And now for the first time since he had first set eyes on the masked dancer, he wondered:

"Supposing it isn't Antoinette after all?"

With the same haste that he had jumped to his original conclusion, he now allowed his hopes to be dashed. It was quite impossible that the girl was Antoinette. He had been much too ready to believe the slenderest of circumstantial evidence. Big Paul was a madman, carried away by his own frenzy.

Raoul burst out laughing. What a fool he was! A regular schoolboy in love with adventure for its own sake. After all, whether it proved to be Antoinette or another, he had saved a woman from death; the police were after him; the night was full of thrills!

He set off again at top speed, urged on by feverish curiosity. He must know why the dancer kept her face hidden by the golden veil. Was she perhaps hideously ugly? Or diseased? If she were beautiful, what caprice kept her from revealing her beauty to the public gaze?

He crossed the Seine again, following its course on the other side. They reached Auteuil, with its little streets, then came into a broad avenue.

Raoul stopped the car.

His companion had not stirred.

He bent over her still form, saying: "Can you manage to get out? Do you hear me?"

There was no reply.

Having opened the garden gate and rung the bell, he picked up the unconscious dancer in his arms once more. His servant appeared.

"Take the car to the garage," Raoul told him.

He went into the villa, running up the stairs as though his burden weighed nothing at all. He laid her down on a sofa and kneeling down by her proceeded to undo the golden veil.

A cry of joy escaped him:

"Antoinette!"

There was a moment's silence. He held smelling salts to her nose, bathed her temples in cold water until she opened her eyes and gazed languidly upon him. Consciousness was slowly returning.

"Antoinette! Antoinette!" he cried. Slowly, slowly, she began to smile—a strange, bitter smile.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Afternoon Class—Lola Cousineau, Rena Morandin, Santo Battocchio, Mary Rubic, Douglas McDonald, Betty Gilbert, Dino Narduzzi, Albi Battagel, George Keserich.

### Month's Honour Roll Schumacher School

#### Standing of the Pupils in the Various Classes at the Schumacher Public School

The following is the report of the Schumacher public school. Names in order of merit.

Class Sr. IV—A. E. Murphy, teacher. Room 1—Frank Ovis, Violet Narduzzi, Frank Fowler, Emilie Drahuta, Allen Keeley.

Class Sr. IV—William K. Wylie, teacher—Room 2—John McDonald, James Waite, Allan Cripps, Mildred Mirkovic, Janet Wallace, Fred McNaughton, Bette MacMillan, Aldo Narduzzi, Annie Butkovich.

Room 7—W. B. Sparks, teacher—Victoria Laham, Donald Weber, Jean McGrath, June Lavereau, Rosa Butkovich.

Class Sr. III—Room 8—A. U. J. Coleman, teacher—Betty Fulton, Reta Cousineau, Jean Cowden, Joseph Napier, Sybil Wong.

Class Sr. III—C. McDonald, teacher—Clara Butkovich, Jean McWhinnie, Margaret Innes, Isabel Flowers, Harry Thompson, Dorothy Hoffman, Lillian Cummings, Billy Welt, John Sisk, Rosa Bojtas, Ellen McCain, Mabel Costain, Louise Delich, Jean Laughren, Frances Cencich, Bobby Boyce, Willie Hunter, Bev. Kitchen, June Cretney, Steve Pctocny.

Class Jr. III—Laura B. Small, teacher—Elva Raycoft, Jean Urquhar, Jack Riley, Alma Narduzzi, Laddie Katushin, Lena Cousineau, Ruth Mattson, Shirley McMaster, Remegio Pizale, Alva Fisher, Neil Miller, Annie Holjevac, Zora Ovis, Elizabeth Sandul, Ruby Prentice, Aline Deslaurier, Inez Williams.

Class Jr. III—Catherine Duxfield—Katie Pecanic, Catherine Byren, Irene Montigny, Vera Jenkin, Isabel Fraser, Helen MacQuarrie, George De Felice, Bryan Robinson.

Class Second—H. M. Lee, teacher—Norman Cripps, Robert Dye, Lorraine Fournier, Aletha Armstrong, Eric Prentice, Pearl Bromley, Paul Mangotic, Norma Hamilton, Annie Zubunich, Ferne Stitt, Emma Cousineau, George Harrison.

Class II—Helen N. Vernier, teacher—Ruth Westerholm, Ruth Sky, June Asselstine, Harry Carr, Annie Perko-vich and Mary Perko-vich equal; Patricia Barker and Anthony Lavereau equal; Evert Moller, Claire Shields, Nilma Arimini, Ida Ostershek, Margaret Lascaren, Steve Gettler, Cecelia Johnson, Joyce Jenkin, Annie Krazaric, Beverley Turcott.

First Class—M. K. O'Keefe, teacher—Olive Wurm, Eilee Hall, Luigi Battachia, June Sutherland, Danica Ferko, Clara Zanchin, Jean Shields, Enza Narduzzi, Annie Kwacz, Vincent Napier, Mary Radsesich.

Second Class—Johnny Sangster, Fernman Turcott, Howard Brown, Walter Bozovich, Dan Armstrong, Norma Cretney.

Class I—M. G. Eristow, teacher—Kathryn Lafontaine, Dorothy Blough, Ellen Sampson, Helen Monaghan, Leonard Mangotich, Mike Penic, Henni Poukkunen, Beni Lino, Patricia Campbell, Johnny Marchiori, Alan Davies, Noame Arimini, Burrell Small, Karlo Krele, Glenny Byron, Joyce Hicks.

Class I—M. Aileen Curran, teacher—Argentine Mateljan, Jack King, Guis-

### More Adventures in Town and Vicinity

Sand not so Good as Snow for Rubbing Frozen Noses. Youngsters Make Fun for Humorous Minds.

Timmins, Ont., March 8th, 1935

To the Editor of The Advance, Timmins.

Dear Sir:—In my wanderings around town I have seen things which have amused and interested me, and I thought maybe you would like to hear them.

One morning as I was coming from the mine I saw a man with a large white spot on the end of his nose. I told him his nose was frozen and he took out his handkerchief to wipe it off; I was very much amused. A man coming behind said: "Your nose is frozen, too."

I grabbed a handful of snow and rubbed my nose hard, but I must have taken some sand with the snow, because I rubbed the skin off my nose and it began to bleed in a half dozen places.

I wasn't at all amused—but the other fellows were.

A lady was pushing a baby in a cutter and the baby threw off its blanket and got its hands frozen. A foreigner of some kind was passing at the time and he grabbed a lot of snow and rubbed the baby's hands with it. Then he calmly covered the baby with the blanket and went on his way. He won't get a medal for that, but he was a man just the same.

A lady entered a store and left the baby outside with a package of meat. When she came out the baby's face was all covered with blood. It looked like a case of desperate assault, or something, for a moment, but the lady, being a person of intelligence, investigated, instead of fainting, and found that while she had been in the store, the baby had been making a hearty meal from that pound of steak.

Someone gave a little boy a ride in a car, and it pleased him immensely. When the ride was over the boy was asked if he enjoyed the ride.

"Yes," he replied, "I did, indeed, and when I grow up I going to have a car of my own; I am going to have it made purposely for me."

The driver of the car said: "You must save all your pennies, and then you will have your car more soon."

"Oh," replied the boy, "I have started saving all ready; I have a tire toward it."

A little girl taught me a new song or dirty the other day. She was running along the sidewalk as fast as she could and a boy was chasing her. Then the boy saw a load of logs, stopped to give the horses a rest, and he climbed up on top.

When the girl saw that she began to sing and walked backwards at the same time.

I hope you fall and break your neck. Haw! Haw! Haw!

I hope you fall and break your neck. Haw! Haw! Haw!

You can put your own tune to it, but the way she sang it it sounded like the chorus from a new song hit.

I remain

Yours most sincerely,

A. J. Doling.

### ST. PATRICK'S DANCE BY PORCUPINE BADMINTON CLUB

Saturday of this week the Porcupine Badminton Club is holding another of their regular monthly dances. The dance on Saturday is a St. Patrick's Day dance and will be one of the most interesting of the series. Members of the Badminton Club have found these dance events very pleasing social features.

### PRODUCTION AT THE DOME MINES FOR FEBRUARY, 1935

Production of Dome Mines, Limited, in February, after deduction of federal bullion taxes and mint charges, was valued at \$494,553, from 43,000 tons of ore milled. This compares with \$545,789 in January, a longer month.

### Brantford Expositor:—The Speech from the Throne in the Nova Scotia Legislature promised introduction into the province of a permanent civil service. Will Ontario follow suit?

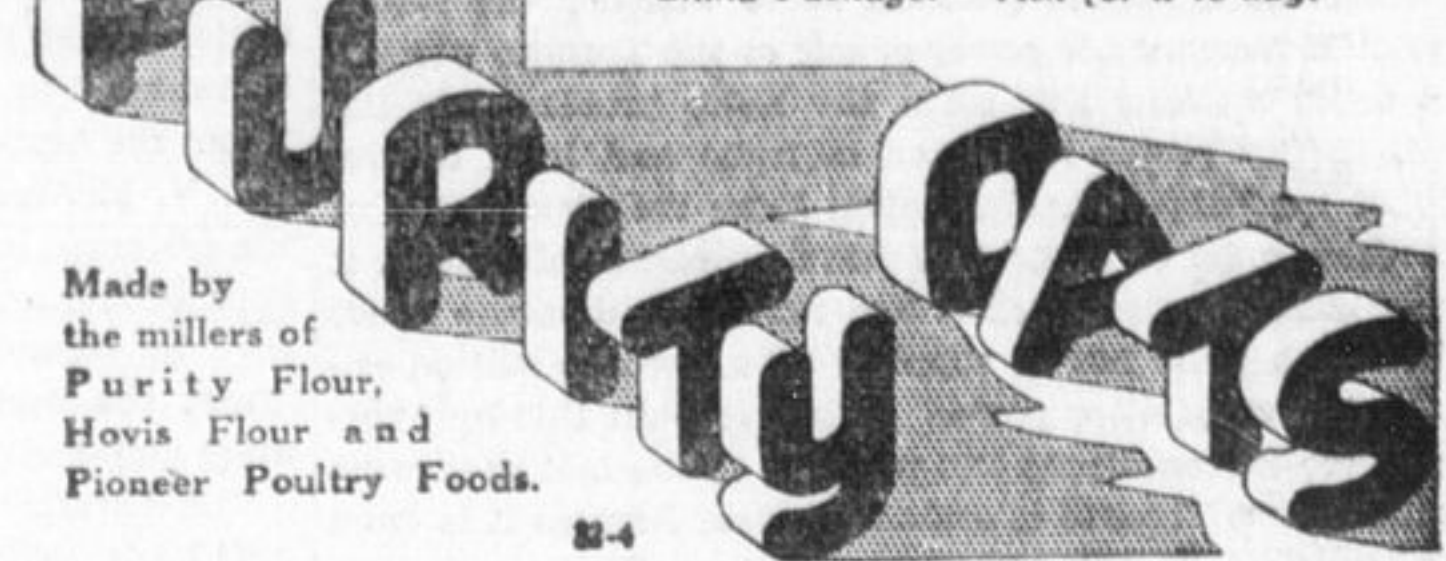
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### Council at Rouyn to Pay Damages to Officials.

It is seldom in Ontario that dismissed officials have any remedy against the municipality that unjustly dismisses them. In most contracts with town officials in this province there is a clause that says that the official is hired "at the pleasure of the council." This means that the agreement may be terminated at any time with or without notice, and without it being necessary to even give a reason for the dismissal. Usually councils show fairness and consideration, and it may be that on this account there has been little objection to the principle on which most municipal officials hold their positions. Of course, there have been glaring examples in Ontario where officials were dismissed improperly, but actions for damages have seldom been successful.

It is somewhat different in Quebec. Just about the same time last year that there were some dismissals in Timmins that caused protest, the town council of Rouyn discharged its chief of police and its water rates collector. Both these officials sued for damages for wrongful dismissal. At Rouyn last week Mr. Justice Romeo Langlais in Supreme Court awarded former chief of Police D. D. Lapointe \$713 and costs for breach of contract and damages following his dismissal from office last July by the town council.

Another judgment awarded \$570 and costs to A. Majeau, water rates collector, for wrongful dismissal by the town council.

A similar claim by William Larose discharged from the police force, was dismissed by the court because a cheque tendered to plaintiff in payment of salary was accepted by him and cashed.

### A WORD OR TWO IN BEHALF OF THE SIX-FOOT FELLOWS

(Sault Ste. Marie Star.)

That six foot six Premier of France, Mr. Flandin, probably will approve heartily of the work that is being carried on on this continent by the National Society of Longfellow which is out to make this an easier world for those above the so-called "average" height.

Pres. Phil Zimmerman, of Topeka, Kan., who started his organization after getting tired of short train berths, scanty blankets, low hung awnings, and so on, is able to report progress and announces the following list of triumphs:

Motor car manufacturers consulted the society in putting in sliding front seats.

Kingston Whig-Standard:—Those who make jokes about the closeness of the Scotch should take notice that the first subscription to the fund started by the Prince of Wales in commemoration of the King's silver jubilee has come from Scotland.

### Leaving This Week-end for Convention at Cleveland

Horace Laidlaw, "Iron Fireman" representative in Northern Ontario leaves this week-end for Cleveland, Ohio, to attend the international sales convention of the Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company on March 18th to 23rd.

There is unusual interest in this year's convention, because Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burners established a new all-time sales record during 1934, and sales to date in 1935 show a large increase over the corresponding period last year.

This interest is heightened by the fact that important new developments were made during the past year by Iron Fireman engineers and research staff, in advance of public announcement. New sales and advertising plans will also be discussed.

### WELL-KNOWN HAT TRAVELLER FOUND DEAD IN HIS ROOM

H. W. Lind, Toronto, traveller for Brock hats, well known all through the North Country where he has made regular trips for several years past, was found dead in his room at a Sudbury hotel last week. He had many friends in Timmins who will regret to learn of his sudden death. W. J. Hayes, of Guelph, who occupied the adjoining hotel room, said that he had been with the late Mr. Lind until one o'clock and that he seemed to be in his usual good health. The doctors say that death was due to heart trouble and that the death took place about 2.30 in the morning. It was after eight o'clock in the morning that the body was discovered.

Kingston Whig-Standard:—Those who make jokes about the closeness of the Scotch should take notice that the first subscription to the fund started by the Prince of Wales in commemoration of the King's silver jubilee has come from Scotland.

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