

The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

by Maurice LeBlanc CREATOR OF ARSENE LUPIN



"Call me Clara," she begged.

READ THIS FIRST:
Fifteen years before the story opens Elisabeth Hornain, a beautiful singer, is mysteriously murdered at a chateau in Volvic. Among those present is Marquis Jean d'Erlonmont, society favorite. As the story opens Chief Inspector Gorgenet, who had worked on the Volvic mystery years before, seeks to arrest an attractive girl whom they believe to be the 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'Erlonmont 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' apartment and later helps her to escape from Big Paul whom she fears. Raoul finds that Big Paul is Valthex, relative of Elisabeth Hornain, who he knows is "bleeding" the marquis for money as a result of the latter's affair with the murdered singer. As the ancient Volvic 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 Volvic mystery. Raoul tips Detective Gorgenet on how to arrest Big Paul but the latter evades a police raid. Raoul and Gorgenet are now looking for him at the Blue Casino night club. Big Paul is intensely interested in "The Masked Dancer," a girl resembling Antoinette. As Gorgenet attempts to arrest Big Paul, Raoul picks up the girl, who has fainted, and walks out of the night club with her. The spectators view it as part of the show and applaud warmly. Raoul drives her to his villa. The dancer refuses to relate much of her past to Raoul except to tell him of Paul's influence over her. By the newspapers they read that Gorgenet again failed to capture Big Paul.
(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 21

RAOUL AND Antoinette stayed in the villa all that day. And for the next two days after that. They devoured the newspapers, reading all the accounts—often far-fetched—of the case and the police pursuit. The only conjecture that bore some resemblance to the truth was one declaring the masked dancer to be none other than Blonde Clara, whose name had previously been coupled with that of Big Paul in the press. No mention was made of the name of Valthex. Gorgenet and his men had not discovered the identity of their foe. They had not managed to extract anything from The Arab.
The days passed, and Raoul kept Antoinette securely hidden in his villa. It was the one place where he knew her to be safe from Big Paul. He answered all her questions with unfailing patience, satisfying her boundless curiosity; she, on the contrary, seemed to become more and more reserved and withdrawn. Any questions he asked her concerning her own life, her past, her mother, her plans with regard to the marquis were met by an obstinate, even a tragic silence... or else she would abruptly change the subject, or begin to say something and suddenly break off.

Have you Tried?

DURHAM CORN STARCH

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"What? What do you mean?"
"Oh, nothing... nothing at all... Just a comparison... But you're right. We mustn't blame ourselves, you and I. As Clara or Antoinette, you are equally charming and good. As for me, I may be a bad hat, but you'll find me a good friend, and full of excellent qualities."
Raoul laughed gaily, and they both laughed together.
Clara was gradually recovering her nerve, and would go out in the afternoons, doing her shopping, or walking in the Bois de Boulogne. Raoul also went out in the afternoons to his various appointments, but never with Clara, for fear of attracting unwelcome attention.
From time to time he would take a stroll to 63 Quai Voltaire where he suspected Big Paul would go also, and where he felt sure the police would set a trap.
But he never saw anything suspicious and gradually turned the watch over to Courville, telling him to pretend to be absorbed in reading the books displayed along the Quais. One day, however, about a fortnight after Clara's abduction from the Blue Casino, Raoul having gone himself to the Quai Voltaire to get Courville's report, saw Clara coming out of number 63, get into a taxi and drive off in the opposite direction.
"Very strange," thought Raoul. "She's never said a word to me about it. What can she want here?"
He returned to Anteuil.
A quarter of an hour later, Clara also returned home, brimming over with health and happiness.
"Been in the Bois?" Raoul asked her casually.
"Yes," she answered. "The air was lovely. I had a splendid walk."
"You didn't go into town, then?"
"Why, no. But what makes you ask?"
"Because I saw you there."
She laughed lightly.
"You can't have seen me in the flesh—it must have been a hallucination!"
"Not at all. It was you in the flesh."
"But how could you have seen me?"
"I'll swear I did... and my eyes never deceive me!"
She looked at him. He was speaking seriously, in slightly reproachful tones.
"But where did you see me, Raoul?"
"I saw you coming out of the house on the Quai Voltaire. You drove away in a taxi."
Her expression clouded.
"You're absolutely sure?"
"Absolutely. And when Courville questioned the concierge, the woman declared it was the third time you'd been there."
She flushed deeply and looked distressed.
"Have you nothing to say?" Raoul wanted to know.
But still she was silent, so he continued:
"I can quite understand your going there, but what I cannot understand is your hiding it from me. What made you do it?"
As she still remained silent, he sat behind her, and gently took one of her hands in his.
"Mysterious Clara!" he sighed.
"What a mistake you're making! If you would only realize where it may lead both of us, this lack of confidence in me!"
"But I do trust you, Raoul."
"Yes, but you act as though you didn't. And it's dangerous. Do be frank my dear. Can't you see that one of these days I'm bound to find out all about you, and it may be too late then. Do tell me everything!"
He could see that she was about to yield to his pleading. Her features relaxed for a moment; her eyes held a look of great sadness and distress as though she feared to speak. Then her courage failed her, and she burst into tears, hiding her face in her hands.
He promised her to keep away from the Quai Voltaire, and she told him she would never go there again and would not even go outside the villa garden for a fortnight—at the end of which time Raoul had arranged that they would leave Paris.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Something and suddenly break off.
"No, no, Raoul, please, please don't ask me anything! My life, my thoughts are of so little importance... accept me just as I am."
"But that's just it," Raoul would retort. "I don't know who you are."
"Well then, accept me just as I appear to you."
The day when she said that, Raoul led her laughingly to a mirror.
"You appear to me today as a lovely person with marvellous hair and clear starry eyes and a wonderful smile... but with an expression that worries me—you won't be angry with me, will you?—an expression in which I seem to read thoughts that are foreign to your beautiful candor! And tomorrow you'll be quite different again—the same hair and eyes, but a different smile, and a straightforward, untroubled expression. That's how you change from one minute to another. For one moment you're the little country girl, and the next a woman of the world!"
"You're right," she agreed. "There are two people in me."
"Yes," said Raoul musingly. "Two people who chase each other away... two women each with a different smile—for it's the smile that makes all the difference in your two expressions—one naive and youthful with the corners of your mouth turned up, and the other rather hard, and, as it were, disillusioned."
"Which of the two do you like best, Raoul?"
"Since last night, I think I prefer the second—the woman who is more mysterious, deeper..."
As she made no reply, he cried gaily: "Antoinette! Antoinette, or the woman with the dual smile!"
They went to the open window. Suddenly she said:
"Raoul, I want to ask you a favor."
"Granted before it's asked!"
"Well, then, never call me Antoinette again."
He showed his surprise:
"I am not to call you Antoinette?"
"No."
"But why not?"
"Antoinette is the name of the little country girl I used to be. The girl who was trusting and courageous in the face of life. But I gave up that name to be called Clara—Blonde Clara!"
"Well?"
"Call me Clara," she begged him. "I'll call you Raoul."
"Call me Raoul," she begged him. "I'll call you Clara."
Raoul broke out laughing.
"But then you'll go out of my life; you'll walk in righteous ways, far from the world of gentle criminals like me!"
"Oh, but I want to keep you always for my friend!" she asserted warmly.
"Your friend?" Raoul looked at her quizzically. "Why, you don't even know who I am!"
"You're just you," she told him.
"Are you so sure of that? I'm not. I've been so many people, played so many different parts. I don't know which is the real one any more. Believe me, Clara, whatever crimes you may have committed, you're a snowy lamb to this black sheep!"
"Raoul, what do you mean?"
"My dear, I'm no amateur—I've had a career! Have you ever heard of Arsene Lupin?"
Clara began to shudder from head to foot.

Some Signs of Spring in the Town and District
The public works department of the town apparently believes that spring will begin on Thursday when the almanacs say it will. On Friday of last week, workmen began pick-and-shovel-ditching along Third avenue to allow surface water to reach the catch basins. On an average the hard packed snow and ice is a foot in thickness, so it was a considerable job to cut the trenches.
Crows have been seen around the town by several people. This time they really do seem to be crows and not ravens, as were those reported a month or so ago. Though Sudbury may boast of a robin, Timmins hasn't seen one yet this year, nor is there likely to be one so foolhardy as to take a chance on keeping warm out-of-doors here for a week or so yet.
According to the Sudbury Star, the schoolboys there are playing marbles, but the schoolgirls have not begun skipping and the Star pins its faith in approaching mild weather on the little girls. Girls in Timmins, as noted in The Advance twice recently, have had their skipping ropes out since the first mild weather in January and have continued their sport all through the sub-zero weather of recent weeks. As for the boys, they seemed to begin playing marbles months ago, when there was only a hint of spring in the air.
Mail and Empire—Slow old Great Britain this week reports two new speed records—the fastest express train run in history, and the fastest motor car drive ever recorded.

Taxes Rates in Town Since Incorporation

Little Variation in Recent Years in the Rate. General Tendency Naturally is to Increase.

During the past five years, the tax rate in Timmins has not varied to any startling degree. In 1931 for instance, the tax rate for public school supporters was 59.70 mills, or one-tenth of a mill higher than this year's rate.
From 1912, the year of the town's incorporation, to 1931, the general tendency of the rate was to increase, though the years 1925 and 1932 stand out for high rates and 1922, 1926 and 1928 for lower than average rates.
Separate school supporters' tax rates have not always been higher than public school supporters'. For the first two years of the town's incorporation, the rates were identical, as they were in later years. In 1917 the separate school rate was actually lower than the public school rate.
Here are tax rates of both divisions since Timmins became a town:

Year	Public	Separate
1912	25	25
1913	25	25
1914	27	33
1915	29	34
1916	32	32
1917	45	42
1918	36	36
1919	36	37
1920	44	45
1921	45	47
1922	38	38
1923	46	48.5
1924	53.6	54.6
1925	67.6	71.6
1926	50	64.9
1927	58.7	65.3
1928	48.85	60.75
1929	54.02	65.31
1930	63.10	70.79
1931	59.70	68
1932	60.74	73.70
1933	60.02	72.87
1934	60.68	76.16
1935	59.60	75.88



By James W. Barton, M.D., Toronto

Eating Before Going to Bed Induces Sleep.

As there never was a time when there was so much need for restful sleep as to-day it is only natural that there should be more and more sleep producing drugs being manufactured. It would seem that at least one or more new drugs come on the market every week.
Most of these drugs are excellent for the purpose, but occasionally a "knock out" drug appears that can do more harm than good.
Now we all need sleep but before taking up the use of a sleep producing drug we should look about for a more natural method of inducing sleep.
As you know, sick people need sleep, but the great majority of them in hospitals are not given drugs but given warm milk, soup, or other light food to bring on sleep.
Following this idea a number of food manufacturers are now advertising their particular foods as the safest and surest method of obtaining sleep.
The idea behind the use of foods—particularly warm foods—to produce sleep, is that the food in the stomach draws the blood from the head as more blood is needed in the stomach and intestines during digestion.
However this eating before going to bed doesn't always give the individual quiet or ideal sleep, but may cause restlessness and extreme wakefulness.
Prof. Donald A. Laird, Colgate University, Hamilton, New York, for a number of years has been doing research work on sleep.
"A study of the movements of adults and children during sleep shows that eating before going to bed can improve sleep if judgment is used in the selection of foods. Our 16 subjects slept best (with fewest movements) when a light meal of the familiar ready-to-eat cereals was taken before going to bed, and their sleep was disturbed more than normal for the subjects when a meal of "hard-to-digest" foods was the last meal before retiring. The sleep of children was affected by the nature of the last meal more than was the sleep of adults.
The thought then is that in cases of insomnia or sleeplessness, eating or drinking light food stuffs often induces sleep as they are easily digested.
The individual usually knows the foods that are for him "hard to digest" usually fat foods—cream, butter, fat meats—and rich desserts, and should avoid them.
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Thermometer Hits the Highest Since November

Friday saw the thermometer reach its highest point since the middle of last November when the temperature went to 42 degrees. This morning the temperature was rising steadily again after having been low over the week-end.
These are the readings since Thursday:

	Maxima	Minima
Thursday	26 above	5 below
Friday	42 above	1 below
Saturday	32 above	21 above
Sunday	28 above	12 above
Monday		5 above

This morning at 8 o'clock it was 15 above.

Say Grace Mine Will be Fully Developed

Darwin Gold Mines Announce Arrangements for Development of Michipicoten Property.

Complete development of the Grace mine in Michipicoten district, Northern Ontario, is now planned by Darwin Gold Mines Limited, an offering of 500,000 shares of which is being made by H. R. Bain and Company, Limited, and associated financial houses. The mine was taken over some months ago from United Algoma Mines Limited, the previous owners.
Situated in Sault Ste. Marie Mining Division, about six miles from Wawa on the Algoma Central Railway, and an equal distance from Michipicoten Mission, the Grace mine is a former producer, having milled gold some thirty years ago. At that time a shaft was sunk to 400 feet, and levels were established at 100, 200, 300 and 400 feet. Practically all ore milled came from the two upper levels, in an area close to the shaft. Operations were later suspended for lack of capital, and since that time no sustained attempt at mining had been made until last year.
In the summer of 1934, the present company was formed, taking over the property from United Algoma Mines, Ltd. Following extensive investigation by Reginald E. Hore, consulting geologist for the Bain organization, private financing of operations was undertaken, and development work has been proceeding since that time. Results are officially reported to be most encouraging, and exploration to greater depth and length is now proposed. Work to be done immediately includes the sinking of a new main shaft, adequate for deep mining. Work will be under the supervision of Harry A. Kee, M.E., newly-appointed director of mining operations with the Bain interests, and N. C. Hore, Dr. M. H. Froberg is resident mine manager.

Present development is centered on the main, or Grace vein, which consists of a series of lenticular quartz bodies occurring along a shear zone, which has been traced for 2,500 feet. On the 400-ft. level this vein has been opened up for a distance of 1,000 feet. Two ore bodies have been located and numerous

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values, as well as many spectacular showings. In January, it was estimated that ore reserves totalled six thousand tons definite, and five thousand tons indicated.
Late in February, entirely new possibilities were opened up with the cutting on the third level of a new vein, believed to be the upward continuation of No. 3 vein, previously known only on the fourth level. Drifting was started immediately, and at latest report had continued for more than 14 feet, showing free gold in many places, with the south face of the drift still in high-grade ore. At the same time, Dr. Froberg reported that ore in No. 423A raise averaged eight-tenths of an ounce in grade, after reducing all higher assays to a maximum of ten ounces.
South of the shaft a raise from the fourth to the third level, which had reached a point of 75 feet above the

chute, entered a new high grade section of the vein, opening up entirely new possibilities.
It is now planned to pursue an energetic campaign of development, under the supervision of Mr. Hore and Mr. Kee. The property is already equipped with a 50-ton mill building, built by the former operators.
Whist Drive Held by the L.O.B.A. on Friday Night
The L.O.B.A. held a whist drive in the Oddfellows' hall on Friday, March 15th. A good crowd attended and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all. The winners were—ladies, first, Mrs. R. Sinclair; second, Mrs. L. Mason; third, Mrs. G. Richardson; men's first, L. Mason; second, G. Richardson, third Mr. McTaggart. At the conclusion of the cards a lunch was served by the committee in charge.

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