

# The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

or Maurice Leblanc CREATOR OF ARSENE LUPIN

**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 Gorgeret, 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 fail 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 Antonine. Seeking to help the marquis recover his lost inheritance, by his own devices, Raoul confronts the girl who resembles Antonine 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 old affair with the murdered singer. As the ancient Volnic chateau goes up for auction, the marquis, there with Antonine, 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 Gorgeret on how to arrest Big Paul but the latter evades a police raid. Raoul and Gorgeret are now looking for him at the Blue Casino night club. Big Paul is intensely interested in "The Masked Dancer," a girl resembling Antonine. As Gorgeret 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 Gorgeret again failed to capture Big Paul. The girl becomes more mysterious than ever to Raoul and finally asks him not to call her "Antonine" but "Clara." Fearing both Big Paul and the police, both remain close to the villa.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

**CHAPTER 22**

RAOUL WAS right in supposing that the house on the Quai Voltaire would be watched by the police. But they did so in a desultory manner, occasionally and at irregular intervals, and this accounted for Raoul's apprehensions not having been fulfilled as yet. The weak point about the police supervision was that Gorgeret made the bad mistake of not looking after it personally; he left everything to his subordinates, and allowed them far too much license in the execution of his instructions. This was the reason that the frequent visits of Courville and the beautiful blonde had so far passed unnoticed. Gorgeret, too, was being double-crossed by the concierge, who had been bribed by Raoul through the faithful Courville, and also by Valthex through one of his confederates. This meant that Gorgeret's information from the concierge was liable to be vague and confused.

Valthex kept a far closer watch on the house. For the last three days, a man like an artist, with long gray hair and a big black hat, had come stooping along carrying paintbox, easel, and stool and taken up his stand each morning at 10 on the opposite pavement, 50 yards from the marquis' abode. He proceeded to daub paints on his canvas, the picture being a supposed representation of the Seine, with the outline of the Louvre. The artist was Big Paul. He was also Valthex. The police never thought of taking any special notice of this rather odd-looking artist, whose attire seemed to attract quite a lot of attention from the passing public.

The artist always departed at about

half past five, and this was the main reason why he had never encountered the beautiful blonde who arrived on the scene later in the day.

And that was what he found out that very day, which was the day after Raoul's visit to the house. He had just looked at his watch and was laying on a last coat of paint, when someone spoke in his ear.

"Don't move. It's me, Sosthene."

Three or four people were round them, then these wandered off and their place was taken by others.

Sosthene, who looked like an amateur fisherman, spoke low so as not to be heard by anyone but Valthex. He looked closely at the picture on the easel, examining it with the air of a connoisseur. Then he spoke again:

"Have you seen the afternoon papers?"

"No."

"They've been questioning The Arab again. You were right: He gave you away and told them you would be at the Blue Casino. But they can't get anything more out of him and he refuses to turn against you. He has even mentioned the names of Valthex or Raoul, nor said a word about the girl. So that's all right."

Sosthene stood up, examining the picture from another angle, scanning the river, then leaned forward again, looking at the painting through his glasses while he continued his report:

"The marquis returns from Switzerland the day after tomorrow. That's what the girl who came yesterday told the concierge, so that she could let the servants know. It's impossible to find out where she lives. Courville again removed some furniture from the first floor, I know it was him all right, and that shows that he's Raoul's jackal, and that Raoul is also interested in this place."

Not missing a word of what Sosthene said, the painter would raise his brush from time to time as though taking measurements. His confederate doubtless understood the signal, for he glanced in the direction indicated by the brush and saw a shabbily dressed old man poring over the bookstalls on the Quai. The old man, as he turned round, displayed a white beard, of such fineness and squareness as to make him unmistakable.

Sosthene murmured:

"I know, it's Courville. Shall I shadow him? Meet me tonight at the same place as yesterday."

Moving away from the painter, he walked slowly towards Courville. The latter took a few more turns up and down, doubtless with the idea of shaking off possible followers, but since his mind was certainly on something else, he never noticed either Big Paul or Sosthene, and proceeded to Auteuil shadowed by the respectable looking gentleman dressed for fishing.

Big Paul sat at his easel for another hour. But there was no sign of Clara that evening. Instead, Gorgeret appeared on the horizon, and the artist quickly gathered up his traps and was off.

The gang met that evening at the Petit Bistro, a Montmartre bar which had been favored by them since the raid at the Evreusses Bar. Here they were joined by Sosthene.

"I've got it this time," he announced. "They're living in a villa at Auteuil—27 Avenue du Maroc. I saw Courville ring at the garden gate. It opened automatically. At about a quarter to eight I saw the girl return, and the same thing happened—she rang, and the gate was opened from inside the house."

"And did you see—him?"

"No, but there's no doubt at all he lives there."

Big Paul remained thoughtful for a moment, then said:

"All the same, before going any further, I must make sure... Bring round the car tomorrow at 10, and I swear that if what you say is true, Clara don't get away this time. I've

had quite enough from her!"

Next morning a taxi drew up outside the flat where Big Paul had his temporary abode. He got in. Sosthene sprawled at the wheel, fat and florid under his hat. He was a skillful chauffeur, and it took them only a few minutes to reach Auteuil. The Avenue de Maroc was a broad thoroughfare, bordered by young trees and had been cut through the old gardens and houses that had lately been sold up. Raoul's villa was all that was left of one of these erstwhile estates.

The car drew up further on. Big Paul, completely hidden inside the taxi, looked through the little pane of glass in the back and could see the villa, 30 yards away, with both the first floor windows wide open. Sosthene sat reading his paper at the wheel.

From time to time they exchanged a remark.

Big Paul was growing impatient.

"Blast them! The place looks deserted. There's been no sign of life for over an hour."

"Give 'em time," counselled the fat chauffeur.

Another 20 minutes passed, and 11 o'clock struck.

"Ah, there she is hissed Big Paul, his face flattened against the glass.

"And there's the man... the swine!"

For Raoul and Clara had just appeared at one of the windows. They were leaning over the little balcony. Big Paul could see them distinctly, standing close together, with happy, smiling faces. Clara's golden hair shone in the sun.

"Let's get away from here!" said Big Paul, his face distorted with rage. "It makes me sick to look at them. That girl's signed her own death warrant."

(To be Continued)

**Taking Out a Big Winter Cut of Timber at Timmins**

A. E. Wicks, of the A. E. Wicks & Company, Cochrane, Ont., reports that they will operate the Timmins mill for the coming season, which, with a big winter mill, will produce some 6,500,000 ft. The company formerly conducted four mills but it is now concentrating on one unit. Mr. Wicks says that they are able to give very close attention to grading and manufacture in this way

**Police Chief Convention to be Held at North Bay**

The Ontario Police Chiefs' Convention will be held in North Bay July 23 and 24, according to information received by Chief William Clark, North Bay, who is second vice-president of the organization.

Chief Clark has also been notified that N. J. Grassick former constable of the North Bay force, has been appointed Chief Constable at Ingersoll, Ontario.

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and that their product is up to standard in every respect.

This Northern Ontario organization projects its lumber piles from rot and insects by piling the lumber 18 inches off the ground and leaving chimneys in the piles. Mr. Wicks says that he does not know very much about insects in lumber and does not think they bother spruce or jackpine to any extent. He regards maintaining belts in order as a most important item in production. Belts should be kept dry, properly tightened and inspected daily for loose lacing. It is not wise to overload too tight a belt and regular dressing should be applied on hard drives.

Commenting in general upon the lumber situation today and the system of keeping down costs of manufacture, Mr. Wicks observes: "Saw milling is hard digging today, at the best, and requires alert attention and constant supervision.

With respect to the future drive for small sawmills, Mr. Wicks has some doubts regarding the Diesel engine being the principal factor. He says a 30 to 50 h.p. steam engine "pick-up" is hard to match with an internal combustion engine of the same or nearly the same horsepower. "The questions of first cost, replacement, repairs and fuel are big factors against them," he concludes.

**Thinks Trillium Too Anaemic for Ontario**

Something More Distinctive Required for Floral Emblem for This Province.

Somebody has organized a regular political party to have the trillium declared the floral emblem of Ontario. The Advance made a gentle protest, with the less gentle declaration that the North Land would recognize no trillium but would stay foursquare behind the national flower of the North—good old haywire. It remained, however, for The Toronto Globe to make out a real case against trillium. The Globe knows its flowers. Probably no other newspaper in Canada has done more to foster interest in flowers and horticulture than The Globe. The Globe shows first of all that there is division of opinion as to whether or not trillium is a worthy floral emblem. The Globe proves that a better case may be made out for skunk cabbage. Then The Globe makes out a still stronger case against trillium. But let The Globe state its own case! The editorial article in The Globe says:—

"The press is by no means unanimous. The Fergus News-Record maintains that the wild rose and the violet have it all over the trillium for looks. The Porcupine Advance comes out flat-footed for hay wire. The Sault Ste. Marie Star puts up a first-class argument for the dandelion. The Globe itself, if it did not know the struggle to be in vain, might battle and battle stoutly for the skunk-cabbage.

"The skunk-cabbage is a handsome plant of generous growth. It is, if ever there was one, a harbinger of the Canadian spring. It possesses and unites as do few other herbs two great Ontario traits; sturdy self-efficiency, and active intolerance of outside interference. It makes itself objectionable only when trodden upon. It—

"But what use to go on? Whatever its intrinsic merits as a plant and a symbol of spirited independence, the skunk-cabbage has no more chance than the dandelion of becoming Ontario's Provincial emblem. It is not genteel; the white trillium is.

"The white trillium is also commonplace. Thus doubly equipped with credentials, it becomes the inevitable choice of such as concern themselves about things like providing Ontario with a floral emblem.

"It matters not that the great heart of Ontario is at the moment yearning for things other than floral emblems.

**BEE HIVE**

GOLDEN

**CORN SYRUP**

A GREAT ENERGY FOOD

It matters not that to the young of Ontario's Capital city the trillium is known, not as a flower, but as a species of ferryboat. It matters not that among Ontario's woods-ranging country children the trillium is generally looked upon as a dull uninteresting bloom. The trillium it will be, for all that. One of the grave disadvantages of a democracy is a tendency to produce and to submit to eager-eyed zealots prepared to ore to the death in support of floral emblems and things.

"Therefore, with what grace it may, The Globe must sink its botanical preference for skunk-cabbage. The claims of horse-sorrel, sting-nettle, jack-in-the-pulpit, blue devil, butter-and-eggs, and other Ontario plants of ubiquity and character may as well be washed out. The white trillium has a party, organized and vocal.

"No use to recall the fine gallantry of columbine, swinging its flame-tinted trumpets across a sun-splashed Ontario hillside. No use to remember the slim and golden pride of the dog-tooth violet aloof among its dappled leaves in the depths of an Ontario woodland. No use to let longing thoughts return to worship where, "faint and frail and first," the bloodroot lifts its maiden

By the end of this year, Canada will have a population of 11,000,000, S. A. Cudmore, a statistician, estimated for the Parliamentary Housing Committee at Ottawa last week. He calculates that since the last census in 1931, the natural increase in population has been 500,000.

"Our annual natural increase is about 1 1-4 to 1 1-2 per cent. per annum," said Mr. Cudmore.

**CANADA TO HAVE POPULATION OF 11,000,000 BY END OF YEAR**

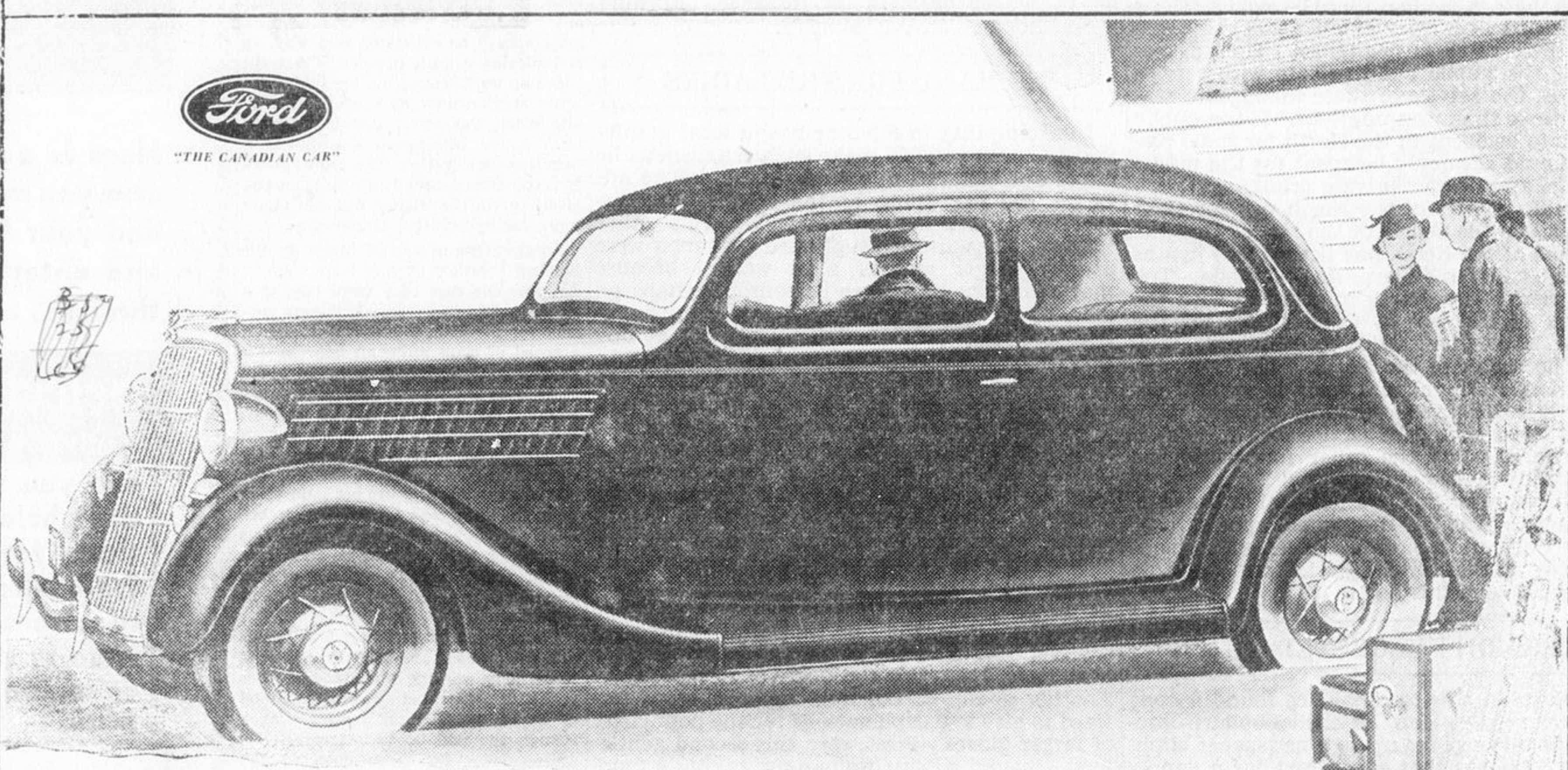
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**Gives Germany a Surprise**

Announcement that wedding bells would ring for Herman Goering, dashing, paunchy premier of Prussia, and Emmy Sonnemann, popular blonde actress, gave Germany a surprise, although they long have been friendly. They're seen together at Nazi function. Goering's first wife who died several years ago, was a Scandinavian.