

The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

by Maurice LeBlanc CREATOR OF ARSENE LUPIIN



"What's your game?"

CHAPTER 29
CHIEF INSPECTOR GORGORET lived in an old house in the Saint Antoine district where he had three nicely furnished rooms whose arrangement testified to a woman's touch. Gorgoret had been married ten years.

It was a love match that might have turned out badly, for the detective had a vile temper. But Madame Gorgoret, a dainty little redhead, had lorded it over her husband from the first. She was an excellent housewife, though inclined to frivolity outside the domestic round. Pleasure-loving, she often went to the local dance halls, and did not allow Gorgoret to question her right to enjoy herself. In other respects, she allowed him to stamp and rage his fill and always fed the brute.

On that particular evening, when Gorgoret returned home to snatch a hasty meal, his wife was still out; this was exceptional for her, and infuriated Gorgoret who had a mania for punctuality.

Seething with rage, he waited for her on the doorstep, gloating over the scene he would make and the reproaches he would heap on her as soon as she appeared.

But at nine o'clock there was still no sign of her.

By now in a towering temper the Inspector started questioning the little maid and learned that madame had put on a dance frock.

"So she's gone dancing?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Where?"

"The place in the Rue Saint Antoine I think, monsieur."

In an agony mingled with annoyance and anxiety, Gorgoret waited.

At half past nine, quite over-wrought, he suddenly decided to go and look for his wife at the dance hall in the Rue Saint Antoine. There was no dancing going on when he arrived, but people were dining.

On being questioned by the detective, the head waiter remembered perfectly well having seen the charming Madame Gorgoret with different swains, and offered to show him the table where she had drunk her final cocktail before leaving.

"She was sitting over there, monsieur, with that gentleman."

Gorgoret looked in the direction in which the waiter pointed and suddenly felt his heart stand still. The man seated at the table had his back turned to them but that back and the general silhouette seemed only too familiar. A glance sufficed; there was no doubt in Gorgoret's mind.

He was on the point of sending for police. It seemed the obvious resort to the other's insolence. But something within him for once overrode his strict sense of duty; that something was his burning desire to learn what had become of Madame Gorgoret. Unhesitatingly, inwardly raging, outwardly chastened, Gorgoret went and sat down beside the solitary diner.

He waited, controlling himself with difficulty from springing at the other's throat and breaking into virulent invective.

At last, as Raoul did not stir, Gorgoret growled:

"Scoundrel!"

"Blackguard!"

"Swine!" continued Gorgoret.

"Hound!" retorted Raoul.

After which exchange of courtesies, there was a long silence, only interrupted by the appearance of the waiter.

"Two coffees," ordered Raoul.

The coffees were brought in, and Raoul promptly proceeded to toast Gorgoret in his.

Gorgoret with difficulty restrained himself, though longing to take Raoul by the throat, or to thrust a revolver in his face. But, though such tactics were habitual in his profession he

felt incapable of employing them just then.

In fact, Gorgoret felt paralyzed in Raoul's company. He recalled their strange meeting in the ruins at Volnie, and the other times they had come face to face at the Gare de Lyon and at the Rue Casino. The act of recollection plunged him in a kind of torpor from which he could not seem to rouse himself; he was utterly nerveless, as though bound hand and foot.

Raoul turned and spoke to him confidentially:

"She made an excellent dinner... mostly fruit... she's awfully keen on fruit."

"Who do you mean?" demanded Gorgoret, convinced that Raoul was speaking of Clara.

"Oh, I don't know her name."

"You don't know whose name?"

"Madame Gorgoret's Christian name."

Gorgoret almost fell across the table in a swoon. At last he choked out:

"So she was here with you, you blackguard? You dared to speak to her? And now have you spirited away my ZoZoette?"

"ZoZoette?" Raoul beamed. "What a delicious name! A pet name, I presume? ZoZoette! How well it suits her!"

"Where is she? Where have you taken her?" cried Gorgoret, in a terrible state of agitation. "How did you kidnap her?"

"But I haven't kidnapped her," objected Raoul calmly. "I merely offered the lady a cocktail which she accepted; and another little drink, and then we had a dance together, and after that she said she wanted some air, so I took her for a short drive in the Bois de Vincennes in my car... and then we came back and dropped in at the apartment of a friend of mine for a third cocktail!"

Gorgoret was almost beside himself.

"But where is she now? What have you done with her?"

"Done for? Why, nothing, of course! Do you think I'd harm the wife of my old friend Gorgoret? I wouldn't hurt a hair of ZoZoette's little red head!"

Gorgoret was in a difficult predicament. If he arrested Raoul and he let the law take its course, he himself would be a figure of ridicule, and, moreover, he might never see his ZoZoette again. He realized that he must bargain with the enemy and began:

"Well? What's your game?"

"Tell me? What's your game?"

"You going to see Blonde Clara again?"

"In a few minutes from now."

"You mean to go on questioning her?"

"I certainly do."

"Well then, don't!"

"Why not?"

"Because I know all about your damnable third degree methods. They're barbarous. The examining magistrate ought to be the only person to ask questions. You let the girl alone!"

"Not quite," was Raoul's suave reply.

"What else, then?" Gorgoret was cornered and knew it.

"The papers say Big Paul is recovering. Is that true?"

"It is."

"Does Clara know?"

"No."

"So that she believes he's dead?"

Gorgoret nodded.

"Why are you keeping the truth from her?"

Gorgoret's expression was far from pleasant.

"Because that's her weak point—she'll confess to the stabbing if she thinks he's dead."

"Swine!" said Raoul under his breath, adding:

"Go and see Clara, but don't ask her any questions. Just say to her, 'Big Paul isn't dead. He's going to live.' Not another word."

"And after that?"

"After that you come back here and swear to me that you've done exactly what I told you. An hour later, ZoZoette shall be restored to you."

"And if I refuse?"

Raoul's tone became quietly sinister.

"If you refuse, I cannot answer for the consequences!"

Gorgoret clenched his fists in fury, but after a moment's reflection, he said gravely:

"You're asking something difficult. It's my duty to get to the bottom of this stabbing business, and if I let Clara alone, I'm guilty of a breach of duty."

It's up to you to choose my friend—Clara... or ZoZoette!"

"But—"

"You can take it or leave it." Raoul finished his coffee, while Gorgoret remained untouched.

"But why do you insist on my telling her about Big Paul?" urged Gorgoret.

"I'm afraid for her—she's sunk in utter despair... the mere idea of having killed him..."

"You really care what happens to Clara?"

"I most certainly do," Raoul assured him unable to keep his voice unemotional.

"Very well," said Gorgoret. It's a bargain. You stay here. I'll be back in 20 minutes, and tell you what's happened, and you..."

"I will release ZoZoette."

"You swear that?"

"I swear it."

Gorgoret rose and summoned the waiter. He paid for his untouched coffee and hurried into the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Col. Mac Lang Sees Good Year for North

Forecasts Big Revival in the Old Cobalt Region and Expansion All Along Line.

Returning to North Bay last week after a trip through the North in the interests of the T. & N. O. Railway, of which he is the chairman, Col. Mac Lang expressed the opinion that the prospects were unusually bright for the North Land for 1935. He looked for increased prosperity in the North in all lines—mining, prospecting, lumbering and general activity. Speaking to a North Bay Nugget representative he expressed the opinion that the prospects for a revival of Cobalt silver properties are unusually good. He referred also to the interest evidenced in hitherto unproven gold belts.

"Prospects in the Cobalt silver camps are particularly bright, and as long as silver stays up over 60 cents an ounce, you can look for some action in that quarter," Col. Lang prophesied. In answer to a query he gave it as his belief that with one or two exceptions most of the Cobalt activity for which he looks will come from comparatively young mines.

"The newer properties are going to come right along, and I believe there will be considerable activity around Gowanda if the price of silver is maintained at its present level," Col. Lang predicted.

Prospectors Active

"You know the sun is starting to get warm in the North and the prospectors are getting their cutties in shape, and are on edge themselves, ready to get into the field," recounted the colonel, "and I believe we are going to have more prospectors, and a better class of men out this summer than ever in the history of the North."

"From a gold standpoint, things have never looked better. There are plenty of good prospects in sight, the money to finance them is forthcoming, and there are plenty of first-class men to take over the jobs. It's surprising, too, the number of fine, young, clean-cut university and high school graduates who are prospecting now and will be doing it this summer," he revealed. "I am glad to see them in the game," he added.

"The way things are in the city, with no employment and no prospects, a young fellow is far better off out in the bush, roughing it and making his own way, than to hang around the city and do nothing," Col. Lang declared.

"I firmly believe mining in Northern Ontario is in for a real good year," Col. Lang affirmed, "and what I have said for mining and prospecting goes just as much for lumbering and for general activity in the North. There were more men in the lumber camps in the past winter than there have been for several years, and I believe a great deal of this will continue on through the summer."

Railway Benefits

Benefit to the T. & N. O. Railway has been great, in Col. Lang's opinion, and in the immediate future this will be further felt by the road. Much of last winter's lumber and pulpwood cut will be moved by rail, and with the spring break-up, the T. & N. O. looks

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for a big spurt in business.

"If Northern Ontario doesn't experience one of the best years in its history, present indications will have been all wrong, for they certainly indicate a banner summer," Col. Lang concluded his prophesy for the season.

T. & N. O. affairs were a taboo subject with the chairman, and beyond saying that things were running smoothly, he would not speak.

Interesting Books at Public Library

Some New Volumes Added to the Shelves Recently, both in Fiction and Non-Fiction.

"Watkins' Last Expedition," by F. Spencer Chapman is one of the latest books to appear at the Timmins Public Library. It is the official account of the expedition to Greenland during which Gho Watkins lost his life. It is an easily readable account of a difficult piece of work well done by a small group of Englishmen who lived with the Eskimos and were proud to be accepted by them as their sort.

"Harvest," by Selma Lagerlof, translated from the Swedish by Florence and Naboth Hedin, is another non-fiction book which should find many readers here. Tales and legends of the "Varmland" of Sweden abound throughout the volume and the recollection of the brilliant and observant author lend a personal touch to the work.

New fiction made available this week includes:

"Henry for Hugh," by Ford Madox Ford. (In which one man takes another's place after a suicide—an interesting plot.)

"Splendour of Eagles," by Helen Topping Miller. (A love story involving a poor man and a rich girl. The scene laid in the Carolinas.)

"Woman in Love," by Kathleen Norris (A love story in which an innocent girl meets a Hollywood actor.)

"Death Wears a Purple Shirt," by R. C. Woodthorpe. (Called by some "the most brilliant and humorous detective story of its season.")

Toronto Star Weekly:—Senator Arthur Meighen has read everything Shakespeare wrote. Answering critics, Mr. Meighen says that those who dislike the Bard have made the mistake of studying his works instead of just sitting down and enjoying them.

Government Shows Further Favours to the C.N.R.

According to despatches from Toronto last week the dispute between the T. & N. O. and the C.P.R. has been extended to the Legislative buildings in the capital of the province. Orders are said to have been issued at the Toronto parliament buildings that hereafter all government messages must be sent out by the Canadian National Telegraphs.

In the past the government paid the salaries of two operators at Queen's Park and the messages were sent out over both lines. This is now said to have been changed and in future both operators will dispatch all government messages over the Canadian National. The decision is said to have been made when the Canadian Pacific Telegraphs commenced to compete with the Canadian National Telegraphs in cities and towns on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway.

It is said that since opening offices at Kirkland Lake and New Liskeard, by the Canadian Pacific Telegraphs following the decision of the T. & N.

O. commission to transfer their telegraph arrangements to the C.N.R., the C.P.R. has been ignoring its agreement with the T. & N. O. and has been routing all business over private telegraph and telephone lines via Ville Marie, Que.

The dispute assumes the form of a vendetta with prompt retaliation from Queen's Park by which in future all telegraph business upon government affairs will go to the Canadian National Telegraphs.

SIX MONTHS FOR MERCHANT FOR FRAUD IN RELIEF BILLS

Aime Fortier, merchant, of Field, Ont., was sentenced last week to six months determinate and six months indeterminate at Burwash for alleged frauds on the Ontario government in the matter of relief accounts. The basis of the case was that Fortier by juggling accounts was able to collect accounts twice and otherwise defrauded the government in connection with accounts for these on relief.

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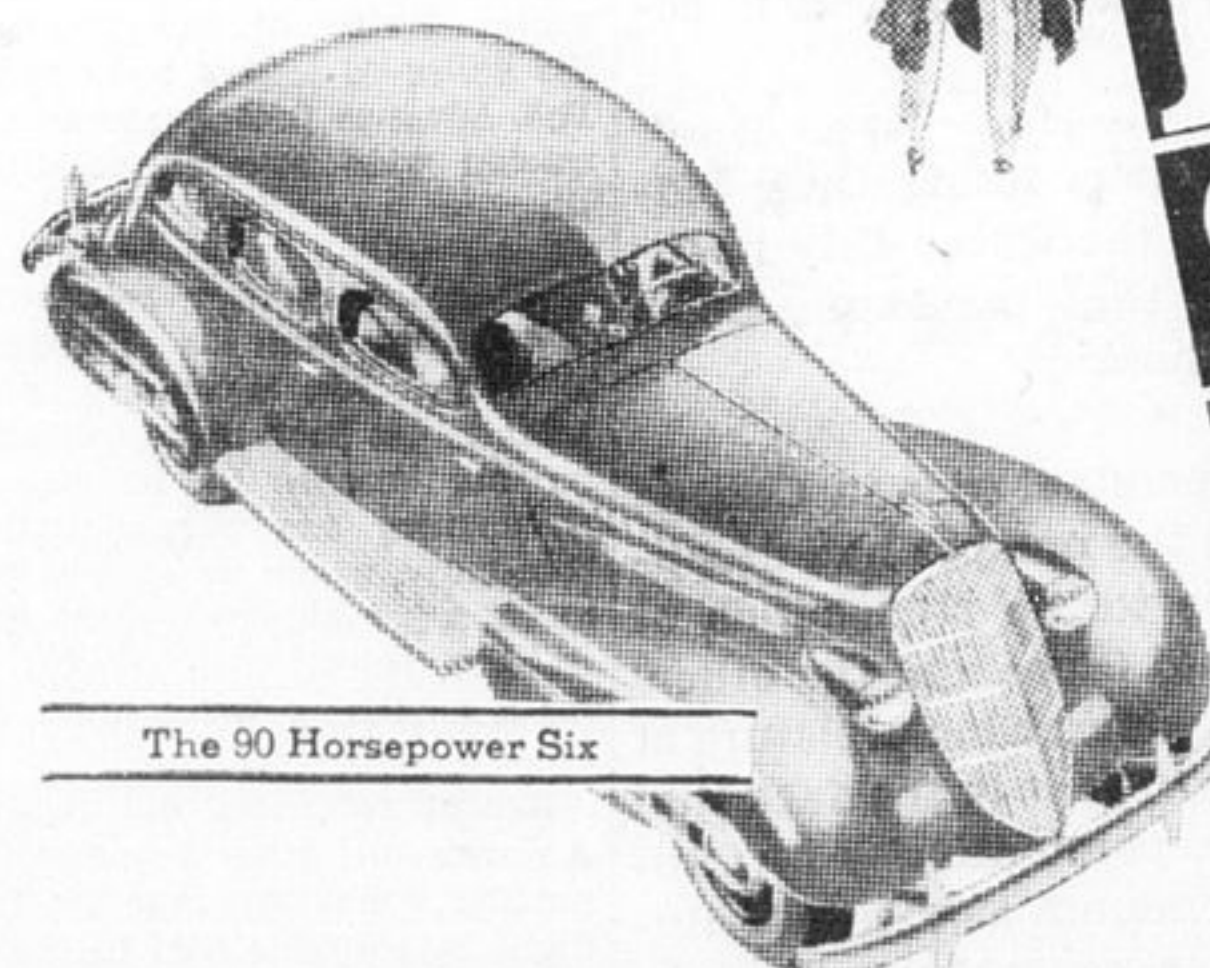


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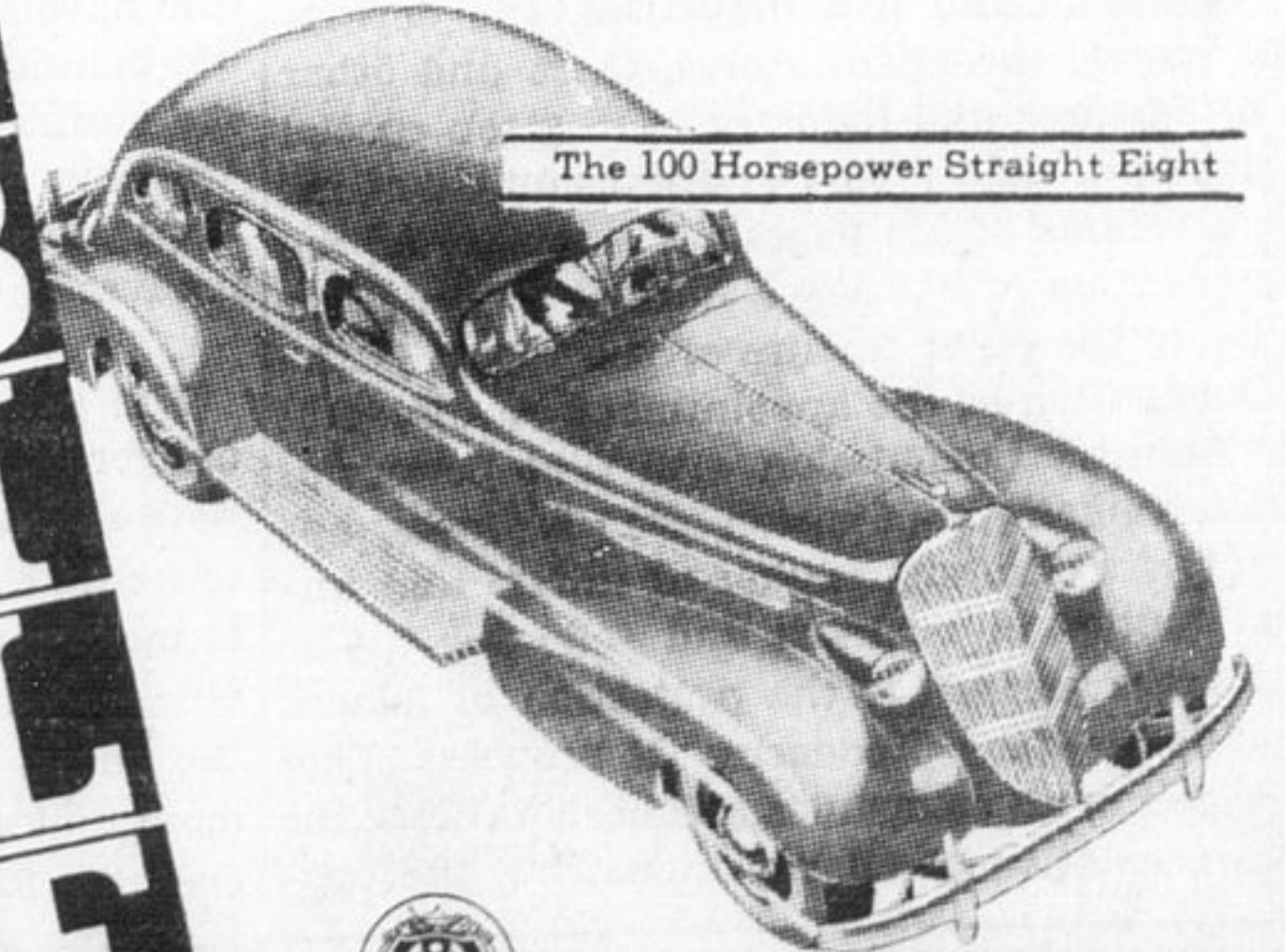
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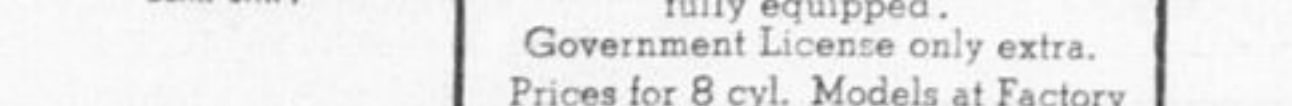
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