

# The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

by Maurice LeBlanc

CREATOR OF ARSÈNE LUPIEN

CHAPTER 30  
FROM THE moment when he had heard of Blonde Clara's arrest right up to the time of his meeting with Gorgere in the dance hall, the hours had been slow torture to Raoul.

He felt he should be doing something... but what?  
And yet immediate action was essential.

His rage gave way to terrible depression, quite contrary to his usual buoyancy. He was obsessed with the idea that Clara would try to kill herself.

Fearing that big Pauls confederates, and more particularly his portly chauffeur, might tip the police off to his house at Auteuil, Raoul went to stay with a friend in the Ile Saint Louis, in the shadow of Notre Dame. This friend always kept half the flat ready for Raoul's use in case of emergency. Being quite close to police headquarters, he could get news quickly, for friends at his profession he had friends at court. That was how he had kept to know where Clara was being kept.

But her presence so near to him held out little hope. How could he rescue her? It would be a hazardous, well-nigh impossible undertaking, requiring lengthy preparations. Meanwhile Curville, who had been set to read every newspaper procurable—and who showed wonderful zeal in his task, for Raoul had bitterly upbraided him for the imprudence that had put the police on his track at Auteuil—had brought Raoul that day a cutting from the *Feuille du Jour* headed "Stop Press News".

Contrary to this morning's reports, Big Paul, the notorious bandit, is still alive. Although he is not yet out of danger, there is every reason to suppose that, thanks to his amazing constitution, he may survive the terrible knife wound he received yesterday.

On reading which, Raoul immediately cried:

"Clara must be held that at once!" It was imperative to relieve her mind without delay, since her belief that she had killed Big Paul was certainly the main factor in her present unbalanced mental state. If necessary, she must be told even more favourable news than the bare truth warranted.

At half past three Raoul had a clandestine meeting with one of the clerks of the department of criminal investigation, with whom he had been in touch for years, and whose services he repaid generously. This man consented to deliver a message to Clara through one of the women attendants on duty in the prisoners' room.

At five o'clock, Raoul knew all about Gorgere's home life.

At six, not having heard from the clerk who had borne his message, Raoul

went to the dance hall in the Rue Saint Antoine and was easily able to identify the charming Madame Gorgere from the description he had already obtained.

An hour later, he had succeeded in ingratiating himself with her over a couple of cocktails; a drive in his car followed, and the next thing was that the too trusting Zolette found herself a prisoner at the flat of Raoul's friend in the Ile Saint Louis. By half past nine, Gorgere had walked into a trap laid for him and come to Raoul's table in the dance hall.

So far, all had seemed to run smoothly for Raoul. Nevertheless, his meeting with Gorgere left him feeling very worried. He had gained nothing from it but what he could easily have obtained without the inspector's aid. He had had Gorgere in his power, and had let him go. He had confided in him to a dangerous degree, and had no means of controlling the inspector's fulfillment of his part of the bargain. After all, what proof would Raoul have that Gorgere had delivered the message to Clara? The inspector's word? But what if Gorgere considered that his promise had been extorted under threat, and was not binding.

It had been easy for Raoul to analyze the workings of Gorgere's mind, to see what had obliged the man to remain sitting at a table and to parley with his sworn foe. But what was there to prevent the inspector, once outside, from regaining his self-control and becoming the stern policeman whose duty was to arrest the evildoer.

"How ridiculous! Why didn't I think of it before," mused Raoul. "Of course he's gone for reinforcements. Well, friend Gorgere, since you're bent on pulling me in, you shall spend a horrid night! Walter bring me writing papers, please!"

Without a moment's hesitation, Raoul scribbled a single line:

"Having thought things over, I've gone to talk to Zolette."

and addressed the envelope to "Chief Inspector Gorgere."

He entrusted his note to the manager, then sought for his car, which stood a little way off. He sat in it, keeping his eye on the entrance of the dance hall.

His foresight stood him in good stead. At the appointed time, Gorgere appeared with a posse of police whom he posted all round the dance hall. Then he went in accompanied by Flamant.

"A poor show," Raoul had to admit as he drove off. "The most I've gained is that he'll leave Clara in peace at this late hour."

He went a long way round to the Ile Saint Louis, where he learned that Zolette, after weeping loudly and raging for quite a long time, had finally

become resigned to her fate; judging by the silence which prevailed, she must have fallen asleep.

Raoul had no news from police headquarters to tell him whether he had been successful in communicating with Clara.

"Whatever happens," he told his friend, we'll keep Zolette here until midday tomorrow at least, at least, if his only to frighten the life out of Gorgere. I'll come and fetch her and we'll draw the curtains in the car so that she shan't see where she's been tonight. Just ring me up at Auteuil. I'm going there now as I want to think things over."

Raoul returned to the empty villa and installed himself in an armchair in his room. He slept for an hour which was all he needed to rest him, and to restore his mental lucidity.

He was awakened by a nightmare in which he saw Clara walking by the river, gazing into the murky waters.

He jumped up and began pacing the room.

"Come, come! It's no good giving way like this. Better see what can be done. Let's see, how do we stand? Nothing doing with Gorgere obviously. I went at that far too quickly, didn't prepare it properly. I was too worried about Clara to think the thing out. Well, no use worrying about that now. I must keep calm and make a plan."

But logic failed to bring comfort in its train. Raoul never doubted that he would hit upon a plan to deliver Clara, and that sooner or later she would be out of trouble. But the future could take care of itself; it was the present that mattered, and the menace of the present that he must dispel.

And that menace threatened Clara every minute, every second of that ghastly night, and would only end with the advent of the examining magistrate taking things over. That would mean delivering for Clara since she would then be informed of Big Paul's recovery. But would she have strength to hold out until then?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Waterloo Chronicle:—A man can handle about every situation except the one that develops when she asks him how he likes her in her new spring hat. Huntingdon Gleaner:—Back in 1920, Mrs. Thomas L. Havercamp, Scriverville, N.J., took a job as a city mail carrier, one of the few women carriers in the United States. She resigned the other day after having walked 34,000 miles delivering mail. One thing she learned during these 15 years is that walking is not a dependable way to reduce for she weighs 45 pounds more than she did back in 1920.

## WEAK WOMEN

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## New Liskeard in Favour of Government Station

The New Liskeard Speaker last week makes the following explanation of some stories circulated by interested parties:—"A deputation recently went to Ottawa from Kirkland Lake in connection with a request for assistance to the privately owned radio outfit at that town. In reporting the incident, and its alleged success, The Northern News of Kirkland Lake says, in part: "A significant fact said Dr. Neelands (head of deputation), was that they were joined in their delegation to the commission by Mayor Armstrong of New Liskeard."

"The inference is, of course, that Mayor Armstrong went to Ottawa representing New Liskeard sentiment in favour of the schemes being put forward by the privately owned radio company of Kirkland Lake. This is not a fact, indeed, neither the town Council nor the Board of Trade had anything whatever to do with the Mayor's visit to Ottawa, so far as we can ascertain. The Board of Trade has a strongly worded resolution on its books with the opposite request to that of the Kirkland Lake deputation. As a matter of fact, Mayor Armstrong says he went to Ottawa as a private citizen only. Indeed, we do not think Mayor Armstrong has made use of a private radio for some time. If he was introduced to the Radio Commission as "Mayor" Armstrong, simply to convey that his position carried with it the support of New Liskeard's citizens for the granting of the requests of the private concern, all we can say is that after this statement the Radio Commission should certainly see that there has been no attempt made to misrepresent New Liskeard sentiment."

"New Liskeard, like practically every municipality in the north, is sick of paying two dollars for the brand of broadcasting we hear up in the North, and we join the other municipalities in the demand for a Government radio which will give us the class of broadcasting which is enjoyed by other parts of Canada, and for which we would have no objections to paying the license fee."



## That Body of Hours

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

### Spasm and Distension of the Gall Bladder

Just as you can have a spasm of the intestine which gives a cramp-like pain, so it is possible to have a spasm of the gall bladder which naturally might make you feel that you have an attack of gall stones because the pain is in the region of the gall bladder—the right upper side of the abdomen.

This pain is of a dull grinding character coming on in spasms like gall stone colic, but not so severe, and lasting for many minutes at a time.

There is also a constant feeling of soreness. The pain may spread right across the abdomen, round to the back to the lower end of the right shoulder blade—"the wing" as it is sometimes called.

The pain may come on from fatigue, after exposure to cold, or may come on an hour or two after meals.

Instead of pain there is sometimes "distension" or a feeling of fullness after meals. Nausea is very common. The appetite is poor and some patients lose weight, sometimes seriously.

When a test dye is used and an examination made with the x-ray, the gall bladder shows a delay in emptying.

The treatment of these cases of spasm which resemble gall stones, is principally by diet.

The meals should be small, equal, and regular. There should be no mixtures of starchy food—bread, potatoes, sugar—with fat foods—butter, cream, fat meats, eggs.

Dr. C. Newman, London, tells us that in addition to not mixing the fats and starches the cooking should not be made too "interesting" or inviting to the patient as he (usually she however) is apt to overeat.

He advises the patient to avoid buttered toast, mashed potatoes (with butter in them, that is) and "white sauce". Milk puddings may be eaten.

To avoid loss of weight, to supply the deficiency in fats and to empty the gall bladder during the resting period the patient should take an ounce of butter, or olive oil, or cream last thing at night.

The only drug used when necessary is tincture of belladonna. Belladonna as you may know relieves muscular spasm in the body.

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## Irradiated Carnation Milk for Famous Quintuplets

From time to time, there have been rumours that the famous Dionne quintuplets were being raised on evaporated milk. These stories are now confirmed by the official announcement that what Yvonne, Emilie, Annette, Marie and Cecile get in their bottles every day is Irradiated Carnation Milk.

The "world's best known babies" have been getting Carnation milk since November, 1934. Their progress since that time, as reported in the press, is evidence enough that they have been thriving on it.

The remarkable feat of bringing the five little tots to healthy babyhood has centred the eyes of the world on Callander, Ont., and its now famous physician, Dr. A. R. Dafoe. In five hundred years, medical history records only 32 authentic cases of quintuplets. In only one case did all five babies live as long as an hour. In only one case did even one baby live as long as fifty days. Yet here in Canada are five healthy little quintuplet sisters rapidly approaching their first birthday.

While there has been a continent-wide—even a world-wide—interest in the progress of the five little misses, probably few people realize the extraordinary obstacles which have been overcome. To have done so well in a great city with every hospital facility at hand would have been remarkable. That medical science and skill won such a victory in a little, semi-isolated Northern Ontario village is startling evidence of the progress humanity has made.

## Hudson's Bay Company's Annual Tour to Hudson Bay

The Hudson's Bay Company is this year offering "A Summer Cruise to the Arctic" to a limited number of persons. The SS. "Nascopie", 2600 tons, with accommodation for 40 cabin passengers, will leave Montreal, July 13th, for Churchill, Man., and other points on the Labrador Coast and Hudson's Bay. Leaving Montreal the steamer will proceed down the St. Lawrence, past Quebec City, Father Point, Anticosti Island and through the Straits of Belle Isle to the Labrador Coast to Cartwright, the first port of call. Continuing north, calls are made at Port Burwell, at the eastern entrance of Hudson Strait, Lake Harbour, Stupart's Bay, Sugluk, Wolstenholme, Cape Smith, Fort Harrison, thence to Churchill, leaving Churchill, "The Arctic Cruise" begins, the most northerly port of call being Craig Harbour—turning south the ship proceeds direct to Port Burwell, thence back to Cartwright, through the Straits of Belle Isle and finishes at Halifax, N. S. on September 26th.

Ottawa Journal:—Why all this complaint about the Ontario Hydro buying power from Quebec? Isn't Quebec in Canada? Listening to Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Hepburn, one would almost imagine that Quebec was in Soviet Russia.



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## About the Dominion Radio Commission Broadcasting

The following article in The New Liskeard Speaker last week will be read with interest:—

"This week we announce a series of articles dealing with the broadcasts given nightly by the Dominion Radio Commission. We must confess we have rarely had the pleasure of hearing any of the Dominion Commission. However, we would take it as a great favour if any of our readers, who might happen to be announced in this or any subsequent issue of The Speaker, would be kind enough to inform us, stating the name of the broadcasting station from which they heard the program."

"Announcements have recently been given regarding Hydro broadcasts by those opposed to the assertions of the Ontario Attorney-General, but, up to the present time, we have not heard

of any Northerners who succeeded in listening in.

"In conclusion, may we repeat the statement which appeared in the Timmings Advance, last week:—"The radio owners of the North want, need, require, demand a government radio relay station to make radio available to the North."

"This cannot be given by transferring the responsibility over to a little makeshift outfit, nor by the purchasing of such an equipment, by the government."

"Can you blame any radio owner, under present conditions, who either refuses to or pays under protest the two dollars charged by the Federal Government for something we do not get?"

Sudbury Star:—People may talk of carrying out the terms of contracts, treaties and agreements, but you still have to carry out the ashes.

ANNOUNCING

# The Improved Carnation Milk

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Carnation Milk now benefits from one of the most important scientific discoveries of recent times, a discovery which makes it possible to add the "sunshine" vitamin—by irradiation with ultra-violet rays.

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Ask your grocer for Improved Carnation Milk. Look for the word "Irradiated" on the label. Write for two valuable free booklets—"100 Glorified Recipes" and "Contented Babies." Address Carnation Company Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

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## A MESSAGE FROM W. K. KELLOGG

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As we see it our duty is threefold: first to provide the farmer with a fair market for his crop; second to give employment to as many people as possible; and finally to supply a wholesome food at a low cost.

When we introduced the original Corn Flakes nearly twenty years ago they were spontaneously received. They were crisp and tasted good and they were ready to serve. Year by year we enlarged our factories, hired more workers, bought more premium corn from the farmers, adopted a 24-hour working day with shorter shifts, enabling us to give employment to twenty-five per cent more people at good pay than in pre-depression times.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are enjoyed daily by millions of people—far more than any other ready-to-eat cereal on the market. We appreciate your preference and will try constantly to give you a better product at greater value. Today you get twice as much in Kellogg's at one-half the price you paid for Corn Flakes before the war, 1908 to 1914.

Meanwhile both package and product have been steadily improved. Special processes—exclusively our own—keep Kellogg's Corn Flakes oven-fresh and flavor-perfect right to your table. You can buy them at grocers anywhere with full confidence in their guaranteed purity and quality.

We make only one brand of Corn Flakes—Kellogg's—in the red-and-green package.

W.K. Kellogg

