

The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

or Maurice Leblanc



CREATOR of Arsène Lupin

CHAPTER 32

THEN, AND only then, did Clara release her grip of him and give way to the storm of tears Raoul had foreseen, sobbing as though she could not stop. She had thrown herself on the divan and went on and on, sobbing and groaning, until her grief had spent itself, and she gradually grew calmer.

Raoul made no attempt to check her outburst. He let her cry on, and remained preoccupied, striving to unravel the threads of the mystery that was gradually becoming clearer in his mind. But many points still remained obscure to him.

He got up and paced the room for a long while. Once again, he went over in memory his first sight of that little country girl who had come to his flat by mistake. How charming she had looked! How frank and open! And what looks separated that little country girl from the woman lying there on the divan, wrestling with her fate! The two stood out now in startling relief, absolutely distinct from one another. The dual smile became two distinct smiles. There was the little country girl's smile, and Blanche Clara's smile. Poor Clara! Her smile had more art, but far less innocence!

Raoul seated himself on the edge of the divan, gently stroking Clara's hot forehead.

"You must be terribly tired."

"No."

"Are you sure it won't worry you to answer questions?"

"No."

"Then, the first question I want answered, which will give me the key to all the others, is: You know what I've just discovered, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then, Clara, if you knew all along, why didn't you tell me before? Why did you take so much trouble to deceive me? Do tell me why."

"You wouldn't understand."

"There are several things I don't understand, but I shall when you've told me everything from the beginning. And then you'll see how wrong it was of you to deceive me. All our troubles, all that we've been through, was due to your silence. . . . Now, I want you to tell me everything, please."

Clara obeyed, speaking very low, and pausing to wipe away the tears that would continue to fall.

"Very well, Raoul, I will tell you everything. I won't lie. I won't try to make anything out other than it was. I was a very unhappy child. My mother, whose name was Armande Morin, was very fond of me . . . but she had a difficult life. I suppose one would call her an adventuress. At first, we had a grand flat and plenty to eat and drink, and servants. Some of mother's friends were kind to me and gave me presents. Some I hated. Then, we kept moving from flat to flat, each smaller and less luxurious than the last, until finally we were living in a single room."

She broke off, and continued in still lower tones.

"My poor mother was ill. She seemed to have aged suddenly. I looked after her . . . I did the housework . . . and I read my schoolbooks alone, as I couldn't go to school any more. Mother would watch me working. One day, when she was half delirious, she told me about my father . . . When my mother was quite a girl, she lived in Paris and went out sewing by the day to a family where she met a man who won her love and deceived her. He made her very unhappy, and left her a few months before I was born. After

that, he sent her money for a time, and then he went abroad. She never tried to trace him, or to communicate with him. He was very wealthy. My mother told me also that my father had broken the heart of another girl shortly before he met her. This girl was a governess in the country, whom he abandoned before he knew that she was expecting a child. When my mother was going from Deauville to Lisieux, she met a little girl who bore an extraordinary resemblance to me. She made inquiries and found that the child's name was Antonine Gautier. . . . That was all my mother ever told me about myself. She died without revealing my father's name. I was 17 at the time of her death. Among her papers the only clue that I found was the photograph of a Louis XVI desk, with the position of a secret drawer and the way to open it marked in her handwriting. At the time, I paid no attention to it. As I told you, Raoul, I had to work for my living. So I went in for dancing. . . . And 18 months ago I met Valthex . . .

Clara paused, looking all in, but made an effort to go on.

"Valthex was not communicative, and seldom referred to his own concerns. One day he told me about the Marquis d'Erlemont with whom he was intimate. He had just left him, and was full of admiration for a very fine Louis XVI desk belonging to the marquis. I pressed him for details, and soon I felt sure that it was the same desk whose photograph I had found among mother's papers. I also felt that the marquis might be the man who had wooed my mother, and all that I managed to learn about him and his past life only confirmed me in my intuition."

"But I had no definite plan in mind at that time, and acted more out of mere curiosity than anything else. That was why, when Valthex once showed me a key, and said with a strange smile: 'That is the key of the marquis' flat, he left it in the door and I must return it to him.' I almost without knowing why, got hold of the key. A month later, Valthex was being shadowed by the police; I broke away from him and hid in Paris."

"Why didn't you go at once to see the marquis?" asked Raoul.

"If I had known for certain that he was my father, I should certainly have gone to him for help. But to be certain of that, it was necessary for me to get into his flat and look in the secret drawer of his desk. I used to wander on the Quai Voltaire and watch the marquis come out of the house without daring to speak to him. I knew his habits, just as I knew you and Courville by sight, and all the servants . . . and the marquis' key was always in my pocket. But I couldn't make up my mind to use it. The whole idea was foreign to my nature. And then, one afternoon, compelled by circumstances—the same circumstances that caused us to meet on the following night . . ."

She paused for the last time. Her story was nearing its climax, the mysterious core of the enigma. She half whispered:

"It was half past four. I was walking on the Quai disguised so as to be unrecognizable, with my hair hidden under a veil. I saw Valthex come out of the marquis' and go away, and as I approached the house I saw a taxi drive up and stop. A girl carrying a suitcase got down; she had fair hair like mine, and seemed rather like me; her face was the same shape and her expression was similar. It was a sort

of family resemblance that was quite remarkable. Suddenly, I remembered my mother finding a girl exactly like me on her way to Lisieux. Surely this must be the same girl, grown up! And the fact that the girl who looked like my twin, or rather, my half-sister, was going to visit the marquis seemed proof to me that the marquis d'Erlemont must be the father of both of us. That very evening, knowing the marquis to be out and unlikely to return till late, I hesitated no longer. I went up to his flat, found the desk, opened the secret drawer, and found my mother's photograph. Then I knew all."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Liskeard Protests Poor Radio Service

Suggests Boards of Trade in North Take Similar Action to Impress Government.

Following the recent government proposal to give further assistance to private monopoly for private profit in the radio business, the New Liskeard Board of Trade has sent a strongly worded resolution to Ottawa, protesting against the unfair usage of the North in the matter of radio service. New Liskeard also suggests that other boards of trade and similar bodies take action along the same line in the hope of waking up the government to the actual temper of the people in the North in this matter. It is the common belief that the government has been "high-pressed" into wrong lines in this matter and will eventually be roused to the fact that it is not only "holding the bag," but also that it has lost the respect of the people of the North by allowing itself to be deceived into wrong action. The Advance would simply repeat here what seems to be the unquestionable fact—that the North will not be satisfied with anything short of a government radio relay station that will make Canadian programmes available to the North. The attitude in New Liskeard is representative of the attitude of the people throughout the North. The New Liskeard Speaker last week places the situation fully and succinctly in the following front page editorial:—

"It begins to look as though the Dominion Radio Commission, with the sanction of the Minister of Marine, under whose department the Dominion Commission is supposed to function, and with the approval of other government representatives, has determined to give rights and privileges, as well as government assistance to an attempted private radio monopoly in Northern Ontario. This, we gather from the remarks of the Hon. Alfred Duranleau, Minister of Marine, who as spokesman for the government, replied to the energetic demand of Mr. Jos. Bradette, in the Federal House last week, for better radio service in the North. With political shortsightedness the Minister of Marine stated the government, through its radio commission, had decided to allow the owners of the Kirkland Lake radio station the privilege of increasing their station from 100 to 1000 watts. This is something which none of us have any quarrel. If the Kirkland Lake people can stand it there is no reason why the rest of us cannot do likewise. However, on the street, the story persists that the government intends, at our expense, to secure wire privileges for this privately owned station—a rental being suggested (?) from which the Hon. Mr. Duranleau endeavours to leave the impression that this should satisfy the radio owners of Northern Ontario. As a matter of fact, it does nothing of the kind. The action of the Minister of Marine has done much to increase the feeling of irritation so long prevailing in the North, and the majority are firmly convinced the government is "simply passing the buck."

"To make matters more exasperating the Minister of Marine, according to The Globe, continued to play politics when he answered Mr. Bradette by saying 'he would suspend the license (of the Kirkland Lake station) if Mr. Bradette felt it would help.'"

"The Hon. Mr. Duranleau knows, if he knows anything about the North at all, quite well as should the other Northern members, from whom we have yet had no public statement on this question, that the suggested arrangement will fall far short of having the desired result. The radio owners want a service equal to that of Old Ontario radio owners, and not by the wildest stretch of the imagination can any sane public man truthfully say the proposed arrangements will result in giving that service. It is a most remarkable thing that the government, through the Minister of Marine and the Radio Commission, would grant privileges to men who are already carrying on what should be successful business enterprises in other lines, in direct opposition to the wishes of the North as a whole. Surely wiser counsel will prevail in this matter and the North given a service which will make the paying of a license fee a pleasure instead of having it considered a hold-up, as it certainly now is."

"Following the reported arrangement as outlined by the Hon. Mr. Duranleau, the executive of the local Board of Trade held a meeting, the result of which was a most emphatic declaration that the proposals of the Radio Commission were far from sufficient to meet the requirements of the North, and a special committee composed of

Messrs. W. McKnight and Frank Heron was appointed to draft a letter to the Department and the Northern representatives, insisting on the establishment of a high power station for the benefit of the entire North. Other Boards of Trade should act accordingly, if they wish to see Northern Ontario get the same service at present being given to practically all other parts of Canada.

"The North is providing millions of dollars in revenue to the government. In its latest bulletin the Radio Commission announces a special Maritime program. All we can say is that if the Maritime Provinces are in a position to receive such programmes it is high time Northern Quebec and Northern Ontario demanded its rights from both the Radio Commission and the government. These rights should not be turned over to private interests of any kind, nor under any circumstances.

"Indeed, it is surprising that Northern Ontario radio owners have been as patient as they have been, considering the service rendered, but they are fast getting out of that frame of mind."

Many Kinds of Oils Make Shortening

By "Shakes"
The day when the Canadian consumer will have to know a lot more about true values is not so far away, but in the near future it promises to go ahead at a much more rapid pace. Canada has for some years led the continent in laying down food standards. "Standard" and "choice" quality canned goods must live up to government regulation. The housewife has a fair idea of what she buys in that line. Eggs offer another product in which scientific grading has done much to eliminate sharp practice or unwitting fraud on the part of wholesaler or retailer.

There still remain many agricultural and food products that require legislation and that will have it soon. Potatoes are now properly graded and there is every reason to believe that one by one, the common foods of grocery store shelves will have to reach a specified standard before they can qualify for sale as first class.

Since foods are chemicals of one kind or another, usually very complex, and the preparation and cooking of foods embodies many chemical and physical changes, it follows directly that to know just what foods are, a rather intensive scientific training is necessary. But a general sort of food education, such as is now given in some of the educational courses in Ontario, will be a greater necessity than ever in the future.

There is, for instance, the question of what "shortening" is and of how it can be improved. Shortening is used, as any housewife knows, to prevent bread products such as cake, biscuits, cereal or pastry from becoming tough and untasty. An unshortened product will also lose its freshness or moisture content much more quickly. Shortening, being a form of fat, forms a coating of grease over each individual particle of starch from which the cereals are composed. It is easily seen how this physical action changes the consistency of a product, for each particle is lubricated so that it does not cling to another so closely. People in the olden times did not realize how shortening worked. All they cared to know was what it did. To-day, since the action of shortening is better understood, new products, partially synthetic, have been developed that will do an even better job than the old ones.

For a time "lard substitutes," consisting of the harder portion of suet combined with vegetable oils, were popular. To-day, "hydrogenated" vegetable oils are by far the most popular kinds of shortening. Housewives have learned to trust them to give good results, although they know little of their preparation. The only difference between the oils and the fats is in the number of hydrogen atoms contained. By adding hydrogen to an oil, it becomes a fat, suitable for cooking. This sounds simple but it is in fact a process that has required years and years of intensive research. The metal nickel plays a very important part in the present process.

In hydrogenating oils, a very hard fat can be produced. This, mixed with pure vegetable oil, is sold as "compound" shortening.

Other shortenings are made wholly of hydrogenated oils, and these command a higher price. Little differences like these should be of great importance to the housewife, as it has been proven in chemical laboratories that the action of wholly hydrogenated oils is somewhat better than the others. Here is another case in which a set standard might prove of great value to the consumer.

A report from the Ontario Research Foundation on the subject concludes as follows: "The vegetable shortenings have proved a godsend to the large number of people, whole races in fact, who on grounds of religious or personal prejudice will not eat certain animal fats, or will eat them only when they have been prepared in some ordained fashion. The Hindu will eat no fat from the sacred cow; the orthodox Jew and the Mohammedan will not eat the fat of the unholly pig; a strict vegetarian will eat neither. By use of the hydrogenating process, pure vegetable fats of any desired variety are made available to these persons, at prices which they can afford to pay, without transgression on their personal feelings or religious rules."

"The shortening industry is one of the best illustrations of the impact of scientific research on the world's economy. From the small beginning, a scientist working in his laboratory on a problem of purely scientific interest, there has grown within the space

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BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING

South Porcupine Scout Saves Child from Burns

Presence of Mind of Cub Scout Helps Little Girl in Serious Danger. South End Represented at O.E.A. Other News from South Porcupine and the Dome.

South Porcupine, Ont., Saturday, April 17th. Special to The Advance.

We read that flowers are out in some of the Timmins gardens—well, so far we have no daffodils in bloom, even at the Dome where flowers come earliest, but for the past two weeks crocuses have been in bloom in several gardens both here and at the Dome.

A still-born baby was born on Thursday to Mr. and Mrs. Campsall of the Beaumont mine.

Miss Rathwell spent a few days this week in New Liskeard.

Mrs. Sauriol, of Fort Coulonge, is expected in to-night to spend some time with her daughter, Mrs. J. Aitken.

The tea which the United Church Guild gave on Friday in the church was a wonderfully successful affair both socially and financially. Mrs. F. H. Hall, president, is very well pleased with results and would like to thank all who helped in any way to make it such an outstanding success. The angel cake was won by Mrs. W. H. Johns with ticket number 58.

Mrs. Leslie Train and two children, who have been living with Mr. George Train since the car accident last fall in which Leslie Train was killed, left on Friday for Toronto to take up residence again there.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Leisterman, of the Dome Mines, on April 7th—a son (Richard Marc).

We have been hearing that "Introducing Susan," the play to be presented here on Friday by the Y.F.S., is the "funniest thing" since "Charley's Aunt." If so, it should fill the High School hall. Some old actors—that is, those who have played before in these productions, who will take part are:—

Mr. Don Crozier, Mr. Bryn Saunders, Mr. Russell Vokes, Mr. J. Trueblood, and Miss Frankie Johns. Newcomers to the stage are Mary MacIntosh, Gertrude Faulkner, Roy and Earl Birch, Mrs. Savill and Newsham Hancock.

Mrs. Wm. Arbour left on Friday to spend a month with her parents in Hamilton—Mr. and Mrs. Golden.

Thirteen of our local people took advantage of the T. & N. O. week-end excursion, among them being Messrs. Owen Wright and Ray Birch, Mrs. "Doc" McDonald and Mrs. Stan Pearce.

Mr. Blakeman is spending some days with his family this week from Elk Lake.

Mrs. D. Houston entertained a number of her friends of Connaught Hill

to a very nice social tea on Thursday. Mr. (Cap.) Johns and Mrs. Johns returned on Friday from Toronto where Mr. Johns has been undergoing medical treatment.

The Boy Scouts had a good time on Friday collecting bundles of clothing. Over a thousand pieces were gathered in and will be distributed through the church organizations to the needy.

Mr. Purdy, who has been attending the O.E.A. returned on Thursday. He tells us he felt very proud of his pupil, Mary King, who competed with 40 others in the verse-speaking competition. Although Mary did not win the cup she was a credit to her school, and made a very good showing. It was a splendid convention. Mr. McIntosh of the public school board also attended.

We heard a story of a "Cub" this week that is being investigated, and is worth telling. Albert Barsovich—the Cub in question—was watching some grass burning on Connaught Hill this week. Little Juanita Fortune (8 years old) was standing with her back to the blaze. All of a sudden her dress caught fire, and she ran quickly for home with her clothes blazing. The boy shouted for her to stop, but she was too frightened to heed. He thereupon ran after her, and tripped her so that she fell, and then he proceeded to roll her over on the ground, to put out the blaze, which he succeeded in doing. Undoubtedly his presence of mind saved the child from bad burns if nothing worse, and Albert is to be commended for his quick thinking. Actions like this prove the desirability of the training given our boys in the Cub and Scout troop movements.

North Bay Nugget:—There is nobody on relief in Rouyn. The road to Rouyn is a pleasant one in this case.

DR. W. W. BAKER

Specialist in Diseases of Infancy and Childhood

Office over Curtis Drug Store

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Roads! Roads! Roads!

Frost action will soon be at its worst, road beds are soft and very subject to damage.

Unlawful overloading will not be allowed. The abuse of roads by a few, causes great inconvenience to many.

District co-operation in the protection of the roads will result in district benefit.

Pneumatic-tired trucks with carrying capacity of three tons or over are limited to half load and speed of 20 miles per hour. Horse drawn vehicles capacity one ton, 250 lbs. per inch of tire.

Penalty for overloading is a fine, or imprisonment, or both. Permits may also be suspended.

Traffic officers will be on duty in this district to check speed and weigh trucks.

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