

# The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

by Maurice LeBlanc CREATOR of Arsene Lupin

CHAPTER 33

**RAOUL OBJECTED:**  
"But why did you say your name was Antonine?"  
"It was you who said it."  
"I said it?"  
"Yes... you called me Antonine... and it was you who told me of her visit to you earlier in the day, the visit you thought I made. You mistook me for her."  
"But why didn't you tell me of my mistake, Clara? That's what I can't understand."  
"I know," she agreed. "But don't forget I had broken into a flat, at night. You had surprised me there. Wasn't it natural to let you believe I was another woman? I never dreamed I should ever see you again."  
"But you did see me, and you could have told me then. Why didn't you explain that there were two of you—Antonine and Clara?"  
Clara flushed.  
"I know. But when I saw you again that night at the Blue Casino, you had saved my life, saved me from Valthex, from the police, and I felt you were my only friend."  
"But that should have led you to confide in me."  
"But, don't you see, I thought it was the other girl you wanted to help, who interested you, not me. The little country girl, all fresh and innocent. It was not I, with my chequered life, whom you wanted to befriend... For

you, Antonine and Clara were the same woman: Clara was Antonine!"  
Raoul did not argue with her, but said thoughtfully:  
"How strange, though, that I should have mixed you both up!"  
"Not so very strange, really," said Clara. "As a matter of fact, you had only seen Antonine once, in your flat, and the same evening you saw me, Clara, in very difficult circumstances! After that you only saw Antonine once again, at the chateau at Volvic, and then you didn't look closely at her. It was not so very odd that you could not distinguish us apart, since you really only saw me. And I was very careful. I asked you lots of questions, so that afterwards I could speak of Volvic as though I had really been there and knew all about it! And I took great pains to dress just as Antonine had on the day she arrived in Paris."  
Raoul said slowly:  
"Yes, you're right... it's not strange really"; and added after a moment's reflection in which he reviewed the whole adventure: "Anyone might have been deceived... why, Gorgere, himself, at the station, mistook Antonine for you, and the day before yesterday he arrested her, thinking it was you."  
Clara began to tremble as though with ague.  
"What? Has Antonine been arrested?"  
"Didn't you know?" cried Raoul in astonishment. "Oh, I keep forgetting that you know nothing of what's been happening. Well, half an hour after you went off, Antonine arrived on the Quai, doubtless intending to go to the marquis' flat. Flamant saw her, and turned her over to Gorgere, who took her to headquarters where he has been putting her through the third degree. You see, Gorgere still thinks she's Clara."  
Clara knelt up on the bed. Her color faded, leaving her face deathly pale. Trembling violently she stammered:  
"She's been arrested by mistake for me? Do you mean she's in prison?"  
"Well, what of it?" said Raoul gaily. "You're not going to make yourself ill over her?"  
Jumping to her feet, Clara started smoothing her dress and putting on her

hat with feverish haste.  
"What are you going to do?" asked Raoul. "Where are you going?"  
"I'm going straight there."  
"Where?"  
"Where she is. She never stabbed Valthex, I did... She's not Blonds Clara, I am. Do you imagine I'd let that girl suffer instead of me, be sentenced for a crime she didn't commit?"  
"Sentenced for a crime?"  
Raoul was again convulsed with mirth. Laughing heartily, he made Clara take off her hat and coat, saying:  
"You're priceless! Do you really imagine they'll keep her there? Don't be a little idiot! She's quite capable of looking after herself, she can explain everything and produce an alibi; she can send for the marquis... However much of a fool Gorgere is, he'll have to end by realizing the mistake."  
"I must go," said Clara obstinately.  
"All right. Let's go. I'll come with you. After all, it'll look rather noble. Monsieur Gorgere, we are the ones. We did it. We've come to take that poor girl's place. And you can almost hear Gorgere replying: 'The girl's gone home. There was a mistake. But since you're both here, come along in, dear friends.'"  
Clara let Raoul overrule her. He made her lie down again, rocking her gently like a child until, utterly worn out, she fell asleep, saying as she dropped off:  
"Why didn't she clear herself at once?... She must have had some reason."  
While she slept, Raoul dozed off in the armchair, and he too wondered when he woke, while sounds outside proclaimed the advent of a new day.  
"Yes, Why hasn't Antonine spoken? It would have been so easy for her to clear things up. She must know by now that there's another woman who resembles her like a twin sister, and that I'm associated with that woman... It looks as though she hadn't even protested against her unjust arrest. What can she be waiting for?"  
And he thought with something like compunction of the little country mouse, so gentle and appealing, who would not speak...  
At eight, Raoul telephoned his friend in Ile Saint Louis.  
"Any news?"  
"Yes. The clerk from the criminal investigation is here. He'll be able to communicate with the prisoner this morning."  
"Good. Now, just write this note in as good an imitation of my writing as you can manage:  
"Mademoiselle, I thank you for having kept silent. No doubt Gorgere told you I was in prison and Big Paul was dead. A pack of lies. Everything is O.K. In your own interests, you must speak now, and get released as soon as possible. I beg you not to forget our rendezvous for July 3. Respectfully yours, R."  
"Got that?"  
Completely mystified, his friend replied at the other end:  
"Yes, but—"  
"Disband the boys. Everything's settled, and I'm just off somewhere with Clara. Restore Zozotte to her abode, with all precautions as before. Good-bye!"  
He hung up, and called Courville to him.  
"Get out the big car, pack, and remove all papers. Things are warming up. As soon as the girl's awake, we must all clear out of here!"  
(To Be Continued)

## North is Specially Adapted for Dahlias

### Kapuskasung Man Makes This Suggestion and backs it up by his Own Success.

For years past The Advance has been suggesting that despite the danger of changeable weather the North is peculiarly fitted for the growing of flowers and vegetables. On more than one occasion The Advance has noted the fact that the display of flowers and vegetables at the annual show of the Timmins Horticultural Society was admitted by experts to be among the very best in Ontario. Last year, for instance, it is doubtful if there were two better shows in all Ontario than the one here. It is gladly admitted that the success of horticultural shows is largely due to the skill and public spirit of the men in charge of such events. At the same time it is evident that they have to have the support of a country where flowers and vegetables thrive. Those who may sometimes feel that The Advance is over enthusiastic because of regard for the North in general should note what is said by Mr. Harry Straiton, of Kapuskasing. In an interview last week with the Northern Tribune of Kapuskasing Mr. Straiton says that no part of North America excels the North Land for growing dahlias. This was not simply an enthusiastic statement. On the contrary it was backed up by facts and proofs from his own experience. Mr. Straiton exhibited dahlias at the Chicago Century of Progress Exhibition, and there is competition with the whole continent, but he won a certificate of award. More impressive still, he has since received letters from a number of United States people who saw and admired his blooms at the exhibition. Still further it is stated that he has built up a nice mail order business in dahlia plants and roots, this business reaching such proportions that he has found it expedient this spring to issue a special dahlia catalogue listing the varieties he has for sale. In referring to the development of Mr. Straiton's dahlia business The Northern Tribune says:—  
"Mr. Straiton had a thorough horticultural training in his youth in Scotland, and he has followed this occupation ever since coming to Canada before the war. So we credit him with knowing what he is talking about; and for that reason we feel like quoting a few remarks he makes in his dahlia catalogue. He says that no part of North America excels the Northern regions for growing dahlias. Our average summer weather of 55 to 60 degrees is ideal for producing perfection and purity of bloom. The blooms are more numerous, the soil is most suitable, less care is required. Best of all, there is a complete absence of the insects that are the bane of dahlia growers farther south. With so many factors in his favour, plus his own enthusiasm and hard work, we can all wish for Mr. Straiton the best of luck in making Kapuskasing known far and wide as the nursery of Canada's best dahlia stock. And consider how fortunate we are in being able to get his roots just at the right time for planting, without hazard of mail transit, and following his cultural directions in getting results that will distinctly add to the town's summer appearance."  
In speaking of dahlias in the North it would be well to do as The Northern Tribune does, that is, pay a tribute to another Northerner for his work in connecting the North in the minds of outsiders with the growing of dahlias. This other Northerner is Chas. Byam, of New Liskeard, who for years has been outstanding in his displays of dahlias at various southern Ontario exhibitions. Mr. Byam has taken prizes at the Toronto Exhibition on several occasions for his dahlias. Like Mr. Straiton in the case of the Chicago exhibition, Mr. Byam's dahlias have won even more favour with the experts throughout the country than with the judges. Every year Mr. Byam's garden contains magnificent specimens of dahlias that are the admiration of all lovers of flowers.  
In conclusion, it may not be amiss to note that men like Mr. Straiton and Mr. Byam and the workers in such organizations as the Timmins Horticultural Society contribute a valuable asset to the country by their interest and effort. There are times when the effort may seem in vain, but after all the persistent enthusiasm backed by experience and skill eventually wins general recognition for the country.

## BRILLIANT YOUNG BRITISH DIPLOMAT



If Europe remains peaceful it probably will be through the conferences held by Captain Robert Anthony Eden, British Lord Privy Seal, in the various capitals of Europe.

By ROBERT LOWN

**Central Press Canadian Writer**  
London, April 11—Europe's best-dressed diplomat, the young, dapper Captain Robert Anthony Eden of the British foreign office, is rapidly winning another title for himself—that of "Peacemaker of the Continent."  
Dark-haired and mustached, trimly built and numbered among Britain's ablest men, the lord privy seal, or "Tony", as he is known to his friends, is credited with more than one victory in saving the situation when certain European nations are growing at one another.

His sudden illness has precipitated great worry over the success of the Stresa conference which he will now be unable to attend though he was instrumental in arranging it. Doctors have ordered a six weeks' rest immediately.

Captain Eden's outstanding feats of adroit statesmanship have taken place recently, proving that he has yet to reach the pinnacle of his brilliant career.

**Suave Peacemaker**  
When Italy was ready to declare war upon Yugoslavia after the assassination of King Alexander at Marseilles, and vice versa, late in 1934, Anthony—he usually foregoes the Robert—Eden stepped in and, with a suavity that has never been surpassed in the tempestuous history of the League of Nations, not only cleared the bellicose atmosphere but saved the political "face" of both belligerent nations.

To-day, he is completing a series of conferences in Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow which may decide the fate of Europe. In each capital his visit causes what is known in foreign diplomatic circles as "feverish activity," for each country well realizes the importance of impressing the young Englishman whose sartorial renown is second only to the Prince of Wales.

Under the soft black Homburg hat, they know lies a mind which will deal skillfully with their international pro-

blems. They know, too that under the very same hat and behind those piercing blue-gray eyes, are hidden the secrets of England's foreign policy.

**Next to Sir John**  
In rank, Captain Eden rates just under Sir John Simon, Britain's gray-haired, practical, liberal-minded foreign secretary, who is as smart and canny a lawyer as ever donned the traditional gray wig in a British court. Captain Eden, who has been an apt pupil of Sir John's often is spoken of as the predestined successor to the present foreign secretary—unless the Laborites win 'tut at the next general election. His title now is permanent undersecretary of state for foreign affairs—and lord privy seal.

The title of lord privy seal, which makes him one of the small group of "confidential" advisors to King George, known as the privy council, or cabinet, was conferred upon him recently to give the roving diplomat added prestige abroad.

In June, Captain Eden will be 38, which is very youthful, indeed, for the staid precincts of Whitehall, famous street of English government buildings. Born on the old family estate at Durham, the second son of Sir William Eden, Anthony was reared in the true Conservative tradition—Eton—Oxford—the army—member of parliament.

**Has Medal for Gallantry**  
Too young to enlist at the outbreak of the war, he joined up for active service a year later with the King's Royal Rifle corps, became a captain and won the Military Cross, one of the highest awards for gallantry. Even in the army his brilliance was not submerged, for he became the youngest adjutant in the British army—and before he was 21 he was the youngest brigade major.

Later he saw service in the Far East where he became interested in Oriental languages, and when he returned to civil life entered Oxford university to specialize in these languages. The

young aristocrat made his mark in the cloistered halls of Oxford as well, winning first-class honours, the highest possible scholastic attainment.

A short time after receiving his degree at Oxford, he turned his talents to politics. He was elected to parliament as a Conservative, and made his debut in international affairs when he became parliamentary secretary to the then foreign secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain.

**Seizes Opportunity**  
When the present national government in England swept the polls at the 1931 elections, Eden became parliamentary undersecretary for foreign affairs—and made much more of his post than any of his predecessors.

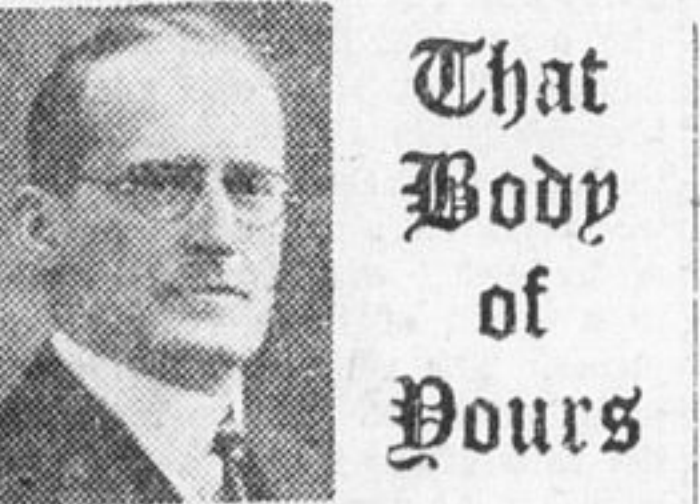
His able handling of the post and his engaging personality soon led Sir John Simon to take Eden along on many of his important missions. When Sir John, who hates travelling, was not able to leave London, the task of representing Britain was shifted to the well-clad shoulders of Anthony Eden.

Speaking adequate French, "Tony" mixes well with foreigners—and his friendly and informal manner, despite his aristocratic bearing, have heightened his prestige and have made many a friend for Britain.

**Praise From His Chief**  
Certainly one of the youngest men to hold a full-fledged cabinet position in England, Captain Eden has heard himself described by Sir John Simon as one "who with great skill and to our complete satisfaction has seen to it that the British government took its proper stand and played its proper part" at the League of Nations.

That he is counted upon by England as her best safeguard on the continent is summed up by Sir Austen Chamberlain, his former chief, in the following words:

"There is no one to whom I would with more confidence entrust the foreign affairs of Great Britain."



## That Body of Hours

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

A noise that rings out in the quiet of the night that is apt to cause a chill to run down the spine of the parents is a "croupy" cough, as the youngster barks and seems unable to get air into the lungs. Visions of the child choking to death assail the parents as they rush feverishly to the child's bedside.

This over-anxiety on the part of the parents further alarms the child and the gasping for breath becomes more pronounced.

The first thought in helping the youngster is for the parent to show no alarm, speak quietly and encouragingly to the youngster, and proceed to give relief.

Dr. Josephine M. Kenyon, for several years resident physician in the Babies' hospital, New York, says: "It helps him to relax if you act calmly even though you are frightened. Hum a tune or sing a song and get things ready for steaming. Pick up a newspaper, wash safety pins, the child's shirt, one of your long stockings, an umbrella and the child and proceed at once to the kitchen. Make a long spout funnel of the newspaper rolling it from one corner to another and then pin it over the spout of the boiling tea kettle. Wet the shirt in warm water, put it around the child's neck, and hold it in place by folding your stocking under his chin and tying it over the top of his head. Now bring the kitchen table near the stove, with its tea kettle and newspaper spout. Sit on the table. Hold the child on your lap and open the umbrella over you both. You have thus a croup tent. You are inside it with the baby and can judge the amount of steam and heat.

The only additional treatment he may need is to give him one-half or one teaspoonful of yellow vaseline to loosen the tight mucus in his throat.

When the attack is over do not let the child breathe cold air. Allow him to sleep in a warm room, ventilating it through another room. You may need to steam him several times during one night. Your doctor will advise further treatment to prevent further attacks.

I am quoting this high authority in detail as emergencies such as convulsions or croup are apt to terrify the parents and prevent them giving the proper treatment.

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## Denies Beniah Bowman to be Deputy Minister

In the last issue of The Advance there was a despatch from Toronto suggesting that Beniah Bowman, formerly Minister of Lands and Forests in the Drury Government, might be deputy minister in the same department for the Hepburn Government. Following this Toronto despatch came another Toronto despatch saying that the story was denied.

The latest despatch from Toronto says that a denial that Beniah Bowman of Manitoulin Island had been or was to be appointed deputy minister of lands and forests, was made by H. H. Peter Heenan. The minister declared

that the report was the first he had learned that Mr. Bowman could be looking for a job.

The understanding at parliament buildings is that Mr. Bowman may be the next Liberal candidate in the Manitoulin-Algonia riding for the federal house. In this particular, Mr. Bowman is said to have the support of provincial Liberals, although he may be opposed at a convention.

Since the election he has been assisting in working out a solution of the involved situation created by the collapse of the Carpenter-Hixon Lumber Co. at Blind River. His recent visit to Toronto are declared to be solely concerned with that project.

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