

# The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

by Maurice LeBlanc

CREATOR OF ARSENE LUPIN

## CHAPTER 36

BUT GORGERET'S peace of mind was of short duration. Something fresh happened to demolish the hastily-erected cardhouse. Suddenly, Gorgeret burst into his chief's office without warning or ceremony. He seemed to have gone quite mad. He was brandishing a little green notebook, in which he tried vainly to point out certain passages in his excitement.

"Here it is!" he spluttered. "But who would ever have imagined—? And yet it makes everything clear!"

His superior calmed him down, and he regained some sort of self-control, saying:

"I told you there might be something in store . . . Just look at this. I found this notebook in Big Paul's suitcase, or rather, Valthe's suitcase . . . just jottings of no importance figures, addresses . . . and then, here and there, sentences half obliterated, like these . . . I handed them in yesterday to the identification bureau . . . One of them is of special value. Here it is, the bureau people have transcribed it below—as a matter of fact, it's quite easy to decipher, if you look carefully."

The chief seized the notebook and read the following:

"Raoul's address: 23 Avenue du Maroc, Auteuil, N.B.—The garage opens outwards. Convinced Raoul is Arsene Lupin. Must prove this."

"There can be no doubt about it, chief," cried Gorgeret. "That's the answer to the riddle! The clue to the mystery! With that clue in our possession, the rest is easy. Nobody but Arsene Lupin could engineer a thing on this scale. Nobody else could fool the police all along the line like that. Raoul is Arsene Lupin."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going there at once, chief. Mustn't waste time where I'm concerned. The girl's free, and he probably knows it by now. He'll make a getaway . . . I'm off!"

"Take some men with you."

"I shall need 10 besides my own."

"Take 20 if you want 'em!" cried the director, just as excited as his subordinate. "Off you go, Gorgeret!"

"Right, chief!" and Gorgeret went out hurriedly. "Over the top—surprise attack—that's the stuff!"

He grabbed hold of Flamant, and taking four policemen along with him, jumped into a waiting taxi.

Another car with six men, closely followed by another and then another . . . It was a grand sortie. Bells, drums and trumpets should have accompanied their progress through the streets of Paris.

Throughout headquarters, all was hustle; men cried to each other: "Raoul is Arsene Lupin . . . Arsene Lupin is Raoul!"

Four had just struck.

It takes only a quarter of an hour to drive at top speed from the police headquarters to the Avenue de Maroc, even allowing for traffic jams . . .

Blonde Clara was still asleep on her

bed in the villa at Auteuil at four o'clock in the afternoon. She had wakened at midday, eaten a snack and fallen asleep again.

Raoul was beginning to get restive. Not that he felt the least alarm, but he never liked delay in the execution of his decisions; once his mind was made up, action spelt security. He fully realized that Big Paul's return to health would increase the danger of his own position, and that the marquis' evidence and Antonine's sworn statement could but add to his difficulties.

Everything was ready for departure. Raoul had dismissed the staff, preferring to be alone when danger threatened. The luggage was strapped on the car.

At 10 past four, a sudden thought struck him.

"Good heavens! I can't leave Paris without saying good-bye to Olga! Whatever must she think of me? Has she read the papers, I wonder? Does she know I am the famous or infamous Raoul? I must look into this at once!"

He took up the telephone and called the Trocadero palace.

"Hello! Her Majesty's suite, please."

"Being in a hurry, Raoul made the fatal mistake of not inquiring first who was at the other end of the line. Not recognizing either the secretary's or the masseuse's voice, and imagining that the king of Borostyria had left Paris, he concluded that he was talking to the queen, and in his most honeyed accents continued without waiting:

"Is that you, Olga? How are you, my lovely one? I expect you're furious with me, think I'm a complete skunk, but I'm not really, Olga, only I've had so much business to attend to, and so many worries, I haven't known which way to turn . . . I can't hear you Olga! Why do you speak in that gruff, deep voice? . . . Now listen, I've got to leave Paris . . . Yes, I'm going on a trip up the Swedish coast. Bad luck, isn't it? But why don't you answer me? Are you still angry? Speak to poor Raoul!"

Poor Raoul drew back startled! He could distinctly hear a man's voice now, the voice of the king of Borostyria, furious, rolling his R's even worse than the queen did, and calling him a number of impolite names.

Raoul could feel the sweat break out on his brow. The king of Borostyria! Turning round, he perceived Clara, wide awake, hanging on his words . . .

"Who are you telephoning to?" she asked anxiously. "Who's Olga?"

Raoul was rather taken aback.

"Olga?" he repeated vaguely. "Oh, a cousin of mine—funny old cousin with pots of money that I have to be nice to. Come on, are you ready?"

For a moment she was silent.

"Hurry up, Clara, please!" urged Raoul. "There's nothing more to do here. It's dangerous to delay."

Clara pulled herself together and was quickly ready.

Courville, who had the garden keys, came in at that moment with the afternoon papers. Raoul glanced through them hastily.

"All's well," he muttered. "Big Paul's wound is healing but he won't be able to give evidence for another week . . . The Arab still refuses to speak."

"And what about Antonine?" asked Clara anxiously.

"She's free!" announced Raoul coldly. "Do they say so?"

"Yes, the marquis' evidence was conclusive. She was set free at once."

He spoke so convincingly that Clara's doubts were dispelled.

Courville bade them farewell.

"Nothing compromising left behind?" Raoul asked him. "Nothing must be there for the police to find."

"Absolutely nothing, monsieur."

"Well, then, just take a last look round, and be off, old chap. Don't forget, you've all got to meet every day at our headquarters in the Ile Saint Louis. But I'll be seeing you again presently with the car."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## HOPED THAT THIS IS NOT THE "AMBITION" OF MANY BOYS

Bracebridge Gazette:—"Relief gains in popularity as a recent event in Bracebridge shows. One of our junior teachers in the public school asked her pupils what they would like to be when they grew up. Many answers were received. One boy lolled on his desk and said nothing. His teacher put the question directly to him. He then slowly drawled out: 'I want to go on relief.'"

## Communist Sicken of Soviet in Eighteen Months

Brief reference was made in The Advance last week to the meeting at Sudbury as a "Counter-irritant" to the red propaganda on May Day. The Sudbury Star makes the following reference to the meeting:—

"Scorning any policy of ignoring the Communist movement in Canada as 'perhaps the better course for those who have to rely on everyone's support in business and in politics.' Alderman J. F. P. Lemieux urged upon 400 anti-Communists of Finnish, Ukrainian and French-Canadian extraction a determined opposition to the spread of 'red' propaganda at a meeting in St. Ann's hall Wednesday night."

"The meeting was presided over by A. Gascon and the following speakers were heard during the evening: J. Morissette, J. F. P. Lemieux, Nicholas Stuss, A. Kaukanen and I. Peryma."

"Although no action was taken by the meeting with a view to endorsing resolutions protesting against the spread of Communism in Canada, the feeling of the assembly was keen on the matter."

"One of the most interesting speakers of the evening was I. Peryma, 163 Shaughnessy St., who as an enthusiastic follower of Communism in 1930 left his job in the Coniston smelter and took his family to Russia to live. He spent most of his 18 months in Russia as a resident of Moscow, but found conditions so discouraging that he decided to return to Canada."

"If the red Russians who spread red Communist propaganda in Canada today had a chance to go to Russia they would pray to the Canadian government to let them come back to Canada," the speaker averred.

"Mr. Peryma declared that he found in Russia during his 18-month stay filthy conditions among starving families; misery in all walks, and the positive failure of the Soviet plan. In its place had grown up a bourgeois system controlled by the leaders of the movement."

"J. F. P. Lemieux in the course of his remarks declared that he had no intention of praising the present economic system in Canada and stated that there was some reason for complaint. However, Canada, he averred, was built by capitalists and by Christians, and for that reason it would reject Communism because there was nothing Canadian about it."

## WEAK WOMEN

ARE you tired, nervous, run-down? No pep? No ambition? Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It quiets quivering nerves—improves the appetite—makes life seem worth living again.

Mrs. James Martin of 227 1/2 Main Street E., Hamilton, Ontario, says—"Your Vegetable Compound built me up wonderfully. I have gained pep, my nerves are better and I have a good appetite. I feel much stronger."



## Will Make Five Products from Clay at Kapuskasing

In several recent issues of The Advance there has been mention of the probable early commencement of the manufacture of products from the clays in the Smoky Falls district. In this connection the following from The Northern Tribune, of Kapuskasing, last week, should prove of more than passing interest:—

"Mr. A. E. Hilder, managing director of General Refractory Clay Products Limited, came in to Kapuskasing on Friday night's train and left at once by special sedan for the properties of the company at Long Rapids, beyond Smoky Falls on the Spruce Falls Co.'s railway line. It was Mr. Hilder's first trip here since last fall. His camp at 'Rock End' has been in charge of a caretaker all winter."

"Mr. Hilder was not seen by The Tribune on this hurried occasion. He will be down to Kapuskasing again within a few days, when he will probably give a promised statement to the press. But we understand he was willing for it to be known that his company has enlarged its plans considerably, so that its 1935 activities will be even greater than had been surmised locally."

"It is also said that as soon as the company has its factory completed here, five products will be turned out, instead of just one or two. There are dozens, even hundreds, of commercial products which could be based on the diversified clay beds at Long Rapids; so it is quite within the possibilities that our new industry may gradually be expanded until it becomes an enterprise of great magnitude."



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

## That Body of Yours

The Need for Protective Foods

Practically everybody is interested in food these days because it is generally recognized that the kinds and quantity have much to do with health.

Most of us likely eat more than we need but the idea that a "variety" of foods is all that is necessary to health is a mistake.

For instance it has been shown that the following diet despite its variety is not satisfactory for animals:—cereal grains such as wheat, oats, corn, barley and rye; legumes such as peas, beans, soy beans; tubers such as the potato, and fleshy roots such as the sweet potato, radish, turnip, beet, carrot and parsnip. Even when lean meats such as ham, steak and the like which come from muscles are added to this diet it is still not suitable for animals.

That is, the animals fed as above do not grow and develop as they should; there is irritability, nervousness, and a tendency to grow old at an earlier age than is necessary.

That is because there is a lack of minerals, principally calcium (lime) and also a lack of vitamins.

What has this to do with human beings?

Dr. E. V. McCollum, Johns Hopkins University, says "We do not attempt to say offhand that the same kinds of diets which produce such marked physical defects during the growing period in little rats will have the same effects in children. What we do is to study the inmates of orphanages and other institutions. We observe the unsatisfactory physical condition of these people and discover that their diets have been obtained from the same combination of foods which would cause defects and lack of nutrition in little animals. For instance, the children of a certain orphanage were fed on a soup made of meat, barley, potatoes, carrots, celery, cabbage, peas and beans. These children were suffering from bone defects (rickets) and were pale, with flabby muscles, poor posture, and the typical expression seen in malnourished children generally. A quart of milk a day was added to the diet of these children. Many of them responded with rapid growth, together with a marked improvement in their general physical condition."

Thus milk is called a "protective" food; also, butter, cream, cheese and other dairy products. The other protective food is the green leaves:—spinach, radish, turnip, beet, celery, clover and alfalfa.

Just a little of these protective foods daily will "complete" the "ordinary" diet.

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Arkansas Gazette:—Another smack at the peace movement: the Island of Jersey plans to raise its army, by conscription if necessary, to a strength of 300.

## History of Northern Fire Departments

A. Borland, Sr., the First President of Temiskaming Firemen's Association

At the 1934 convention held at Rouyn, Quebec, it was the unanimous decision to hold this year's tournament at the New Liskeard Beach, when the New Liskeard firemen will be hosts to the visiting brigades.

The following is a short synopsis of the New Liskeard Fire Department which was organized in 1905 and has taken a very active part in fire fighting since that date.

In 1913 the department joined the "Northern Volunteer Firemen's Association," competing against nine teams at Orillia where they won second prize in the wagon race. In 1914 they competed at Lindsay and at Midland in 1915, winning the banners on both occasions. It was at this time the Northern Volunteer Firemen's Association notified the New Liskeard Fire Department that they would never be able to hold either a tournament or a convention in New Liskeard, it being considered too great a distance for the competing teams to travel.

In the fall of 1915 a meeting of the fire brigades along the T. & N. O. Railway was held at the Windsor hotel in New Liskeard, where they were the guests of the New Liskeard brigade, and plans were made for the formation of the "Temiskaming Firemen's Association." The organization meeting was held at Englehart, October 25th, 1916, when Chief Alex Borland of Cobalt, now of Timmins, was elected first president. During the nineteen years' existence of the above organization, New Liskeard has held the tournament and convention on seven different occasions. The association has a standing invitation to hold both the tournament and convention in New Liskeard at any time, where they feel that they have one of the best places in the North for a day of this kind.

New Liskeard has the largest, best equipped strictly volunteer fire department in the Dominion, also the only strictly volunteer fire chief who ever held the presidency of the Dominion Fire Chiefs' Association. That honour goes to Chief Fred Thompson, who has also been the secretary-treasurer of the Temiskaming Firemen's Association since 1917.

The above paragraphs will give some idea of the activities of the New Liskeard department who are again sponsoring the July 1st celebration at the New Liskeard Beach. A monster street dance is being held on the night of July 1st, when the department will sell for one dollar a choice of five cars to the holder of the ticket drawn at the dance. The proceeds are for the Firemen's Relief Fund, one of the main activities of the department. By buying a ticket for fifty cents, you are ad-



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Make your plans early to spend the week-end of July 1st at New Liskeard on beautiful Lake Temiskaming. A list of attractions and events will appear later in this paper.

## KIRKLAND LAKE JOKER WAS BLASTED WITH OWN BOMBS

Bert Elliott, the genial postmaster at Kirkland Lake, is reported as finding one of his own jokes "back-firing" on him in most outrageous way. While in the States recently he secured a number of spark plug torpedoes. These are designed to hook on the spark plug in the car, when the combustion comes on in the car there is a devastating boom and a lot of smoke. The driver wonders what has happened and expects that himself and car will be pick-

ed up all over town in pieces. The car, however, is uninjured. Some people in Timmins have had heaps of fun with this explosive device. The Kirkland Lake postmaster is described as planning a happy time giving his friends a thrill with these spark plug torpedoes. Recently, however, while he was in a barber shop and his coat was hanging up on the wall, the pesky things took a notion to explode of their own initiative. The result was sorrow for Bert. His pocket and the lining of his coat were badly damaged, and the laugh was against him.

Mail and Empire:—The New Statesman and Nation has discovered the following gem in a provincial paper: "The Council was still putting its house in order, and he was anxious that they should not change horses crossing the stream whilst there was much spade work to be done."

## ASK FOR Kellogg's



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