

The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

or Maurice LeBlanc CREATOR OF ARSÈNE LUPIN

CHAPTER 41

IT WAS Raoul's pleasure to dole out his revelations and watch the expressions of his listeners. His eyes were sparkling.

"But what can you mean?" asked the marquis. "I myself saw the wound with my own eyes! . . . There was never any doubt that she was murdered. Who did it?"

Raoul raised a hand heavenwards and replied:

"Perscus!"

"What the devil to you mean?" "You asked me who committed the crime. I reply in all seriousness: Perscus!" And he added: "Now, please be good enough to follow me to the ruins."

Jean d'Erlemont did not immediately comply with Raoul's request. He seemed to hesitate, and was visibly upset.

"Are we really nearing the end of the mystery?" he wanted to know. "I've spent so much time trying to solve it—I've suffered agonies at not being able to avenge Elisabeth! . . . Can we really be going to learn the truth about her death?"

"I've discovered it," asserted Raoul convincingly. "And I fancy I can clear up the matter of the lost jewels as well."

Antoine felt certain he could. Her trusting expression proclaimed her perfect faith in Raoul. She squeezed d'Erlemont's hand so as to imbue him with her own confidence.

As for Gorgere, his face was contracted to a mask of hatred. His mouth was set. This was a bitter moment for him after all the years he had vainly tried to solve the mystery, and now to have to bow to the rival! He both hoped for and dreaded the success that would mean his own humiliation.

Jean d'Erlemont once again trod the same ground he had traversed with Elisabeth Hornain on that day fifteen years ago. Antoine followed close behind him, while Raoul and Gorgere brought up the rear.

By far the calmest of them all was Raoul. He liked to watch the charming girl who walked in front of him, and noticed certain details that distinguished her from Clara. Antoine's carriage was less supple and less graceful, but more natural and unstudied. What it lacked in sinuous grace it gained in general harmony.

And what he noticed in her bearing he knew he would also find in her whole manner and even in her features seen close to. Twice, when the path was impeded by undergrowth, Raoul caught up with Antoine for a moment and they walked abreast, but they did not speak.

The marquis ascended the steps leading from the garden up to the first terrace, that led right and left to the laurel walk, and was dotted here and there with antique urns standing on their time-worn pedestals overgrown with moss. He turned left to reach the steep paths and steps that wound in and out of the ruins.

Raoul stopped him.

"Is this the exact spot where you and Elisabeth Hornain stopped that day?"

The marquis nodded.

"Show me exactly."

"Here, just where I stand now."

"Could they see you from the chateau?"

"No. The shrubs have thinned out now through lack of being properly tended, but at that time they were

quite impenetrable."

"So this is the exact spot where Elisabeth Hornain stood watching you when you turned round at the end of the laurel walk to look back at her?"

"It is."

"Can you swear to it?"

"Certainly. I can still picture her as she stood there that day, leaning against this old pedestal, the curtain of greenery falling all around her. I can see it clearly—I have forgotten nothing."

"And as you returned to the garden, did you not turn round a second time?"

"Yes, to see her when she should appear out of the avenue."

"And did you see her?"

"Not immediately, but very soon."

"But normally you ought to have seen her at once? She ought to have come out of the avenue by then?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," said the marquis.

Raoul laughed softly to himself.

"Why are you laughing?" demanded the marquis. And Antoine leaned forward, tense with anxiety.

"I'm laughing because the more complicated a problem is, the more complicated everyone imagines its solution must be. We never look for a simple explanation, but always pursue the wild and extraordinary. When you came here on your periodical visits, what were you looking for? The jewels?"

"No, for I knew they had been stolen. I was trying to find some clue that might help to lead me to the murderer."

"And it never by any chance occurred to you that the jewels might not have been stolen?"

"Never!"

"And it never occurred to Gorgere or the police either? Funny how people never will ask themselves the right question!"

"The very elementary one you have obliged me to ask myself: Since Elisabeth Hornain preferred to sing without her jewels, did she not hide them somewhere?"

"Impossible! No one would hide valuable jewels like that out of doors, where anyone passing might take them."

"But who would be passing? You know perfectly well, just as she knew, that everyone was gathered outside the chateau to hear her sing."

"So you think she might have hidden the jewels somewhere?"

"Yes, intending to retrieve them when she came down from the ruins after singing."

"But when she was killed, when we all rushed to her, surely we should have found them?"

"Not necessarily. Not if she had hidden them somewhere where they were invisible."

"But where?"

"In this old urn, for instance, which was just beside her, and filled with growing plants. She had only to stand on tiptoe, stretch up and let the jewels fall inside on the earth at the bottom. A very normal thing to do—the urn furnished a temporary cache for the jewels—one that only fate and human stupidity rendered so final."

"What do you mean by final?"

"Why, the plants that grew in the urn have withered away, their leaves rotted until a layer of vegetable mould has covered up the secret, rendering it the safest possible hiding place."

Both d'Erlemont and Antoine remained silent, much impressed by his calm assurance. Then the marquis spoke:

"You seem very positive."

"That's because I'm sure of what I say—anyway, it's easy enough to verify my words."

The marquis hesitated for a moment. He had grown very pale. Then he stood on tiptoe, and stretching up, thrust

a hand inside the urn, searching the sodden mould that time had deposited at the bottom of it. At last he murmured in a trembling voice:

"Yes . . . they're here . . . I can feel the necklaces . . . Oh, God, when I think that she once wore these things!"

His emotion was so great that he was scarcely able to go on with his search. One by one he drew forth the necklaces. There were five of them. Despite the dirt that clung to them, the red of the rubies, green of emeralds and blue of sapphires shone forth, while gold settings flashed in the afternoon light.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Newspaper Space Chief Source of the Reveals

In a recent issue The Bowmanville Statesman had the following editorial reference:—

"There are a few people in every community who have the wrong slant on the mission of a newspaper. They do not realize that it is a business proposition, just the same as any other industry in a community, even though its stock in trade is publicity. For instance, the Chronicle has housed under its roof a plant that cost approximately twenty thousand dollars, and the staff that operate it are paid wages that will compare favourably with those of any other manufacturing industry. There are three strings to our bow, and no one or two of them would be adequate to keep the business a going concern—it takes the combined earnings of all three branches—subscriptions, advertising and job printing. The most expensive end of the business is that which is operated to produce the newspaper—or in other words to produce publicity. No other business gives so much gratis to its community as the press. It supports the town council in making effective by-laws that are passed to regulate civic life—it promotes every effort to make a town attractive to live in and to make the citizens comfortable and happy—it loyally supports all philanthropies, those who are doing something for the underprivileged in life, such as the Lions Club, Women's Institute, Daughters of the Empire, the Hospital and its Auxiliary, the Churches, the Legion and its Auxiliary, the various lodge fraternal societies, the Public Library, the Horticultural Society, the Retail Merchants' Association, our industries, in fact every organization whose mission is to keep our town progressive and up-to-date. Not only does the paper give generously of its space free of charge in a general way, but the staff lend financial support also. Yet there are some who apparently think the columns of the paper should be open to free space in boosting specific events or attractions. The hard and fast rule of all newspapers is that publicity for attractions out of which money is to be made, directly or indirectly, by an admission charge or collection, must be paid for. Committees might just as well walk into a factory, a grocery store, a dry goods store, or a gent's furnishing store, and ask for two or three dollars worth of goods off the shelves—as ask a newspaper for free publicity that costs several hundred dollars each week to produce. We would remind the public that besides the wage bill, there enters into the cost of production of even an humble weekly newspaper, the cost of the plant, light, heat, power, telephone, telegraph, governmental and civic taxes, repairs, maintenance, office expense, and a hundred others. Perhaps this angle hasn't been considered by those who sometimes look almost astonished when the editor who with his staff pay their obligations the same as other citizens, ask payment for what he has invested so much money in to be in position to sell."

On many occasions The Advance has referred to the desirability of checking up on historical matters in connection with the North before the facts are obscured by time and gossip and while data may be verified. This applies particularly to discoveries of gold and silver made in the North, these being already in more or less doubt owing to conflicting stories told. The Advance has published scores of stories about the earlier days in the North, and nearly always there have been some other old-timers to dispute some of the facts in the cases. It has been repeatedly emphasized by The Advance that unless the facts are verified how there will be too much latitude given to misleading and inaccurate traditions. The government departments have done much to gather and verify data on the history of the North, and some of the newspapers of the North—namely The New Liskeard Speaker, The Halleyburian, The Northern News and The Advance—have done their part.

The confusion that arises from conflicting stories given currency in one way or another is well expressed by an article in that clever column, "Grab Samples," in The Northern Miner. The article is worthy of reproduction in full, like most of the "Grab Samples" articles. "Grab Samples" says:—

"The discovery of a great mine is such an important event, such a spectacular act, that one would expect there would not be any difficulty in deciding upon and permanently recording the name of the fortunate man concerned in it. Yet it is common knowledge that the right to claim original discovery is disputed in nine cases out of ten.

"One does not need to go back to the days of '49 in California or of '98 in the Yukon to find conflicts in the history of mine discoveries. In our own time, in our own country, wide divergences in the record occur. Cobalt is a case in point. Whether LaRose, the hammer thrower, or McKinley and Darragh, the prospectors who were working on the railway, made the first find it is difficult to decide. Whether some earlier comer found silver in the Keeley district in lumbering operations which antedated Cobalt by 20 years is a matter of serious doubt. It is known that samples of silver ore reached Mattawa and Aylmer many years before the T. & N. O. Railway opened the Cobalt district.

"The early history of Porcupine bristles with argument. Last year The Northern Miner, in an effort to reach the rock-bottom story of the first Porcupine days, gathered a mass of evidence from the original prospectors of that camp, only to find that there were contestants for the honour of first finder. The argument will probably never be settled, although it is possible to form a private opinion. If it is difficult now to reach a decision, after only 26 years from date of original discovery, what will the position be in another 25 years when the old originals will have passed on and with the camp still living? The early days of a fifty-year-old Hollinger, McIntyre or Dome will be wrapped in the mists of antiquity and there will be more of romance than accuracy in the reporting of the original finds.

"When it comes to the point of deciding who grub-staked the prospector or financed the early stage operations of the big mines the real field of controversy is opened. Even in present days, with the axe marks still fresh on the claim stakes, arguments have developed on this score. As to deciding who really put up the grubstake for Benny Hollinger, George Banermer or Jack Wilson, it seems impossible to get at the facts or to publish conclusions without starting a court action. In fact, court actions have already been fought to decide these points and although decisions were handed down the issue is still in dispute. Much of the early history of Cobalt is involved in a fog of court decisions, some of which were bitterly disputed.

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of facts, the passage of time and the reiteration of argument have obviously fixed in the minds of disputants convictions which must, in the nature of things, diverge from the truth in some particulars. The writer has heard men of excellent reputation, men whose word could be readily accepted in any ordinary matter, present totally different versions of the same incident in which each was directly concerned.

"If one runs over the roster of the famous Canadian mines and attempts to name their discoverers he will quickly find himself involved in dispute. There are always men who will come forward to say that the accepted version is false. If one casually says that the Tough brothers found the Tough-Oakes, Harry Oakes the Lake Shore, Bill Wright the Wright-Hargreaves, Preston the Dome Mine, Ben Hollinger the Hollinger, Sandy McIntyre the McIntyre Porcupine, J. W. Trethewey the Trethewey Cobalt, Tom Johnson the Little Long Lac, he will be the recipient of protests from those who claim to have the lowdown, who allege that they can reach back into the past and produce evidence that history lies. Some of these tales are circumstantial and are apt to be somewhat convincing. They only serve to shake the faith of the historian and serve no useful purpose in most cases.

"Much of the uncertainty has been created by the failure of the principals involved to operate under written agreements. In the early days of Ontario mining many of the prospectors were young and rather inexperienced in business affairs. Agreements were often verbal and not infrequently made in hotel rooms, on trains or in private residences, where all present were full of trust and confidence in each other. Sometimes there were no witnesses other than the contracting parties and sometimes the contracting parties were not in very good condition to remember the exact details. They did not consider written agreements necessary. Such arrangements worked out well occasionally; at other times, when success blessed the project, there was a tendency to attempt repudiation or to conveniently forget basic facts. Some very bad deals resulted.

"Probably the real or secret history of the discovery of our famous mines will never be printed. It would involve too much controversy, too much idol breaking, create a vast volume of ill feeling and perhaps generate lawsuits. It is perhaps just as well to let history lie where it lies.

"Gilbert A. LaBine, discoverer of the radium-silver deposits of Great Bear Lake, was one of the recipients of Jubilee medals, "for mineral discoveries in the Northwest Territories." The mining fraternity will welcome this award which was made on an outstand-

Horticultural President's Garden at New Liskeard

There are many beautiful gardens in the North, especially in the larger centres like Timmins, Liskeard, Halleybury, Iroquois Falls, Cochrane and Kapuskasing. In some of the smaller places there are gardens worthy of note. The Gauthier garden at Porcupine is one of these specially worthy of mention. Last week The New Liskeard Speaker made reference to another garden famed in the North—that of Chas. A. Byam, president of the New Liskeard Horticultural Society. The Speaker says:

"Although at the time of our visit several days had yet to pass ere we could expect to see "June flowers," yet President Byam's garden, with scores of varieties of flowers blooming, and wild birds flitting about from spruce to spruce, was something of a paradise—a delightful place to spend an hour. During the past two years Mr. Byam has doubled the size of his garden, taking in the pretty row of spruce trees which was the western border of the garden formerly, and now the garden is extended on the west side, and a large number of new flowers, planted last year, are coming on to perfection. Besides the flowers of numerous varieties which are flourishing, a great deal of time has been devoted to rock-gardening and sowing flower seeds in such manner as to make it appear that these special varieties of flowers were indigenous to the soil in this particular garden. Then it is interesting to follow Mr. Byam as he glories in his garden, to him it is worth while for he enjoys his "summer in a garden," as many other citizens do. Such an enthusiast, for instance, is Mr. Roy Walton, for this citizen, "of credit and renown" is following closely in Mr. Byam's footsteps, and we can well imagine him saying: "If you get there before I do, look out for me, for I am coming, too." The fish pool is alive with pretty goldfish. They seem to

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know Mr. Byam and will nibble at his fingers as he talks to them. Soon the pretty pond lily will be blooming in this pool."

LONG JOURNEY FOR SMALL CHILDREN OF KAPUSKASING

Last week two youngsters, Richard Flannigan, aged 7, and his sister Cecile, aged 6, left Kapuskasing alone for a long trip. They left by C.N.R. for Southampton, England. The crews of C.N.R. trains looked after them as far as Quebec, where they were met by a representative of the Travellers' Aid who looked after them until they sailed on the Empress of Australia for Southampton. They will be met at Southampton by their grandmother with whom they will spend a holiday visit. Noted on the train during the journey through the North the youngsters expressed themselves as very pleased with the trip, and if they were travelling "alone," it was equally true that they were receiving the kindest attention and interest from every member of the train crew.

Kitchener Record:—If at all possible, Premier Bennett will remain in harness. R. B. must stand for "real backbone."

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LIBERALS AT THE SAULT NOT AGREED ON CANDIDATE

F. Walton, president of the West Algoma Liberal Association, has issued a statement saying that his organization will not accept A. R. Wood as candidate. A. R. Wood was nominated recently by the "West Algoma Liberal Association convention," but Mr. Walton says that this convention was not officially called and that the association of which he is president is the only official body. If the Liberals quarrel in the Sault there will be a chance for other men.

Marriage and Career Do Mix



Vivien Leigh, beautiful British actress, shown with her year-old daughter, finds time from her maternal duties to devote to her stage career. Married at 17, she has attained both her family and success on the London stage at 19.

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