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The Man Who Wasn't Himself

By Leslie Cargill

Author of: "The Surprising Sanctuary," "Was It Montelli?" etc., etc.

Synopsis of opening Chapters

RICHARD HARKNESS, young and ambitious manager in the men's department of the great Trencham's Stores, is falsely accused by the head manager.

MR. COOPEP, of having robbed the firm of \$5,000. He is given until next morning to make good the deficiency. That evening Harkness goes on duty as an air raid warden. During an alert he strikes up a chance acquaintanceship with

PERRY CHETWOOD, though he does not know that young man's name at the time. Chetwood is killed by a bomb, and Harkness is taken to hospital suffering from severe facial injuries and loss of memory. He is unable to recall the past or his identity. **Dr. McFarlane**, a famous facial surgeon, offers to operate. He is guided by a photograph picked up near the scene of the accident. This is presumed to be Harkness's likeness, but is actually that of Chetwood, the two men being superficially similar. When nearing recovery Harkness is recognized by

JOYCE BARLOW as Chetwood, and, by force of circumstances, assumes that identity. On trying to pick up the threads of Chetwood's life, he is bewildered. People from Chetwood's past come into the picture.

(Now Read On.)

Chapter V

The Mystery of "Black Jack"
Familiarity is said to breed contempt but when it came to donning the personality of Perry Chetwood there were innumerable snags for Richard Harkness. Loss of memory and the inevitable after-effects of illness did not explain why every item in the wardrobe seemed to have shrunk slightly. True, the clothes fitted after a fashion, but there were discrepancies of an inch here, half-an-inch there; and a considerable variation between the size of his head and the hats that required explanation.

Joyce had told him he had changed apparently not for the worse. For this he must be thankful. Then Mrs. Minns drove it home.

"The way you talk, sir," she observed. "I should hardly have known you."

"I expect my vocal cords were affected," he replied.

"Taint altogether that, Mr. Chetwood. It's the words that you use. Not the same, if you know my meaning."

"I don't quite grasp it, Mrs. Minns. Altogether I am baffled. You see I don't know what I used to be like."

"Can't remember a thing, eh?"

"As blank as a new sheet of paper."

"All I can say, sir, is that it's rummy. Fair gives me the creeps, having done for you the past five years. You used to pull my leg, but you don't do it any more—and the way you sit and read for hours on end—Well, it isn't like you a scrap."

People began to call. Most of them were vaguely troubled to find an old friend, or acquaintance, had lost old tricks and acquired new ones.

He did not mind this very much, having little liking for any of them

except Joyce Barlow. After the conversation which first gave him cause to ponder she was continually pumping him or priming him without any pretence at anything else than getting to the bottom of the mystery. More pleasant were the firmer grounds of friendship on which they stood. They strengthened from day to day.

If he made special efforts to seek her company she was equally content not to avoid such meetings.

An unpleasant intruder was large Murrey designed by nature on a Jack scale and with a blustering manner in keeping with his enormous frame.

"I've missed you around," he said. "Heck business has been in a putrid state without your co-operation. What do you mean by getting in the way of a bomb?"

"Afraid it caught up with me when I wasn't looking," Harkness replied with a smile.

Murrey stared. "Gee whizz," he exclaimed. "Never known you to look so pleased with yourself. Soon be back in harness, won't you?"

"The doctor tells me to take it easy for awhile."

"You're fit as a fiddle. Anyone with half an eye can see that. We've lost thousands of quids through your being laid on the shelf. Snap out of it, man."

"I'm sorry," said Harkness, "but I recollect no more of my business associations than I do of my private life."

Murrey looked surprised. "You've got a new gift of the gab, laddie. Putting on the la-di-dah. Don't try it on me. Plain speaking and no nonsense is my life, as it was your's."

"Myspech comes naturally."

"Baloney! A few weeks ago it wasn't like it."

"Months, Mr. Murrey. I've been ill a long time."

"All right, only buck up and get into circulation. I want you for a big deal. Haven't been able to put it over on my own. There's need for the whole organization to get cracking."

A note of menace crept into his tone as he added:

"Remember, I can do you a lot of harm as well as a lot of good, if it comes to a show down."

"I tell you I don't remember anything," Harkness protested.

"It'll be reminding you," said Mr. Murrey. "Cheerio, see you later!"

The inferences to be drawn from this encounter were depressing. Harkness had taken a distinctive dislike to the fellow and had no wish to be associated with him in any capacity. Yet it had to be taken for granted they were involved in joint enterprises.

On the first available opportunity he asked Joyce if she knew anything about Jack Murrey.

Her eyes were troubled. "I don't like him," she answered shortly.

"Neither do I," he admitted.

"Well, after the way you two clung together that is an astonishing turn-about. Oh, I forgot..."

"Leave me to do all the forgetting. Murrey and I are business colleagues, aren't we?"

"So they say."

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"Thanks. I've never run short. My housekeeper continues to run the place. In future I've a mind to pass it through the bank as being a more convenient method."

Mr. Thomas frowned. "Seeing your memory is groggy, sir," he said, "I don't know how to say anything about it, except that if the business is to be conducted the way it has been you'd be safer by sticking to the cash payment."

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"And I rely on you to attend to all my business interests."

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"You were kept busy on the other side of the business," Thomas answered.

"That happens to be the side about which I want to find out all the details."

"Mr. Murrey will be able to give you the fullest information, sir."

Once again the switch was to Black Jack, alleged to be a racketeer by Joyce Barlow and regarded with evident fear by Felix Thomas.

What was the mysterious influence exerted by this objectionable character in his affairs?

Sooner than he expected he was to be initiated into the secret.

Murrey's choice of midnight for calling at the flat insured that the discussion should be absolutely private. He came straight to the point: "I'm asking you to quit stalling," he said. "This act you've been putting on doesn't get over with me. You know me as plain as I know you. Last Wednesday you went down to the warehouse. Thomas must have put you wise to anything you were muzzy over."

"On the contrary Thomas kept his tongue between his teeth."

"Yes? Don't tell me you weren't taking a refresher course in the accounts."

"They seemed perfectly in order."

"I'll say they are. With me as a sleeping partner on the legitimate side it's up to you to play the game. As for our other activities—"

"The illegitimate side?"

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"Pooh! You've been glad enough to pocket a packet. Weren't so squeamish, were you, when we disposed of that shipment of canned fruits? Nor when it came to salmon, sugar, tea, and the rest of the stuff. Don't it pay bigger dividends than keeping in with the Controls? I'll say so, Perry, and you're a mug if you fall out with me. I'll tell you something. You aren't cut adrift now. Try to and it'll feel as though a ton weight has fallen on your head."

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Still, the more he concentrated the more misty was his memory. Lately he had sometimes felt that recollection was on the verge of returning. Between waking and sleeping he had dreams in which he saw himself engaged in various activities, though he had not been able to get them into proper focus in the full light of day.

In a non-committal way he had half-promised to take up with Black Jack where Perry Chetwood had left off. The racketeer went away satisfied that his presumed partner knew which side his bread was buttered.

At the door he had turned, legs slightly straddled drawing on his gloves in a leisurely manner. The gesture was the most familiar picture that had yet emerged from the fuddled past. Richard knew he had seen it often before. Nobody else would stand exactly like that.

Yes, it was a habit of Murrey to hesitate before making his exit—to plant his legs apart—to put on his gloves with irritation deliberation. There was always a parting remark, too.

"Cheerio, see you later."

"That was it. The phrase never varied. It was not merely something he had noticed of recent days. It had a definite association with the past—before that German bomb had dropped.

Then, he concluded, the web in which he was caught had been long since woven. Black Jack Murrey had him firmly in the toils and there was no escape. Suppose he went to the Police and told them what little he knew and asked forgiveness for past offences? They would laugh at the notion that an injury had reformed him. Conscience was not a defined organ that could be affected by physical means. It was the working of an inner spirit.

How was it possible that once he had taken profits from the black market without a qualm whereas now the prospect revolted him? He knew he had an innate urge to be honest, to deal fairly with his fellows. From the evidence of Murrey the opposite had previously applied.

"What a beastly business it is finding out you are a bad egg," he confided in Joyce Barlow.

She smiled and he was reminded of the Mona Lisa.

"I don't understand how you continued being friends with me," he went on.

"We had our ups and downs, Perry. Some of your later activities led to squabbles."

"I've been talking to Murrey."

"So I surmised."

"Joyce, you know more about me than I know myself. Couldn't you complete the jig-saw puzzle?"

"Actually, I know very little about you," she said, surprisingly. "You are more a mystery to me than to most people. Even to Mrs. Minns, who should know you as well as anyone."

"Ah! On occasions I begin to doubt whether I am Perry Chetwood."

"What nonsense! There could be only one face like yours in the world."

"Every man is said to have a double."

"May be. Only they don't stand in each other's shoes."

He was trying hard to think. "Size eight and a half" he muttered.

"That's all right. But why do I take two sizes larger in hats than before I went into hospital? And my suits are a dreadful fit."

"Have you asked the doctor?"

"Peberdy? Yes. And he put me on to McFarlane, who patched up my wrecked face. Neither of them offered any credible explanation."

"Who is McFarlane?" she asked.

"Oh, quite a famous surgeon. Specializes in restoring features that have been bashed out of recognition."

"That is the first I have heard of this."


"I don't want to bore you with details of my various operations."

"How odd!"

He grinned, saying:

"Sort of beauty culture, isn't it? Can't say I have been made any more

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The Vitamin B₁ Tonic
Contains Vitamin B₁ and Essential Food Minerals
Extensively used for headache, loss of sleep, nervous indigestion, irritability, anemia, chronic fatigue, and exhaustion of the nervous system.
60 pills, 60 cts.
Economy size, 180 pills, \$1.50.



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"Nobody ever knew Black Jack Murrey turn his hand to an honest day's work."

"Does that go for Perry Chetwood too?"

"Certainly not," she exclaimed indignantly. "When I first knew you there wasn't a thing to be said against you."

"Go on! This habit of metaphorical phosis must be ingrained."

She tapped his arm lightly. "I like the present phase best."

"More like the old Perry?"

"Not in the least."

"Hm! Coming back to Black Jack—that's what you called him, isn't it?"

"It's an appropriate nickname," replied Joyce. "His heart is the colour of jet, and quite as hard. There is nothing really definite against him. Of course, he is ruthless, unscrupulous and altogether hateful but he hasn't come to the notice of the police—yet."

"That may happen some day?"

"It depends. He is cunning enough to keep on the right side of the law. What I'm afraid of is that he will drag more ingenuous people into trouble."

"So I'm ingenuous?"

"If the cap fits wear it."

"Oddly enough no caps fit me properly nowadays," said Harkness with a smile.

"Your head must be swelling. Let me finish my warning. Murrey is some kind of a racketeer, so watch your step."

CHAPTER VI
A Threat From Murrey

That young man was coming to the conclusion that it was high time he delved more closely into his own affairs. There was, for instance, the firm of Perry Chetwood, of 193, Monk Harbour Street, which was functioning uncommonly well without his presence. When he made his first call the reason was clear. Felix Thomas the manager, and the small but competent staff, knew exactly what was required of them.

"We've merely been carrying on with standard intake and distribution, sir," Thomas told him. "Nothing off the beaten track. Mr. Murrey put up one or two propositions, but I held him off until able to have your direct instructions."

"Quite right! What were his proposals?"

The manager looked round hurriedly. "I'd rather you spoke to him personally, Mr. Chetwood. Least said, soonest mended. I'm not objecting to doing as I'm told but I won't accept responsibility. What I know I know, and it doesn't go beyond the ring. I've always kept my mouth shut and obeyed orders."

"I suppose you know I have forgotten all about myself, my business and everything."

"Only wish I was the same, sir."

There was no change to be had here. Felix Thomas was afraid of something, though hanging on to his job.

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Mrs. Robert Boyle
Sixth Nonagenarian
in McAuley Family
Sons and Daughters of Mrs. Boyle Among Pioneer Residents of Porcupine

Mrs. Robert Boyle, of New Liskeard, is well-known in Timmins and district her sons and daughters being among the pioneer residents of the Porcupine. Messrs James and Hugh Boyle were for several years highly esteemed residents of South Porcupine, while Mrs. M. A. Ellis and Mrs. Armitage were among the pioneer residents of Timmins. Another daughter also lived for some time in Timmins. Mrs. Robert Boyle celebrated her ninetyeth birthday last Saturday and referring to this, The *Halleyburian* had the following:—

"Sixth member of one family to reach the nonagenarian stage of life, a distinction the mother also attained in her day, Mrs. Robert Boyle tomorrow will celebrate her ninetyeth birthday at her home on John street in New Liskeard, where she has been living since she moved from Cobalt in September, 1941. Although she has been confined largely to her own room for more than eighteen months past, Mrs. Boyle continues in fair health for her years.

"The former Margaret McAuley, Mrs. Boyle was the youngest child of John McAuley and his wife, Mary McCaughen, who went into Renfrew county as pioneer settlers on coming from their native Ulster many years ago. Mrs. Boyle's mother lived to enter her 99th year, and her sister and four brothers all passed ninety. The last of these, William McAuley, whose life was spent on the old homestead in Alice township, died two years ago, and Mrs. Boyle is now the only survivor of the family.

"Born in Alice township on March 16, 1855, Mrs. Boyle lived in different parts of the province before going to Cobalt in 1897. She lived there, and in the same house, for 34 years, and while there in 1931 celebrated her diamond wedding with her husband, the late Robert Boyle. He died in Cobalt in October, 1932. Of direct descendants, there are three sons and six daughters, with eighteen grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren.

"Sons of Mrs. Boyle are William whose home is in Neudorf, Sask., James in Toronto, and Hugh, who lives in Cooksville. The daughters are Mrs. Alex Lafave of Kenaston, Sask., and who was a visitor in this district during the winter; Mrs. James Hood, who also lives at Kenaston; Mrs. Walter Armitage of Parry Sound and Mrs. M. A. Ellis, Mrs. Frank Leudrum and Miss Henrietta Boyle, all of New Liskeard"

Honoured for Rescue of Soldier's Wife and Daughter
(From The Halleyburian)
The part that Albert Galoska and W. F. McKibbin of New Liskeard played in the rescue of a soldier's wife and daughter from the waters of Fairy Lake on August 15 last has been recognized by the Royal Canadian Humane Association, which in its list of awards for 1944, issued at the week-end has presented the two men, near neighbors on John street, with parchment certificates. Mrs. George McCarty whose husband is overseas, and her daughter Janet, slipped while walking on the rocks on the shore of the lake and went into twelve feet of water Mr. Galoska a member of New Liskeard

NICELY CAUGHT

Mrs. Dinocan—I wonder if you would be so kind as to weigh this package for me.

Butcher—Why, certainly; it weighs exactly three and a quarter pounds.

Mrs. Dinocan—Thank you. It contains the bones you sent me in that four pound' roast yesterday.—Globe and Mail.



COULD YOUR WIFE CARRY THIS LOAD?

You know what it costs you each month to keep your family. Well, then, how could your wife get along if she had to carry the load without you?

The answer is, she couldn't possibly carry it unless you leave her a sufficient monthly income.

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Through five years of war, these Canadian "Blue Smocks" workers have knitted hundreds of thousands of pairs of socks... made millions of other comforting articles of clothing... packed millions of Red Cross food parcels. Other specially-trained volunteer women serve as drivers, as nursing aides, as office workers and dietitians.

Freely giving their time and labor, these hard-working volunteers make your Red Cross dollars stretch farther. Thanks to their efforts, each dollar you give is multiplied three times in the value of food, clothing and medical supplies it buys.

GIVE—and give generously, to support their selfless work. Let your contribution to the Canadian Red Cross be the token of your thanks to these devoted women who serve in very truth, as "another mother" to your boy, or your friend or neighbor in the fighting line.

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