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The Man Who Wasn't Himself

By Leslie Cargill

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

CHAPTER XIII

BLACK JACK THREATENS

"I smell a rat," Black Murrey snarled. "A large rat. A yellow rat."

He pointed a pudgy finger at Richard Harkness to emphasize the accusation.

"Rats," he went on, "are foul animals. I can't stick 'em. They give me the shudders."

"What's all this about?" Harkness demanded.

"You know. I'm talking of a creature that eats its own kind, a creature that is treacherous and wants stamping out. Do you now what I do when I trap one?"

"Kill it?"

"Toss it to the dogs. Up to now I've steered clear of killing, but it wouldn't make me lose sleep at night if you were pushing up the daisies."

"You're calling me a rat, are you?"

"I thought you'd tumble to my idea in the long run."

"May I inquire—"

Murrey sneered. "May you inquire! I'm about to get into my stride. For weeks you've been dodging the issue. There are jobs to be done, and you crawl out from under. Never did have much respect for you but you've gone a hundred per cent softer. I think you're squealing too. That measly-mouthed Miss you've been running around with isn't doing you any good."

"Leave her out of this," Richard said hotly.

"I haven't begun to introduce her yet! Wouldn't surprise me if you've been spilling all the beans into her lap."

"What beans?"

"Business. Our business. Activities best kept quiet. Tell a wench, and it gets all over the place in a jiffy."

Harkness breathed a sigh of relief. At first he thought Murrey had more tangible cause for complaint. Apparently he was only generalizing. The reason burst out when he gave details of a new venture.

"Hosky Smith knocked off some hundreds of bales of high-grade tweed, fur coats and silk hosiery. We got to dispose of it, quick. It's hot."

"The warehouse is in groceries," Harkness protested.

"Who cares? Thomas will do as he's told. The hands must take a holiday, or a close-down of some sort arranged. We want the store for a week. Leave the customer list to me. I've had some nibbles. Cooper comes in, to."

"I don't like it."

"You weren't so squeamish over the shoe deal. Or is that an item your memory isn't fond of?"

"My memory is very hazy about a

great many things."

Murrey gave a studiedly hollow laugh. "Remind me to look into that bomb tale more closely one of these days," he said. "I've a notion it's all phoney. What's the difference, if we buy and sell in the black, where the goods come from? There's bigger profit this way."

"And greater risks!"

"Not much. If we nabbed it means a long stretch either way. Two years or five, with a sporting chance of worse."

"At the rate you're going it will end up in murder."

Black Jack seemed almost to shrink. "That's a word I don't like," he warned. "Cut it out. Yes I know I threatened you to-night, but it wasn't serious. At least, I wouldn't do it myself. Come on Chet, for old time's sake. We sink or swim together."

"I refuse to have anything to do with it."

"You know what that means?"

"More or less."

"Not the half of it, my lad. I've ways and means of getting at you. When you take what's coming you won't like it."

"The answer is still 'No.'"

"All right! Take a tip then, and don't go near the warehouse. Whether you like it or not I'm taking the floor space. So long! You'll be seeing me, rat."

This change from his customary salutation was in itself sinister. As a friend, Black Jack Murrey was a menace. As an avowed enemy the possibilities didn't bear thinking about.

If the worst came to the worst, he could go to the police and tell everything, in which event he would have to face a charge of embezzlement. There would be a lot of undesirable publicity owing to the astonishing adventures that had befallen him since walking out of Trencham's. Posing as Chetwood not only made things more spectacular, but was in itself a criminal action whatever the intention.

Sorely in need of a friend, Richard dismissed the notion of confiding fully in Joyce. He went to Tom Fawley instead. Fawley had not lost the capacity for being surprised.

"You certainly know how to get in the soup," was his comment.

"What would you do?"

"Goodness knows! Whichever way you turn there's a nasty snag. Tell you what."

"Yes?"

"Tip off the police quietly."

"Murrey would drag me down with him."

"Then play for distance—go miles from this warehouse place. With a cast-iron alibi they couldn't do anything."

"What Chetwood has done before would be bound to crop up. And I'm Perry Chetwood to all intents and purposes."

"Couldn't you trace him and then fade out of the picture. Get him back home and let him stand the racket."

"So far as I'm aware he has already faded completely out."

"Leaving you in two fixes, old man. The Chetwood and the Harkness fix. What a muck-up!"

"There is one slim chance," Richard interposed. It will take about a week for Murrey to bring off this deal. If, in the interim, I could clear Harkness's character the rest would hardly matter a row of pins."

"Seven days," muttered Fawley. "Not very long, is it? Considering the days I've spent playing at detectives already I'm not hopeful."

"No luck?"

"Now you drive me into a corner, I'll admit to a wee clue, if you like to call it so. Cooper burns the midnight oil."

Richard's face fell. A store man-

ager might well put in special overtime. And there would be fire guards and watchmen on the premises to prevent anything underhand taking place. As he pointed out these objections Fawley smiled.

"Homework," he amplified. "Sneaks off with a ledger at a time and smuggles it back next morning."

"Surely the cashier would interfere? Liddgett used to be responsible for locking away all the books in the night-safety."

"Still is. I haven't discovered what subterfuge Cooper resorts to. But take my word for it, he departs with a flat, oblong parcel quite frequently. On several occasions I have stopped behind to watch. The firemen congregated in the rest-room to play darts. Half an hour after closing time, Cooper creeps—and I mean creeps—out by the back way. Don't forget he has a special key. Once he dropped the parcel. You know the sort of dull thud a heavy book makes? That was the sound."

CHAPTER XIII

SOME FINE THINGS HAVE TAKEN OVER

Discussing Cooper with Fawley set Richard thinking upon the behaviour of the head manager.

Cooper by virtue of his position, might have good cause to study the firm's books at his home. Some of the books, like the stock books, could well be examined at leisure. He might also deal with them in manipulating his black market purchases, though this was a matter that did not affect Richard's urge to unravel the tangle that had been made when he was a departmental manager. Those doings were concerned with his Chetwood phase and tended to prejudice his further chances.

As for the permanent ledgers and account books, they were made out on a machine which set down the items in printer characters and automatically added and subtracted the credits and debits. So far as he could judge, there was no way of faking these entries without Liddgett, or some member of the accountancy staff being aware of the game. Obviously, it was incredible to suspect the highly-respectable cashier of dishonesty. He had been with the firm for years and was due shortly to retire on pension.

"As sure as eggs are eggs," Fawley insisted, "old man Cooper is up to something fishy. What you put me up to, was the beginning. Since then (To Be Continued)"

The characters in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living person or to any public or private company.

Funeral Services Held on Sunday for Edward Peterson

Funeral service for Edward Peterson of 55 Messines Ave., Timmins, was held in the Chapel of Walker's Funeral Home on Sunday, April 8th, at 2 p.m. Rev. A. I. Heinenon, an old friend of the family since 1913, conducted the service in Finnish and English. The Chapel and other rooms of the Funeral Home were filled to overflowing by hundreds from the Porcupine District and also from Sudbury district. Mr. Peterson died in St. Mary's hospital on Thursday, April 5th.

The late Mr. Peterson was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Molanen. He was born at Melalahden, Paltamon, Oulu Province, Finland, on the 24th day of June, 1888. He came to Canada during 1909 and resided first in Copper Cliff and other mining towns of Sudbury district. During 1913 he married Miss Impi Eura Kukkonen in Sudbury. During 1921 the family arrived in Timmins. He was employed by the Hollinger Mines on the 4th day of November, 1921, and during the last eight or ten years was employed as shift boss, which position he held until his death, working his last shift March 19th.

To mourn his loss he leaves his widow, 55 Messines Ave., Timmins; one daughter Hella ("Helen") Impi Tellervo (Mrs. George Perkins), 206 Spruce St., Sudbury; one sister-in-law, Mrs. Matti Sirikka, of Copper Cliff. His oldest son, Veikko Edward, died under sad circumstances in Timmins July 25th, 1943. His youngest son, Onni Edwin Adolph, who enlisted with the First Canadian-American Special Service Force, was reported missing in action overseas on Feb. 2nd, 1944, and between Christmas and the end of the year 1944 his parents received a message that it was presumed that he died in action. His father, Peter Molanen, died in Finland several years ago, but his mother still lives at Melalahdi, Paltamo, Oulu Province, Finland.

Relatives present at the funeral services were: his widow and their daughter, Mrs. G. Perkins, of Sudbury, and her cousin, Mrs. Vaino Lahti, nee Lahja Sirikka, of Copper Cliff.

He was widely known among Canadians of Finnish origin as well as those of Anglo-Saxon and other racial origins in the Porcupine mining district.

In the short sermon in Finnish and English on "Christian brotherhood of man and Fatherhood of God," Rev. Heinenon mentioned having first met the late Mr. Peterson, in Copper Cliff, which at that time was the headquarters in his wide "parish" extending from Sault Ste. Marie, Copper Cliff and Sudbury in the South to

Twenty Years Ago From the Porcupine Advance Files

A plea for help for the Eastern Arctic, particularly that part on the eastern coast of Hudson's Bay was issued twenty years ago by Rev. W. E. Walton, who for 32 years was missionary to the Eskimos and Indians of the area for the Church of England. He said that some years ago the caribou had deserted the area and this had left the Indians hard put to it to find food enough to exist. The migration of the caribou was due to the forest fires in the South, Rev. Mr. Walton believed. He said that in the area referred to there was grazing land enough to support at least 2,000,000 deer, and his suggestion was that deer be placed there on the proper plan so as to make it possible for the natives to have access to food enough for their wants.

The Advance twenty years ago referred to one of the worst fires in the history of North Bay when the Royal theatre was destroyed. The cause of the fire was thought to be a short circuit. The whole building was destroyed in less than an hour. The loss was \$30,000, covered by insurance.

The story of a young lady in New Liskeard who awoke one night and thought she heard someone moving in the house was told in The Advance twenty years ago. The young lady had the Northern courage and got up and searched the house for any intruder. There was no one there, however, and nothing appeared to be missing in the rooms. One door was open, but the young lady took it for granted that this was an accident, and went back to bed to sleep. In the morning, though, the young lady found that an intruder had been in the house—in her room, indeed—and had stolen a nice sum of money that was in a pocket in one of her garments left on a chair in her bedroom alongside the bed. "That young lady," said The Advance, "now locks all the doors of her home, believing that everybody is not honest—not even in New Liskeard."

"On Sunday," says The Advance twenty years ago, "Rev. J. D. Parks was taken ill with an attack of nervous indigestion, and though attempting to carry through the day was not able to conduct the evening services. Mr. Thompson, representing the Grolier Society, conducted the evening services, and delivered a very interesting and inspiring address. All will be pleased to know that Rev. Mr. Parks is now practically recovered from the attack and hopes to be able to take special part in the union services at the Salvation Army to-morrow night."

In referring to an address delivered twenty years ago at the Kiwanis Club at Timmins, The Advance said:—"The informative address on 'Ice Cream and its Manufacture,' by S. Eplett was one of the most interesting heard by the Club to date."

The following paragraph is from The Advance of twenty years ago:—"Mr. Size, accountant at the Bank of Commerce, Timmins, left last week for the South and was married last night at North Bay. He and his bride will return to Timmins to take up residence here in the next two or three weeks. During his stay in Timmins Mr. Size has made many friends just as he did in Cobalt where he was stationed for a number of years. All will extend the sincerest good wishes."

Professor Schroeder's music pupils

Timmins and Cochrane in the North. Their children attended the Sunday schools and vacation school conducted by Rev. and Mrs. Heinenon in Copper Cliff. "Oldtimers" of 1909 and later years from Copper Cliff and other nickel mines in Sudbury district were present at the funeral services. The pallbearers were Messrs. Imari Sivunen, Anton Maki, Andrew Helmo, Nester Riihinen, Mauno Honkala and Victor Aho. The interment took place in Timmins Cemetery. Floral tributes were received from the following: Wife; daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. and Dr. George Perkins; Mr. and Mrs. Matti Sirikka and children; Mr. and Mrs. Waino Lahti; Mr. and Mrs. Taisto Sirikka; M. and L. Honkala; A. and H. Helmo; N. and M. Riihinen; A. and H. Maki; Underground Shift Bosses and Captains of Hollinger Mines; Emmi and Vic. Aho; Irene Rantamaki; H. Sundquist; P. Homfeldt; Mr. and Mrs. Lehtinen; Sivunen Family; Zig and Kae Ostrowski; Workers of 25 Shaft, Hollinger Mine; Otto Winsa Family; Mrs. Jamsa; Mr. and Mrs. D. Buscior; Mrs. Mary Huikka.

Mrs. T. A. Sammon Passes Away at Hotel Eganville

Many in Timmins and other sections of the North will regret to know of the death of Mrs. T. A. Sammon who passed away recently at the Hotel Eganville. She did not survive her husband by more than a couple of months. The late T. A. Sammon will be remembered here as the energetic and able manager of the Empire Hotel some years ago when he made many friends. He came to Timmins from Pembroke, where his enterprise made the Copeland House widely known. After leaving Timmins the late Mr. Sammon was manager of the Empire hotel at North Bay and later was in charge of the Hotel Haileybury at Haileybury.

The late Mrs. T. A. Sammon was a native of Renfrew (Elizabeth Dunn, before her marriage to Mr. Sammon at Almonte). She was over eighty three years of age at the time of her death. She was widely known for her kindness and charitable disposition.

The funeral service was held Eganville and interment made at Osceola cemetery. She is survived by one daughter, Miss Mona Sammon, Eganville.

gave a most interesting concert in the Goldfields theatre on Sunday evening April 5th, 1925. There was not a number on the programme that was not unusually well done. Among those taking part on the programme were: Mrs. Huxley, Miss Charron, Miss Gwen Smith, Miss Isobel Drew, Messrs LaMothe and Ash, A. Vaccino, Gladys Fairbrother, Willie Shub, Evaline Regimbault, Veino Pirrila, Beryl Cooper, Burton Holland, Mr. Bouvair and Miss Ernestine Tremblay.

Twenty years ago at this time summer sports were being organized in the Porcupine. At the annual meeting of the Dome Football Club, H. Ewart, A. Smith, P. J. Andrews, Bill Munro, H. Buck and H. Truelove were re-elected officers. Home Softball Club was also organized, the officers being W. H. Johns, Bert Longworth, W. McLean, H. J. McDonnell, A. W. Carlyle and R. Gregg. Timmins Athletic Association (the Grounds Committee) had re-elected Fire Chief Alex Borsland as president and W. A. Field as secretary-treasurer. Those representing the various sports at the annual meeting of the Amateur Athletic Association were:—R. Carmichael and J. N. Levine, baseball; R. Dunbar, W. F. B. Cadman, R. Mullen, football; W. H. Wilson and Geo. Carson, tennis; C. G. Williams for the Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines.

The Annual meeting of the Timmins Citizens' Band on April 6th, 1925, re-elected G. A. Macdonald as president; A. E. Prout, vice-president; F. J. Hornby, secretary-treasurer; T. Stephens, assistant secretary. A. P. Brigham, John Knox, C. G. Williams and Mayor Dr. J. A. McInnis were named honorary presidents. The executive was composed of the officers and the following other members of the band:—J. Geils, J. B. Pare, F. J. Wolno, J. T. Bridges, P. Cherry, S. Fairbrother, R. Cornthwaite and H. Boudry.

According to The Advance the first motor show ever held in Timmins or in any part of this North Land was in 1925 and it proved an unusual success. The four motor car dealers in town at the time co-operated in the show and each had their show rooms well decorated for the occasion. There were fourteen makes of cars on display and the dealers reported sales as very satisfactory. The big car dealers in those distant days were Timmins Garage, Northland Motors, Porcupine Garage and Marshall-Eccleston.

Over the grapevine telegraph twenty years ago there came astounding and blood-curdling stories of a murder or several brutal murders north of Island Falls. The authorities denied that there was any murder or series of murders, but the rumours persisted. In fact they grew with each denial. The Advance soon found that there was no sense in trying to get particulars about any murder or murders, because there had been no murder committed. Then as a matter of interest it was sought to discover how the murder stories received their start. At last this was discovered. It seems that two trappers near Island Falls got into a quarrel over trap lines and in front of the cabin of one of them the wordy warfare ended in physical violence. The one used his rifle as a club and knocked the other trapper down. Some Indians passing saw the affair and carried the story to "civilization." The man who was knocked down was not really hurt and soon was back on his feet again. The two trappers made up their quarrel, but it was hard to convince some folks that there had been no killing.

The Advance twenty years ago had the following paragraph:—"Old-time friends of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Durack, formerly resident in Timmins, will extend sympathy to them in the death last week of their infant son, Gordon Richard, aged two years. The little lad died from diabetes from which he had suffered for some months. Interment was made at Osceola, Ont."

Among the local and personal items in The Advance ten years ago were the following:—"Mr. P. S. Taylor, of Hamilton, was in town this week." "H. W. Hooker leaves this week to spend Easter in Hamilton." "Pansies are reported as ready to bloom in

gardens on Maple street north." "Chief of Police M. Greer is in Cochrane this week in attendance at the sittings of the Supreme Court there." "Mrs. J. Heppleston left this week for Ottawa to join her husband there. Mr. Heppleston having been appointed manager of the new Arthur E. Moyssey office at Ottawa. There will be very general regret at the leaving of Mrs. Heppleston, who has been a resident of the North Land for about eighteen years, and all here will follow her to her new home with the best of good wishes." "Mrs. J. E. Newton is spending a few weeks in Toronto." "Mr. J. L. Hunt leaves this week to spend Easter in Toronto." "P. M. Wallingford returned this week after a week spent in Toronto on business." "Mr. and Mrs. Z. L. Martin, of Bridgewater, N. S., are visiting his brother and other relatives and friends in Timmins." "Deputy Police Chief M. Sully is in Cochrane this week on official duty." "The Twelfth of July will be celebrated in Timmins this year. On account of the Twelfth falling on a Sunday, the usual celebration this year will be on Monday the thirteenth. The lodges in this district of the L. O. L. will gather here for the Big Day."

Happy Woods Picks First Dandelion in Haileybury

All who remember J. M. Wood ("Happy") during the many years he lived in Schumacher and Timmins, will recall that he was always doing something original, or finding something, especially in reference to horticulture. He has been at it again. This time he is forward to claim that he is the first man in Haileybury (likely in the North) to pick dandelions in the month of March. The dandelions were in full bloom when Mr. Woods found them, he says. The matter is referred to in the following paragraph from last week's Haileyburian:—

"J. M. (Happy) Woods, whose observations of things in general have at intervals been recorded in these columns, has come through with something new this spring. He now claims the doubtful honour of having picked the first dandelions of the season, and he believes that the fact of these flowers blooming before the month of March was out makes a record of some kind. In any event he has sent to the office of The Haileyburian a couple of sample blooms which were picked at his Blackwall street home last week. They had closed up to some extent when they reached us, but he assures us that they were spread in full bloom when they were first picked."

The following have the same objectives as in the last loan:—Val Gagne, \$10,000; Matheson and Shillington \$35,000; Porcupine Junction and part of Calvert township, \$8,000; Cochrane and Glackmeyer township, \$210,000; Island Falls, \$5,000; Fraserdale, \$5,000; Moosonee and Moose Factory, \$5,000; Montserrat, \$8,000.

While some of the increases seem high, they have all been very carefully considered. Each loan it seems difficult to make the quotas set in some cases, but in each case it has been found that by extra effort the objective has been reached. Just a little extra effort does the trick. It is recalled that in the last loan every single centre in this unit reached its objective despite all handicaps. The organization here is about perfect now and with the experience of previous loans and the extra effort no doubt will go over the top as usual.

Try The Advance Want Advs.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found the quotas set for the various centres in the Cochrane Unit of the Eighth Victory Loan. Comparison with the similar list for the Seventh Loan shows that there has been a total increase in objectives of \$200,000 for this loan. The total for last loan for the general canvass was \$2,700,000. For the Eighth Victory Loan it is \$2,900,000.

Timmins has more than half of the increase. The objective in the last loan was \$1,365,000 for Timmins. For the Eighth Loan it is \$1,500,000, an increase of \$135,000.

The next biggest increase is at Hearst, where the objective for this loan is set at \$103,000, which is \$20,000 more than in the last loan.

Kapuskasing's quota is \$220,000, which is \$17,000 more than last loan. Troquois Falls, Ansonville, Nellie Lake and part of Calvert township, set at \$180,000, is \$10,000 more than the last loan.

Schumacher, \$210,000, and South Porcupine, Porcupine (Golden City), Hoyle Pamour and Connaught, \$290,000 are each up \$5,000 from the last loan. There is an increase of \$3,000 each in Ramore, Holtvy, Playfair township, \$22,000, and Smooth Rock Falls now \$52,000.

Moonbeam, including Fauquier township, \$10,000 is \$1,000 more than last loan.

Fauquier, now \$7,000, was \$6,500 last loan.

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