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The Man Who Wasn't Himself

By Leslie Cargill

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

Chapter XVI Mr. Cooper Takes A Parcel "Harkness!" Richard's heart missed a beat. Jack Murrey thrust both hands into trouser pockets and straddled his legs. He looked, as he felt, in a possessive mood. "Familiar, isn't it?" he asked. "Cozy sort of sound when you're used to it. Better than Perry Chetwood, eh?" "There is nothing I wish to discuss with you Murrey." "See you! First set me on the track, that pretty talk. It's a queer thing. I don't mind saying, that you and Chet are much of a muchness in heaps of ways. Size, colouring, and both got big feet. I'm not sure about the eyes. His were a shade lighter, I'd say. But he was rougher when he spoke. Oh no, he didn't talk like a wireless announcer." Harkness wetted his dry lips. It was all very well letting a friend into the secret. This man, however, was an enemy. He needed time to study the position. "Going to deny it?" Murrey taunted. "You can find that out." "Maybe I can, but I'm not letting up, not by a long chalk, considering I've not got the drop on you. Wriggle as much as you like and it'll do no good. Think I've been snooping for amusement?" "How much do you know?" "About ninety per cent of the truth; that you worked for Chuck Cooper, of all people, before a bomb bust you up. Afterwards you had a facial operation and came out of dry dock with the looks of Chetwood. Clever, if so many people hadn't known. There were doctors and nurses which you forgot." "I won't ask you to believe me, but my likeness to Chetwood is a fluke. At the time I had no recollection of my past. There was a photograph which guided the surgeon but it wasn't my photograph." "That's a good one! You tried to make hay while the sun was shining. Soon as you knew Chet was bumped off, and that your own looks were damaged, you hit on this wheeze." "Chetwood dead?" Murrey opened his eyes. "Say," he remarked, "perhaps it wasn't according to plan, after all. Fill in some blanks for me. What made you step into his shoes?" "Somebody identified me before my memory came back." "Heck, that's another good one! Joyce Barlow, for a fiver." "Who it was doesn't matter. Next thing, I was pitchedforked into Chetwood's way of life." "Including his best girl and his best friend. The latter being me. Well, you've done nicely out of it." Unintentionally, Harkness protested. "His heirs will be fully recompensed." "Can't say I'm aware of any relations. Lucky for you. In the way of things you may as well settle down where you are." "Now you know all about me, I shall go back home." "Come off it! Needn't be frightened of me. Keep Chetwood's goods

Chapter XVII Amateur Housebreakers Housebreaking is not nearly as simple as it may appear. The professional burglar who knows his way about acquires a technique which the amateur does not possess. On a damp, dark night it was decidedly uncomfortable skulking in the shrubbery which graced one side of Mr. Cooper's suburban residence. Every approaching footstep on the road made them hold their breath. There were specially unnerving instances when the softer and more deliberate pad of rubber soles suggested a patrolling policeman. Once a questing torchlight shone down the path and seemed to hover uncertainly by the bushes behind which they were lurking. Despite the blackout it was possible to detect faint glimmers inside the house. A door at the rear opened and closed. "Putting out the cat," Tom whispered. "What on a night like this!" "Oh, well, perhaps just a habit. Some people always take a look outside before going to bed." Harkness grunted, and pulled his upturned collar closer to his neck, although the rain had already penetrated, and the gesture was as cheerless as wrapping a fish around himself. "Shall we scout round?" he suggested. "Anything for a change?" Their sodden boots squeaked in the dank undergrowth. Branches bent and sprang back with disconcerting splash. Then they found a gravel path. Fortunately, the drip of rain and rustling wind served to hide such sounds as they made in a rather stumbling progress. "Wardens don't come round to the back by the look of it," Tom said, under his breath. "That chink upstairs is quite an illumination." As he finished the sentence it was extinguished. They waited another half hour, by which time the whole house seemed to have gone to sleep. A melodious chime in the distance was three repeated. "A quarter to," Harkness muttered. "To what?" "To one, I think." Time, however, had lost any meaning. Neither knew how long they had been in hiding. Every passing minute had been an eternity. As a precaution they staved where they were until the clock struck again. Only midnight. There had been too many extraneous disturbances for them to have heard all the previous chimes. But now all was quiet. The rumbles and the clattering, the odd sounds that make up the symphony of waking humanity, had faded away. The primitive uneasiness of nature lent to the darkness a furtiveness which oppressed the intruders. Moving again was like starting an avalanche as the small pebbles crunched beneath their feet. A scullery window invited attention. Richard worked on the catch with a thin table knife he had brought for some such purpose. A snick, and he was cautiously lifting the sash. It squeaked—and he halted. Tom said "O.K.," and fumbled inside to move a hampering curtain. Again they were impressed by the obtrusiveness of the sliding rings on a metal wire. Everything they did seemed noisy, magnified by their nervous fears, though there was no suggestion that the occupants were being disturbed. Harkness clambered first over the sill, with Tom Fawley following nimbly. Closing the curtains he produced a pocket lamp. "Nice to be able to see again," he remarked. "Shush! Take your boots off." "Good Idea." Even in softer socks there were creaking floorboards—and a startled cat that mewled. They closed the door behind them hurriedly in case it ran out of the room. On the right of the corridor was a well-furnished lounge. Next a snugger which looked more worth attention. At the far end a large roll-top desk was particularly promising. Harkness was afraid it would defy their attempts at opening it, but Tom Fawley achieved an unexpected success with the aid of a wire paper clip. "Shows the sort of tricks I got up to in my youth," he whispered. "Really it's the simplest form of lock. Only fitted to keep out nosy-parkers." Pushing back the slatted cover they almost whooped in triumph. Not only was the Trencham's "Day book" there, but also an adding machine and a number of completed cards. A very brief examination proved that Cooper was indeed faking on a big scale. "What do we do now?" Fawley asked. "Shut the desk and lock it, if you can. Don't disarrange anything. Sharp as you like. We must get out of here." "But—" "Talk it over later." He hoped they had left no trace of their presence. Going back through the house they were careful to eliminate any signs. Lastly they went out by the window, closed the curtains and manipulated the catch back into place. It was still raining and there was a long walk before them. Undeterred by the lateness of the hour, they went to Chetwood's flat.

Twenty Years Ago

Twenty years ago The Advance gave its readers the information that the new jail at Halleybury was nearing completion and that it was expected to be ready to turn over to the government early in June of that year. The further note was made that there would be 32 cells in the new jail so there would be room for all. One item in The Advance in April, 1925, read:—"Mr. Walter Devine, lino-type operator on The Advance Staff, returned last week accompanied by his bride, formerly Miss Betty Hodgson, of Oakville, Ont., the couple being married at Oakville on April 14th. Mr. and Mrs. Devine have taken up residence on Tamarack street." At the annual meeting of the Timmings Tennis Club in 1925 it was decided to light one of the courts for night play. The following were the officers elected for the year:—W. O. Langdon, president; A. L. Shaw, vice-president; W. H. Wilson, secretary; Geo. Carson, convener of the grounds committee; F. J. Kehce, convener of the tournament committee; W. H. Wilson, delegate to the Timmings Athletic Association. The District of Cochrane Conservative Association meeting at Iroquois Falls in 1925 recommended that W. A. Gordon be appointed to the T. & N. O. Railway Commission; that the trunk road between Swastika and Ramore be completed as soon as possible; that more roadwork of all kinds be done in this North; and that all T. & N. O. Railway houses be subject to municipal taxation. The first dancing recital to be held in Timmings was "The Dancing Recital and Children's Dress Ball," presented by Mrs. R. B. Simms and her pupils in the Masonic hall in April of 1925. It was described by The Advance as a beautiful and colorful event long to be remembered. Among the gifted pupils taking part in the event were:—Margaret Easton, Helen Chisholm, Maisie Roberts, Margaret Geils, Maisie Newton, Sylvia Lewis, Mary King, Patsy Gauthier, David Gordon, Roy Brown, Gertrude Hawkins, Eric Newton, Helen Newton, Elizabeth Williams, Betty Ostrosser, Lloyd Chisholm, Marion Ostrosser, Jack Gauthier, Francis King, Stanford Walsh, Woodrow Walsh, Gordon Gauthier, Marguerite Tillie, Jack Williams, Rosie Robertson. There were a number of national dances given in talented way, together with classic dances and specialties. The event drew crowded houses on both evenings and at a matinee. On the second evening Mrs. Simms was presented with a beautiful piece of silverware as a mark of the appreciation of her young pupils. The event was opened each evening by a brief address by G. A. Macdonald. Twenty years ago the boundaries of the riding of Cochrane were changed and this necessitated some reorganization by the political parties in the local house. At a meeting of the Liberals in Cochrane in April, 1925, the chief speaker was Mac Lang, M. P., who urged support for the party in the 1925 election. Ben Rothschild was the president of the Liberal Association. In 1925 The Advance pointed out the promising outlook for the development of Deloro, Shaw and McArthur townships. Gold in an iron formation was a peculiarity not before encountered at that time. Provincial Geologist Burrows verified the statement that gold in the Triplex was high-grade in an iron formation. Ankerite and Paymaster were both diamond drilling at the time and Mineral Lands and Marsh Gold were sinking shafts. Capital to explore thoroughly in the three townships did not seem to be hard to get, and English investors had been interested in the Brough claims. The Advance pointed out that one of the chief handicaps was difficulty of transportation, especially in the winter time. Robert Sheppard, unmarried, aged 22, whose home was in Southern Ontario, was found electrocuted at the Dome Mines one day twenty years ago. He had been repairing one of the crusher motors when the fatality occurred. Robert Dunsmore suffered a rather serious injury to one of his feet twenty years ago when at work at the Hollinger Mine. The fall of a part of a machine caused the accident. Announcement was made in The Advance twenty years ago that — Gordon would act as manager of the Hollinger Recreation Club's entry in the Porcupine District Football Association. J. Thomas was also taking registration of football players. Matthew Nicoll, one of the oldest residents of Norwood, Ontario, died twenty years ago, at the age of 81 years. His father was one of the pioneers of Dummer township, to which he came from Ross-shire, Scotland. The late Matthew Nicoll was a seventh son. He left a son, Ross Nicoll, and a daughter, Mrs. W. T. Curtis, both residents in Timmings. J. R. Todd, of Schumacher, twenty years ago had a letter in The Advance appealing to lovers of nature to assist in efforts to preserve Frederickhouse

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Lake as a feeding and breeding place for wild fowl. He recommended the building of a dam and closer watch by game wardens of illegal spring and summer shooting. John T. Price, of Englehart, a former railwayman in the Porcupine district, died suddenly in Orillia hospital twenty years ago. He had gone to Orillia for the funeral of his only child, a little girl of nine years of age, and he was taken ill and died within twelve hours. He was only 39 years of age at the time of his death. He had made a very rapid advance in his chosen calling as railwayman, being stationmaster at Englehart at the time of his death. According to an announcement made by Secretary-Treasurer W. A. Field, nearly 200 players were expected to take part in the Porcupine District Football Association games in 1925. The following is an item from The Advance of twenty years ago:—Mr. J. G. Goss, of North Bay, Grand Organizer of the L. O. L., is in the camp and is meeting with much success in his work. On Saturday evening he conducted a meeting in Timmings, delivering a stirring address on the principles of the order, the meeting attracting a good attendance. On Monday evening he conducted an equally successful meeting at Golden City. He is busy this week organizing a lodge at Schumacher, where there are already 45 members ready to be enrolled. One of the sensations of 1925 was the brutal murder of Petrus Van Gheluwe at Smooth Rock Falls. He had been gagged and his hands and feet bound with haywire, and then his head and face horribly battered, apparently by the blunt end of an axe. The discovery was made by his partner, a Timmings man, on his return to the farm on April 20th, 1925. The only object of the crime seemed to be robbery, \$100 drawn from the bank by Van Gheluwe being taken. Van Gheluwe was a Belgian, 59 years old, resident in the North for many years. He was highly regarded by all who knew him. Those responsible for this brutal crime have never been brought to earthly justice. Roland Vaillant, 25 years of age, working at contract work at the Hol-

linger Mine twenty years ago died from injuries received in an accident at the mine. Working with his partner, Geo. Couture, it was believed that Vaillant struck an unexploded charge of dynamite with his pick. He received the full force of the explosion yards and suffering a severe cut on the head, was not seriously injured. Among the local and personal items in The Advance twenty years ago were the following:—"Born—in Timmings at the Cairns hospital on April 17th to Mr. and Mrs. W. Plant—a daughter." "Mrs. Ernest Carpenter and son returned to her old home at Barrie on Saturday." "Born—at the Cairns hospital, Timmings, on April 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Martin, Schumacher—a daughter." "Last week Mr. H. Leduc, who has conducted a grocery and meat business on Fourth avenue, next to The Advance office, for a number of years past, sold out his stock and intends to go to Muskoka for treatment. All will wish him a speedy return to health." "Extra gangs of men are at work on the golf course, putting the links into specially fine condition." "Born—at the Cairns hospital, Timmings, on April 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. Wright, River Road—a son." "Mr. Frank Lendrum, editor of The Northern News, Cobalt, was a visitor to Timmings on Saturday on his return from Smooth Rock Falls." "A deer wandered onto the square in Cobalt last week and was captured. It is now being housed and fed in the barn of Mr. C. Kennelly." "There have been several recently urging the organization of lacrosse in Timmings, a number of old-timers at the game being resident here."

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