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The Man Who Wasn't Himself

By Leslie Cargill

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CHAPTER XXI

ARRESTED

In spite of having the best of intentions, Richard Harkness seemed foredoomed to make a mess of his affairs since that fateful day when Mr. Cooper had summoned him into his presence. The last dream of personally spiking the guns of the enemy faded while he was actually on the way to meet Inspector Tyrrell.

Instead he was invited to interview a strange divisional superintendent.

"Mr. Philip Chetwood"

The inquiry, so politely made, pulled him up in his stride.

"Would you mind accompanying me to the station, sir. There are some questions they would like to ask."

"Later on, if you please," Harkness said. "Actually I am on my way to see Inspector Tyrrell."

The refusal was firm. Superintendent Graham felt that he must get on with the job at once.

When he tried to disentangle himself, he found that he was firmly in the toils of Chetwood's past. They confronted him with a record of offences that were now in the process of being proved after months of patient investigation.

The innocently termed "question" was plainly a preparation for charges to be preferred.

"Afraid I shall have to detain you," the superintendent insisted.

"Surely not in custody?"

"An application for bail may be made to the magistrate at the preliminary hearing to-morrow morning."

Harkness was driven to pleading, then to fuming. Graham returned an uncompromising negative.

"Won't you get into touch with Inspector Tyrrell at headquarters?" implored the unhappy prisoner.

"All in good time, Mr. Chetwood."

"I'm not Chetwood. My name is—"

"Yes?"

"Oh, never mind. Anyway, I'm not the man you think I am."

The superintendent permitted himself an incredulous smile. "Anything you have to say will be taken down in writing and may be used in evidence," he continued. "I shall make a note that you deny your identity. Where is your National Registration card, please?"

Richard gave up the unequal struggle. He had plenty of leisure in which to reproach himself for dallying, for what he had done and what he had left undone.

Detention was not made arduous. An appetizing lunch was sent in at his own expense and a request for another interview with the superintendent was readily acceded to. The constable took him to a barely furnished waiting room.

"Make yourself comfortable while I find if the superintendent is ready," he instructed.

Some uncontrollable impulse prompted Harkness to walk out of another door at the side of the room. He was

in an office with books and papers littered about, but no living occupant. Beyond this room was a short passage with several people walking about, some in uniform and some in plain clothes. Not one gave him any special attention. It was as simple as leaving his own home.

Out in the street he quickened his steps, saw a bus slowing down, and hoisted himself aboard.

"Didn't ought to have done that," the conductress remonstrated. "Not allowed."

"I'm in such a hurry to catch a train that I risked it," he apologised.

"Where from?"

"The train? Oh, Liverpool Street."

She giggled. "Might've saved yourself the trouble, Mister. This bus don't go within miles."

The driver had picked up speed so he travelled to the next authorized stopping place, paid, and stepped down. Nearby was a tube station so he dived underground.

So far so good, though the liberty he had instinctively snatched was likely to be of short duration. While it lasted he intended to make full use of it.

That ingrained urge for friendly counsel took him, by devious stages, to Joyce Barlow.

"Have you seen the Inspector?" was her first remark.

"No. Is anybody keeping watch on this house?"

She peeped through the curtains. "Not to my knowledge. You seem a little agitated."

"And no wonder. Chetwood has been arrested."

"But I don't understand. Surely Perry is dead?"

"I'm not. They've arrested me in his name."

"Whatever for?"

"A list of offences as long as your arm and dating back several years. Some didn't surprise me; others did."

"They can't have been so dreadful or you wouldn't have been released."

"I escaped."

"Escaped?"

"It happened on the spur of the moment. I was waiting for an interview with a high official, and as there was no one to stop me, I simply wandered into the street."

"Yes, but..."

"Don't you see I had to? Being locked up prevented me making any further effort on my own behalf."

"Inspector Tyrrell would have put matters right."

"You've a greater respect for his powers than I have. He's looking for a murderer and was very definite about that. I'm not so sure it would have been any good going to him this morning, though I was on my way when a Bobby escorted me to the police station."

"What are you going to do?"

"Get hold of Cooper and wring a confession out of him."

"He never will confess."

"When he knows I am both Harkness and Chetwood I reckon his nerve will break."

They were interrupted by the buzz of the telephone. Joyce lifted the receiver and then clapped her hand over the mouthpiece.

"Jack Murray," she announced. "Asking if I've seen anything of you."

"I'll talk to him."

"Is it wise?"

"Can't do any harm. Evidently he doesn't know about my adventure."

Murray was peeved. He had been trying to make contact all week-end and wanted an explanation.

"None to give," Harkness snapped defiantly.

"You can talk back from a distance," Murray retorted. "I'm taking no lip from you."

"And if I want to visit friends I shall not ask your permission."

"O.K.—O.K.! Needn't squabble. To-

night's the night. I'll be round at your place nine-ish to pick you up.

"No, meet me elsewhere."

"Anywhere you say."

"I'll come to your garage."

"Make it half-past eight."

"You must not go," Joyce insisted, as he hung up.

Richard frowned. "I think it will be best," he answered. "Between now and then I can think of a way to dish him."

"Don't forget what happened to Thomas."

"There's nothing I remember more distinctly."

Joyce put an arm about his shoulder. "My dear," she said, "you can't beat a gang of ruthless crooks on your own."

"I shall make a very good attempt."

"How about Cooper?"

"I will attend to him later. This promises to be a jolly exciting night."

"Why not have a nap in the spare bedroom," she suggested. "You will need all your energies."

CHAPTER XXII

Friends in Conference

After he had gratefully accepted Joyce waited only to make quite certain he was asleep before putting through an important telephone call.

What transpired during the conversation seemed to give her great satisfaction, and some comfort, for she settled down to read a book.

Richard's nap was short. Refreshed by it he felt the need of making more plans.

"I'd like to get hold of Tom Fawley," he announced. "He's been a brick right through. They have a quarter of an hour's tea break. With a bit of a hustle he could get here and back."

"Keep under cover while I take a message," Joyce volunteered.

This brought, for another and vitally important talk, the friends on whom Harkness placed most reliance.

"My intention was to rattle Cooper until he disgorge," said Richard grimly. "Murray upsets that by choosing to-night for the convey. I'm going with him."

"More nonsense," Fawley objected. "Everything is cut and dried. I take over a lorry load and park it outside an appropriate police station. What I shall be able to tell the Bobbies ought to lead to the others being picked up."

"All of them?" Fawley inquired.

"I don't see why not."

"Murray won't have a load himself, will he? Not he! Like Mussolini on the famous march to Rome he'll travel in luxury and security."

"Tyrrell can handle that chap."

"Provided you play fair."

"Leave that to me, old man."

"All very well, only you'll not be in a very happy position yourself with a few tons of illicit, rationed goods."

"An unpleasant position, but I'm hoping not to come too badly out of it. Got to take risks."

"And Cooper?"

"He must be held over to another day."

"How would it be if I took that end of the business?"

"Impossible, Tom. Absolutely impossible. I expect to bewilder him with my dual personality."

"Am I to stand by idly?"

"Not by a long chalk. That's why I got you here—to ask you to extend your detective work. Can you keep an eye on him this evening?"

"You bet!"

"Splendid! Follow him home and make sure he is staying indoors."

"Suppose he doesn't?"

"Shadow him wherever he goes."

"All right, if that's what you want. Easier said than done. Nice idiot. I'll look if he turns round and asks, 'What the devil are you doing here, Fawley? Anything I invent will sound pretty lame.'"

"You'll be all right. He can't suspect the truth."

"Any special reasons for these elaborate precautions?" Joyce inquired.

"Only that matters are coming to a head. The connexions between Cooper and Murray are pretty close. I know Black Jack is supposed to be keeping him out of this deal, but one never knows. Probably too, having made up my mind to have it out with him forthwith I'm feeling frustrated."

"And nervous, Dick?"

"No, not ordinary nervousness. It's difficult to explain."

"Don't try," she remarked. "Call it intuition."

Richard smiled. "I didn't know a girl could be so understanding."

"It all depends."

"On what?"

Tom Fawley began to retreat. "You two don't want me here any longer," he muttered. "Must be dashing back to the job. So long!"

"Mr. Fawley doesn't lack understanding, either," she prompted as the door closed.

"I'm afraid I'm the densest member of the party."

"Willfully, Richard Harkness."

"There was always Perry Chetwood standing between us."

"There never was," she retorted. "Only in your imagination. Do we have to go over all that again?"

"No," he said grimly, edging closer. "But he proposed so persistently."

"You don't expect a girl to resent the compliment?"

"I never looked at it in that light. But I've never proposed before."

"Haven't you?"

"Saying 'No' must get very monotonous?"

Twenty Years Ago

From the Porcupine Advance Files

The big social event of twenty years ago was the formal opening of the Empire hotel. The event was in the form of a dinner dance, one of the first to be held in Timmins. There was an elaborate menu and excellent dance music. About 100 prominent citizens of the town and district attended. Mayor Dr. J. A. McInnis presided at the banquet. Other speakers included A. F. Bringham, manager of the Hollinger, R. J. Ennis, manager of the McIntyre, Reeve & Co., V. Gallagher, Father Theriault, Mr. Joannin (the architect), Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Smith (who were in charge of the hotel), John W. Foggs, Geo. Lake, D. W. O'Sullivan, J. R. Toca, Dr. H. H. Moore, D. Ostrander, V. H. Emery, Chas. Pierce and others. Each safety razor, while the ladies were given flowers. At the time The Advance committed on the elegant equipment and handsome appointments of the hotel and its modern touch throughout.

Twenty years ago the beer was 44. Oldtimers will recall what "four point four" was like. It was neither "fish, flesh or anything" but four point four. Only standard hotels could stock the stuff. There were only five standard hotels in Timmins. So there were only five places allowed to sell the 44. After a trial even the five Timmins places did not care whether they sold it or not. It didn't even smell strongly of beer.

Great credit should be given to Mr. R. Whorley, of Halleybury, for the organization of the Timmins Horticultural Society. He was here on more than one occasion seeking to have such an organization formed. He came here with Mr. H. J. Moore, of Toronto, and spoke on the subject. Mr. Moore gave a most interesting lecture illustrated with lantern slides. First officers of the Timmins Horticultural Society were:—H. Hutton, president; W. Ringsleben, vice-president; Mrs. Harris, second vice-president; F. C. H. Simms, R. Elston, T. A. Skelly, Mr. Dupont, Mrs. Gauthier, R. J. Harkness, Mrs. Chittenden, Mrs. A. R. Ennis, Mrs. V. H. Emery, D. R. McDonald, directors.

Twenty years ago there were a number of big eggs shown to The Advance. One from H. Sullivan's Barred Rocks at South Porcupine. It was eight and a quarter inches the long way and six and a half inches in circumference the other way. It weighed four ounces. The Advance called on anyone to beat this, suggesting a contest, with "entries by the dozens," as an evidence of good faith.

A musical event of outstanding excellence was given twenty years ago in the Ukrainian hall by Mr. Will Richards, teacher of vocal music. There was not a single number on the programme that was not given with a talent and finish that were noteworthy. Among the gifted artists taking part were Miss B. Meredith, S. Spacey, Mrs. U. L. Acton, Will Richards, Mrs. Barrett, Mr. P. Richards, Master Carl Johns, and Geo. Richards. G. A. MacDonald presided at the event.

An Advance item of twenty years ago said:—"Mr. Jas. Brough, who has conducted a blacksmith business here for several years past, and who is one of the old-timers of the North, last week sold the stock and trade of the business to Messrs. Blough and Arnold."

Twenty years ago there was a strong demand, led by the Cochrane board of trade, to have the T. & N. O. Railway extended to tidewater. The Cochrane board of trade had facts to back their claims, and eventually forced the interest of all parts of the North and many parts of Ontario.

About this time of year 1925 Mr. D. Mackie went to Toronto to meet his mother whom he had not seen for twenty years. Mrs. Mackie, Sr., though well past the age of seventy, had made the trip alone from Scotland to visit her sons in Canada. She enjoyed the trip across the ocean, was greatly interested in Canada, and came back here with her son to visit in Timmins for some time.

Mr. James Vardon, an employee of the Canada Power Co. for about a year, met death twenty years ago when he fell from a pole at the Vipond Mine, breaking his neck in the fall. While the power was turned off while the men were working, the evidence at the inquest suggested that the fall was due to an electrical shock. The late James Vardon was only 23 years of age at the time of death and left a widow and a small child. There was great sympathy for the bereaved ones, as the late Mr. Vardon had many friends in the town and district. The body was shipped to West Bathurst, his old home, for interment.

Twenty years ago the first attempt to sponsor league baseball all over the North found two groups organized for the 1925 season. Timmins and Iroquois Falls made the northern section and Kirkland Lake, Cobalt, Halleybury, and New Liskeard were the southern section teams. The two groups were to play off in the fall for the championship. G. F. Summers, of Halleybury, was the president of the Temiskaming Base ball league, under whose jurisdiction the big league was to function.

The South Porcupine correspondent of The Advance urged that immediate steps be taken to repair the

"back road" at MacDonald Lake. There had been a couple of accidents there, and though there had been no serious results it was pointed out that this was pure luck that could not be expected to hold forever.

Ross Dixon, a popular employee of the T. S. Woodlins Co., died at Connaught on May 17th, 1925, after a short illness. He was born in Bracebridge and was 38 years of age at the time of his death. He had lived in Connaught for a number of years and had many friends there.

A number of drug stores were fined twenty years ago for breach of the Ontario Temperance Act. Mr. W. A. Gordon, K. C., appeared for the drug stores, and though he only got a couple of them dismissed, he gave the "special agents" used to get conventions a very rough ride.

Twenty years ago a man who had been the last known person to be with Mrs. Senuik on the night of early morning when she met her death on April 12th, 1925, was committed for trial on a charge of murder when he came before Magistrate Atkinson for preliminary hearing.

In 1925 the new hydro electric plant started at Island Falls by the Hollinger Mine and sold to the Abitibi Power & Paper Co. and a new contract entered into with the Northern Canada Power, the friction between the two companies was removed. The annual report also referred to the death of David A. Dunlop, who had been a director of the Hollinger from inception. Wilson Bell, of Toronto, succeeded him as vice-president. It was noted that 90 per cent. of Hollinger stock was held by Canadians. Reference was made to the increase in daily tonnage to 5,500 tons.

Among the local and personal items in The Advance included the following:—"Mr. James Pillier, who has been in Shillington and Island Falls for some time past, has returned to Timmins." "Miss Kathleen McNabb returned last week from a holiday at her old home in Henlaw County." "There will be general sympathy this week with Mr. and Mrs. John Archer in the death of their infant boy, aged only about seven weeks." "About \$500 has now been contributed to the memorial for Dr. McNaughton, a pioneer medical man of New Liskeard and the North."

"Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Williams returned last night from a visit to

London, Ont., where they were called on account of the illness of Mr. Williams' mother. All will be pleased to know that Mrs. Williams, Sr., is now making satisfactory progress to recovery." "Mr. T. Wilson, who has been with Mr. J. Watt for the past year and a half, is this week opening up business for himself at South Porcupine. Mr. Wilson's business will be known as 'The Golden North Bakery,' and his many friends in camp will sincerely wish him all success in his undertaking." "Born—In Timmins, on May 18th, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. M. Maher—a son."

Sent Flowers on Mother's Day, but Killed Meantime

There was a touching incident in connection with Mother's Day at Cochrane. Mrs. D. M. Serinack duly received a parcel of natural flowers for Mother's Day from her son, Trooper Real Serinack, on active service overseas. The loyal lad had arranged that the flowers would reach his mother in time for Mother's Day and thus be a tribute from him to her. The flowers duly arrived, but in the meantime the gallant lad had been killed in action overseas. Nevertheless, the flowers were a comfort to Mrs. Serinack, showing as they did that one of his last thoughts was for her. "I am proud of my son," she is quoted as saying. "He had a good heart."

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These are just some of many steps in the Liberal Government's Working Plan to ensure full employment after the war. In addition it has stimulated tremendous private savings in Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates; put through Unemployment Insurance, set up a special Department of Reconstruction staffed by experts. In fact all its policies are directed to the same end—a high and stable level of employment and income.

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VOTE for your Liberal candidate. Make sure the team which made this plan for full employment shall see it through—and win the peace!

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