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The Man Who Wasn't Himself

By Leslie Cargill

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CHAPTER XXIV

"I Was Wrongfully Detained"

Inspector Tyrrell was in an exceptionally bad temper. Richard Harkness' escape had given him additional labour and anxiety.

"Thought you'd given us the slip," he challenged. "Hang it, I've had half the police force hunting for you."

"They didn't look in the right place," Joyce remarked.

"I might have known this was where he'd come—even without being told." Richard shrugged his shoulders. "It doesn't much matter who told you, now. I certainly wasn't expecting you here. Do I go back to jail?"

The inspector winked at Joyce. "That's a problem, isn't it? Especially as, I dare say, you've decided that a summons to appear before the magistrates would have sufficed."

"I didn't know, inspector. So I was wrongfully detained?"

"We're within our rights in keeping suspects in custody. More reasons than one in your case."

"Let's go!"

"Not so fast—not so fast. If I were sure you would remain here on parole it could be arranged. No leaving the premises or trying to spirit yourself away."

"I can't make any such promise."

"Can't. What's the excuse?"

"None to give."

"More like defiance. I made a very special effort to side-track you. Quite in a friendly way, and going outside my duty, I'm still trying to do you a good turn."

Richard's obstinacy was not weakened.

"Very well," Tyrrell said, "you're putting a rod in pickle. I've done all I can."

"Whit!" Joyce interposed. "Mr. Chetwood has something important to tell you."

"I haven't. Not at this stage."

"Be sensible, darling. Tell the inspector what you intended to do this morning."

"This sounds intriguing," Tyrrell remarked.

"He was on his way to visit you when they took him to another police station."

"Ah, Miss, is that a fact?"

"You may as well hear the rest," Richard exclaimed. "Jack Murrey, my—er business partner, has been involving me in beastly black market transactions and—"

"Glad you're willing to tell the facts, but you needn't waste valuable time. Of course, I know all about that. Murrey's 'phone is tapped and your conversation to-day was overheard."

"So that is how you traced me here?"

"Never mind about that," Tyrrell winked at Joyce.

"Anyway, you know what's fixed for to-night?"

"Before you did."

"Goodness!" Joyce said. "Then that is why you wanted Richard out of the way?"

"I am not paid to be a guardman angel, but I have taken rather a fatherly interest in your young man. Strictly off the record I am sorry Mr. Chetwood is in this mess."

"My name is really Richard Harkness."

"Quite so."

"Isn't that news, either?"

"Like most people, you underrate the police. A detective on the job pokes his nose into all sorts of places. Rummy things we ferret out in the process. Mind you, I don't profess to know all the ins and outs of this affair, but by the finish I reckon I shall."

"I hope you dig out everything there is to be dug out, Inspector."

Do you, sir? Do you indeed? See-

ling the way the wind blows I'm inclined to take a chance, provided you're agreeable."

"Anything I can do."

"Murrey has arranged a rendezvous with you, Mr. Chetwood. All right, we'll stick to that name while this is on. If you keep to the arrangement it may turn out better than my making premature arrests. With you turning up, he'll conclude the coast is clear and all the fish will be trawled in one net. Yes, that isn't a bad idea. Well?"

Harkness did not hesitate. Things were turning out far better than he had anticipated. From the first Inspector Tyrrell had been a friend, contrary to what he had expected.

It was, therefore, with fuller optimism that he set out on a mission that was not entirely free from peril.

Murrey himself was in fighting trim. He gave the impression of having planned with the care an army commander prepares to launch a vital campaign.

During the fifty mile dash through the darkness he issued final instructions, and pointed out the dire consequences of disobedience.

"You aren't one of us from choice," he said. "I'd sooner have a willing volunteer. Chetwood was yellow, too. Maybe you've got guts. We'll see."

"I'll never take kindly to your way of life," Richard retorted.

"You've no choice, like I've told you before. Cheer up, man, we aren't going to a funeral. In a few hours your load will be delivered and you can take a long holiday. Not too long. I'll be wanting you again. And the warehouse."

"We're not so well off there, with-out Thomas."

"Shut up," Murrey said curtly.

They were loading the prepared sides of meat on to covered vans when the car pulled up at the isolated farm. Men stumbled without illumination other than pale starlight from the slaughter sheds, disposed of their burdens and hurried back for more.

"Busy as ants," Murrey said, cheered by the scene of activity. "I haven't set you on the heavy work, so that's another concession. Come to think of it I treat you like the white-headed boy."

In that suggestion of consideration there was almost a plea that

Richard should cease being unfriendly and take up a rightful position as second in command.

"We could go far together," Murrey went on. "Whatever's wrong with you isn't lack of brains. Only you won't use them. Pay attention, can't you?"

CHAPTER XXV

The Black Convoy Moves Off

It was impossible to listen to Murrey's talk and try at the same time to make out whether the expected police cordon was being drawn. Inspector Tyrrell had promised that the bag would be closed at the neck when everyone was in. Yet the convoy was on the point of moving.

Something was wrong. The first lorry chugged down the rough farm-track en route for the main highway. The second followed after a brief interval and then two more.

"We're next," Murrey stated. "Up you go."

"Where is Charles?"

"A slight re-arrangement. Forgot to mention it, but he is taking my bus back to town while I take on as your mate in his place. Comes of not trusting you as much as I might. Steady with those gears."

"I'm not at home on a big vehicle of this type," Richard said feebly.

"There was nothing for it but to drive on."

Where were the police? Tyrrell knew the location and had had ample time to intervene. Now the deliveries were on the way, the loads being dispersed to various parts of the country. It was maddening to sit there impotently.

A slim chance now of putting his original scheme into operation. Jack Murrey would not be deceived by any excuse for climbing down from the driver's cab in the vicinity of a police station. Charles would probably have sat dumbly until hauled out by a brawny constable.

"Mind your driving," his companion suddenly exclaimed. "Came as near nothing to blushing that cyclist. We don't want any accidents. Ugh! Gives me the sudders."

"Back seat driver's mentality," Harkness replied. "Any man who drives himself hates to have anyone else at the wheel."

"Never mind about that. You go careful. Turn right here. We're on the North Road. And who'd believe there was petrol rationing, with all these cars about."

They were certainly in a fair stream of vehicles. Several faster ones overtook them, but they were never entirely without a following of shaded lights.

At this, Richard took heart. Probably Tyrrell's intention was to accompany each contraband lorry to its destination, thus ensuring that supplier and acceptor were taken in the act.

"Curse it, you give me the willies. Slow down and I'll take over."

"Thought I'd never catch up with lorry?" Richard remarked.

Murrey chuckled. "I can handle anything with wheels on."

The exchange of positions was another disappointment. Without control he could only sit and brood over lost opportunities. Long since he had decided that Tyrrell's guardianship had failed, and that rescue was not to be expected from any following car load. Pessimism and optimism alternated accordingly, as the road in the rear was clear of traffic or empty.

His fidgetiness was communicated to the driver, leading to high words, after which they were both glum.

Unexpectedly, in a more lonely part, a car shot past with a raucous roar, and skidded to a stop as the brakes were violently applied. A light winked from beside it.

Murrey cursed under his breath and seemed about to ignore the signal.

"Suppose I must see what the fat-head wants," he muttered, and pulled up a few yards behind the stationary vehicle.

"That you, Jack," a voice hailed.

"What are you doing here, Chuck?"

Mr. Cooper moved into the diffused glow cast by the lorry's dimmed headlights.

"Though I'd never catch up with you," he said. "I stopped three wrong chaps in the last few miles."

"Paying paper chase?"

"What's that?"

"You heard! Laying a trail right from the front door. And me trying to cover you up on this job. How'd you know where to find me, anyway?"

"I asked at the farm."

"Never did have much gumption. What's the big idea chasing me half across the map?"

"There's the devil to pay. This evening the police came to my house with a search warrant."

"Whew!"

"Fortunately I'd got the car outside ready to make a short trip. So I hopped in and managed to get clear."

"That's what you think! The cops will know where to look and you're pointing them in my direction."

"I know who's double-crossed us—Chetwood!"

"Sure?"

"More or less."

"We'll soon settle with him. Hey, you!"

Richard alighted, trying to appear more casual than he felt.

Catching sight of him in the poor light Mr. Cooper almost screamed. "That's not Perry Chetwood. That's not Chetwood. I know him. He's Harkness—Richard Harkness."

"Only just discovered it, you poor boob? I've known for weeks."

"But I can't understand . . ."

"Can't explain now. You've been a sucker. So have I, if it comes to a show-down. Only I thought I had the situation well in hand. This chap Harkness gets in my hair. There's only one thing to be done about it."

"The same thing you did to Thomas?" Richard asked grimly.

(To be Continued)

National Registration Continues, Says Minister

The National Registration, commenced in August, 1940, is still in full force and effect, Hon. Humphrey Mitchell, Minister of Labour, stated today.

"The fact is," the Labour Minister said, "that in addition to its use for the military call-up, the National Registration is used for a number of other government purposes. It has been used for tracing people for the Dependents' Allowance Board, for tracing the relatives of those discharged from the Armed Services, and for tracing people in various other ways. Also, it is tied in with certain other Dominion and Provincial regulations, which make its continuance for the present quite necessary."

The Minister pointed out that under the Registration, everyone 18 years of age and over is required to carry a registration certificate. If

the certificate is lost or becomes unreadable, it must be replaced by application to the nearest Post Office. Also, persons who change their address or who marry are required to notify National Registration through the Post Office. Young persons on reaching the age of 16 years are required to register.

The Minister said that some people seem to assume, and to assume erroneously, that because no more men are now being called for military training under the military call-up, the National Registration has been abandoned.

British Flight Sergeant and German Girl Married

(Vancouver Sun)

All Britain seems to be excited by the marriage of a British flight sergeant and a German girl. This flight sergeant was a prisoner of war. He escaped. The girl found him, hid him, stole civilian clothes for him and

then helped him escape into Poland. Then she followed him to Poland, married him and got away to England.

It presents a pretty problem in international relations, one that might give the statesmen soon to assemble at San Francisco quite a headache. The English reacted much as Canadians would react. Some were for the girl, others against her, with the majority in her favor. Significant is the fact that servicemen who took part in a raging newspaper controversy "universally backed the flight sergeant," according to the dispatches. She had risked her life to save him—that was enough.

"With the harsh regulations the Allies have drawn up to prevent fraternization of our soldiers with the enemy, romances of the ordinary sort are going to be difficult in Germany. To get an Allied fighting man as life mate, the fraulein is going to have to prove some signal service to the Allied cause. That seems the moral of this particular story.

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150	51.51	26.33	16.27	13.75	11.24	
200	68.68	35.11	21.69	18.34	14.99	
300	103.01	52.66	32.53	27.50	22.48	\$17.47
400	137.35	70.21	43.37	36.67	29.98	23.30
500	171.69	87.76	54.22	45.84	37.47	29.12
600	206.03	105.32	65.06	55.41	44.97	34.95
700	240.37	122.87	75.90	64.18	52.46	40.77
800	274.71	140.42	86.75	73.34	59.96	46.60
1000	343.38	175.53	108.43	91.68	74.94	58.25

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Surprisingly low also are the costs of larger loans when repaid in a few instalments. Here are some examples: \$300 loan, repaid in 2 monthly instalments, costs \$6.77; repaid in 4 monthly instalments, costs \$11.33. A \$500 3-payment

loan costs \$15.07. Compare these costs with charges elsewhere!

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Another advantage is truly fast service. Your loan can usually be completed—the money actually in your hands—the same day you apply. In case of sickness or layoff, Household will show you every courtesy and consideration. Never once has the company foreclosed or garnished wages to collect a delinquent loan.

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You may borrow to pay your doctor, dentist, insurance, taxes, old bills, to help relatives, to finance your business—for almost any purpose. If a loan is the best solution to your problem, visit Household today. Or if it's not convenient to come to the office, just phone or write.

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Security with Freedom!

Your Vote on June 11th can bring lasting security to your work, your home, your family!

Security for your WORK

Here are some of the definite, practical steps taken by the Liberal Government to give security to home and family by assuring well-paid post-war jobs for everyone:

For Veterans — The most generous plan of any United Nation to get returned men started in the type of work each of them chooses. The Liberal Government is determined that every man and woman coming home to Canada shall return to the land of greatest opportunity in the world.

For Workers — About a third of all Canadians depend on exports for their livelihood. Liberal plans provide for increasing our exports 60% in value over those of 1939.

For Farmers — Acting on the belief that all Canadians prosper when farmers do, the Liberal Government has arranged that they can improve their farms and equipment under a new loan plan and has arranged to put a floor under the prices of farm and fishery products.

To stimulate employment for all, the Liberal Government has created a special Department of Reconstruction which is now in operation and which will co-ordinate private and public enterprise.

Security for your HOME

The Liberals believe that the home is the heart of the nation. They aim to give Canadians every possible facility to build and furnish better homes! With Government assistance you can build a home in the country, town or city. This will make jobs for the building trades, and those who make building supplies—and those who manufacture household equipment and furniture.

New Homes for Canadians — The Liberal Government's new \$400,000,000 National

Housing Act, now on the statute books, enables hundreds of thousands of Canadians to get money at low interest and on long, generous terms to build, renovate or enlarge their own homes. Now that Germany is defeated, plans are already in operation for at least 50,000 dwellings.

Other practical, workable measures for the security of your home are the Liberal Government's laws for Unemployment Insurance and liberal Old Age Pensions.

The Liberals believe in doing what can be done, as soon as it can be done. If returned to power on June 11th, they will carry on and expand the sound, constructive work already started.

Security for your FAMILY

Family Allowances — Starting in July, parents who benefit least from income tax exemptions will receive Family Allowance cheques every month to help them get better food, clothing, shelter and education for their children so they can grow into healthy, vigorous Canadian citizens. These cheques will amount to between \$200,000,000 and \$250,000,000 a year. As direct spending power, this will do much to help in achieving the Liberals' objective of full employment.

Health — A National Health Plan will ensure that everybody shall be taken care of while they are sick and the best measures medical science can devise shall be employed to prevent disease.

Despite the efforts of Drew, Bruce, Bracken and other reactionaries, the Liberals are determined that human interests, the needs of men, shall be placed before "business as usual."

The Liberals have faith in Canada, a united country, and in their ability to continue to build, with your support, a more abundant life and greater opportunities for Canadians.

Help build this new order of security with freedom. Protect the social gains already made. Vote for your Liberal candidate on June 11th.

Published by The National Liberal Committee

BUILD A NEW SOCIAL ORDER VOTE LIBERAL