

you can look out of the window and see that the flowers are all in bloom. Notice that the windows are all open and it is still very warm in here. It is now the 20th of August, 1916. You have been living here for the last ten years. Your last night which you spoke about was over twelve years ago, but go to sleep now and don't worry any more about it until morning."

Without saying anything further to me he picked up his case, and, after giving some final directions to the nurse, left the room. Sleep! It was the last thing I wanted to do. Was I Bruce or Chester? Was the doctor lying or was I crazy? Was that beautiful woman really my wife? Scores of questions coursed through my mind that I could not solve, but finally I slept.

The next morning Mrs. Chester came in and urged me not to worry, to think nothing about the past; I gladly did so while she was with me, but, after she would leave, those maddening, torturing thoughts about my identity would haunt me. As the days went by I became strongly attached to this woman, and at times it seemed almost as though I had known her before. I remember one day standing at the window watching some soldiers pass and a fleeting image seemed to present itself of my being with her in a building among soldiers, and I said, "There was a big crowd there that day." "What day?" said Mrs. Chester, breathlessly. "Why, I don't know," I replied, "what was I talking about?" She did her best to recall to me the visit we had paid to the Armory in St. John, the week before, but all to no avail. The picture had gone and I was compelled by my own reason to think I had never known this woman before.

After about two weeks I was able to get downstairs, and a few days later was allowed to go out. It was a beautiful summer day and I walked in the garden with Mrs. Chester, as I persisted in calling her. As we stood by the fence looking out over the fields, I could not resist putting my arms about her and confessing my love, in spite of the fact that she was another man's wife. I told her I despised myself for doing it, but she laughed, then looked sad and said if she was not my wife she was not married, for me not to bother about the other fellow, just to love her. This I was quite willing to do.

In the meantime I had met her father, my partner they said, and had interviewed many people who had professed to know me,