

THE BLESSING OF A HEALTHY BODY

Has Not Had An Hour's Sickness Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



MR. MARRIOTT, 78 Lees Ave., Ottawa, Ont., August 9th, 1915. "I think it my duty to tell you what 'Fruit-a-tives' has done for me. Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from Liver and Kidney Trouble. Having read of 'Fruit-a-tives', I thought I would try them. The result was surprising. During the 3 1/2 years past, I have taken them regularly and would not change for anything. I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using 'Fruit-a-tives', and I know now that I haven't known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain."

WALTER J. MARRIOTT.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Advertisement for Wilson's Fly Pads. Text: "Every 10c Packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$2.00 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER." Includes a small illustration of a fly.

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Advertisement for Special Inducement for Summer Months. Text: "We will make you free of charge an extra skirt with every suit you order. Skirts and sport coats made to order very reasonably. Drop in and examine our work. New York Skirt & Suit Co. 203 Wellington Street."

Advertisement for Perry Davis Painkiller. Text: "THE HOME REMEDY. PERRY DAVIS PAINKILLER. APPLY IT FOR CHILLS, GRAMPS, BOWEL TROUBLES, SPRAINS, BRUISES, SORE THROAT. 9 25c. and 50c. Bottles."

Whig's New Serial --- Pictures At Griffin's Theatre

THE ENGINEER AND THE GAME A Story of Mountain Railroad Life by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Copyright, 1915, by FRANK H. SPEARMAN. Novelized from the Moving Picture Play of the Same Name Produced by the Signal Film Corporation.

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad, by George Storm, a newsboy. Grown to young womanhood Helen makes a spectacular double rescue of Storm, now a freight freeman, and of her father and his friends, Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagru, promoter, from a threatened collision between a passenger train and a runaway freight. Safety engineers employed by Seagru and Capelle, his lawyer, interrupted by Helen while stealing General Holmes' survey plan of the cut-off line for the Tidewater, fatally wound General Holmes and escape. Storm and Helen chase the murderers on a light engine and capture them. Spike has hidden the plans and manages to inform Seagru where they are cached. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work at a powder train used by Storm's engine. Helen saves Storm from a horrible death.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER IV.

When Helen Holmes took the day key at Signal the little office had already passed from the quiet kind to the remorselessly active kind of those small way stations that drive inland, maintaining large construction camps and getting all their supplies through Signal station, were engaged in a race to build a mountain cut-off—and a considerable one. Despite all the help Lyons, the overworked agent, could give Helen, she found the tasks of her day about all that her strength would compass.

Nor could Helen, situated as she was, escape occasional office visits from Seagru, whose activity as head of the opposition construction camp was unabated. Going over to the station one day to watch his men unload a shipment of material, he stepped into the office ostensibly to make inquiries—in reality to steal a few minutes with Helen Holmes, whom he found busy, but alone.

Seagru spoke blandly: "I hear you're becoming quite a railroad expert." She made no effort to reply. "Getting really clever at the key, Lyons says." Helen, entering waybill, went on with her writing. "By the way," asked Seagru, evenly, "any word this morning from our steam shovel?"

She looked toward the window—the local freight train had just pulled in. "It may be out there now, on No. 85." Seagru seemed in no haste to investigate, and Helen had almost lost hope of any diversion in that direction, when the office door opened and George Storm walked in.

He was just out of his engine cab, and deliberate and composed as usually, but his eyes, lighting to greet Helen, cooled when he saw Seagru. Storm nodded curtly toward him and was greeted in kind. Then the stalwart engine man turned his attention to Helen, and Seagru was soon made to feel the pang of being distinctly third in the situation and without an anesthetic.

"And the best of it all is," said Storm at length to Helen, "this is my last run on local freights. I am assigned tonight to the Limited." Helen lifted her eyebrows in surprise: "Some run they're giving you!" Seagru took the chance to join sarcastically in: "Right in line for chief of motive power, eh, Storm?" Storm was not to be disturbed. He only regarded Seagru grimly for a moment. Then he turned good-naturedly to thank Helen. While soldiering agreeably at this task, his freeman intruded on the scene long enough to remind him they were waiting for him to get out. Storm, with an expression of disgust at the interruption, nodded gruffly to the freeman, concluded his talk with Helen and walked out. Helen rose to go out on the platform also. Seagru intervened to distract her attention. It was useless. She must deliver a message, she said, to the conductor, and Seagru, peevish, was left to stay with himself or unwillingly to follow. He followed; but even then it was only to find himself watching Storm's good-bys waving to Helen from the cab. And she saw them, too; nothing escaped her attention.

possible it seemed to devise any scheme that could be carried out in time to help Rhinelander's fight that night at Oceanside.

But what Helen could not devise herself, was being already devised for her. Following up what Spike—an unconscionable liar—had declared a flattering reception of the picture, Seagru resolved to seize a moment while the going was good to forward himself with Helen.

She was studying the telltale print when she heard footsteps and, startled, looked out. Seagru was coming up the platform. She felt frightened. Could he possibly have realized his blunder and come to demand the return of the picture? She was resolved she would not surrender it in any event. Force, she was hopeless of as a possible aid in her difficulty. Stratagem and a woman's weapons alone remained to her.

Her wits rapidly cleared. She snatched the photograph. Seagru, opening the door, caught her, picture in hand. He walked forward pleased. It was not hard for Helen to counterfeet an embarrassment; nor was it in the least unbecoming to her. To Seagru her look came like a burst of sunshine after many chilling storms.

"What do you think of my construction headquarters?" he laughed. Helen's gaze rested modestly on her table. She seemed to contemplate the picture with a quiet pleasure. Then she looked slowly up at Seagru. "This doesn't show very much of the camp"—she drew the words the very least bit—"you are awfully busy over there, I suppose."

"Never too busy to welcome our friends. Come over sometime." "What to a construction camp?" asked Helen, feigning just enough amazement.

"Why not? Talk about Rhinelander's steam shovels! I'll show you shovels that can do everything but vote. Come on along."

For an effective moment she hesitated. "I couldn't possibly," she declared with decision, but she allowed a note of regret to linger an instant



1—Seagru and the Engineer Glared at Each Other. 2—His Wives She Persistently Declined. 3—Rhinelander Has Just Gone to Oceanside. 4—Storm Is Discharged.

in the tone of her explanation and glanced around. "No one here, you know."

"Well, but what time do you get off?" asked Seagru feverishly.

"Oh, not for a long time yet." His hopes were burgeoning fast. "See here, Helen: come over and take a camp dinner with me. Come, do. I'll show you what can be done without preparation."

She regarded him with an expression that indicated how completely such a proposal shocked her. She struggled an instant with the thought of it. Then she rejected the invitation; yet with enough indecision to invite a renewal. For the moment Helen was a heartless angler, and Seagru deluded by vanity was unsuspectingly playing fish. Before he left—in the highest spirits he had known for many a day—he had, to his astonishment, secured Helen's promise to dine with him that night in camp. And at the appointed time she was ready.

The night was warm and a moon, rising full and into a clear sky, flooded the landscape. And after Helen's uneasiness at the strangeness of her situation had worn off, she was able throughout the trying hour with Seagru in his hut to wear her mask of languid interest successfully. The table was served with surprising delicacies and a plentiful array of wines was in evidence. Yet, to an innocent intriguer, a whole hour never went so slowly, nor was appetite ever more reluctant than that of Seagru's guest. Though she went through the form of eating and assumed a careless air, his ledge on which she had found a narrow foothold. Her escape was cut off, and Seagru descended triumphantly toward her. She warned him back.

Where could the survey be, now?

was the question recurring always to Helen's mind. Toward the close of the dinner, Seagru, rising, unlocked his desk for a flask of Chartreuse. There, lying in the corner exactly where she had seen it, Helen again beheld the survey, a blue print beside it. Seagru was pawky enough to close and lock the desk after he had taken the flask out. How, she asked herself, was she to get that desk open again?

Seagru dismissed his serving man, and this did not allay Helen's uneasiness for herself. She did not want to be left alone a minute with him now; things were getting too complicated. But could she in some way get into the desk?

Rising, she said she would clear the table a little. Taking hold of the flask he had just taken from the desk and holding out her hand with a smile she asked him for his keys. Seagru was in no position to refuse so intimate a request. With an air of camaraderie he handed them over and Helen pushed back the cover of the desk. But as she did so Seagru threw his arms around her. She struggled indignantly, but could not get away. For a moment there was a fierce struggle.

Then with a superhuman effort she tore herself free, caught up the first thing she could lay her hand on—it happened to be a bronze match tray—and struck Seagru across the forehead. He went completely over, leaving Helen horror-stricken at what she had done. She listened. Outside she heard no sound. Seizing the blue print that lay under her hand, she gained the door and ran out just as Seagru regained his feet. She had resolved to flag the Limited. Hardly touching the earth, she dashed to the station, hurried to the key and telegraphed Rhinelander:

"Have blue print of survey. Will be on Limited. HELEN."

It was not too soon. Through the window she saw Seagru rushing down the platform. She slammed the office door shut, and locked it. Seagru

"give me that blue print!" he shouted with an oath.

"Keep away from me," Helen panted. "You're a wretch. I'll never give it to you. I'll die first. Don't you dare come down here. I'll drag you over the cliff if I have to go over myself."

Nothing daunted, he came on. There was but one chance left to get away and, unhesitating, she took it. Turning, just as he thought he had her in his power, she sprang from where she stood on the edge of the precipice far out over the ocean below. He stood spellbound. She struck with a great splash. He saw her come up, strike out and sink again, as if helpless. But he knew her unquenchable determination, her resource and her daring, and was shrewd enough to watch the surface of the bay closely. Sure enough, in a little while he could see her, after swimming a distance under water, regain the surface and with long, powerful strokes swim away.

At no great distance from where she had plunged into the bay a speed launch lay at anchor. Helen recognized the boat; it had, in truth, once been her own, and she had named it 'The Spiderwater.' It belonged now to the owners of her father's estate, but she believed she might borrow it once more. Seagru, impatient with rage, and following her down the shore, saw her reach the launch and climb resolutely up over the gunwale into the cockpit.

Shaking herself like a duck, and without losing a minute, Helen spread the wet blue print out on the deck. She broke the motor lock on the ignition switch, and turned the engine over. She knew the motor well; it was a powerful Loew Victor, and after her second effort it hummed like a dynamo. While it was warming up she cut the mooring line. Seagru easily suspected she meant to get to Rhinelander at Oceanside. He looked at his watch. If he could catch the Limited he could still reach the city ahead of her. Exasperated, and out of breath, he hastened back to camp, roused out his chauffeur and took his racing car for the station. Hardly a minute was left to him, and his hope of reaching a point where he could flag the through train vanished when he heard its whistle and saw the gleam of its headlight coming down the Signal grade.

But he would not give up. Urging his man to speed, he gained the highway paralleling the railroad track, and as the Limited shot by, Seagru, with all the power that could be got out of his motor, actually held for a time abreast of it. He yelled and shouted as one sleeper after another drew slowly past—both the train and the motor car were running very fast—but he could attract no attention. Helpless with rage, he saw the last car pulling gradually past and furious at being balked, he stood up on the seat and as the car drew past him, he jumped over the rail and landed on the observation platform.

Helen was pushing the launch toward Oceanside. The ocean below the bay laps almost the edge of the railroad track, but her heart sank as she looked back and saw the night train tearing up the track and rapidly overhauling her. Instinct told her that Seagru would somehow board that train in an effort to get to the city first. As the engine drew nearer, she picked up a pair of glasses and leveling them on the cab, discovered George Storm on the right side. She waved a signal flag at him, but his eyes were glued on the track ahead. Then, as if by an inspiration, she seized the cord of the air whistle at her hand and in the Morse code signaled for help. Storm turned his head and looked back questioningly along his train; then up at his own whistle. The whistling continued, and his attention was finally drawn to the launch, now dropping behind the train. Helen caught up her signal flag again. In a flash he recognized her, and calling his fireman over they listened to her appeal.

"Give me paper, pencil," shouted Storm, as he shut off the throttle and listened to the long and short toots that re-echoed in jerky succession from the surface of the sea against the towering cliffs and through the flying car. On a leaf torn from a pad, Storm scratched out the signals:

"Have survey. Seagru on your train. Delay so I can reach Oceanside first. HELEN."

The engine whistle shrieked his answer to her eager ears.

"Something wrong with engine already?" The freeman, learning the truth from Storm, tried to persuade him, what ever happened, not to delay the train. It would cost Storm, he urged, his job.

"What's the job to me?" demanded Storm, applying the air and bringing up the train with a jolt. So saying, he snatched a small handful of tools from the box and prepared to get down.

Seagru had made his way into the coach. He summoned the conductor, and being known was accorded every courtesy. But the race was now first on his mind, and when he heard the brakes grinding, and running back on the platform saw fire screaming from the wheels, he called the conductor, demanding to know the cause of the stop. Going forward together for an explanation, the two men found Storm under his engine with wrench and hammer, while in the distance Seagru could see the Spiderwater cutting the waves like foaming glass and slipping away to where a stormy directors' meeting was in session at Oceanside, and Rhinelander was in the fight of his life to prevent summary action being taken to stop the cut-off work. In vain he showed Helen's telegram.

which had come in time to rescue him from complete defeat. But Seagru's henchman, Capelle, conniving with the affected element in the directorate, was pushing to a vote with every prospect of success the resolution to stop work.

"What have we got to go down?" he demanded, facing Rhinelander down. "You know as well as I do we are throwing hundreds of thousands into a project absolutely uncertain. You offer a telegram. What good is the telegram? Where can Helen Holmes get a survey at an hour's notice that would justify us in keeping on?"

Beside the engine of the limited the conductor and Seagru were volleying sharp and suspicious questions at the freeman. He told, reluctantly, of the mysterious launch and of Storm's exchange of signals. No more was needed to infuriate Seagru, who now understood the connivance. Storm crawled out from under the engine and Seagru met him with an abusive epithet. The stalwart engine man promptly knocked him down. The crew dragged the two men apart and the conductor ordered the freeman to take the limited in, Storm, with folded arms, refusing to lend further assistance. But despite his stubbornness the big train pulled into Oceanside just after Helen stepped from the deck of the speed launch to the dock.

She ran all the way up the esplanade, survey in hand, to where she could catch a taxicab and drove hard for the Tidewater building. There she alighted only to be confronted by two men—Seagru and an officer. Seagru pointed to Helen: "There she is! There are the documents she stole—in her hand. Arrest her!" Before Helen could collect her senses, the officer had seized her and Seagru had snatched the survey.

"Stop," she cried, "that is my property, stolen from my father. I, not he, am its rightful owner!"

While she protested, stormed and wept tears of humiliation and anger, Seagru was producing papers to convince the slow-witted official that the survey belonged to him and that Helen was the thief. In spite of all she could say, he won out. Indeed, the guardian of the law was ready to take Helen to the station when Seagru magnanimously intervened, told him to let her go and said he was satisfied to recover his property.

Upstairs the directors were closing their protracted session. Rhinelander vainly trying to hold them together until his ally should appear. The sound of an opening door raised his hopes. Helen rushed into the room and hastened to his side.

"The survey—where is it?" he cried, reading bad news in her face. She told him of her battle-of how she had been robbed at the very foot of what were once her father's stairs. Everyone listened. Then half a dozen men began talking—some for, some against crediting what they had just heard.

Rhinelander put his arm around the despairing girl. "No matter. We know now who has our property, gentlemen. We'll get it yet."

Capelle, laughing furtively, left the room to report to Seagru. The chairman rapped for order. Rhinelander, trying to comfort Helen, took her to her taxicab and they drove back to the launch together. Dazed, furious at her misfortune, Helen met another surprise at the pier. Storm, awaiting her return there, helped her to alight from the taxicab. She could only regard him breathlessly. He laughed in his reassuring way: "It's really I, he said to her, offering his hand. 'I'm discharged—but I told the superintendent I might yet live long enough to discharge him. What do you think he threw back at me? I hope if I ever deserve it as much as you do, you will discharge me.' I guess it was coming," concluded Storm good naturedly.

"But I've got a marine license and I'm going to run your launch to Signal bay for you. Got plenty of gas in the old tub, Helen?" His robust humor was infectious. With Storm at the driver's wheel, they soon reached the office in the launch and were discussing the exciting events of the night when Helen's eyes fixed on the canvas covering the deck of the boat. It was on this she had laid the blue print to dry and the impression had been definitely transferred. She seized her uncle's arm, pointed and explained. Rhinelander, jerking a knife from his pocket, cut the canvas from the deck and showed it to Storm, who headed the launch in a great foaming circle back toward Oceanside.

The directors were preparing to go home when three half-crazed people dashed into their room. Rhinelander, Helen and Storm told their story and showed their find. Excited in spite of themselves, the listeners crowded about the table. They inspected, objected and argued. The evidence was indisputable and the chairman called the meeting to order and asked its sense. Sympathy for the plucky daughter of their old president was perhaps not wanting in influencing their action; at all events, almost before Helen could realize it was being done, a resolution declaring their support should not be withdrawn, was put and carried. Bowers, the chairman, clinched his own feelings by catching Helen's hands and congratulating her.

Seagru—pleased with what he believed his escape from a serious complication—was bound for his camp on a returning train. Helen, with Rhinelander and Storm, was again aboard the launch. They were speeding contentedly back to Signal bay. (TO BE CONTINUED.)