New

Pictures At Griffin's Theatre

the Moving Picture Play of the Same Name Produced by the

SYNOPSIS.

danger on a scenic railroad ollision. Safebreakers employed by Sea-true steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater, fasaves Storm from a horrible death. recovers the survey plans from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey blueprint. Storm, employed by er, wins a fight with Seagrue's possession of a consignment of ties. Spike and his confederate ceakers steal Rhinelander's pay-roll money. Helen pursues and, with a police-man's aid, captures two of them and re-covers the money.

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT "SPIKE'S AWAKENING"

Resolved to get completely away from the constant interruptions in his if he ever caught him on the right of work, Amos Rhinelander replaced his burned camp with outfit cars and moved at once to the end of his construction work, now well advanced on the desert.

The new equipment was as complete drew out. But Spike, watching his as money and energy could suggest. chance and making a run, had board-And no sooner were the cars out on a spur at Baird-near the end of the new line—than linemen were busy making telegraphic connections for them with the Tidewater system. The moment the wiring was done Storm suggested the first message over the new line ought to go to Helen, who had now been transferred from Signal to Las Vegas, a division station below Baird. Rhinelander was pleased with cape the conductor's vigilance, and the suggestion and Storm wrote out a telegram. The operator sounded ticket, the train guardian was disagree Helen's call, and after a moment announced she was on the wire taking had the impudent tramp on his hands. Storm's message. It read:

Rhinelander says contracts on Number Nineteen. Bring them up Sunday. Storm will meet train here and drive robbed him during the night of his you over to camp.

Seagrue, during this time, had already made counter-dispositions to meet Rhinelander's arrangements and had established a secondary headquarters at Las Vegas, where he con- three men through the door of the trolled an icing concession.

Spike had been laggard in following Seagrue up the line as directed, and the latter sent as many unpleasant messages as he could to Oceanside. where Spike was in retreat. But as | to the camp. Seagrue's continuing summons grew more and more peremptory Spike was obliged to take notice and get under way for the desert himself.

Leaving Oceanside the night after a train was pulling into a desert town strange to his eyes. Somewhat muddled, anyway, and being unable to recognize his surroundings, he asked a fellow passenger the name of the place; but he forgot it the moment he



Helen Was Overpowered.

heard it. However, on scanning closey the appearance of the block of crude buildings facing the station, he reached the conclusion it would be a good place to supply at least one of his needs, and forthwith hastened from the coach to the nearest corner groggery. Once inside the place, his attention was held for a moment by a rambling discussion carried on by a group of early morning loafers. Spike, never happy outwrangle, struck unhesitatingly into the talk, which was concerning fered, with none but a kindly motive. Spike at this juncture was crossing a slunk around to the other side of the how loud Caruso could sing, and dis- to do him a good turn. "If I ever get puted practically every statement ad- a chance, miss, I'll pay you back. Stop handkerchief in his hand, and his eyes The brawl was short. The three or our whom he had angored set on him stepped respectfully toward her she and was helpless. But despite her be below to the top of the train. When together and, making a job of it, threw hated to hurt his feelings. She gave ing wrapped in the rug, Spike got, the train reached Arden station they him bodily out on the sidewalk. One him her hand for an instant and hur from what he saw, the whole story- were relieved to see the people at the of the party proved Samaritan enough ried, laughing, into the office. to follow him out and hand him his Rounding the corner of the station, him, and, throwing caution to the train was once more under way and cap and a letter he had stuck inside it | Spike ran into the station baggage | winds, he dashed across the open lot before leaving Oceanside to read at man. "What town is this, mister?" he toward the alley. his leisure. After putting the note, demanded,

gas, at once. pocket was empty. He then walked back to the station to go to Vegas anyway. The train, after changing enhis gines, was ready to pull out. A passenger brakeman, espying Spike as he ambled up, asked his destination. "I'm going west," declared Spike con-

man unsympathetically. "Don't get fresh," growled Spike.

"Where's your ticket?" demanded the trainman roughly.

"Lost it," returned Spike, laconic

The conductor, accompanied by special agent, came along. Hearing the talk, he asked the trouble. The special agent, listening one moment and sizing up Spike's appearance, pulled him forward by the collar and declared way again he would stick him on a rock pile for thirty days. Spike was incontinently hustled off the platform and the company detective got aboard satisfied. A moment later the train ed the end of a car and hidden under the vestibule trap, which was down. Awaiting further opportunity, he watched until the conductor passeo through the corridor into the next coach. Then, opening the door, Spike climbed inside and seated himself without explanation or apology very comfortably in the observation coach His daring move did not, however, es coming back presently to demand a ably surprised to find that he again He once more summoned the special agent and a wrangle ensued. Spike declared the brakeman must have ticket and what money he had. This assertion naturally failed of a sympa thetic reception, and as the train slowed on the desert for Helen's sta tion, Spike was firmly escorted by coach. Helen, when the train stopped was at the express car signing for the

Returning to the office, she saw the disturbance at the steps of the obser vation car, where Spike, vehemently protesting, was again about to be hustled off the right of way. Helen reached the group at the very crisis. for Spike's surliness, enhanced by his condition, had made him an ugly cus tomer to handle. The special agent in point of fact, was about to knock him down and drag him out when Helen intervened to ask mercy for the wretched tramp.

registered package containing Rhine

lander's right-of-way contracts. She

took also the Christmas mail addressed

"Where does he want to go?" asked Helen quickly of the conductor.

When he answered, "Up the road, and the circumstances were explained to her, she made a plea: "Let him stay on," she urged. "I will pay his fare to Baird.'

Spike stared at the turn affairs had taken. Things were getting too com plicated when Helen Holmes could come to his rescue. He thought he was dreaming until the special agent jerked him away from Helen and told Spike in vigorous English some of the things he thought of him and his kind Spike could in conscience do no other than grin. But he realized who had interposed to save him from a beating and he continued to feel mixed sensations of surprise and confusion in perceiving that his rescuer should be Helen Holmes.

The conductor signaled the cab. The special agent climbed aboard and the train pulled out. When Helen turned to go back into the station, Spike, who had declined to board the train, stood near the door. He intercepted and tried to speak to Helen. But Helen was almost as much afraid of his gratitude as she was of his enmity, and tried to make light of her action and

But Spike was serious and not to shaken off. For the first time, as far persistently injured by him had of a minute, won't you? Just a minute." Helen reluctantly paused. "You don't as too amiable at best, now think I mean it," muttered Spike. do. Thank you for your kindness." He shamefacedly held out his grimy hand i

Helen shrank back, but

of the car. Inside, Helen was reading quietly when Lug's hand, holding a | Spike's battered features. handkerchief saturated with chloroform, was thrust through the window and despite her struggles Helen soon was overpowered.

position and ran to the hind end to | senger train. look for the machine. It had overhauled the train and was speeding beside it along the highway. Lug waved | like Spike down street, now." him carry Helen out. The two men grue, impatient as always, demanded picked her up and took her to the plat- to know as soon as he entered the form. How to transfer her to the mo- room what had kept him. Spike told and opening it now, found another sav. | torcar was a problem that might have | his story, or at least such part of it as age summons from Seagrue bidding given pause to more clever men. Lug he deemed it wise to tell, and, turning him come to 116 Sloan alley, Las Ve intended at first to throw the helpless | the tables on Seagrue, asked what was girl from the platform into the ma-Spike tried to pull together his dis chine, but this he discovered would ordered wits. He felt in his pockets never do-the distance was too great. for his money and his ticket. Every Bill, an old sailor, came to the rescue with another arrangement. In a fiffy he had lashed Helen into a kind of cradle in the middle of the long rope, and, throwing one end to the dently. driver, shouted to him to make it fast. The latter, when he caught the line, with the motor and the train still at him and he continued to explain, but "Turn around," suggested the brake high speed, Lug, on the rope, went hand over hand down to the motorcar. the big end of the job for Rhinelander Loosening the hitch, he then drew in if those contracts reach him; whereas, the rope, while Bill, on the platform, carefully paid out and Helen was transferred, uninjured, from the train to the machine.

Once within the motorcar, Helen was unceremoniously dropped to the bottom and left there, while the machine was turned around and her captors whisked back for Las Vegas with

Storm, by this time, had left the construction camp and was waiting at Baird for the train bearing Helen. The train drew in and stopped. To Storm's surprise and disappointment, not a solitary passenger got off. He accosted the conductor: "Helen Holmes was coming up today. Where is she?"

The conductor looked down the platform. "She certainly was on the train," he declared, puzzled. "I saw her just before we got to Arden."

Storm, the trainman following, walked hastily through the coaches. Helen was not to be found. A freight

shortly. A feeble grin overspread

Seagrue had brought to the desert with him from his camp two rogues whose names had gradually been reduced by bad spelling and hard knocks With a quick word to Bill, above, to "Bill" and "Lug." The pair were Lug scrambled into the car. He placed in his rooms with him when he asked Helen, now unconscious, in a sitting whether Spike had come on the pas-

Bill was looking from the window at the moment and answered, "That looks

found his way to the rendezvous. Seaup. Seagrue told him of the right-ofway contracts expected the following day by Rhinelander.

"What of it?" demanded Spike. "We must get them," announced Seagrue, bluntly.

"Who's we?" inquired Spike, impu-

"You!" returned Seagrue with as much insolence as he could throw into one word. Spike's sullenness angered him up worse than ever."

Rhinelander tomorrow."

"How do you know that?"

ten minutes ago."

and from him to the two lesser lights. words against the building. "We'll have to get Helen." "Then I can tell you," blazed Spike, "you don't get them." Seagrue looked at his tool in amazement. The convict's face darkened. "The man that harms that girl"-he raised his voice

registered an oath with his threat. "I'll tear his head from his shoulders!" "You fool," stammered Seagrue. "Nobody means to hurt her. We'll carry

ominously-"reckons with me." He



"I'll Brain the One That Lays a Hand on

train going to Las Vegas was standing | her. When the thing blows over we' on the passenger track. Storm ran to the caboose and explained his anxiety to the train crew, who were prompt to make ready to aid him. They pulled out with Storm in the cab to scan the right of way

In Seagrue's machine Lug and Bill opened Helen's satchel. They found a big package of letters, and believed they had in them the contracts.

Helen, in the rush of cold air, had begun to revive. As a precaution to prevent her giving any alarm-though machines were sufficiently scarce on the desert-Lug took Helen's handkerover her mouth, laid her on the seat. cautioned her harshly and covered

Traveling at a breakneck pace over the broad expanse of sand, the car was entering Las Vegas, when, crosslessening speed, the driver almost knocked a man down. Indeed, but for a smart jump, the pedestrian would have been killed. He turned with a suppressed curse and looked angrily after the car that had so nearly struck him. The occupants he did not recogthe car at his feet. Spike never neglected investigating anything that fell in his way. He picked the handkerchief up and walked on, still at intervals looking back.

Seagrue was in his rooms, waiting impatiently for the return of the car When it did at last skid wildly around the corner traveling at a reckless pace. Seagrue ran downstairs and hurrled the men to get Helen quickly inside vacant lot. He looked again at the | train. the machine. He saw that the party had stopped before a building appearing to Spike's eyes somewhat familiar. The next moment the men lifted what seemed a heavy burden from the machine. Helen had been gagged again

The freight train bearing Storm was I desert.

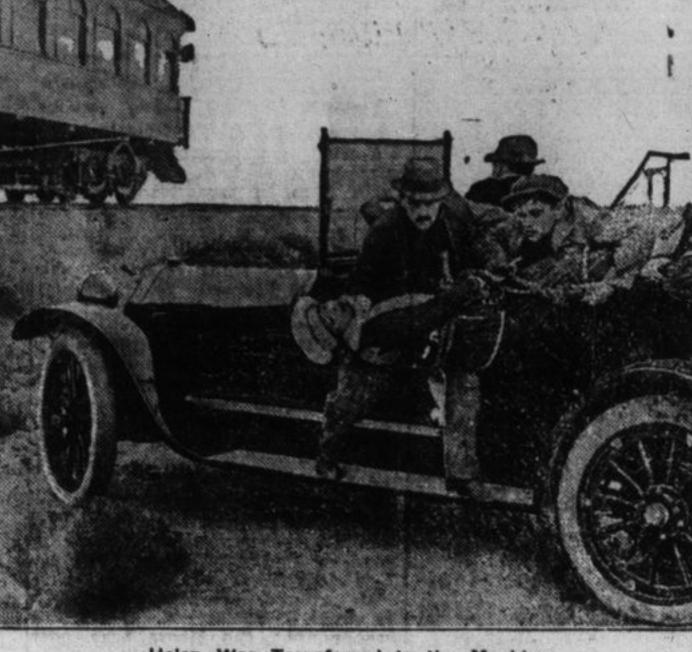
let her go." "Leave me out of the job," growled Spike bluntly.

Seagrue sprang to his feet-he was a powerful man-and grappled with the convict. The two struggled. Not a word was spoken. Only the grunting and gasping of a life-and-death grapple, the slipping, gripping and scuffling of two enraged men, with Lug and Bill looking on, broke the silence of the room. Spike gradually bore his enemy backward and downward. Lug and Bill jumped in to help Seagrue. Spike, shaking himself free from the chief from her satchel, tied it roughly | three, whirled into a corner and caught up a chair. Lug jumped for a gun. Spike, with the strength of a giant smashed the heavy chair across the table, shivering it to splinters and raising a piece of it as a club, sprang for the door. "I'll brain the one that ing one of the village streets without | lays a hand on me," he cried. "Stand back!"

Helen, next morning in her office, was getting ready to take the train. Seagrue overnight had outlined his scheme to his two men, and, directing them how to work, told them that after they had secured Helen he would pick nize; they shot by too fast. But a | them up with his automobile at Mile handkerchief had chanced to fall from , Post 149. With this understanding, he drove away in his car. The two men went to the train.

Had they been more alert as they walked down the street, they might have seen Spike lounging on a corner. Reaching the station, where the train had already arrived, they decided to make the hind end of the observation car. But as the train started a party of people came out on the observation platform, and the two men

As soon as they had got their bearings, Lug, taking a coil of rope that Bill had brought, threw it over the top of the car, where it caught and hung on one of the gas cocks. Testing the rope carefully, the two became satisfied it would hold and, one following the other, they climbed from they had Helen. A sudden rage stirred | end of the car leave, and when the the station disappeared from view. Seagrue's roadster appeared on the



Helen Was Transferred to the Machine

driver as a guard at the lower door. "I'll look out for the girl." Spike spoke up with a new and sud- and Spike, running hard, had neared tracts. The girl is taking them to stopped, Storm, with a look of worry,

"Where's Helen Holmes, you blamed | reckless of consequence.

"Upstairs, I tell you. Listen! She's upstairs. Instead of choking me, get busy to get her out of Seagrue's was the hardier nature. "Throw it if clutches-that's what I'm here for."

In the fewest possible words he told Storm of how Helen had shamed him with kindness, and how he had sworn to her he would make good. Storm experienced an acute revulsion of feeling. "Then we're friends!" he exclaimed.

"I didn't say that," returned Spike, feeling his crumpled windpipe. "I'm Helen Holmes' friend.'

Storm eyed him keenly. mean it. I'll forgive what's gone before, Spike. If you don't, I'll choke you next time for keeps."

"I mean it," snapped Spike. "Stow the gab." He pointed to the door behind him. "Seagrue's kidnaped her. They carried her up those stairs not two minutes ago." Storm's eyes burned black.

grue at that moment could have seen murder in them. Storm compressed his lips. "How many are there, Spike?" was all he muttered. "Three."

Storm pointed. "Watch that door." he directed. "I'll go to the roof."

In the room to which they had carried her, on the second floor, Helen, partly recovered, resolutely faced Seagrue and her captors. Lug handed Seagrue the stolen letters. He examined them impatiently and tossed one after another contemptuously aside "Is this all you've got?" he demanded in disgust. The contracts were not

Seagrue glared at Helen. Alive to her serious danger, her quick perceptions took in every feature of her surroundings and almost the first thing her glance fell on was a stack of iron cylinders in a corner of the room labeled "High Explosives." From outside the room she heard, without knowing what they signified, sounds of a fierce altercation. Spike, at the door below, with a gentle knock, had attracted the attention of the machine driver, stationed as watchman. The scout opened cautiously to see who knocked. But cautious though he was, he was no match in trickery for the adept Spike, whose arm shot like a flash through the opening as he threw himself against the door. In a fraction of a second-before the chauffeur actually knew what had happened -Spike had the astonished sentry by the neck, jerked him outside, flung him into the gutter and dashed up

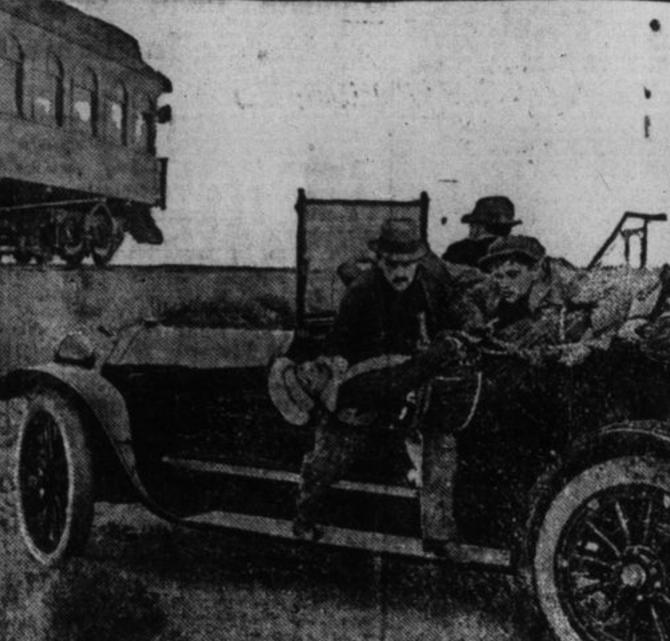
Seagrue, unmoved by the fighting outside, turned threateningly on Helen, "You've got those contracts. I want them. Will you hand them over without force?" Helen stood mute. Shall I take them from you?" Neither warnings nor threats moved her to a single word.

"Won't talk, eh?" snapped Seagrue. No matter-I'll do the talking. Stand her out here, boys, and I'll search her." He started forward. She backed away with a cry. 'Don't come near me," she exclaimed. "You shan't search me! I'll kill you first!"

A knock at the door interrupted Seagrue's threatening advance; his confederates looked alarmed. only the watchman, boys," cried Sea- all, Spike. You are entitled to a good grue. "Pay no attention. Catch her dinner. And you shall cat it with me,

flung violently open behind them. Helen," he turned suddenly on his "Hands off, there!" shouted a heavy voice. The three men whirled on the tracts?" ly. "The man that does"-he mut- brutes! It's lost." tered a fearful imprecation-"will an- "Not quite," interposed Storm, puil-

swer to me with his life." laway be had forgotten all about it | "Vegas," answered the railroad man pearing Las Vegas, but nowhere had | Lug lowered himself down the side well to want to rouse his wrath. But ______ (TO BE CONTINUED)



he been able to discover a trace of Seagrue was not for an instant to be Helen. Seagrue and his men were swerved from his purpose. "Get that if I get hold of them, we can tangle carrying her upstairs. They left the whelp," he shouted, pointing at Spike.

Albeit with the poor stomach, Lug den energy: "You can't get those con- the building. When the engine and Bill attacked the powerful outlaw. Helen, looking distractedly for a them". got hurriedly down. The first man his | weapon of defense, saw the explosive eyes chanced to fall on was Spike. , cylinders. A blow struck by Lug from "I saw the package in her hands, not The sight o' him to Storm was like red behind had stunned Spike. He lay to a bull. Gaining Spike's vicinity helpless and the three men turned to Seagrue knit his brows for a mo- stealthily, Storm made at him. "What secure Helen. Stooping swiftly, she Ottawa. ment. "I guess there's one way to get are you fellows up to now?" he cried picked up a cylinder and stood at bay. them," he said, looking hard at Spike angrily, throftling Spike with the "Come another foot and I'll smash this if it kills every one of us," she cried,

Lug and Bill halted in terror-they knew if she carried out her threat it meant death to them all. Seagrue's you dare," he cried, tauntingly. H knew she would not commit suicide "Together, boys," he shouted: "rush

"Seagrue," cried a voice from the window behind Helen, "get back!" Storm had gained a hip of the roof commanding the room and thrusting his hand through the window covered the men inside with a revolver.

Helen laid her dangerous cylinder down. Storm handed her the pistol. Keep them covered till I get in. Helen!"

The window proved difficult to negotiate. Storm tried to drop inside from it, and Helen turned to help him. In doing so, she left the three an instant, uncovered. They sprang through the door and down the stairs. Lug and Bill made for the car. "No," shouted Seagrue, "hide."

Heien and Storm bent over Spike. He lay dazed. When he was able to gelp himself a little and with their aid could rise to his feet, they sup-

ported him downstairs. Their enemies were nowhere to be seen. But in the roadway stood Seagrue's machine. No member of the party had scruple about confiscating it. Spike and Storm, together, soon nad the engine turning and they put Helen in on the seat where she had so lately lain helpless, and drove back with her to Rhinelander's camp, where they found him anxiously awaiting news of his endangered protegee.

He greeted the sight of Helen with rejoicing, but his features darkened when his eyes fell on the redoubtable Spike. Helen and Storm, enjoying the mystery of the situation, allowed the amazement on Rhinelander's face to grow, as he looked from them to Spike, and from Spike to Helen and Storm for an explanation.

"Yes," cried Helen, laughing at her oster uncle, "I know it looks strange, to see us three in friendly company, doesn't it? But we're friends aren't we, Spike?"

Spike looked at her, "You're my riend, sure," he muttered

Rhinelander, incredulous, pointed at Spike. "Have you brought him here to hang him?" he exclaimed. "If that fellow had anything to do with stealing you from the train, I'll help pull the rope myself." 'No," cried Helen, whose eyes

sparkled with the fun of the puzzle. "We didn't bring him here to hang him. We brought him here to eat the best Sunday dinner you ever serve in a construction camp."

"You're to carve the roast for him yourself," interposed Storm. "You've both gone crazy," declared Rhinelander, weakening.

"No," persisted Helen, "instead of Spike's being to blame for my disappearance, I'm afraid I should never have lived to see you again. Uncle Amos, if he hadn't been my friend in need today." And she and Storm, each constantly breaking in on the other, told the day's story.

"By George!" cried Rhinelander, holding his hand ungrudgingly out to Spike, "I believe there's something "That's decent in your worthless carcass after you blamed rescal. Go clean yourself The words were not out of his mouth | up and report at my car within an hour," he said roughly. "By the way, foster niece: "Those mant or way con-

intruder. Seagrue, in his amazement, "Here, Uncle Amos," she exclaimed. | at the one found himself confronted by Spike. She drew from her blouse the regis-The convict raised a threatening hand, tered package. "But the Christman "Don't touch that girl," he said hoarse- mail for the camp was stolen by those

ing bunches of letters from each of Lug and Bill shrank back. They his pockets. "I picked 'em up before | Tomosto."

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