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BEAUTIFULLY COSTUMED AND GORGEOUSLY GOWNED. SPECIAL SCENERY AND ELECTRICAL EFFECTS. A play for all. Replete with Clean, Wholesome comedy situations and witty dialogue. PRICES FOR THIS PLAY SHALL REMAIN THE SAME—AFTERNOON 5 cents TO ALL—NIGHT SHOWS 5 and 10 cents TO ALL. A SPECIAL PRIZE WILL BE GIVEN at the Matinee, also at the night shows. Beautiful SILVER SETS, GOLD to give every one an opportunity of witnessing the opening series of this masterpiece of film makers' art, in addition to the episode of the "MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY" and the ST. CLAIR STOCK CO. Prices the same.

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THE CORBETT MUSICAL COMEY CO., Presents "THE HOME BREAKERS" Featuring the Clam Peddler

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THE SQUIRE'S REVENGE Kalem

The Trey O'Hearts Louis Joseph Vance

The photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Trey O' Hearts" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By this unique arrangement with the Universal Film Mg. Co. It is therefore not only possible to read "The Trey O' lifearts" in this paper, but also to see each installment of it at the moving picture theaters.

The photo-drama corresponding to within sight of the eaves of a cliff—and precisely then the hillside seemed to slip from under him.

He was instantaneously aware of the sup of the turquoise sky. Then dark waters closed over him.

He came up struggling and gasping, and struck out for something dark that rode the waters near at hand—something vaguely resembling a canoe.

Within a stroke of an outstreached paddle, he flung up a hand and went Jumping up, he placed a chair in

theatres. Hy this unline arrangement with the Universal Film Mig. Co. it to therefore not only possible to read "The They O'Hearts" in this paper, but also to see each installment of it

"You man of violent and criminal temper in the paddle, rose in her place so surely be a first seem of the private war of vengeance, which, through his daughter, Judith, a woman of violent and criminal temper into the pool. and fuestionable sanity, he wages against Alan Law, whose father (now dead). Trine held responsible for the

Perhaps two minutes later a suc

cession of remote crashings began to be heard, a cumulative sound made by some heavy body forcsound made by some heavy body forcing by main strength through the underbrush, and ceased only when a man broke into the learing, pulled up, stood for an instant swaying, then stood for an instant swaying, then recled to a seat on the log, pillowing his head on arms folded across his lead; "Water!" knees and shuddering uncontrollably

But even as he strove to calm him self and rest, the feeling that something was peering at him from behind a mask of undergrowth grew intolerably acute.

At length he jumped up, glared someone who stood at his side, one wildly at the spot where that som-thing no longer was; flung himself other gentily raising his head that he frantically through the brush in pur

With a great effort he pulled him-self together, clamped his teeth upon the promise not again to give way to hallucinations, and turned back to the

There, upon the log on whih he had

rested, he found—but refusedc to be-lieve he saw—a playing ard a Trey of Hearts, face up in the sun-glare. With a gesture of horror, Alan Law fled the place.

While the sounds of his flight were

still laud, a grinning half-breed guide stole like a shadow to the log, laughed derisively after the fugitive, picked up and pocketed the card, and set out

paddle, he flung up a hand and went down again.

Jumping up,h e placed a chair in intimate juxtaposition with his own;

Instantly one occupant of the cannoe, a young and very beautiful woman in a man's huntiong clothes.

spoke a sharp word of command and, "Miss Rose Trine?" he murmured as her guide steaded the vessel with his paddle, rose in her place so surely that she scarcely disturbed the nice bow with a show of perplexity: "Mr.

H-THE HAUNTING WOMAN.

and juestionable sanity, he wages against Alan Law, whose father (now dead) Trime held responsible for the accident which made him a helpless cripple. Law loves Rese, but nduer dramatic circumstances saves the life of Judith, her twin sister, and unwillingly gains her love also.

I—THE HUNTED MAN. (Copyright, 1914, by Louis Jaseph Vance.)

That day was hot and windless with an unclouded sky—a day of brass and burning.

Long before any sound audible to human ears disturbed the noonday hush, a bobcat sunning on a log in a glade to which no trail led, pricked cars, rose, glanced over shoulder with a snarl and—of a sudden was no more there.

found no reason to quarrel with pres ent circumstances.

Still, he would have been grateful volume of nomenona which still haunted him-

ed: "Water!"

In response he heard someone move over a creaking floor. A sulphur match spluttered infamously. A candle fire, silhouetting—illusion, of course!—thef igure of a woman in hunting shirt and skirt. Water splashed noisily. Alan became aware of someone who stood at his side, one hand offering a glass to his lips, the hand offering a glass to his lips, the

a woman's oreath. And a miracle came to pass; for Mr. Law, who real-ized polgnantly that all this was sheer, downright nonsense, distinctly felt lips like velvet caress his fore-

The mouse-brown man bowed, "Miss Rose Trine?" he murmured

"You are kind to come in response to my-ah-unconventional invita-tion," said the little man. "Won't you

"So I have ventured to request this—ah—surreptitious appointment in order to—ah—take the further liberty of asking whether you have re-

cently sent Alan a message?"

Her look of surprise was answer enough, but she confirmed it with vigorous denial: "I have not commu-nicated with Mr. Law in more than a

Precisely as I thought," Mr. Digby nodded. "None the less, Mr. Law not

"He came in response to-ah-the

was face with her hands.

"That is why I sent for you," Mr.

atole like a shadow to the log, laughed derisively after the fugitive, picked up and pocketed the card, and set out in treless, cat-footed pursuit.

An hour later, toping a ridge of rising ground, Alan caught from the holiow on its farther side the muck of clashing waters. Tortured by thirst, he began at once to descend in reck. Les haste.

The shelving moss-beds afforded from the room of the shelving moss-beds afforded from the room of the support of a colar, but these grew ever smaller, and then of the support of a clar, but these grew ever smaller, and the of the support of a clar, but these grew ever smaller, and then of the support of a clar, but these grew ever smaller, and the of the support of a clar, but these grew ever smaller, and the of the support of a clar, but these grew ever smaller, and the of the support of the more widely spaced and were not and save and promised advice by telegraph as soon always acconsplent to his hand. He should have wired me ere this, I am always convenient to his hand. He should have wired me ere this, I am always convenient to his hand. He should have wired me ere this, I am always convenient to his hand. He should have wired me ere this, I am always convenient to his hand. He should have wired me ere this, I am always convenient to his hand. He should have wired me ere this, I am always convenient to his hand. He should have wired me ere this, I am always convenient to his hand. He should have wired me ere this, I am always convenient to his hand. He should have been dearly endeat when she straightened upw tith an exclanation, and thrust the dath and exhausted when she the straightened upw tith an extent of papers, and thrust the dath and exhausted when she the straightened upw tith an extent of papers, and thrust the dath and exhausted when she the did not move, more than a way, but he did not move, more than a charal of papers, and thrust the and posted on the straightened upw tith an exclanation that the straightened upw tith an exclanation that the did not move, mo

fully. "To think that he should be north country: Alan Law opening be-

stand!"
"Then I may tell you this much more, that your father maintains a very efficient corps of secret agents."
"You think he spied upon me" the

my employer, to employ agents of my own. There is no doubt but that your father sent you to Europe for the sole purpose of having you meet Alan."
"Oh!" she protested. "But what arthly motive?

"That Alanm ight be won back to

ut anything?"

extended a hand whose grasp was firm and vital on his fingers. A fine spirit of resolve set her countenance aglow. "You may count on me for ac-tion on my own part, if I find circumstances warrant it. I promised not to marry Alan because of the feud between our fathers—but not to stand by and see him sacrificed. Tell me how I may communicate secretly with you—and let me go as soon as possi-ble!"

IV-THE MUTINEER.

Within the hour Rose Trine stood before her father in that somber room wherein he wore out his crippled days. in that place of silence and shadows whose sinister color scheme of crimson and black was the true livery of his monomania—his passion for ven-geance that alone kept warm the em-bers of life in that wasted and move-

less frame.

An impish malice glimmered in his sunken eyes as he kept her waiting upon his pleasure. And when at length he decided to speak, it was with a ring of hateful irony in that strangely senergies which the sonorous voice of his.
"Rose," he said slowly—"my daugh-

ter!—I am told you have today been guilty of an act of disloyalty to me." She said soolly: "You had me spled

"Naturally, with every reason to question your loyalty, I had you watched." She waited a significant moment.

then dropped an impassive monosyllable into the silence: "Well?"

"You have visited the man Digby, servant and friend of the man I hate—

and you love. She said, without expression: "Yes,"
"Repeat what passed between you."
"I shall not, but on one condition,"
"And that is?"
"Tell me first whether it was you

"Tell me first whether it was you who sent the rose to Alan Law—and more, where Judith has been during the last fortnight?"

"Shall tell you nothing, my child. Repeat"—the resonant voice rang with inflexible purpose—"repeatw hat the man Digby feld you."

The girl was effect the released by

The girl was silent. He endured her The girl was silent. He endured her stare for a long minute, a spark of rage kindling to flame the evil old eyes. Then his one living member that had power to serve his iron will, a hand like the claw of a bird of prey, moved toward a row of buttons sunk in the writing-bed of his desk.

"I warn you I have ways to make

you speak—"
With a quick movement the girl ent over and prisoned the bony wrist in her strong fingers. With her other hand, at the same time, she whipped open an upper drawer of the desk and took from it a revolver which she placed at a safe distance. "To the contrary," she said quietly, "you will remember that the time has

other gentily raising his head that he might drink with ease.

Draining the glass, he breathed his thanks and sank back, retaining his grasp on the wrist of that unreal hand. It suffered him without resisting ance. The hallucination even went so far as to say, in a woman's soft accents:

"You are better, Alan?"

"He sighed incredulously: "Rose!"

"He sighed incredulously: "Rose!"

They olce responded "Yes." Then the perfume of roses grew still more strong, seeming to fan his cheek like woman's oreath. And a miracle with a stricken cry the girl crouch
With a stricken cry the girl crouch
With a stricken cry the girl crouch
We would not send it!"

"But I did not send it!"

"I felt sure of that, because," said tate to defend myself. And now"—laying hold of the back of his chair, she moved it some distance from the desk nowed it some distance from the desk nowed it some distance from the desk of his chair, she moved it some distance from the desk nowed it some distance n passed when you could have me pun-

sae sauddered a little as the black oaths blistered his thin old lips, dedicating her and all she loved to sin, infamy and sorrow; but nothing could stay her in her purpose. He was breataless and exhausted when she straightened upw ith an exciamation of satisfaction studied internal

"You can tell me nothing?"
"Nothing—as yet I did not dream Then it proved itself, at least, in

"You can tell me nothing?"

"Nothing—as yet I did not dream of this—much less that the message of the rose was known to any bet Alon and myself I cannot understand!"

"Then I may tell you this much but neatly mended, lay upon a chair at his side.

He rose and dressed in haste, at "I know he did." Mr. Digby permitted himself a quiet smile. "It has seemed my business, in the service of seemed my business, in the service of seemed my business, in the service of seemed my business. bear out the weirdest flights of his delirious fancies.

There was no other living thing in sight but a loon that sported far up the river and saluted him with a shriek of mocking laughter.

The place was a cleft in the hills,

There was no need to finish out his sentence. The girl was silent, pale and staring with wide eyes, visibly mustering her wits to cope with this emergency,
"I may depend on you," Mr. Digby curved round the shoulder of a tow-suggested, "to advise me if you find ering hill, downstream the cliffs clost anything?"

ed upon it until it roared through a narrow gorge.

Near the camp, upon a strip of shelving beach that bordered the river where it widened into a deep, dark pool, two canoes were drawn up, bottoms to the sun. Denser thickets of pines, oaks, and balsam hedged in the clearing.

He was it seemed to be left source.

clearing.

He was, it seemed, to be left severely to himself, that day; when he had cooked and made way with an enormous breakfast, Alan found nothing better to do till time for luncheon than the avalage this nocket domain.

to explore this pocket domain.

He feasted famously again at noon; He feasted famously again at noon; whiled away several hours vainly whipping the pools with rod and tackle found in the camp, for trout that he really didn't hope would rise beneath that blazing sun; and toward three o'clock lounged back to his around a party of the same than the same has been as a party of the same

three o'clock lounged back to his aro-matic couch for a nap.

Thewes terings un had thrown a deep, cool shadow across the cove when he was awakened by importunate hands and a voice of magic.

Rose Trine was kneeling beside him, lutching his shoulders, calling on him by name—distracted by an inexplicable anxiety.

ble anxiety.

He wasted no time discriminating between dream and reality, but gathered both into his arms. And for a moment she rested there unresisting, if sobbing quietly.

"What is it? What is it, dearest?" he questioned, kissing her tears away.

"To find you all right... I was so afraid!" she cried brokenly.

"Of what? Wasn't I allr ight when you left me here this mornin;?"
She disengaged with an effort, rose, and looked down strangely at him.

and looked down strangely at him.
"I did not leave you here this morning, Alan. I wasn't here—"
That brought him to his own feet in a jiffy. "You were not!" he stammered. "Then who—??"
"Judith," she statedw ith with con-

"Impossible! You don't understand."
The g. shook her head. "Yet I know: Judith was here until this morning. I tell you I know—I saw her only a few hours ago. She passed us in a canoe with one of her guides, while we watched in hiding ch the banks. Not that alone, but another of her guides told mine she was here.

Inducted yards of a substantial dam, through whose spillway a heavy volume of water enscaded with a roar, rivaling that of the forest fire itself.

Two quick glances toward Alan though the was the property of escape was via the dam; that there bearing swiftly to the far-her shore swiftly to the far-her shore bearing swiftly to the far-her shore bearing swiftly to the far-her shore swiftly the swiftly swiftly the swiftly sw her guides told mine she was here with you. She had sent him to South Portage for quinine. He stopped there to get drunk—and, that's how my guide managed to worm the informa-

tion from him." on from him.

Alan passed a hand across his eyes. I don't understand," he said dully. "It doesn't seem possible she could..."
A shot interrupted him, the report of a rifle from a considerable distance of a fill from a cand reechoed by the upstream, echoed and reechoed by the cliffs. And at this, clutching frantically at his arm, the girl drew him through the door and down toward the

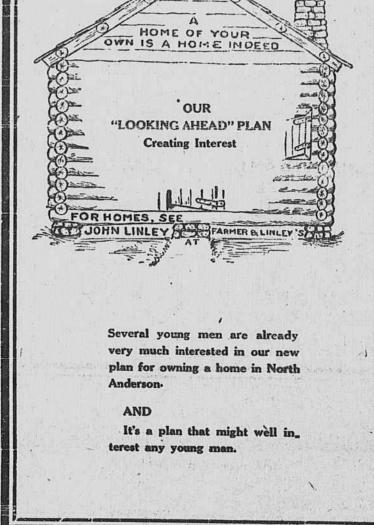
"Oh. come, come!" she cried wildly. "There's no time-"
IV-MANY WATERS.

Overhead, through a rift in the fo-liage, a sky was visible whose ebony darkness called to mind a thunder-The heat was nearly intolerable; the

voice of the fire was vary lond.

Two minutes had passed of the ten. Something was digging uncomfortably into Alan's right hip. The automatic pistol in his hip pocket, of which Jacob had neglected to relieve him. Then a sharp, spiteful crackling brought him

suddenly to a sitting position, to find that the Indian had thoughtfully touched a match to the pyre before de-parting. At Alan's feet the twigs were plasing merrily.
It would have been easy erouga act-



And then he was pelting like a madman across the smoke-filled clearing, and in less than two minutes broke "Judith," she statedw ith with coniction.
"Impossible! You don't understand."

The are shell of the forest to the pebbly shore of a wide-bosomed lake, and within a few hundred yards of a substantial dam,

> was a solitary cince at mid-lake, Judith Trine and the Indian—the latter wielding the paddle.
>
> In the act of turning toward the

dam, he saw Jacob drop the paddle. O The next instant a bullet from a Winbles only a few feet in advance of Albles only a few feet inadvance of Alout his pistol He quickened his pace but the next

He quickened his pace but the next built fell closer, while the third actually hit the earth beneath his running feet as he gained the dam.

Exasperated, he pulled up, whipped out his pistol and fired without aim. At the same time he noted that the distance between the dam and the cance had lessened perceptibly, thanks to the strong current sucking through the spillway.

His shot flew wild, but almost instinctively his finger closed again upon the trigger and he saw the paddle snan in twain, its blade falling overboard. And then the Indian fired again, his built droning past Alan's ear.

again, his builet droning past Aieu a car.

As he fired in response Jacob started, dropping his rifle and crumpled up in the bow of the canoe.

Simultaneously earth and heavens rocked with a terrific clap of thunder. He turned again and ran swiftly along the dam, toward two heavy timbers that bridged the towent of the spillway.

contrived to shift it around until the swung, braced by his feet beneath the

coatrived to shift it around until the sheath knife stuck at the belt loop over his left hip. Withdrawing and conveying the blade to his mouth, he gripped it firmly between his teeth, and sawed the cords around his wrist against the razor sharp blade.

Before Alan could turn and run, he saw a vanguard of flames bridge fifty yards at a bound start a dead pine blazing like a torch.

And then he was petting like a road.

swung, braced by his feet beneath the cuter timber.

With a swiftness that passed concious thought; he was aware of the cance hurtling onward with the speed of the wind, its sharp prow apparently aimed directly for his head. Then hands closed around his wrists like clamps; a tremendous weight tore at his arms and with an effort of inconcivable difficulty he begar to life, to drag the woman up out of the foaming drag the woman up out of the foaming

jaws of death.
(To Be Continued.)

The Bijou Theatre

THURSDAY September 17th

Read the story In this paper,

Then

o See it on the screen o

000000000-,~

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