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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE GUIDE

On the Screen

Continued from Page 8

rangers seen approaching. Come on, you big zobs, rush it!"

Hughes ran his company thru the scene at break-neck speed, and tho his language was lurid and always cryptically American, he knew how to get the best out of his people in the shortest possible time.

When it came to Daphne's big scene, in which she had to mount Cabbage Tree for the first time, he spared no pains. His rough manner made her self-conscious. Her pantomime was amateurish and weak compared with that of the others. But where Cabbage Tree was concerned, she hoped to acquit herself satisfactorily. After all, she had been engaged to ride, and not because she had struck Hughes as a God-gifted Thespian.

"Miss Barry!" bawled Hughes. "You're on. Inside that shack, please." There followed a brief explanation of what was required of her. "Now creep out and corral the horse by the wood-pile. That's Cabbage Tree. Up and off down that track as if all the fiends were after you!"

The horse, knowing what he had to do, gave her no time. The moment she tightened the reins he was in motion. Daphne, with one foot in the stirrup, swung into the saddle. Hughes had expected efficiency; here he recognized expert dexterity. Daphne sat like a rough-rider, and Cabbage Tree seemed to know it.

"Bush-rangers after her!" signaled Hughes, and then bellowed at Daphne, "Look scared—not as if you were having the time of your life! Over the gate now!"

It was a respectable jump, and the horse took the opportunity to show that he had a will of his own. He refused, reared, and, as Hughes put it, "clawed chunks out of the air." Daphne, with her feet well home in the stirrups and her knees prized against the pads, kept her balance easily.

Her lips were set, her color heightened, that was all. Suddenly her hands came down sharply, and as the horse's forefeet touched the ground she bent forward and rattled him at the gate. This time he took it, and the conflict of wills, which had lasted barely thirty seconds, was over. Cabbage Tree had found his master.

Scene followed scene in breathless succession. All of them were full of alarms and excursions. The story mainly consisted of a chase in which pursued and pursuers were alternately the sport of fortune.

The performers were moved from place to place to give variety to the scene. At one moment they were pushing thru close timber, at another they were racing over open ground.

The afternoon's work finished with a sensational descent down a precipitous gully. For this scene a disused chalk pit was utilized. It was overgrown with bushes and stunted trees, and the narrow track that zigzagged thru them was difficult enough to give an aspect of danger to the descent.

Half-way down came the big effect of the play, involving not only equestrian skill, but some of the agility of the acrobat. Here Cabbage Tree was overhauled by one of the bushrangers, who, in his attempt to stop the girl, had to shoot her horse. He fired.

Daphne, instructed beforehand, brought him up sharply on his haunches, and then rolled off on the upper side of the track where a heap of dried fern had been placed to break her fall. Here also among the bushes was a depression which hid the horse.

To the onlookers it gave the impression that he had come down. Daphne then had to struggle up, and run on to the bank with her warning which ensured the "happy ending" beloved of the public in this newest form of dramatic amusement.

When it was over Hughes came up to Daphne and complimented her on her riding. He patted her shoulder in a fatherly manner.

"Gee! You can ride!" he exclaimed. "Tho you can't act—much!"

The praise, tho scant enough, pleased her. By this time she had gathered that it was not her employer's policy

to give encouragement unless it had been well earned.

After rehearsal she had the rest of the day to herself. One or two of the women were friendly and asked her to join them on some excursion or other, but with an excuse she thanked them.

In the cool of the evening she walked to the small town, two miles from the village, and brought back some grapes and flowers for the invalid.

A lamp lit up the Egertons' cottage windows, and the blinds were not drawn. As there was nothing facing them but a quiet road and a meadow beyond it, the inmates were careless whether they were observed or not. At the gate Daphne caught sight of the actress with her arms twined round her husband's neck, looking up into his face.

He bent toward her, his whole expression showing the unutterable love and tenderness she had always seen in her own husband's face at such times when she, like every other woman who loves, put the clinging tendrils of her arms around him. A lump rose in her throat, and she walked swiftly up the narrow bricked path toward the door. The sounds of her footsteps fell upon the ears of the couple within, and the living picture behind the window quickly dissolved.

"Forgive me for calling so late," Daphne apologized; "but I thought you'd like these. Please don't thank me. They gave me an object for a walk. How do you feel?"

Egerton placed a chair for her close to his wife.

"Better, thanks. I'm always better when I've got Ege with me." She smiled affectionately at her husband. "We've only been married a year, you see. I'm so glad you got on well with Cabbage Tree. Ege has been telling me all about it."

After a few minutes talk Daphne took her leave, refusing Egerton's escort for the short distance to her lodgings. The way led her past the principal inn of the place, where Hughes was putting up. He was lounging at the entrance when she passed, and seeing her stepped into the road.

"I was real pleased with you today," he said; and she thanked him.

"If you'd like a permanent job in my crowd I dare say I can find you one. Only I can't give you any big part until you've learned to act with your face a bit more. It masks too much, I opine. You're the sort that feels too deep down to show it on the skin, which means you're not a 'pro' born and bred. They feel on the surface—all manufactured emotion. Anyway, you needn't go flapping your feet about Covent Garden looking for a shop if you want one here. Don't forget. Good night."

He put out his fat, friendly hand and Daphne took it.

The knowledge that she would not be out of employment unless something unforeseen occurred was a great relief to her. She lifted the latch of her temporary home with a lightened heart, and commenced to unpack the few things she had brought with her.

On her dressing-table she placed the big silver frame with Greening's portrait in it. She never had been, and never would be without that.

She kissed it every night before going to bed and every morning when she awoke; she cried quietly on an average once a day when she thought of him, and each time there came with her tears the conviction that she ought not to have separated herself from him at all, more than ever now that—

INDEPENDENT POLITICAL CONVENTION

A Provincial Independent Political convention for Manitoba has been called to meet at Brandon on the morning of July 22. All independent electors in the province are invited to be present. It is the intention to discuss the advisability of placing independent candidates in the provincial ridings at the forthcoming election.

A nominating convention of the independent electors of the provincial constituency of Mountain has been called to meet at Baldur on the afternoon of July 24.