

## On the Screen

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turn away. Hughes, every particle of the red, healthy color gone from his face, unscrewed the cap of a brandy flask with shaking hand. One of the mounted men galloped off in search of a doctor.

Cabbage Tree had found two lumps of sugar on the grass and nibbled at them appreciatively. He was looking for the third. He had behaved.

Egerton, single handed, carried his wife down and into the hut. He would have no help. For the moment the jealous instincts of primitive man held him. He was strong and awful in his grief. Waiting for the doctor, he mounted guard outside the hut, allowing no one to enter. When Daphne came toward him he waved her away.

Hughes sat on a bench by the door, shoulders hunched, his face buried in his hands. Nor did he raise it when the doctor arrived and went inside with Egerton.

After a time the former came out and touched Hughes on the shoulder. He got up and followed him in.

Daphne stood by herself a little way off, her eyes on the hut, her lips moving.

The doctor came out and drove away, looking very grave. Then the door opened again, and the dire sound of a man's sobs came to her.

Hughes came out. He was bare-headed. All the springiness had gone out of his walk, the joviality from his face. His right hand was thrust in his hip-pocket. Daphne whispered a question.

"Died where she fell," he muttered. "The horse lashed out. Go to Egerton. Take him away if you can."

Daphne turned to the hut. When she had reached it and shut the door, Hughes quickened his step.

Cabbage Tree had found and eaten the third piece of sugar when he got up to him. He took his hand out of his hip-pocket. The sun glinted on blue steel.

"Cabbage Tree," he said huskily; "there's something in the Bible about a life for a life, and I guess it applies to horses as well as humans. So you've got to pay."

He pressed the trigger, and the horse dropped where he stood.

## VI.

Greening halted abruptly before a picture placard outside a Cinema theatre in the West End. He looked and looked, and his heart stood still. For the picture represented an Australian bush scene, and in the foreground, on horseback, was a figure the very image of Daphne, his lost wife! He could not understand it. Across the picture ran the announcement: "Cabbage Tree's Last Ride. Today, at 3."

It was on the stroke of three now. He went inside, paid for a seat, and waited feverishly for the show to begin. The particular item he wanted to see was fifth on the program, and he had to sit thru an interminable series of pictures which at that moment had no interest for him.

"Police Dogs," "The Baby Show," "Hooligans at Home," entertained others, and nearly drove him distracted. But at last the words "Cabbage Tree's Last Ride" were thrown on the screen, and he sat up in his seat. His eyes were distended; he held his breath.

Seven months had elapsed since Daphne had left him, and each hour of it had been a torment.

Only the thought that the next, or the next, might restore her to him kept him from completely despairing. Every source of enquiry concerning her whereabouts had been of no avail; and now Chance—could this be Chance?—had come to his assistance.

He watched with breathless interest as the pictured story unfolded; and because of all that the girl-heroine meant to him, its scenes were robbed of their unreality. For him it was the real thing.

He saw her—never doubting it was his own wife—in the up-country bank; saw with yearning, but without resentment, her simulated affection for the young bank manager. The action, apart from a newspaper paragraph thrown on the screen, told of the re-

ported presence of bushrangers in the district, and of her fears for her lover.

He saw her ride away, and her arrival at her bush home.

Into the next picture now came a station-hand, riding headlong, behind him in the distance bushrangers in pursuit. The gang surrounded the barricaded hut.

The scene changed, showing its interior. The girl hurriedly scribbled a note of warning, gave it to the man, and bid him ride fast with it to the bank.

The succeeding pictures showed him stealing off on his errand while the bushrangers were trying to effect an entrance. Suddenly they espied him, gave chase, and captured him. Some of their horses were left hitched to the fence.

The door of the hut was cautiously opened. The panic-stricken girl emerged, crept toward the nearest horse, vaulted into the saddle, and was off to the bank with a hundred yards start before she was observed.

From this point Greening, infected

by the stress of the pursuit, forgot his surroundings. He was no longer in the darkened hall, but racing for life over uplands, along forest tracks, swimming a fagged horse across deep creeks. And always with the thunder of pursuing hoofs in his ears.

Concluded Next Week

## NOBODY CAN LICK YOU

A fine and public spirited man threw himself into a movement for social progress. It was defeated, and in a moment of discouragement he exclaimed, "I'm licked; this defeat has convinced me that there's no use fighting."

Of course, he didn't mean that. It was the impulse of the moment. Nobody else could lick him. He could only be licked by himself. His efforts might be blocked, might come to nothing, but so long as he didn't lie down, he wasn't licked.

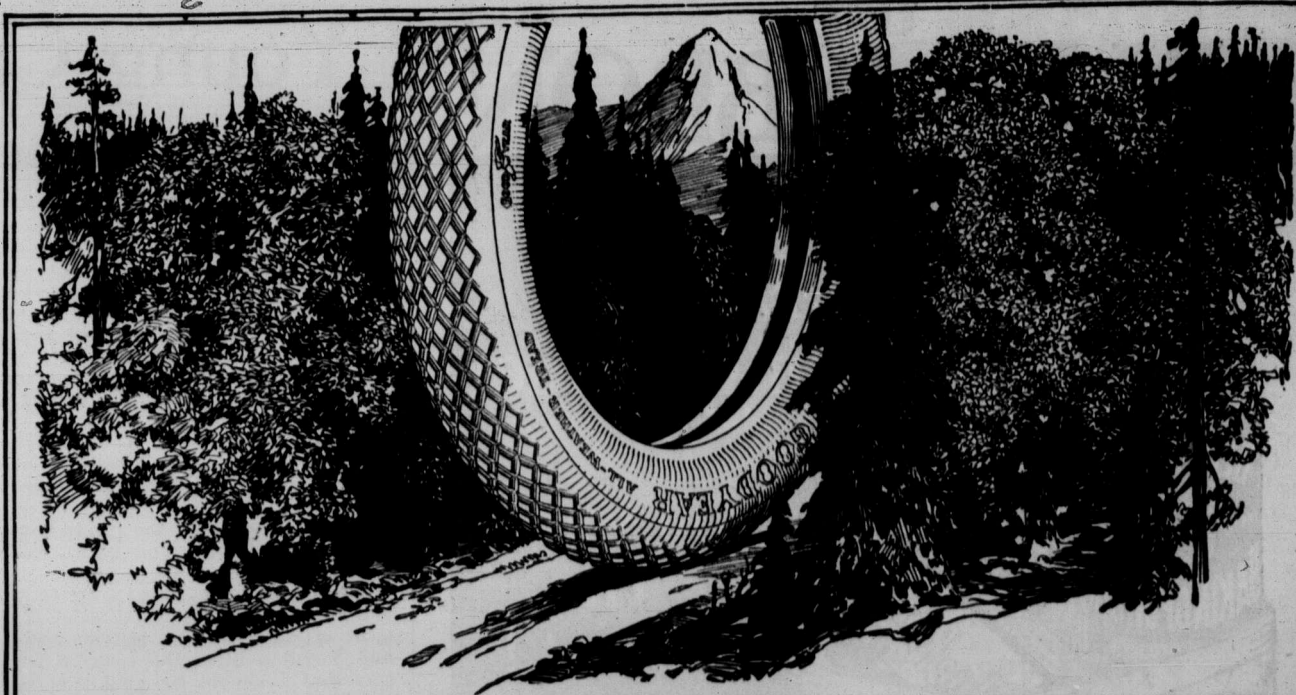
Henley was right when he insisted in a memorable poem that he was the master of his fate, the captain of his

soul. The man who never gives up in the face of reverses is the man who has to be taken into account and reckoned with.

The contest between the Apostle Paul and the Roman empire looked unequal enough. But the indomitable spirit won. Napoleon, long on the verge of failure, kept on fighting. Washington, in the midst of overwhelming discouragement, refused to give up. Disraeli insisted that the time would come when the House of Commons would be glad to hear him. Gladstone declared that the tide of civilization was on the side of the Liberal program and that it could not be permanently beaten.

Every great forward movement has been repeatedly beaten back by the forces of reaction. But there always have been unconquerable souls behind every such movement who refused to recognize defeat. In the end progress has triumphed because of the fighting spirit of forward-looking men and women.

Nobody is licked so long as he keeps on fighting.—Kansas City Star.



## The True Test of Tires Is Driving on Country Roads

Not smooth city boulevards, but rough country roads settle all doubts of which tire is best.

That's why Goodyear Tires have won with the farmers.

For they're built in perfect balance. The All-Weather Tread is made double thick and the "carcass" beneath extra-strong to support it.

And the beauty of Goodyears has made them the favorites on boulevards, too.

### Top-Place In Four Years

Four years ago we began in a modest way to build these tires at Bowmanville, Ont.

Car owners—many of them farmers—gave Goodyears a trial.

At first some ran a Goodyear with a rival tire on the opposite wheel. Those early Goodyears, by their records, sold the tires of last year—when men bought as many Goodyear Made-In-Canada Tires as there are cars in the Dominion.

Yet the Goodyears of today excel those earlier ones. For we have added betterments as fast as our experts found new methods.

### Protect in 5 Ways

Five great defenses are built into Goodyear Fortified Tires. They guard against the worst attacks a tire encounters—Against Rim-Cuts, Against Blow-Outs, Against Loose Treads, Against Insecurity, Against Punctures and Skidding.

These five features are all controlled by us—no rival tire has them.

They protect against all troubles except mishap and misuse.

### Prices Reduced 37%

Yet Goodyear Tires cost 37 per cent less today than they did two years ago when we did not make so many.

As our output multiplied, reducing factory cost per tire, we passed on the saving to Goodyear users. We gave a third reduction in spite of the war tax on all our raw material.

Some makes cost less because of cheaper methods and materials. Some cost more because of small output.

But figured on cost per mile Goodyear Tires cost the least.

Any dealer can supply you. Ask at once for our new price on your size.



### THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

Head Office, Toronto, Ont.

Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

Makers of Truck, Motorcycle, Carriage and Bicycle Tires and Rubber Belts, Hose and Packing

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