

out any more grain, because there were no unthreshed heads or grain left in the heads to be knocked out by the blower fan.

Simple enough, isn't it? But it took a long while to get next to the trouble. Some threshing machine manufacturers haven't even yet. Others have, but are still a long way from get-all-the-grain-perfection. It is the KNOW-HOW they are lacking and there is where our long and successful experience comes in. That is the reason, too, that we are backing them all off the board out in the Turkey wheat and other regions that grow grain that is no snap for the thresher. That is the reason that with three and one-half and four rows of concave teeth we get all the grain while other threshers with twice as many continue their extravagant waste.

We have proved this to thousands of threshermen every season and we will prove it to thousands more this season. We can prove it to you, and if we could show you the difference between the construction of one of the ordinary-built threshers and the machine that's Tigerbilt from teeth to tail, and could give the farmers on your run the slightest idea of the difference between the inexcusable waste of other threshers and the stingy saving of the Gaar-Scott, we know we wouldn't have to waste a minute more in argument, but just point to the dotted lines at the bottom of a Gaar-Scott order blank.

There is no time to lose--harvest is at hand. Are you ready? Sit right down and write us, any of our branches at the head of this letter or a nearby Gaar-Scott agency. Remember, you don't get a cent for threshing the wheat in the stack.

Yours for "getting all the grain,"

GAAR, SCOTT & CO.



By *Wm. H. Campbell*

Vice-Pres't and Sup't Separator Department.

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Sir Thomas ascertained from a private source he had regularly remitted to his mother since he became a wage-earner.

In the end, under the most auspicious circumstances, the "Royal Adelaide" sailed from the Firth of Clyde with her passenger accommodation filled to the last berth (for it was the height of the great trek to Canada which had begun some years before) and Johnnie Lundie was on the effective list as third officer in charge of her splendidly-equipped engine room.

Miss Norah Hallgren and her friend were under the care of Norah's aunt — a sister of her father's whose home was in Toronto. She had completed an extended holiday to her native heath and was now returning to the land of her adoption with the pleasant prospect of seeing the young ladies taking in all the novelty they anticipated in a Canadian fall and winter.

For the first two days all went well. The weather was perfect and on two occasions Johnnie had been the guest of the ladies in the saloon while an impromptu concert was being given by members of the ship's company. On the last two occasions and just as the crowd separated for the night, there was a hurried closing of cabin port-holes and brightening up generally of all moveables on deck. The wind had freshened from an altogether unexpected quarter and already pitiful little teeth began to appear on the crest of the waves

that had scarcely been observable before the concert began.

Johnnie's next spell on duty began at mid-night. Even now he was hurriedly getting into working togs, and on the advice of his senior, was preparing for a stiff night. The barometer had dropped to an alarming point, but there was no apprehension on the part of those men who faced every situation as it came with the business-like calm that takes it as an imperative part and condition of their life. He had not been an hour on duty when the ship ran right into the vortex of a hurricane that evidently had been gathering momentum for a long time from some point in the far northwest. It was necessary to alter the ship's course so as to put her head on to the terrific seas that came away and which, striking the vessel obliquely, would probably have done considerable damage.

The engines raced at frequent intervals as the twin propellers rose again and again out of the water, but all hands in the engine room and stoke hole stood by or toiled away as if they were making a river trip. Johnnie got his first baptism of strenuous service and nerve-shattering experience that night, but he caught the spirit of the seasoned veterans around him and their blunt appreciation of anything he did at their bidding to test his metal was ample reward for whatever he endured in nervous tension while the ordeal lasted.

At four in the morning when he retired to his berth, nothing could exceed the awe-inspiring state of things as they appeared everywhere around the great ship. She was like a toy boat upon the crest, and anon in the trough of those mighty Atlantic billows, but her conduct was splendid at every fresh contest with the warring elements.

Not in the memory of the oldest sailor on board had he faced such a tempest at that time of the year, and the unexpected severity of the case as it showed no signs of abating on the second day of its continuance began to give rise to some foreboding on the part of more than one experienced salt.

It was about two hours after sunset on the fourth day of the gale or the sixth day out from the Clyde when the lookout reported what he believed to be rockets away on the port bow. The wind had gone down considerably but there was little evidence of the heavy sea coming down to its normal temper. The "Royal Adelaide" had gone considerably out of her course in steering continuously to the north-west, and sooner or later it would be necessary to head south. Here was a command to do so in the fact of that vessel calling for assistance away to the south-west.

Without a moment's hesitation after he had satisfied himself that the look-out had reported correctly, Captain Barclay put the course to S.W. and went

right ahead for the distress signals, although it meant that his ship was at times almost broad-side on to the weather, involving risks that no ship's officer would take, except in response to those humane instincts that are in the blood of every British sailor.

After nearly four hours' careful navigation, the "Royal Adelaide" came within speaking distance of the other, which proved to be the "Pavonia" from Liverpool for St. John's, N.B., eight days out and now drifting helplessly owing to a fracture in her shaft.

In the darkness it was agreed that nothing could be attempted, but Captain Barclay agreed to stand by until day-break and to render whatever assistance he could. When the light came, it could be seen that the "Pavonia" was a vessel of scarcely less proportions than the "Royal Adelaide," but with a full cargo, she lay deeper in the water and would be a tough job to handle if it came to towing.

That was exactly what was proposed to Captain Barclay. One vessel bound for Halifax had towed for some eight hours when the steel hawser broke and she declined to make a second attempt. Another had come alongside on the previous night and promised to stand by till daylight, but on second thoughts had steamed away in the night.

At 6 a.m. volunteers were called for to man a boat and take a line aboard the "Pavonia." Twice the required number of