

A Special Word to Subscribers

When you receive a blue notice attached to this page it means that your subscription is already past due. We have already sent you one notice, but no doubt it has escaped your attention. Will you not send \$1.50 for your renewal at once, using the blue coupon and addressed envelope enclosed herewith. By sending in your renewal now you will save us the expense of sending you further notices. We want to have every one of our subscribers paid in advance because it puts us in better shape financially and it makes the subscriber feel better to know that he doesn't owe us anything. It is always safer to send your money by Postal Note or Post Office order. Mail your \$1.50 today.

THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE
"Equal Rights to All and Special Privileges to None"
A Weekly Journal for Progressive Farmers

Published under the auspices and employed as the Official Organ of the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association, the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association, and the United Farmers of Alberta.



The Guide is the only paper in Canada that is absolutely owned and controlled by the organized farmers—entirely independent, and not one dollar of political, capitalistic or special interest money is invested in it.

GEORGE F. CHIPMAN, Editor and Manager
Associate Editors: John W. Ward and Ernest J. Trott
Home Editor: Francis Marlon Beynon

Authorized by the Postmaster-General, Ottawa, Can., for transmission as second class mail matter.

Subscriptions and Advertising

Published every Wednesday. Subscriptions in the British Empire \$1.50 per year. Foreign subscriptions \$2.00 per year. Single copies 5 cents.

Advertising Rates

Commercial Display—16 cents per agate line. Livestock Display—14 cents per agate line. Classified—4 cents per word per issue. No discount for time or space on any class of advertising. All changes of copy and new matter must reach us seven days in advance of date of publication to ensure insertion. Reading matter advertisements are marked "Advertisement." No advertisement for patent medicines, liquor, mining stock, or extravagantly worded real estate will be accepted. We believe, thru careful enquiry, that every advertisement in The Guide is signed by trustworthy persons. We will take it as a favor if any of our readers will advise us promptly should they have reason to doubt the reliability of any person or firm who advertises in The Guide.

On the Screen

A SERIAL STORY
By OLIVER SANDYS
Continued from Last Week

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Daphne Greening, an Australian girl, married to an Englishman, leaves her husband because of a quarrel caused by his foolish jealousy. She resolves to become an actress and, under the name of Daphne Barry, seeks a position on the London stage. The first successful actress she succeeds in interviewing advises her to keep off the stage, and tells her of the difficulties and temptations of a stage life. For two discouraging weeks Daphne continues her search for a position on the stage and falls to notice in the "agonies" columns of the newspapers her husband's penitent request that she return home. At last she secures an engagement to rehearse a dangerous horse for a motion picture company, the leading lady, whom she very closely resembles, being unable to manage the animal. A born horsewoman, Daphne immediately conquers the horse. She is complimented by the manager, who offers her a permanent position, tho she can only take small parts on account of her lack of ability as an actress. Miss Fuller rides Cabbage-Tree in the dress rehearsal, and is killed in the big final scene. Mr. Greening some months later sees the film in a London picture palace.

He was lost to the fact that this was drama. He lived again in the bad old days of terror, when the bush was infested by fiends who preyed on its solitary settlers. His Daphne was being hunted. He pictured the awful penalty she would have to pay if overtaken. And sometimes the bushrangers were upon her very heels.

Cold with apprehension, he watched her efforts to escape. The track became rougher, more difficult. Up and up her horse staggered. Did safety lie beyond the rise? She gained it, but the descent on its farther side shattered his hopes.

Her strength was spent. He saw it in the way she rode. Down that steep incline she came at sickening speed, swaying in the saddle. Several of the gang had gained on her. One of them, concealed behind the bushes, was ready to intercept her. As she came on he covered her with a revolver. There was a puff of smoke. Her horse reared, fell back, rolled over—and she with it.

The climax was too much for Greening. Satisfied that this was no rehearsed effect, but dire tragedy, and his Daphne a victim of it, he staggered out, physically and mentally dazed, seeking the light. Had he stayed to witness the final picture all his horror of the preceding one would have vanished.

That picture had been added after Lilly Fuller's death. Daphne had taken the part from where it had so tragically left off, so that on the screen, at least, the happy ending might be consummated. It had been too good a film to waste, Hughes decided, when he had got over the shock and become his astute business self again.

Outside in the lobby the unhappy man asked to see the manager. That individual could tell him nothing, except the name of the actress he was inquiring about; but he advised him, if the matter was important, to write or see Houghton Hughes at Hatch Heath, where he was invariably to be found.

Greening could not wait for trains. He got into the first taxicab he came across, and promised the driver an extra sovereign if he accomplished the

journey quickly. Soon he was being whirled thru London, its suburbs, and into the country.

He reached Hatch Heath within the hour, and located Hughes at the local inn. Greening sent in his card, marked "Urgent." The name upon it conveyed nothing to Hughes; but as he was always accessible to visitors, Greening was given audience.

Hughes, looking at the tall, tragic-faced man, saw that he was laboring under some strong emotion. At first he came to the conclusion that he was either a hungry or a thirsty actor. On second thoughts, he decided he could not be an actor; at least of the sort that came his way. He was too prosperous looking.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" he asked briskly.

"I came to ask"—Greening's lips were dry; he could hardly get the words out—"if I can see—or communicate with the lady who took the leading part in an Australian picture-play."

"Ah, 'Cabbage-Tree's Last Ride.' Say, which lady, now?—There were two of them."

Naturally, he did not know that Greening had not seen the final picture. "The one who rode the horse."

Hughes looked at his visitor oddly. "May I ask what is your object in making this inquiry?"

"I want to find her. She—"

"I'm sorry to tell you that is impossible."

Hughes rose. He wanted to terminate the interview. It was taking a turn he did not like. Here, he supposed, was a young man who had become epris with the dead actress, perhaps thru the Cinema show—there were many like that—and was essaying to make her acquaintance.

In any event, he did not particularly want to advertise the fact of Lilly Fuller's untimely end. It would not be good for his reputation or his business. Greening noticed his hesitation.

"It is of vital importance to me," he said.

"I've heard that story before."

Hughes glanced at his watch as a hint that the audience was at an end. Then something in Greening's face told him that the request was a genuine one, perhaps serious. He began to relent.

"You're sure set on hearing?" he asked.

Greening nodded. "If you won't help me, I must find some one who will."

"You knew the lady?"

"I knew—the lady—well."

"Then, sir, I'm real sorry to tell you—she's dead. Came a cropper with the horse Cabbage-Tree and— Steady, now!"

Greening reeled under the blow. Half a minute passed before he could speak.

"How long ago?" he faltered.

"Six months."

"And—her grave?"

"In the village churchyard. Say, now, young man, what was she to you? She was married, devoted to—"

"She was everything in the world to me. She was my wife."

"Your wife?" It was Hughes' turn to look startled, then a light dawned on him. He laid a hand on Greening's shoulder. "I opine it's the other one you're after," he said. "The one who rehearsed the horse. She was an Australian—a Miss Barry."

Greening did not follow him. "I don't understand," he said weakly. "I—I thought you said my wife was dead."

"I was speaking of Miss Fuller—Mrs. Egerton, that is. Now I'm talking about Miss Daphne Barry. I always reckoned she was a married woman. Take a seat now and drink this brandy. I'll explain a bit."

He told Greening the whole story, and in the narration at last convinced him that his dear Daphne at least was alive. The reaction filled his listener with inexpressible emotions.

"Then can I see her?" he said at length.

"Now, that's the real unfortunate part," confessed Hughes. "Miss Barry left this very morning. I didn't fire her, you understand. She wasn't exactly well, and she'd got to rest up a while. She gave me an address that would find her in London—51a Gower Street—and if you— Gee, but you're in a hurry! Well, I reckon one doesn't lose a wife every day! Good luck, young feller! Shall I give the address to the driver? Right!" He did so, adding: "And set a killing pace!"

Daphne knocked at the door of 51a Gower Street, and, as she had expected, Mrs. Glenister opened it. Now that it had become imperative for her to leave off work, she made sure that the amiable woman would find room for her, provided she paid for it. She had saved enough to be able to do that. But Mrs. Glenister was not holding the door open very wide, and the expression on her face was none too kind.

"No, I've no rooms to let just now," she said, keeping Daphne on the step. "But there's a card on your window—"

To be Concluded Next Week

SEASONABLE REMINDERS

Running a binder properly is one of the most difficult operations on the farm. Time, when cutting starts, is worth money, and careful preparation now to insure that the binders are in proper working order will be well repaid later on. The tying attachment is one of the most complicated parts of the binder and should not be interfered with unless the sheaves are not being properly tied. It is necessary, however, to know what may be wrong so that the proper adjustments can be made.

Very often the knife which cuts the twine becomes dull and is the cause of loose sheaves. It is a good plan to take a small file and carefully sharpen it each fall.

When more than two loose sheaves in succession are kicked out, the binder should be stopped and the trouble remedied. Very often the way in which the band is left will indicate just where the trouble lies. If both ends of the twine are twisted back but not tied, probably the bill hook spring is too tight. This spring should just be tight enough to give the bill hook jaws

enough pressure to pull the two ends of the twine thru the knot. Adjustments should be made carefully, a little at a time, and results noted. Unscrew the set screw holding the bill hook spring just about a quarter of a turn and notice whether the trouble has been remedied.

A knot in one end of the twine and the other end cut squarely off shows that the bill hook did not catch either the needle or disk strand of twine. The twine holder spring being loose will cause this trouble. Then the disk may not be thrust round far enough to carry the twine over far enough owing to wear of parts. If the disk is moved by a plunger arm this can be remedied by lengthening this arm. Then the needle may be out of time or bent so as to keep the twine from being caught by the bill hook when making the knot. Needles are made of malleable iron and can be bent by fairly light tapping with a hammer. A bent needle will not put the twine into the notch in the twine disk, and when this happens the band will not be thrown out with the bundle.

The timing of the needle can be adjusted by lengthening or shortening the pitman which drives it, or, if driven with a chain and sprocket, care should be taken to see that the proper number of links are kept between the marked teeth on the sprocket wheels.

The looseness or tightness of the bundles affords some trouble at times. To alter the tightness of the bands the trip spring nut must be moved up or down. Don't try to tighten the bands by screwing up the twine tension spring. The object of this spring is simply to keep sufficient tension on the twine to keep it from catching in moving parts and to assist in the knot being properly made.

Never screw up the compressor arm spring so tight that it has no play. The compression spring is so placed to take up some of the pressure of holding the bundle in place, and if it is tightened up too much the dead weight without any relief on the compression arm is liable to cause some part to break.

Make sure that the knife registers. By this is meant that each knife section should rest in the centre of the guard when the pitman is at the end of its stroke. A sickle knife is best for most conditions.

To make a good sheaf the binder must be tilted slightly forward. This keeps the butt of the sheaf up against the butter and gives it a chance to pack up a square end. The operator should aim to have the band as nearly in the centre of each bundle as possible. The grain table can be easily shifted if all parts are kept well oiled. If grain is long and heads are heavy and bearded, it may be advisable to set the reel so as the inside end strikes over the inside end of the cutting bar just a fraction ahead of the other end. In this way the heads will be thrown back from the elevator somewhat and will not tend to go ahead faster than the butts.

Be sure to take up all play in the bevel gears which drive the counter-shaft from the crank shaft.—E. J. T.