

# Jill of the Fields

A ROMANCE  
By Kennaway James

## SYNOPSIS.

Motherless Jill Merridew becomes, on the death of her father, owner of a considerable farm. She decides to take her father's place. She counts on Mark Hanson, the head man, to assist her. A well-dressed young stranger makes his appearance and questions Mark about Jill. Mark resents his impertinence and Jill later reprimands Mark for his rudeness. The stranger calls late in the evening. Jill decides to see him. He tells her he knew her father.

## CHAPTER II.—(Contd.)

"Be that as it may," replied Barbour, "I am telling you how I came to know of your father. I also learnt that he made a special study of certain branches of farming, and was known as an authority—at least so my friend said."

"You seem to know more about my father than I do myself," said Jill.

She had maintained a frigid attitude somewhat against her instinct. She had begun to like Barbour, and felt that they had something in common.

"But tell me now just what it is that you want."

"Well, I really wanted your permission to look through some of the papers and documents concerning this place and your request, but I assure you, Miss Merridew, that I am only asking a permission which I have generally found readily granted elsewhere. These old histories should never be suppressed. Don't you agree?"

"To a certain extent," agreed Jill. "Quite," said Barbour, "and I am sure you would be pleased to have that information I might discover. I take it that you have been through everything yourself?"

"Everything?" laughed Jill. "Why it would take me ages; you have no idea what jumbles of papers there are in this old place."

"Ah," exclaimed Barbour, "then there is all the more possibility of my discovering gems of family history for the benefit of yourself and all interested in these things. It is too late now for me to expect to be shown anything tonight?"

Jill glanced at one of the two grandfather clocks in the room. It was not late but she replied, "I'm afraid it is. And anyhow, I don't think I have yet said that I am going to let you see any papers."

Something in her mind, a kind of native caution told her that there was more in Barbour's request than appeared on the surface. Barbour, however, was inwardly pleased with the progress he had made. There was one paper which he wished to see, and he had every reason to think it was among old Jasper Merridew's documents. He must not, he told himself, be precipitate.

"Very well, Miss Merridew," he said quietly, "I will not trouble you further."

"Thank you," answered Jill, not too pleased with his sudden relinquishment of his request. She felt that, having got to know Barbour better, she might enjoy further conversation on other topics. Her rural loneliness appeared vividly to her in the presence of another intellect.

Barbour's eyes had strayed to an old painting on the wall, depicting coat-of-arms.

"Your family coat-of-arms?" he asked.

"Yes, one of them," replied Jill.

"Why, have you two?"

"We may have ten for all I know," said Jill, "but that is the one we have always regarded as our family's. I unearthed another one shortly after my father's death, tooled on a piece of leather evidently the back of a book."

"And what makes you think it is connected with your family?" Barbour asked.

"Because there are two spearheads in the corner like those on that painting on the wall."

This mention of another coat-of-arms Barbour regarded as providential. He was not actually interested in heraldry but had acquired a superficial knowledge of it for a purpose of his own.

"That's very interesting," he said. "No doubt you would like to know more about it. If so, my services are at your disposal. If you will permit me to take a few details of it I will look it up at the College of Heralds and see what I can make of it."

Barbour was fortunate in knowing a dissolute antique dealer in London who had once made a study of heraldry. For a few shillings he could get a more or less expert opinion, so that his offer to Jill was not entirely an empty one.

Jill was only mildly curious about the coat-of-arms but she felt willing to let him make enquiries. Subconsciously she wished to see Barbour again.

"That is very kind of you," she said. "I shall be very interested."

"The kindness is all on your side," responded Barbour, "but I must not trouble you more tonight. Perhaps you will allow me to call again during the next few days?"

Jill, as in truth tired, for the day had provided her with unaccustomed excitement. She was, but she did not know it, suffering some reaction after her quarrel with Mark. Therefore, she was glad for Barbour to go now that she was tolerably certain to see him again.

After she had bade her visitor good-night, Jill returned to the room in which the conversation had taken place. A sudden feeling of weariness came over her. Raising her arms high above her head she stretched her young body as though awaiting a yawn which did not come. A sculptor, had he seen her at that moment would have found inspiration.

Jill awoke next morning to hear a pitiless rain beating upon her window. It was six o'clock, her usual time for rising. Already she could hear the bustle of the farm beginning—the heavy clatter of men's boots in the cobbled farmyard, the melodious clanging of milk pails, scraps of jocular conversation, and, among it all, the voice of Mark Hanson.

Jill began to dress forthwith. She was not eager to meet Mark, but it had to be faced and she decided to face it at once. She tried to plan what she should say to him, but eventually resolved to leave it to the guidance of her feelings at the moment.

Dressed, she went to the window, from which she had watched the cider-making, as was her wont each day, to see that all went well. She caught sight of the hatless figure of Mark just as he looked up at the window. He gave her a serious gesture of recognition as he disappeared into one of the cow houses.

Jill laughed to herself, though she did not know quite why.

Going downstairs, she partook of her "first breakfast," which consisted of a thick slice of bread and butter, each made on the farm, and tea. The men, or those of them who lived there, or took meals there, had already breakfasted in the big kitchen at the rear of the farm. As is frequent in manorial farms, there was a special wing devoted to the farm hands, and some half dozen, unmarried, lived on the premises.

A second breakfast, consisting more often than not of cold fat bacon, home-cured and uncommonly good, would be served at nine o'clock.

Presently Jill went into the farmyard where the cider-making was again in progress. She called Mark Hanson over to her.

"We'll have our own cider-press next year, with luck," she said.

"I hope so, Miss," replied Mark in a subdued tone.

Jill did not fail to note the omission of her Christian name when he spoke. For a moment they stood there, each looking into the other's face, each wondering what would be the next in ve. It was Jill who spoke first.

"Hanson, I want to thank you for what you did last night," she said. "I was a fool to try to get Billy William into his pen, because I know you are the only man who can manage him."

"It was nothing, Miss," replied Mark. "It was just lucky that I came along at the right time."

"I don't know that there was so much luck about it," said Jill. "I have a suspicion that you came along on purpose. And for goodness sake stop calling me Miss. Now tell me honestly, didn't you come specially to see that Billy William didn't hurt me?"

"Well, it did occur to me that you might be having difficulty and—"

"There, I knew it, and I want to say thank you again. And I want also to say that I did not mean to be so horrid to you yesterday; but, you see, I was annoyed that you should have been so—so rude—to a stranger within our gate, especially when he showed that he knew something of my father. It was because of that that I wished you to find him. See?"

"I see," said Mark, "and I'm sorry I was unable to find him for you."

"All right, then," said Jill, "we will say no more about it, Mark."

Never before had Jill addressed him by his Christian name, and her use of

it now sent a thrill coursing through him. His serious face relaxed into a smile as he left her to return to his work.

Jill saw it and was satisfied. She had used the name for a dual purpose. She was so reliant on Mark that the thought of running the farm without him appalled her. She had sense enough to know that in spite of all her businesslike ways, it was Mark who was really in charge. When he came to her with a suggestion, and she approved in a semi-regal manner, and possibly took the credit for it later on, she knew exactly where the credit lay.

Her second purpose was a more sentimental one.

She had grown to like Mark for himself. He had a humor which she could appreciate, though she had not encountered much of it lately, the reason being, had she known it, that Mark had come to be depressed in her presence owing to a sense of the futility of his love for her. His self-reliance, too, was a thing she admired, and he was good to look upon. Often she would watch him at some strenuous work and compare him with the comparatively anemic men she had met during her onetime visits to London.

(To be continued.)

## Yale Displays Rare Elizabethan Documents

New Haven, Conn.—The Sterling Memorial Library at Yale University has just opened an exhibition commemorating the 400th anniversary of the birth of Queen Elizabeth. In addition to the few works of Shakespeare printed during her lifetime, the Yale library is showing five cases of items which are devoted to the Queen herself.

One group is made up of the Queen's own literary accomplishments, most of which remained unpublished until the last century. There is a facsimile of the manuscript of her early translation of Queen Margaret of Navarre's poem, "Miroir de l'ame pecheresse," done by the Princess in 1544 for her French tutor, John Belmain. Fifty years later, in the exciting 1590's Elizabeth again set about translating—this time Boethius, Plutarch and Horace.

Included in the exhibition is a reproduction of her household accounts during her residence at Hatfield from October, 1551, to September, 1552, and John Foxe's account of the princess's miraculous preservation. Elizabeth's letters to James I. and others, printed in early memoirs, are represented. Showing her social life are reprints of two entertainments devised for her, as well as the unique copy of "The queenes maiesties passage through the cite of London to Westminster, the days before her coronation," published in London in 1558, from the Elizabethan Club. Two editions are shown of her famous speech to her last Parliament, November 30, 1601. Finally, beside a contemporary engraving of Elizabeth lying in state, is a copy of the memorial verses written at the time of her death by 189 members of the University of Oxford.

The Elizabethan Club has one of the most important collections of Elizabethan literature outside of England, including Shakespeare quartos and folios.

## Pluck

When things are running crosswise and the engine's out of gear.

When the road is rough and rocky and the sky is far from clear,

When you're plainly up against it and you're surely out of luck,

That's the time to use your courage and to show your stock of pluck.

Most anyone can travel on a road that is smooth and clear,

And anyone can get there if he only has to steer,

But when the motor's balky and you're running in the muck,

If you're ever going to get there you must call upon your pluck.

There's no thrill in easy sailing when the skies are clear and blue,

There's no joy in merely doing things which anyone can do.

But there is some satisfaction that is mighty sweet to take

When you reach a destination that you thought you'd never make.

So when everything's against you and your plans are going wrong,

Just face the situation and keep moving right along—

Don't sit down and wail and whimper, even though you may be stuck.

You're not absolutely helpless if you still possess your pluck.

Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body that for a time can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel, so that the weak become so mighty.—Mrs. Stowe.

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## Have You Books In Your Home?

### Children Who Grow Up Without Them Miss Something That is Never Replaced

It seems almost incredible that in this day and era a child could grow up without books. Yet a girl of seventeen sighed the other day as she said she wished she had had books when she was a little girl. It came about at a "Little Theatre" performance for children. They were playing "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and she did not know the story—until, of course, the play was over.

This girl came of a "good" family. Her father was a lawyer and always made money. She had everything a child could wish when she was little, including a pony, and the wonder of the town, a little black and white monkey. She had more clothes than almost any other child I knew, lived in a big house and travelled with her aunt extensively. Her mother died when she was about ten.

### Always Wanted Books.

Perhaps this accounts for the fact that she had never been given books. And yet most children know the classical fairy tales at that age.

"I always wanted books—I always asked for them," she explained, "but maybe they thought I was nervous, or didn't get out enough, or something. I never owned a book of my own, except school books, until I was a great big girl."

One day a woman was giving a book to a child for a birthday gift. She proudly showed the modern volume of little stories illustrated in a manner we children would have opened our eyes over when we were little had anything half so marvellous come our way. Pastels of fairyland, fit for a French boudoir!

### Didn't Know Cinderella.

As I carefully leafed through this wonderful book she said, "Do please look at the illustration of Cinderella. Who?"

"Cinderella! It is so absolutely lovely."

"Oh, you mean Cinderella," I corrected, rudely.

"Is it 'Ella'?" she repeated much amused. "You know I never knew those stories as a little girl. My parents didn't believe in things like that. I'm afraid I have missed something."

This lady has never been poor. She has had blessings that a lot of us have missed. All but one thing. The wealth of stories that we can close our eyes and live over again she will never have. She can read them now but with the shut mind of middle age. She cannot "live" them as a little child lives them and remembers.

Even "Cinderella," which she must have heard hundreds of times, did not register clearly. Unbelievable, isn't it!

It seems that I am sticking to fairy tales, but that is merely a coincidence. Fairy tales are only a hundredth part of the wealth of reading for children.

Books are eternal treasures. I should not let Christmas go by without them. One can pay anything from ten cents to ten dollars—they are there to fit any one's purse. Don't look upon a book as merely paper and ink. A book is a country, a continent, a world, that can never be taken away from us, even after the covers have crumpled and the printing has blurred. "Snow White," "Cinderella," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Alice" are as important as "Solved," "Guinevere," or "Isolde" and will live longer in our minds than any of the classical ladies of later-life reading, even the reading of the "teens."

## School Howlers

An acquirium is a man who collects things.

A cadet is a body who carries golf clubs.

The Union Jack is flown correctly when it is flying in the direction of the wind.

A furrier is a man who takes you across a river in a boat.

The cause of dew is through the earth revolving on its own axis and perspiring freely.

## Winds of the Year

Around our house November night  
The wind goes thundering by.  
And clouds race on before the moon  
In a wild winter sky.

Rudely the wind beats at our doors  
Exhausted from his race,  
And all who venture forth are caught  
Fast in his wild embrace.

But gentle grow his kisses when  
Spring haunts the woods again,  
He will be good, he can be good,  
He does not boast in vain.

For sometimes on a summer night  
When stillness fills the sky,  
We'll give him open house and yet  
May never hear him sigh.

—I. S.

## Whims of Weather Help Stormproof Clothes Trade

London.—Complete inconstancy of its weather is one of Great Britain's big trade assets, according to figures recently published here from a German newspaper surveying world trade in ready-made clothing.

No one country has the opportunity or the conditions necessary for producing the best of all types of clothing, it is pointed out. But Britain seems to have taken the lead with stormproofs. It appears that the uncertainty of whether it will rain, snow or keep fine has meant that coats have to be really waterproof.

It is not said whether all ready-made clothes export figures act as an index to national assets. Figures show that Paris and Vienna export most women's clothing and luxury habit, Germany specializes in no set clothing, the United States has an advantage in sports clothing, and Belgium specializes in working clothes.

The survey states that conditions in most of the "ready-made" trades are already improving. Manufacturers are replacing stocks and, it is said, there are definite indications of increased consumption.

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