

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 reminds Mark of her ruthlessness. 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 what information I might discover. I take it that you have been through everything yourself?"

"Everything?" laughed Jill. "Why I 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 a 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 spearsheads 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 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 move. 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 Williams 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 Williams 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

Pithy Anecdotes of the Famous

Jack London was "inherently individualistic" and "un-Socialist of all Socialists I have ever met," says Frederick Palmer, noted war correspondent (in "With My Own Eyes.") During the Russo-Japanese war—which they both "covered":

"He (Jack London) had his own separate mess and tent; general and private of his army of one, he rode in front of his two pack-donkeys, which flinged with bells, the leader bearing an American flag.

"The novelist," exclaimed Japanese censor, T. Okada, "Noise and Color."

For weeks the correspondents sat around behind the lines and were not allowed to go near the fighting.

"Occasionally," reminiscences Palmer, "Censor Okada brought us cryptic information that 'All is going according to plan.'

"Don't forget to tell us if it is not," said Jack London.

"Censor Okada could only smile and reply, 'Very sorry.'"

The restraints were particularly irksome to Jack London, says Colonel Palmer.

"The movement of a large army was wholly alien to Jack's literary understanding, and therefore he did not remain long with us. . . . Stephen Crane, who wrote his classic, 'The Red Badge of Courage,' before he had ever heard a shot fired in war, suffered the same disillusionment in the Greco-Turkish war. I recall his puzzled mood in an Athenian cafe. . . . It did not seem to me he ever wrote about war so well after as before he saw it. The realities had hampered his imagination, his gift 'in picturing reality.'"

The trials and tribulations of an "Attraction" on the Chautauqua circuit in days gone by, are amusingly—if feelingly—described by Charles Edward Russell (in "Bare Hands and Stone Walls: Some Recollections of a Side-line Reformer.") He tells of a violinist—"I will withhold his name, which was well-known in Boston and in musical circles elsewhere"—practising in his bedroom in a Southwest town one morning, when the door was suddenly kicked open and before his petrified gaze strode in a tall and brawny native.

"You stop that damn noise," said Husky, standing over him and glowering.

Violin, when he got his breath, explained defensively that he was engaged to play at the Chautauqua that afternoon, that he could not play without practising, that he must keep up his practice for the sake of the public.

"Cut that all out," says Husky. "Are you going to stop?"

"I am sorry if it annoys you, but you see I must practise."

Whereupon the native ended the debate by knocking the violinist down.

The local management to whom Violin complained, advised him to have his assailant arrested. The case was tried before a local justice of the peace, who dismissed the complaint.

The native now swore out a warrant against the violinist and Dogberry on the spot fined him \$25 and costs.

"What for?" adds Russell. "Oh, for disturbing the peace by playing the violin."

Then there was the unfortunate lecturer who found no key to his room in a rural Illinois hostelry.

"He was new to the business," says Russell—an old Chautauquan himself—or he would have known, first, that these rooms never have keys, and second, that no matter what may go wrong in such resorts never on your life complain about it or mention it or betray the least consciousness of it or of anything else. Silent submission for you, and plenty of it. He had about \$300 in his possession and he thought he would rather have his door locked.

The night clerk was reigning over the establishment, having succeeded to the insignia of office, which consisted of the cob-pipe, shirt sleeves and seat behind the counter:

"Guest: 'May I please have the key to 19?'"

"His Majesty: 'Ain't none.'"

"Guest: 'I beg pardon?'"

"His Majesty: 'Ain't none, I told you.'"

"Guest: 'Well, I have a considerable sum of money. May I leave it in your safe?'"

"His Majesty (glaring): 'Safe Whadda think this is? A bank that's open day and night. Old Man's got key and gone to bed.'"

"Guest: 'Then I think I ought to have something to fasten the door.'"

"His Majesty (annoyed now to the point of sarcasm): 'There ain't no key, but if you're afraid to stay in your room alone here's the dog yuh can take up there to protect yuh.'"

There are some actors and actresses—and good ones too—who read nothing but their parts, declares Lillah McCarthy (in her reminiscences, "Myself and My Friends.")

"How they succeed I know not, and yet they do," she adds. "I have even met one who was set more economical of his energy. He had played, and played well, in one of Chekov's plays. I went round to congratulate him. Admiring Chekov as I do, I asked him what he thought of Chekov's way of writing.

"Who?" he asked.

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 1553, 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.

Behaviour of Boys Subject of Address

Montreal.—In the whole realm of child study, mental health and character formation, the most vital things for the child are to know himself, to become aware of his limitations, and to benefit from the opinions of others and this is only possible through the understanding and co-operation of parents and teachers.

These are the basic principles in the shaping of children's characters, stated Taylor Statton, of Toronto, director of child character education, Pickering College, Newmarket, Mr. Statton speaking recently in Montreal.

Special study of child character by permitting the child to hear his faults discussed by companions, was advocated by the educationist. "We are satisfied that every child has a feeling of inadequacy," he declared, "and his life doctrine is worked out on the basis of that feeling. It is an infantile misconception, which sometimes springs from the parents, and we have the problem of analyzing to determine in what direction his feeling of inadequacy lies.

There are five basic urges in children, Mr. Statton said: as recognition, experience, affection, power and security. The child desires recognition, and if he does not get this in a way to benefit his character he will acquire something leading into trouble. Every normal child requires a constantly changing experience to produce a healthy, mental state, and affection is vital to children by parents if bonds are to be maintained. Desire for power latent in every normal child, very often leads to a wrong place in life, he explained. The security of the home, Mr. Statton concluded, also exerts a vital influence on boys, because without this feeling their outlook is hopeless and success in life difficult.

Whims of Weather Help Stormproof Clothes Trade

London.—Complete inconsistency 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, and 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.

Soldier of All Nations Arrives in London

The world's greatest soldier of fortune has just arrived in London. His name is General Rafael de Nogales.

Very soon he will be off again to finish a man-size revolution that he left uncompleted 19 years ago in Venezuela.

Nogales left that revolution at the call of a much bigger adventure—the War.

Led the Turks.

Men who fought in the East will remember him as Nogales Bey. Then he was leading the Turks against the British. He was, in fact, the last Christian commander to remain in the Peninsula, though Allenby was fast on his heels.

That was typical of Nogales. Wherever there has been trouble and adventure in the world during the last 30 odd years he has managed to find his way into it.

He started with the Spanish-American War of 1898, on the side of Spain. Then there were exciting spells in gold rushes in the Klondike; in the American cattle country's cowpunching business; in Mexico's revolution business.

But there is one thing this man of many nations stands firmly by—his nationality. His one regret is that he has never in his world-wide wanderings, fought under the banner of his own country.

"I am a Venezuelan," General Rafael de Nogales said when interviewed. "I was born in Venezuela, and I am a patriot."

"Soon I am going back to my country. This time I am going to finish that revolution."

Many of his friends in London now are men he first saw in the enemy trenches outside Gaza. But Nogales does not bear malice.

"I am entitled to wear the Iron Cross of Germany, First Class, a thing very few foreigners are allowed to do, but what do these things matter? I have dined with Lord Allenby here in London," he said.

General Rafael de Nogales, soldier of fortune, checked.

"Soon go back to my own country," he said.

Plan Canadian Branch of Empire Air Pilots

Winnipeg.—Organization of a Canadian branch of the Guild of Air Pilots and Navigators of the British Empire has been started here by H. Hollick-Kenyon, noted western pilot.

Names to be on the Canadian branch, first overseas group to be formed, will include such noted airmen as C. H. "Punch" Dickens, of Edmonton; W. E. Gilbert, flying out of Fort McMurray, Alta., and T. M. "Pat" Reid, of Montreal. C. S. Kent, of Saint John, N.B., also is expected to become a member.

Aid to the new organization has been promised by J. A. Wilson, Ottawa, controller of civil aviation in Canada. The organization seeks to maintain high standards of airmanship, provision of pensions and insurance and general welfare of flyers and aviation.

"Bud" Fisher Falls to Get Alimony to Wife Reduced

New York.—Mutt and Jeff's creator, Harry C. "Bud" Fisher, failed to have the alimony he is paying his wife reduced from \$400 to \$100 a week.

Fisher pleaded that his income has been cut from \$350,000 to \$31,000 a year, and that his estate has dwindled from \$3,000,000 to \$232,000, but the appellate court ruled the wife, Mrs. Addita Fisher, must still get her \$400 weekly.

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King Listens To Private's Plea

London, Eng.—Private Sam Lee, of the 2nd Battalion of the Northamptonshire Regiment was troubled. The army did not agree with him, and he was anxious to get out of it, but he did not know what steps to take. He did not relish the obvious method of approaching his commanding officer.

Then a bright idea dawned on him. He would write to the King asking him to grant his discharge on what the Army calls compassionate grounds. He spent a considerable time composing the letter. He consulted a book on etiquette and finally mailed his petition. For several days he waited hopefully then one morning the C.O. sent for him.

It wasn't long till Private Sam Lee was on the high seas, but he no longer belonged to the 2nd Battalion of the Northamptonshire Regiment. He was on his way to join the 1st Battalion in India.

His letter to the King reached his destination, but His Majesty necessarily had to refer it to Private Lee's C.O. And the C.O., after politely but firmly pointing out that privates are not allowed to write to the King, gave him some good advice, which on reflection, he thankfully accepted.

Heiress to Millions Goes into Movies

Hollywood.—Heiress to oil millions, Janet Snowden, 19, said she had given up all thoughts of another marriage and would seek a career in motion pictures.

Miss Snowden said she had engaged William S. Gill, former husband of the late Renee Adoree, as her agent to guide and advise her getting into the films.

"Hollywood fascinates me and I am determined that I can be a success on the screen," Miss Snowden said.

The young woman said reports romantically linking her name with a number of Hollywood actors "is unpleasant, to say the least."

Among the San Blas Indians women hold first place in all things. Descent is by the female line and she owns everything. Only his hammock, canoe, gun, fishing gear and clothing actually belong to the subservient male.

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Wanted to Get Out of Army in India; Finds Way

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HE WAS KIND.

When a memorial to Lord Leighton was being designed for St. Paul's Cathedral a statue of Miss Lloyd was placed at the foot, since it was said, no statue could be a complete tribute to his memory without her.

I roamed with her round Lord Leighton's lovely home in Kensington, now preserved as a memorial.

"I remember sitting by the fireplace when he was painting the 'Corinna How kind he was."

"I lived for the moment, never dreaming that I should ever be in need."

"But one by one the artists died. Each year I grew poorer and poorer, and moved, as I did so, to humbler apartments."

"A long and serious illness 10 years ago exhausted all her savings leaving her weak, penniless and almost without work or friends."

Now this woman, whose lovely face adorns the walls of palaces, mansions and famous buildings, will turn your socks or sweep your house to earn a few shillings!

School Children to Swim

Paris.—A bill has been introduced in the Paris Municipal Council to make swimming instruction compulsory in all of the Paris schools. Before the war few French adults except the seacoast populations, knew how to swim. With the general increase in public interest in athletics, swimming has taken an important place, mainly because of the popularity of the seaside resorts.

But facilities for swimming have been multiplied in the inland cities. There are more than two score public swimming-baths in Paris now and the new bill provides that during certain hours each week, these baths shall be reserved for instruction of the French school children and that before a child receives his diploma he must have qualified in swimming unless he is physically incapacitated.

Brussels.—All Antwerp school children, attending the higher classes, will be taught to swim in future.

They will learn the chief swimming motions in the gymnasium at school; afterward they will go to the baths in groups of thirty. This is obligatory, except for those who can show a doctor's certificate saying that their health does not permit them to learn swimming.

Belgian and Dutch teachers are haunted by the dread of their pupils falling into the canals that vein the country. In many schools children are taken home by their teachers to obviate the risk of their falling into the unprotected canals from which even a skilled swimmer finds difficulty in emerging.

There are estimated to be some 150 lions in captivity in England. The London Zoo has twenty-three, while its full requirements are only twelve.