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## Jill of the Fields

A ROMANCE  
By Kennaway James

### SYNOPSIS.

Motherless Jill Merridew becomes, on the death of her father, owner of a farm. She counts on Mark Hanson, head man, to assist her in the management. Mark's remarks made by a stranger who visits the farm. He is investigating the who professes to be investigating the history of old county families. Jill permits him to make notes. On returning to London he meets two foreigners. The reason for Phillip's interest proves to be a chemical fertilizer discovered by Jill's father which he had not made known to Jill. Meanwhile Mark Hanson surprises Jill with the declaration that he is in love with her. Jill evades the issue but is jealous of Freda Lane, the parson's daughter, who openly admires Mark. Harbours interrupts Mark and Jill in a conversation and Mark departs in a rage. Jill, upset, breaks into tears. Barbour comforts her. Late that night Jill awakes and realizes that burglars are in the house—she rings a bell to the wafers' quarters.

### CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

As soon as Jill had rung the bell she regretted it, for it had the effect which she should have foreseen. A moment later, there was a sound such as was commonly associated with Bedlam, from which emerged an excited whoop from Larry Luby. That any burglar should await the arrival of such a mob was absurd, and Jill went downstairs and entered her late father's room to find it empty. A glance was enough to show that an attempt had been made to force the large desk which stood in a deep recess. Jill then turned to the men who were crowding round the study door. "You sons of Whipsnade!" she cried. "Why ever didn't you come down quietly? You've let a burglar go!" Then she laughed. "But it wasn't your fault," she added. "I expect you thought it was a fire." "We sartingly did," said one of the men, "and Larry Luby said he could smell smoke." "Well, off you go to bed again," said Jill. "Wait a moment, though. One of you go and fetch Mr. Hanson." One of the men obeyed her and the others dropped off. "Who were the sons of Whipsnade?" asked Larry Luby on the way back. "An old man named Barnes, who boasted of great Criptural knowledge, made reply." "Leviticus, chapter 8, verse 9," he said. It was not long before Mark arrived. Many thoughts had crossed his mind on his way to the farm. Uppermost in his mind was that the burg-

lar was in some way connected with Phillip Barbour, and he had already made a vow to discover more about Barbour in the immediate future.

Jill was awaiting him in the hall. "We've had a burglar, Mark," she said. "Whatever would make a burglar come to Stone Town, I wonder?"

"That's what's puzzling me," said Mark. "It may be one of those thieves of antiquaries."

"But they wouldn't try to break open my father's desk? Look."

She led the way to the study and pointed to the mark on the desk.

"Seems as though there is something in there, which somebody wants."

"But there's nothing there but bundles of old papers. I'll let you look some time. Oh, in any case, Mr. Barbour has asked to look at some old documents about Stone Town which will help him in some county history or something."

Mark could not resist a mild whistle, and Jill turned upon him quickly.

"Why do you do that?" she asked.

"Oh, I had an idea, but on second thoughts I don't think it's any good." His evasion had a two-fold reason. He did not wish to quarrel again with Jill, whilst he thought it better for her not to think he suspected Barbour in any way. Nevertheless, Jill was not entirely deceived.

"By the way, Mark, you shouldn't have rushed off tonight as you did," she said.

Mark laughed.

"Is there anything more I shouldn't have done except tell you I love you? I'll tell you that again if you like."

"Oh, don't Mark—not now!"

"All right then," said Mark, "but I'm going to ask you something, have you been crying, Jill?" He looked straight into her eyes.

She started a little. Evidently the sponging and massaging had not been completely successful.

"What a sight I must look," she said.

"You don't," said Mark, then, insistently, "Why were you crying? I want to know."

This was a new Mark to her. He seemed suddenly to have taken a self-given possession of her. But his insistence was in vain.

"See, Mark," she said. "If you keep on insisting I shall cry again. I feel like that. Now please run along. I

am sorry to have disturbed you, and it was kind of you to come."

Tired Jill. She looked adorably helpless. All Mark's love came to him again and he forgot the Barbour episode.

"All right, then," he said, opening the door to the hall. "Good night—n-y precious."

A moment later he was gone, and Jill went back to bed, with his last two words still in her ears.

Mark went about his work next day with a light heart. He little knew that a black patch in his life was not far away, and that the maker of it was to be old George.

It was ordained that later in the day George and he should meet.

George was on his way to an adjoining farm to "help with the cider making" as was his custom.

"Ah, Master Hanson," he said. "This place is getting uncommon exciting; it's nearly giving me the epileptics. Burglars. Fancy that now. Wonder what they were after?"

Mark still felt that old George knew something of the mystery of Barbour's appearance in the district, but he did not wish to press him at present.

"I couldn't say, George," he said. "What do you think?"

"Ah!" said the provocative old man, "it's not for me to say. How's Mr. Barbour a-going on. I see he's back again."

"Damn Mr. Barbour," said Mark testily.

"That's what I say," said George, spitting to give emphasis. Inwardly he was reserving his real views of Mr. Barbour till he had met that gentleman himself. At the same time he had much loyalty towards Mark and thought, possibly wrongly, that Mark should be told of what had occurred on the previous evening.

"He's a rare one with the ladies, anyhow," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked Mark.

"Well, I happened to be passing the kitchen window at the farm last night and I stopped to light my pipe and—"

"You'd no right there," said Mark, laughing, little knowing what was to come.

"Well," went on George, "I happened to look through the window and there, just like the fillums, was Mr. Barbour a-kissing a a-cuddling Miss Jill!"

### CHAPTER VI.

Mark Hanson knew old George well enough to realize that on topics of importance he did not tell lies. Yet the ancient's description of the scene between Jill and Phillip Barbour was one which he felt it impossible at first to believe. "Kissing and a-cuddling like billy-o" were words which smote his heart so that he directly called old George a liar.

"I don't believe a word of what you say," he said. "And if you're joking I may as well tell you that it's not the kind of joke I like."

"There's no joke about it, Master Hanson," said George. "If I see a thing I see it, and I saw them as plain as on a fillum. And the funny part about it was that she didn't seem to be enjoyin' it like most girls would. Seemed to me, in fact, as if she was crying. There's no understanding girls in these days. There was never a one who cried when I kissed 'em."

Unknowingly, old George had put the seal of veracity upon his words, for Mark remembered that he himself had observed Jill to have been crying, and he also remembered Jill's reluctance to tell him the cause of her trouble. No, there seemed no cause to doubt George's words after that.

"Look here, George," he said, "tell me some more about it. You seem to be speaking the truth, and I may as well tell you that I'm more than interested. I've known you a long time now, and I don't mind saying that I'm very fond of Miss Merridew."

"Well, well, now," said George, "I should never have thought it. Not that I'm surprised, for she's as nice a girl as you'd meet in a day's march, and I know a nice girl when I see one. Always did. But I didn't know you'd got as fond of her as all that. Still, I've said it now, so there we go. It's a fact, Master Hanson."

"You really mean that they were kissing?" asked Mark in a kind of anaesthesia.

It was beyond Mark to see any humor in George's remarks. He felt more inclined to throttle the old rascal.

"I wish to heaven you wouldn't meddle with things that don't concern you," he said suddenly, on the verge of losing his temper. "I don't believe for a moment that you were accidentally passing the window. You've no right to be spying on Miss Merridew, and I shall tell her about it in the morning."

There was a hard gleam in George's eyes as he replied, emphasizing his phrases by thrusting the stem of his pipe towards Mark:

"Steady now, Master Hanson. I've known Miss Jill a lot longer than you. I always promised her father I'd look after her if anything happened to him. And I'm going to do it. There's some funny things a-happening round these parts at present."

There was the suspicion of a threat in George's final nod of the head, and it came to Mark's mind that the old man knew something about the mysterious Mr. Barbour.

No, it would not be prudent to offend George.

"All right, George," he said. "I'm not really angry with you; but I happen to care for Miss Jill and I'm naturally upset at what you've been tell-

ing me. Let's talk it over as friends. Tell me, what do you know about this Mr. Barbour? Do you think he has anything to do with the burglary?"

"You're asking a lot, Master Hanson," said George, solemnly. "Still, you've said we're to talk it over friendly-like, so I'll say that I don't only think Mr. Barbour's got summat to do with it. I know."

"Come, come, George! Do you really mean that?" asked Mark.

"Every word of it. I've known it all along; but it don't do for me to say anything."

"Why not?"

"Well, I'm going to bide my own time. It's funny I should know so much about affairs on this farm, and then get into trouble for catching an 'are now and then.'"

(To be continued.)

## Spring Silhouette To Be Slimming

### Dresses With Jackets Giving Suit Effect to be Popular

New York—New lines on the spring silhouette was cast recently by a leading New York dressmaker.

This designer describes it as a "slimming," figure-fitting silhouette, with inconspicuous waistline and interest all at the top.

This top interest adds to the appearance of height. It will be a season of subtle changes—not startling differences.

The waist must be small. In fact, to look her best in the new spring gowns, a woman must have a natural figure—slender, but with curves.

The coming spring will be a great dressmaker suit season, she believes.

Dresses with jackets giving a suit effect are in her spring collection. The dresses are light-weight wool with matching gloves; and the jackets, leather belted, are of a contrasting color.

One costume is of loosely woven cotton that looks like tweed.

Her evening gowns have a long, Patrician line, and are of sumptuous fabrics. She moulds gowns to the figure by cutting and re-cutting a trim dress until the lines are perfect.

## I Have a Roof—

—By Ada M. Jackson.

Lord, I am poor, but it becomes The poorest heart to count its store, And therefore, I, upon this tide, Will turn and tell my blessings, o'er.

I have a roof, made snug and tight, That shelters me; a window where I see the seasons framed in turn And find each in its fashion fair; A door thro' which no hurt has stepped.

Walls where my well-loved pictures bide;

A many books, a pot of flowers, A deep chair by a warm fireside.

I have brave hopes, a quiet mind And many a gentle memory; And old dog, in whose faithful eyes I have attained divinity;

The joy of making wings is mine, The trace of sleep at daylight's end, The trust of little children, and The honest handclasp of a friend;

A tree, a garden, and my food; Much laughter, peaceful silences; A heart that is not yet too old To take delight where Beauty is; Strong hands, sound wits, and health enough;

Pride in a comely task well done, And—binding all my blessings in To one fair sheaf—the love of one Who, with no thought of self would break

His dearest dream to serve my need—

Lord, with my reckoning half told I know that I am rich indeed.

## Hog Killing Etiquette

Bozeman, Mont.—There is such a thing as etiquette even when slaughtering hogs. A pamphlet issued here recently by Montana State College warned Montana farmers, "Never kick a hog before killing it."

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# "SALADA" TEA

Distinctive Quality

Fresh from the Gardens

## Frankness

Marion Brownfield

"Jimmie, run out and get the milk bottle for Mother."

"I can't," said Jimmie.

"You can't? Why can't you?"

"I'm tired!" was Jimmie's triumphant response.

Mother opened her mouth and then closed it. How often had she, herself, made this transparent excuse to Jimmie? More times than she liked to admit, for there were many times when Jimmie had asked her to do something she did not want to do, and she had used this subterfuge.

A child sees through any kind of pretense after a few experiences, just as the adult "catches on" to a magician's sleight of hand performance, if he watches it times enough. And children, too, perceive the trick in an oft repeated excuse.

This is the age in which the rod is spared to prevent humiliating the child. We appeal to his self-respect and intelligence, instead of forcing him to do things. In place of bending his will to ours because we are older, stronger or more experienced, we try to treat him as a fellow citizen. Of course he is younger, but he is a person. So we must treat him as a reasoning person and try to deceive him, if we are to teach him to respect us if we do not deserve respect to the extent of being honest?

Most children accept an honest reason for anything. But when they ask for candy money, the reply, "Candy isn't good for you," loses force if Mother eats candy on returning from her shopping trip. If children ask for some luxury and the reply is sincere: "We can't afford it now; Daddy is working hard to earn our money and Mother is trying hard to be careful and saving with it," the child rises to the occasion. True, he may confide to another child, "We can't afford it." But his mother's reason is no longer an excuse simply to put him off. Her reason has become a virtue that the child respects and with which he expects to co-operate. In other words, his mother has helped him to a sense of values, instead of teaching him the slippery, uncertain habit of making excuses.

Help for the child does not mean doing things for him nearly as often as "playing fair" with him. Instead of assembling the up-to-date mother treats the child as she would a trusted adult. She may have to reduce an explanation to his simple vocabulary, but the reason is just as valid and honest as she gives to anyone.

A simple explanation is far more satisfactory than an excuse, for often it settles the issue, instead of postponing it for further camouflage. Give the child the real reason for a refusal or a request, and the chances are that he will respond. If he demurs, try again. Explain that Mother and Daddy can't always do what they wish. Make it clear that Mother and Daddy have to do many things they don't

want to do, because this brings results.

If Jimmie wants to go to a ball game too often, explain that Mother would like to go calling, but she must stay at home and cook dinner. Children are happier to learn early that special pleasures cannot be expected every day. But whether economy, the weather or the child's health is the reason for the denial, it is wise to state it simply and abide by it. Children learn reasonableness and honesty just as easily as they learn to deceive. So if Mother prefers not to read when the book is brought to her, let her say so, instead of saying, "I'm tired."—Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our columns.

## Dominion Fuel Board Stresses House Insulation

Once Canadian householders become thoroughly convinced that house insulation has passed the novelty stage and is a necessity in the interest of economy for the man of moderate means, we may expect substantial savings in fuel costs, states a bulletin on "The Insulation of New and Old Houses," issued by the Dominion Fuel Board, Ottawa.

In suggesting the serious attention of home owners and house builders to the value of insulation in dwellings, the Fuel Board does so with a knowledge gained from exhaustive investigations, that an average annual saving, amounting to the price of from one-half ton to three tons of coal, may be effected by proper insulation, the bulletin states.

A rapid change in the status of heat insulation is being witnessed, it continues. Regarded a few years ago as a fad that only the wealthy could afford, insulation is now known as an efficient, cheap and sure means of preventing heat leakage; as something only the wealthy can afford to do without, and will eventually be just as much a part of the modern house as the heating plant. Householders are learning that heat insulation provides maximum comfort the year round, warm, even temperatures in the winter, a cool house interior in the summer, with a minimum of effort during the difficult periods in the spring and fall.

The bulletin is descriptive of the usual methods of heat insulating new and old houses, the principal types of materials used, and other relevant details. Methods specified therein are readily understandable by any builder or carpenter. Copies may be obtained on request to the Secretary, Dominion Fuel Board, Ottawa.

Women suffer more from disappointment than men, because they have more faith and are naturally more credulous.—Marguerite de Valois

"I don't believe that the important things in life have primarily an economic basis."—John Erskine.

## Latest Notes From Germany

### BERLIN HAS ITS NAVAL QUARTER.

The recent anniversary of the sea battle of the Falkland Islands was utilized by the Berlin authorities to honor the memory of those who built up the German Navy of pre-war days. A number of streets near the former naval headquarters have been renamed after such men as Admiral von Tirpitz, Count Spee and Admiral von Schroeder. The Berliner will also welcome the change since it supplants names like "Hohenzollernstrasse" and "Kaiserin-Augusta-Strasse" which are so common as to lead to confusion. The most common street name is Berlinerstrasse. There are thirty-one of them. The explanation is simple. Most of these names date from the time when many of the suburbs now included in the capital were outside it. All "Berlinerstrasse" were naturally the streets which led to the capital.

### MENU CARD HAS HISTORY.

Recent researches among the archives of the ancient city of Regensburg reveal the fact that a menu card, or bill of fare, was used at least 444 years ago. During a session of the Reichstag in Regensburg, in 1489, the chronicles relate that Duke Henry of Brunswick was seen to have on the table at his side "a long piece of paper, which he studied from time to time." This aroused the curiosity of some of his neighbors, one of whom, Count Haug of Montfort, asked him for an explanation. The Duke is reported to have replied by showing him a paper on which the head cook had written down in order the dishes to be served.

### RIGID RULES FOR MUSICIANS.

The day of the romantic street musician in Berlin is over. His has now become a serious occupation governed by rules and statutes as rigid as those in any industrial trust. Whereas a few months ago they could be seen in all parts of the city, today they have been reduced to manageable numbers. The new organization includes the cream of Berlin's street musicians, its organ grinders, vocalists and other artists. They number 180, and between them control all Berlin's courtyards—for street entertainments of this sort are much rarer than in many other countries. The new organization has a sort of general staff whose duty it is to study the map of the capital and divide up the territory justly between the members. There are about 80,000 courtyards in Berlin. To "serve" these properly, the 180 men would have to visit fifty to sixty of them daily. Each must keep to his own district and can change only at specified intervals. Their energies for the present are directed towards getting entry into many courtyards, now closed against them. Most of their instruments are borrowed. Their repertoire consists mainly of folk songs together with popular songs of the season and marches.

### NEWSPAPERS MUST BE READ.

The importance of the radio and the press is fully recognized by the Third Reich. But it must have come as a surprise to many Germans when in a recent lawsuit, the judge dismissed the appeal of a tradesman for damages against the Prussian State because of an alleged incorrect entry in the trade register on the grounds that the tradesman should have observed how this information had been published in the newspapers. That professional men as well as tradespeople must read the newspapers is emphasized. Thus, for example, a man cannot plead that he did not know that such and such an order had to be carried out by a particular date. This means that not only the news items but also the public advertisements in a newspaper must be read, if inconvenience, or penalty, is to be avoided.

### Decline in Cuban Tourist Traffic

Washington.—That recent conditions in Cuba have reacted unfavorably on the island's formerly prosperous tourist trade is indicated in statistics submitted by the Consul at Havana, and made public by the Commerce Department.

During the first 10 months of the current year the number of tourists entering Cuba through the port of Havana was 24,890, compared with 30,654 for the corresponding period of 1932. The number of arrivals recorded for the first six months of 1933 was approximately the same as last year. During the four-months' period, July-October, however, the total number of tourists arriving in Havana was 3,414, as compared with 5,118 for the corresponding period of 1932.

The year 1930, the report shows, was the peak year for Cuba's tourist trade, 86,244 arrivals having been recorded at Havana. In 1931, the total fell to 49,348, while the 1930 figure was slightly under 34,000.

### Who Told You That?

A small boy strolled into a drug store and said: "Gimme a nickel's worth of assafetida." The proprietor wrapped it up and passed it over.

"Charge it," said the boy.

"What name?"

"Hunnyfunktie."

"Take it for nothing," retorted the languid druggist. "I wouldn't write 'assafoetida' and 'Hunnyfunktie' both for no nickel."