

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 resents remarks made by Phillip Barbour, who professes to be investigating the history of old county families. On returning to London Barbour meets two foreigners. The reason for his interest proves to be a chemical fertilizer discovered by Jill's father, which he had not made known to Jill.
On returning to the farm, Barbour finds Jill upset over Mark Hanson, who had declared his love for her. Barbour comforts Jill and old George tells Mark of Barbour's attentions. Mark quarrels with Jill but is interrupted by the news that the body of a man has been found in one of the fields. A light is found under the body, which is proved to belong to old George. Jill realizes that Mark and Barbour will clash eventually.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)
"You must have thought me an idiot to cry like that," answered Jill. "It's not often that I cry, though it has happened a few times lately."
"Why, Jill?" asked Barbour.
"Oh, just because things all seem wrong. The farm isn't doing too well, and then there are all these strange things happening to upset one. I mean the burglary and this murder. It makes me think there's something strange come over the place—a sort of curse. Then you have come upon the scene."
"Surely I'm not a curse," laughed Phillip.
"No, on the contrary, you've been awfully nice. You were positively sweet to me last night when I broke down like a kid."
Barbour took her hands in his for a moment and then released them.
"You are only a kid, Jill," he said. "I think I understand you pretty well. You've been running this farm with that clever little head of yours, living, indeed, almost a man's life. But you've got the heart of a girl, a heart that is quite easily bruised. Jill..."
Jill made a little exclamation and stepped back in sudden apprehension. Phillip stepped forward.
"Jill, you've got to listen," he said. "There's one thing only to ease your troubles, and that is to have someone to look after you, and I'm going to do it. You know what I mean, my dear. I mean that I'm going to marry you. I haven't forgotten how I felt when you were sobbing in my arms last night. I wanted to look after you always like that, and I still want to."
Jill had not forgotten the previous night and the comfort of him, neither. Nevertheless, she drew back and sank into a chair, thus almost rejecting the scene. Phillip completed the reacting by sitting on the arm of her chair as he had done previously.
"Well, Jill, what are you going to say?" he asked, when she failed to make reply. Then impulsively he knelt at her feet, knowing that to give her that moment of triumph beloved of all women was to bring his own victory nearer. Jill's brain was working rapidly as she sat there. There came to her a series of instantaneous little pictures. She saw herself, lonely, fighting against difficulties; she saw herself and Mark in a state of perpetual quarrel; she saw the police and the newspaper men come before her, and she looked down at Barbour. She could not say she loved him, though she came very near it at this moment.
"Jill, darling," he said, looking up at her pleadingly.
Suddenly, to his surprise, Jill burst into laughter.
"Why, you haven't even said you love me yet," she cried, and Barbour knew that the day was won.
"No more have I," he replied, laughing too. "Jill, darling, I love you; I love you; I love you. Now kiss me."
A few moments later there was a knock at the door and Mrs. Blore entered.
"That newspaper man's come back again, Miss Jill," she said, in a tone which implied that she thought it was her fault.
"Let me deal with him," said Phillip, making for the door.

and distressed those who heard them. The body of the dead man had been moved to Denbridge to await the inquest, a fact for which Jill was truly grateful.
The publication of the news of the crime had brought her a number of messages of sympathy from old friends. Also there had been several callers from among her neighbors, including Herbert Norgrove, a middle-aged farmer from beyond Denbridge, for whom Jill had a great liking, and whom she invariably met when she went to the Denbridge cattle market. He said he would come over again on the following morning to see if he could do anything to help.
Norgrove was a well-meaning, fellow and as reliable as the earth he farmed. A widower of some years standing he had often wished that Jill might marry him and had made his intentions plain, but to no purpose. He was therefore another to be surprised by the morrow's newspaper containing the news of Jill and Phillip Barbour.
Jill had not encountered Mark since the arrival back from London of Phillip, though he had not been out of her mind. She now felt rather as though she had lost a jewel and had replaced it by one which might possibly turn out to be paste. Somehow her engagement to Barbour had not brought her that supreme happiness which most girls feel on such occasions, but this she attributed to the vicissitudes through which she had passed during the recent crowded hours.
Her reflections were interrupted by a maid-servant entering the room with a letter. Taking it from the girl she looked at the writing on the envelope. It was that of Mark Hanson.
When Jill received Mark Hanson's letter she laid it unopened upon the oak refectory table and sat regarding it pensively. Its arrival had brought a sudden flood of memories which almost brought her to tears, for Mark was inexcusably part of the farm that, for there to be any sort of quarrel between them, came near to heart-breaking.
She felt she had no need to guess about the contents of the letter. Mark was going, she was sure. And if he were not, it was almost a certainty that he would go when he heard that she was definitely engaged to Phillip Barbour. That was one reason why she had asked Phillip not to tell anyone the news. She preferred that he should tell him herself. Jill had all the compassion of a woman towards a man who has sincerely declared his love for her. And she knew Mark was sincere; indeed she doubted if he had ever had any sort of love affair before.
(To be continued.)

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Pithy Anecdotes Of the Famous

In the third year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when she was 23, her silk woman, Mistress Montague, presented this redoubtable daughter of Henry VIII, with a pair of black silk knit stockings for a New Year's gift—relates Robert Cortes Holliday (in "Unmentionables: From Fig Leaves to Scanties.") After a few days' wear, these articles pleased her so well that she sent for Mistress Montague and asked her where he got them and if she could help her to get any more.
Liked Silk
The enthralling conversation which ensued is thus set down in Stow's "Chronicle"—also in Mr. Holliday's unique history of feminine things "sacred and profane":
"Mistress Montague answered, saying, 'I made them very carefully of purpose only for your Majesty, and seeing these please you so well, I will presently get more in hand.'
"Do," said the Queen, "for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings."
Clergyman Inventor
It was during Queen Bess' reign that the Reverend William Lee of Nottingham—a clergyman with a "sock"—invented a machine that would do knitting—the stocking frame, which has been called "the most perfect of primary inventions."
"No less illustrious a fancier of fine stockings than Queen Elizabeth, it is said, was induced to go to Lee's humble quarters to see it," says Holliday. But the stocking knitters became generally alarmed with the result the parson-inventor did not get his patent.
"A handicraft postponed the advent of the Machine Age!" adds Mr. Holliday.

Refuses Patent
In refusing the patent, Elizabeth wrote:
"Had Mr. Lee made a machine that would have made silk stockings, I should, I think, have been somewhat justified in granting him a patent for that monopoly, which would have affected only a small number of my subjects, but to enjoy the exclusive privilege of making stockings for the whole of my subjects, is too important to be granted to any individual."
Lee's first machine was not capable of knitting more than eight loops to an inch width—too coarse for silk, explains Mr. Holliday.
An Irish Tale
Major A. W. Long, in "Irish Sports of Yesterday," relates this anecdote of a quaintly Hibernian flavor:
Patsy and the driver went into the hotel dining room. Then I heard Patsy's explanation of the unparadoxical absence of whiskey and poteen, followed by:
"But did ye ever taste Benedictine? 'Tis made by the holy monks."
Then, through the open door I saw the driver swirl off a liqueur glass of the best Benedictine, and after contemplating the empty glass for some time, he said to Pat:
"That's gran' stuff. God bless the holy monks whatever, but to hell with the man that blew the glass for shortness of breath."
Take Heart
Young and ambitious writers who feel discouraged because publishers refuse to put their work between covers, may take heart (says Mr. Finger) when told that the first publisher who read Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" would have nothing to do with it; and the publisher who bought "Northanger Abbey" for the equivalent of fifty dollars, pigeonholed it, and so it remained until many

years later, for the same sum, by the Austen family.
He Did Well
One of the greatest tributes ever paid to Jean de Reske, the "Prince of tenors," came at the end of a procession of his colleagues to his dressing room at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, to offer their congratulations upon his successful re-appearance after a year's absence through illness.
Enter the electrician, who, thrusting a "horny hand of toil" into that of de Reske's, exclaimed:
"Jean, you done fine!"
All in the Game
Jean de Reske started out as a baritone, but made no great progress. Disheartened, he retired from the operatic stage only to reappear later as a tenor. And what a tenor! The story goes—it is told in "Jean de Reske and the Great Days of Opera," by Clara Leiser—that the premiere of Massenet's "Herodiade" had been postponed for a year because no suitable leading tenor could be found. One day Massenet happened to hear Jean singing in the back of a Paris music shop. The long sought tenor was found at last.
Stage Fright
But on the opening night de Reske faltered and refused to sing. Remonstrations having failed, his brother Edouard (later to become famous himself as a basso) and the manager locked him in a dressing room, thrust him into his costume, and at the right moment pushed him bodily on the stage—with what result the world now knows. Jean again became panicky on the second night and threatened suicide!
Grog
The origin of that comforting word "grog" dates back to 1740 when Admiral Vernon ordered that the sailors rum—at that time usually called arrack—should be watered, says Eric Partridge (in "Slang To-Day and Yesterday"). Displeased, the sailors named the insulting beverage "grog," because the Admiral was already known as "Old Grog" from his habit of wearing a program (that is, a coarse fabric) garment, either cloak, or foul-weather coat, or breeches.
Sounds rather groggy!
More Origins
The expressive term "claptrap," high-sounding nonsense, is nothing but an ancient theatrical term, and signified a "trap" to catch a "clap" by way of applause.
"Coster" is a slangy abbreviation of "costermonger," originally "monger," a merchant, "costard," a large apple.
When Sir Thomas Lipton spoke of "lifting the cup," he was merely using a provincialism (as in "shop-lifter"), but when the people of the United States took up the expression in good-natured mockery, it became slang.
Speaking of slang: Do you know how the expression, "dead marine" is synonym for an empty bottle—is said

to have originated? William IV, when Duke of Clarence and Lord High Admiral at an official dinner, is related to have said to a waiter, pointing to some empty bottles:
"Take away those 'marines'."
An elderly Major of Marines present rose and said:
"May I respectfully ask why Your Royal Highness applies the name of the corps to which I have the honor to belong to an empty bottle?"
The Duke, with the unfailing tact of his family, saved the situation:
"I call them 'marines,'" he said, "because they are good fellows who have done their duty and are ready to do it again!"
Here are a few examples of war slang:
Salt: "Lot's wife."
A Coffin: "A wooden overcoat."
A Doctor: "Castor oil artist."
A cigarette: "A coffin nail."
Keep your face with sunshine lit. Laugh a little bit. Gloomy shadows oft will fit. If you have the wit and grit Just to laugh a little bit.
—J. E. V. Cook.

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Move On

If you do not like your home town, or the speed at which it grows; if you do not like its scenery, or its climate, or its shows; if you do not like the people that your home town fascinates; if you cannot stand your home town, where men rise and fall each day; if you cannot use the bright sunshine to make glad somebody's way, if you cannot join in boosting, then you must have knocking traits, and they're selling tickets daily for other towns and states.
Even The Horse Laughed
Farmers throughout the United States, being urged on every hand to reduce their production in order to relieve the surplus situation and thus to raise the price level, are passing through a period of perplexities, as this letter to the New York Herald-Tribune from a "New England Farmer," who may or may not be genuine, clearly proves:
"To The New York Herald-Tribune:
"This morning I went out to the hen-house and called a meeting. After all were present with the aid of a handful of corn, I said: 'Look here, you fellows (I always call 'em fellows; sounds more 'go to it' like than ladies), I've got word this morning from Washington—no, not George Washington—Washington, D.C., that you fellows have got to 'lay off' this two-egg-a-week stuff. Only one a week from now on or I'll get fined for over-production, and maybe sent to jail. At least that's what I hear about those fellows down south raising cotton. They got to quit, so I suppose you and I'll have to quit too.
"Now remember what I've told you, I can't stay here talking to you any longer. I've a lot to do. I've got to hustle down to the pond and tell it not to freeze so I won't overproduce ice; I got a lot of apple trees to cut down, there'll be too much cider. I'm going to set fire to those hay stacks down in the lower field, I got too much hay. These cows have got to ease up on that milk-stuff, I must tell them, and I got to speak to the geese and ducks and turkeys. I don't want to be fined or go to jail."
"A New England Farmer, Wellesley, Mass., Feb. 3, 1934.
"P.S.—When I left the barn I thought I heard my horse make a noise. It sounded kinder like a laugh, I wonder?"—Winchester Press.

Faithful Canine
Greenfield, Eng.—Having evidently tried valiantly to arouse his master by sniffing into his ear and biting it, Henry Lister's dog was found beside him on the ground after a fatal attack of syncope.

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DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

Things Which Cannot Be Done
There are certain things which we cannot do, and it is foolish not to recognize the fact. Not long ago a certain flyer was soaring above the wilder regions of the Rockies and he took occasion to drop down towards the earth to see how the wild animals would treat his plane. He saw a pack of wolves and flew just about twenty feet above them while they watched him, apparently petrified with astonishment. But when he dived down to make the acquaintance of a huge bear, the animal rose on its hind legs and began beating the air with its huge paws, evidently fully prepared to try conclusions with the new monster. And as the plane swept by the last thing the fiercer bear was still waving his paws as a challenge to combat. There are certain things in life which it is useless to challenge. The man who defies the law of gravity will not hurt gravely, but he may suffer himself. The man who refuses to recognize that times have changed and are changing will fight a losing fight. Any man who sets himself against the great underlying laws of all nature, and defies righteousness and truth, will discover that no man can ever win in that battle. There are certain things which mankind has never done, and which cannot be done; the sooner we learn this the better.—Winchester Press.
It is vain to gather virtues without humility; for the Spirit of God dwelleth to dwell in the hearts of the humble.—Erasmus.

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Keep Busy

People may fairly be judged by the use which they make of their leisure time. Their happiness and true success in life depends largely upon that use. Too many too upon spare time as something to be murdered and got rid of. They cannot endure the burden of leisure. It hangs heavily upon their hands. They lavish it too often on artificial and unwholesome amusements. How true this is of every locality, to a greater or less extent, and yet it is quite true that the value of work as a means of happiness, and those who have any leisure, can be employed wisely, and to their own uplifting or unwisely and to their own hurt. In speaking before the Community Welfare Council of Ontario some time ago Dr. Bruce, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, said:
"Life soon loses all meaning if mind and body are allowed to remain in that state of inaction and idleness which is a pitiful kind of stagnation. Life and motion are inseparable. Only in death is there perfect inactivity. The proper use of leisure is to do something—to interest and to occupy the mind, to care for and to develop the body and to preserve, sometimes in the face of grave difficulties, that co-ordination of all the faculties which is true health and which brings an abiding contentment."
Fortunately for this town there are many organizations, all of which are noteworthy and are doing exceptionally good work along the lines of improving the minds of our boys and girls, and men and women, among them being the several church organizations, in both town and country, the township Women's Institutes, the Schools and Institutes, Literary Societies, the Home and School Club and many others. Then there is the latest organization started and conducted by many of the young men of the town, namely the Olympic Club, whose aim is to provide a place of recreation and means of advancement by debating, delivering addresses, reading and discussion on the topics of the day. In addition to these there are the many fraternal societies, but it is a regrettable fact that the members, as a body, have overlooked the advantages to be gained by attending, if only occasionally, and taking part in the discussions which arise. Here one may acquire the faculty of public speaking, an art which is becoming all too uncommon, and which is attributable to a great extent by lack of opportunity.—Perth Expositor.