

# 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 Barbour's 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. The body of a man is found in one of the fields and a lighter found under the body proves to be old George's. Barbour returns to the farm and rushes Jill into an engagement. She receives a letter from Mark but is afraid to read it.

## CHAPTER IX

To diagnose Jill's feelings and the remedy for them would have taken average, well-balanced persons but a short time. They would have said: "Jill, you need a holiday from this place. Your nerves are at the breaking-point. Go away and look at things in retrospect, and then come back and face them anew."

But Jill was not seeking the advice of well-balanced persons unless it were that of Herbert Norgrrove who was coming to see her on the morrow. Jill had become unbalanced, unwarmed, and like most unbalanced people, claimed a monopoly of balance. She decided to postpone opening Mark's letter until she went to bed. She would be alone then and freed from the fear that yet another newspaper man might call! Her one comforting thought was that the police would soon solve the tragic mystery of the scarecrow and that eventually she would settle down to her workaday life on the farm, with this difference, that she would soon have the help of Phillip Barbour, whose sanity and common-sense had already been so great a comfort to her.

A little later, having spoken to Mrs. Blore about various domestic details of Stone Town, Jill departed to her beloved Ladies' Room. It was one of her joys to undress in this marvellous old room with its great rough-hewn rafters. Often would she smile at the difference between it and the elegant, slender rooms which were being built today for modern "ladies."

She changed into a suit of orange and black pyjamas, approved of herself in the mirror against the black and white scheme of the room; then crept into bed and tore open the envelope of Mark's letter.

It was well that she approved of herself, for Mark's note was going to hurt her even more than she anticipated.

My dearest Jill, (it ran) I was in two minds about this letter. First I meant to give you formal notice and leave it at that. Then I thought our association had been too sweet for such a sudden break. So now I have told you that I am going, I am writing you a slightly longer letter.

I have told you that I love you, and you have told me you love Barbour, which I don't believe. Still, you are under that impression, and I leave you to enjoy it as long as you can. I can see now, that I have played the part of a rather gloomy lover and, in a way, I feel myself to blame for losing you. But you see, Jill, I have been so fond of you that I have not been able to put on cheerfulness in the face of your cool reception of my love.

If I am not mistaken, there are going to be many more strange happenings here, and if I can help

you, I will, but I would like to go at once if I may. I can always come back and give you a hand if you want help very much.

As you know, I have always rented my cottage from your family on a lease. I shall continue to pay the rent, but shall hand the cottage to old George for reasons which he may tell you.

That is about all, so goodbye, Jill. Yours always, MARK.

Jill read the letter twice, then lay back upon her pillow to think it over. It was just the simple kind of letter which a man like Mark would write. No attempt at embellishment; no thought of playing on her emotions. Mark had conveyed all he wished to say with but a mere handful of words carrying more than one syllable. All the others were of that short kind which men of the earth have used for centuries and found good.

"I have told you that I love you," "If I can help you I will, but I would like to go at once if I may." I can always come back and give you a hand if you want help."

Of forty words, thirty-nine of one syllable. So like Mark, forty simple words, breathing the unqualified devotion of a straight yeoman.

It was strange that Jill should find herself analyzing the details of a letter which meant so much to her. Perhaps subconsciously she was taking refuge in this way from its greater import.

The expected blow is not robbed of its force by anticipation. In the same way Mark's resignation lost none of its sting because Jill knew that it was coming, and as the realization of it became stronger, Jill's power of resistance lessened. Mark was the very stones of the barns. Even the animals would miss him, thought Jill.

And why was he going? That was a question which was as difficult to answer as it was easy. He was going, obviously, because he loved her; possibly he was going because of Phillip Barbour. More directly he was probably going as a result of her treatment of him that day, yet she could not bring herself to the point of self-blame. He had, in ordinary words, asked for it, and not only had he asked for it, but had asked for it at a time when he was most likely to get it. How on earth could he expect a girl to be normal when her farm was providing sensational headlines for the daily newspapers?

She fell asleep from sheer exhaustion thinking of these things. Mark's letter had even put Phillip Barbour out of her mind. Further trouble awaited her early next day when she found her engagement to Barbour on the front page of the popular daily to which Mr. Hissop contributed with such alacrity. Hissop had not done his work by halves and Jill was at a loss to think how he had gained so much information. There was a pen picture of Phillip describing him minutely. Also Hissop had gleaned a little information from Inspector Norton concerning the reason for Phillip's presence in the district which meant that Phillip's so-called literary activities were mentioned elaborately. He had become in a night a well known writer on antiquities, an expert on heraldry, and was descended from one of the noblest of French families.

Jill's anger had no limit. It was rare that she lost her temper, but on this occasion she lost it so thoroughly

that old Mrs. Blore thought she would never find it again.

"Look here, Mrs. Blore," she blazed, "what is the meaning of this? Have you been talking to any of these newspaper men?"

The old lady took the paper, gasped, and subsided into the nearest chair. "Well I never!" she exclaimed. "And do you mean to say you're going to marry Mr. Barbour?"

"I'm not so sure about it myself now until I find out who has been babbling to those newspaper men. As though I haven't got enough trouble already. Tell me now, did you do it?"

"Lor, Miss Jill, how could I tell them when I didn't know myself? Bless my soul, and so we're going to have a master here, are we? Well, I always knew we'd have one some time, but I thought it would be—"

"Oh, be quiet," snapped Jill, who knew quite well that the name of Mark Hanson was on the tip of the old lady's lips. "Tell me now. What did you say to them? Tell me at once."

"Well, I only told one of them that you couldn't be troubled with him because Mr. Barbour was with you. Honestly, Miss Jill, I'd swear to that if the last day had come."

"Very well, then I believe you," said Jill, beginning to feel sorry for the old lady. "But who on earth could have done it? Why, we only became engaged yesterday evening, and we hadn't told a soul!"

"Then it looks as if Mr. Barbour must have told the newspaper man," said the old lady timidly.

It had not occurred that Phillip might be the culprit, but she suddenly remembered that he went to see Hissop himself.

"Heaven help him if he did," she exclaimed as Mrs. Blore made a supercilious escape.

Yes, Mr. Hissop had made a good piece of work out of it, for not only was Jill amazed, but Mark Hanson also, who opened his paper in his cottage at breakfast time.

"Well, I'm damned," he exclaimed aloud. "I really am. So he's got as far as being engaged to Jill, has he. Well, perhaps there's time to stop him even yet. What a pair of fools to put it in a newspaper. I'll tell Jill what I think about it, whatever happens."

A few minutes later he strode angrily across to the farm.

"Where's Miss Merridew?" he asked of Mrs. Blore. "Tell her I want to see her."

Mrs. Blore returned after a little time, due to Jill wondering whether she should see Mark or not, and invited him in. He found Jill looking frightened as she stood there, a picture of grace in her well-cut riding breeches and open-necked shirt. Mark's anger increased as he thought of that lovely creature belonging to Phillip Barbour.

(To be continued.)

Genius is the god in the mine, talent is the miner who works and brings it out.—Lady Blessington.

Draper, Va.—When Mrs. Robert Baker tried to kindle a fire in her kitchen stove, smoke poured into the room instead of up the chimney. Her husband took down the stovepipe and found a screech owl squatting in the elbow.

A Smoke Owl

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# "SALADA"

Orange Pekoe Blend

# TEA

Fresh from the Gardens

## Honey Banishing Family Sugar Bowl

### Manitoba Housewives Experiment With Home Product as Sweetener

Honey is "in the news" this spring in much the same way that tomatoes were last fall. When the Beekeepers' convention was held in Winnipeg the importance of honey to Manitoba housewives was amply set forth.

Women in the country and in the city have proved that honey is a Manitoba product whose uses have only begun to be explored. Canning, preserving, pickling and baking are now being done with honey instead of sugar. Sugar, furthermore, has to be bought, but the honey may be home-produced.

Mrs. Victor Phillips of Dauphin, whose husband is a honey producer on a large scale, was one of the speakers. Mrs. Phillips has experimented with honey in her own home for making and preserving and for general use until she has practically banished the sugar bowl from her family's table. During this last year for a family of four, Mrs. Phillips has used 600 pounds of honey.

In the city there is another woman who has experimented with honey for the past two years, until a high degree of its usefulness in preserving has been developed. This is Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, Winnipeg's woman alderman, who has another side to her life than that apparent on the platform and the council chamber.

Draper, Va.—When Mrs. Robert Baker tried to kindle a fire in her kitchen stove, smoke poured into the room instead of up the chimney. Her husband took down the stovepipe and found a screech owl squatting in the elbow.

Genius is the god in the mine, talent is the miner who works and brings it out.—Lady Blessington.

## Wage War on Warble Fly During March, April and May

### Oxford, Huron and Middlesex Counties Plan Wholesale Clean-Up On Costly Little Pest

On the Farm:—It does seem strange to be thinking of the heel fly that causes such panic among our herds in the summer months during these cold days and yet in many parts of rural Ontario farmers were discussing this very subject during the past month. The heel fly, and his cousin the warble fly, are costing Ontario farmers a huge sum of money. It is hard to even make a fair estimate of what they do cost us. We know that the fly has been particularly bad. We know that fattening stock does not gain so well when the fly chases them round the field every once in a while. We know there is a terrific loss in the punctured hides caused by these two pests in one stage of their life cycle.

What we do not know is the loss that one can well imagine must result from the suffering of animals whose backs are literally plastered with "grubs" in spring. There is a certain amount of pus in each grub hole. The system must absorb this poison and one can well imagine that there must be a considerable loss of gain or production from this cause alone.

The heel fly and the slightly different warble fly have a strange life history. They lay their eggs on the hair of the cattle in early summer, and the resultant tiny worm works his way into the hide, and upwards toward the gutlet. Later on it begins another pilgrimage, this time upward from the digestive tract to the animal's back, eating through the tissues. When it reaches the hide it punctures a hole, and then develops into a grub of considerable size. Lumps will be found on the cattle's back back larger than thimbles. We have seen animals with upwards of a hundred grubs in their backs.

When these are "ripe" the grub can be squeezed out, and eventually they will come out anyway. They fall on the ground and develop into the heel or warble fly ready to mate and lay another lot of eggs.

The Warble Fly is not a new comer. He has been with us a long time, but the heel fly is a comparatively new settler. When the latter gets near to a herd of grazing cattle there is a wild stampede round the field. Careful observers tell us that the heel fly does not bite or sting the cattle. Then why

the fear? What peculiar instinct is it that prompts a herd of calves that have never pastured with older cattle to act in the very same way as the older ones? Cattle when driven fast by a dog for instance do not raise their tails; but when the heel fly comes the tails go straight up in the air.

There is only one reason why the heel fly continues to plague our cattle, and that is indifference on the part of the farmer. The Danish farmer has practically exterminated this pest. Coming closer home farmers on Manitoulin Island have greatly reduced its numbers. There is a solution on the market which if properly applied in March, April and May, will kill the grubs in the cattle's back, and there is no excuse for not using it. Five cents' worth will suffice for the three treatments per animal.

Unfortunately there is not much gained by the individual farmer treating his stock. A whole community must undertake the work if worth while results are to be obtained, and that is why farmers in many portions of Ontario have been discussing the heel fly on below zero February days.

Sixty thousand head are to be treated in Oxford County this spring. Eighty thousand head in Huron, and five townships in Middlesex plan a clean-up. It is also said that two townships in Perth will make a start. We cannot too highly recommend this effort.

The heel fly is a costly little pest. Much as we dislike government regulations which in the past few years have been increasing too fast, the time seems to have come when it should be made compulsory to treat all cattle in the province against the heel and warble fly.

This is one of the most useful campaigns the Department of Agriculture has ever undertaken. Dr. Stevenson has been at it for quite a few years now and it is gratifying to see that his efforts are beginning to have results. It is to be sincerely hoped that the campaign will not be dropped just when results will be beginning to show. That is what has happened to several good schemes sponsored by the Department of Agriculture.

## Nicotine Releases Sugar In Blood, Doctors Find

### Heavy Smoker Accumulates Less Carbon Monoxide Than Non-Smoker — Study Made at Yale

New Haven, Conn.—A discovery that people like to smoke mainly because nicotine releases sugar in their blood is published from the Yale Laboratory of Applied Physiology.

The nicotine gives a little kick to the adrenals, the glands which supply energy. They in turn open the body faucets which release a little stored-up sugar, the body's normal muscle fuel. The body proceeds forthwith to enjoy this sugar under various sensations.

The studies were made upon cigarette smoke by Howard W. Haggard and Leon A. Greenberg. The details are published in Science, the official journal for American scientific announcements.

"Smoking, we find, produces a definite, although temporary increase in the concentration of blood sugar, and a corresponding increase in the rate of sugar combustion in the body. These effects certainly are due to the nicotine of the tobacco and they arise from the action of this alkaloid on the adrenals.

"There can be little doubt that this is the source of at least a considerable part of the gratification from smoking."

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## The Modern Cow

The development of the dairy cow to its present state of perfection is an accomplishment for many years of patient, intelligent endeavor. It has transformed the cow, which originally was required to produce only sufficient milk to support her young, to an animal yielding enough milk to supply a small community of people. The present day high-producing cow is an artificial animal producing milk beyond all natural bounds and the care and feed which sufficed for the cow in the more natural state has been found quite inadequate. Experience has shown that, in order to maintain health, the materials derived from the tissues of the body to produce offspring, milk and butterfat, must be regularly replaced in the feed, as otherwise they are supplied at the expense of the animal body. The feed must consequently be selected and regulated with a view to preventing the general state of nutrition suffering from the continuous drain to which the body is subjected. Investigators have shown that substances of unknown composition, named vitamins, are essential to normal nutrition and growth, and that these vitamins have a definite relation to the assimilation of nutritious material. It has further been demonstrated that animals fed upon improperly balanced rations with insufficient vitamins content develop deficiency diseases.—Veterinary Director.

## Chinamen in Canada Are Self-Respecting

The St. Thomas Times-Journal calls attention to the fact that no Chinaman has ever applied to the local relief officer in that city for financial aid even during the depression. Chinese cafes and laundries in that city today employ more hands than they reasonably need just in order to assist their fellow-countrymen. As our contemporary says, the Chinese are a very proud people. If one of them is out of a job his compatriots combine to maintain him, or to pass him on to some place where he may find work. Cases have occurred where a Chinaman has had his fare paid by his own people all the way from Vancouver to Halifax. All this is surely highly creditable to the Chinaman within Canada's borders. They are independent, well behaved, and animated by a marvelous race spirit. They seldom ever get into trouble, except when they congregate to play fan tan, or to engage in some other gambling game. And, after all, that is not a very serious crime on a continent which indulges in horse-racing and tremendous speculative stock market orgies.—Toronto Mail & Empire.

## New Varieties Fruit and Flowers

The following applications for the recording of new varieties were ordered to be recorded at the recent meeting of the Plant Registration and Ornamental Horticultural Committee of the Canadian Horticultural Council: Rose, "Rosedale"; delphinium, "Prosperity"; cherry, "Carnival"; apples, "Negrich" and "Topper." The following were taken into consideration with a view to recording: Tulips, "Adums", "Virginia", "Hazeldean", "Bulliondale" and "Mungali"; rose, "Rose Edidell"; apple, "Laking." The application for registration of the tulip "Dean Clement" was considered with a view to having it registered. Specimens of the roses "Frances Legat" and "Emily Bracy" were ordered to be sent to Macdonald College, St. Guelph and to Saskatoon before recording the names with the Council.

## O'Henry's Home Is Moved to New Site

Austin, Texas.—The home to which O'Henry brought his bride and in which they spent their honeymoon is being moved to Brush Park at the city's expense. It is the property of the Rotary Club, which purchased it some time ago in order to save it from destruction.

Henceforth it will be a shrine to the short-story writer, who lived in Texas longer than anywhere else except his native city of Greensboro, N.C. Various patriotic organizations, including the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Daughters of 1812 and the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, have pledged themselves to gather O. Henry relics to be installed in this one of William Sidney Porter's many homes.

## Shavian Gems

Balboa, C.Z.—George Bernard Shaw, on his way to New Zealand, favored the world with two more gems of Shavian thought.

Of President Roosevelt: "He is doing very well. The whole United States is a racketeering association, but Roosevelt is trying to lift the country out of it. And the people will probably hang him for it."

Of General Augustino Sandino, murdered Nicaraguan rebel leader: "Well, it's all in the day's work, isn't it?—but I don't mean to slight him. It's the other generals who should be shot, not the rebels."

"There has been a grow ag appreciation of the necessity of finding ground for a rational compromise between individual rights and public welfare."—Charles E. Hughes.

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