

Jill of the Fields

A ROMANCE

By Kennaway James

SYNOPSIS

Motherless Jill Merridew becomes the death of her father, owner of a farm. She counts on Mark Hanson, head man to assist her. Mark resents the presence of Phillip Barbour who professes to be investigating the history of old county families. 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.

Phillip finds Jill upset over Mark who has declared his love for her. A body of a man is found in one of the wheat fields. A lighter is found under the body which proves to belong to old George. Barbour rushes Jill into an engagement. She receives a letter from Mark giving notice. Jill is furious that her engagement is announced in the papers.

"You won't tell him I've been over Stone Town, will you," asked Simmons, a little nervously. "Of course not," laughed Jill. "He can wait till he sees it in your own paper. And now I'll tell you something which I don't want you to tell him. It is this, that speaking of her engagement, Miss Merridew said the report was annoyingly premature."

"Blessing upon blessing!" "Oh, thank you, Miss Merridew. You are—you are—a sport!" Simmons could hardly restrain his glee, and, not without reason, for he became the envy of his more sophisticated colleagues and was complimented personally by the baron who owned his newspaper. And if any journalist wanted more than that he was not likely to get it.

"It did not take, Simmons long to find Hissopp, who was already in the little barn to which the police had consigned the Press. Hissopp, thinking something else good had come his way, went over to the farm, with all his accustomed confidence.

Jill wasted no words when she met him. "Who told you I was engaged to be married to Mr. Barbour?" she asked in a way which rather surprised Mr. Hissopp. He was accustomed to the might of his paper ensuring respect, if not genuflection. With the secrecy which newspaper men cultivate, his first impulse was not to tell Jill.

"I'm afraid—Miss Merridew, that these are little things which come in the way of a reporter's work." "Obviously," said Jill, "but that does not stop me asking where you got the information. I want it for no improper reason, and if I don't get it, I shall run up your newspaper and ask them for it."

Hissopp could scarcely refrain from laughing as he thought of the reception she would get from his hard-bitten news-editor. "Miss Merridew," he could hear the later saying, "either the report is true or it is not. If it is true, it stands. If it is untrue we will deny it. Thank you, good-day."

He thought rapidly for a few moments. Perhaps, after all there was no particular reason for withholding the information. He had given no pledge of confidence, and secrecy had never been suggested. Barbour had blabbed it all without the least reticence. Further, to offend Jill was not the way of obtaining her help. Indeed, the fact that he was actually speaking to her was a stroke of luck, and his subconscious mind was busy at work wondering how best to make use of the opportunity.

"Well, as a matter of fact, Miss Merridew," he said, "it was Mr. Barbour himself who told me. I won't say he gave it out as for publication, but, on the other hand, he mentioned no restrictions."

"But how came he to tell you?" "Well, I asked if I could see you, and was told you were with him. Then he came down and said I could not be allowed to speak to you. I asked him

his authority. I thought I was entitled to do that—and he said because he had just become engaged to you."

"Just like that?" "Yes, like that," said Hissopp, whereupon Jill showed a gleam of anger in her eyes. "I hope no harm has come of its being published?" added Hissopp.

"Oh, no, not at all," said Jill. "It was only that I did not want to blame the wrong person. I'm very grateful for what you've told me."

"Don't mention it, Miss Merridew," said Hissopp. "And now I wonder if you could do me a little favour?"

"I will if I can," said Jill, "but I've been asked so many strange favours lately that I can make no promise."

Hissopp's sub-conscious mind had done its work and had decided that now would be the time to ask Jill to show him round the old house. The conversation so far had taken place at the door.

"Well, I should be deeply grateful if you would let me have a look round the interior of your wonderful old farm. You see, people are all anxious to know of its beauties."

"And your paper to publish them?" "No, I think that is all for today."

When Barbour appeared Jill went directly to the point of the premature notice of their engagement.

"By the way it was you who went down to see the newspaper man yesterday afternoon. What did you say to him?"

"Oh, simply told him you couldn't see him. After all, Jill, at a time like this, you've got to be protected against things of that kind. Your poor nerves must be getting absolutely worn out."

"They are," said Jill, "but I'm thinking of looking after them myself for the next few days."

"What do you mean?" asked Barbour. "Well, let's be frank," replied Jill. "Supposing I ask you a straight question, will you give me a straight answer?"

"I always give straight answers to straight questions," said Barbour with a touch of superiority. "Not always," said Jill, "looking him very keenly in the eyes. 'You have given me a very crooked one already. Tell me, when you spoke to that man—his name was Hissopp—did you tell him that the reason for your safeguarding me against intrusion was because you had just become engaged to him?'"

"Well, I may have, of course," said Barbour, "but I certainly don't remember. Anyway, what makes you ask the question? You seem to have been spending time on the matter."

"I like to be sure of things," said Jill, "and I'm pretty certain in this case that you did tell him, and the sooner you admit it the better. And that, Phillip, you may take as an ultimatum."

"Very well, then," said Phillip, "I will say that I told him, but that I had forgotten that I had done so."

"I'll give a shrug of her shoulders and made a grimace. "Tastes nasty," she said. "Anyhow, I've had it all from Hissopp himself, so we won't say any more about it; but let this be understood, whether we continue our engagement or not, that I don't like men who tell lies, and that's what you've been doing."

Barbour did some quick thinking. "Jill," he said, "I must have told him unwittingly, perhaps because I was so proud at being able to call you mine. Do forgive me, darling."

Barbour could see that he was in grave danger of losing Jill. This, he told himself, he could not doubt bear. He had lost girls before and survived, but losing that formula was a different matter. No, whatever happened, he must hang on.

"See, Jill," he said to her kindly, "you are overwrought to-day. Don't let's talk about it for a day or so. We shall see things in a better light then."

He stroked her hair, as was his wont, and Jill for a moment wondered if she were not being too hard on him. After all, he had been very gentle to her and sympathetic. She must allow him one or two failings, for there was no such thing as the perfect man.

"All right, then," she said, "don't let us see each other again until tomorrow. But I won't want you to consider you are engaged to me any more until then. We can talk it over again. Good-bye, Phillip. I like you an awful lot, really."

Phillip Barbour was a clever man. He did not attempt to take her in his arms. He raised her hand and kissed it, not once, but many times; then he left her.

He walked moodily across the fields in the direction of Morley village, conscious, that every piece of turf upon which he trod belonged to Jill. He had had an unpleasant experience, and it was one, which would need some thinking over. Anger was uppermost in his mind, for he could see that his trivial lapse of tact with Hissopp had come very near to losing him the formula, and Jill with it.

He was not the only man in those fields at that moment who was thinking of Jill; for across the next meadow came a figure which seemed somehow familiar to him: It was that of Mark Hanson.

It was not exactly the best time for the two men to meet, as they did, a few minutes later at Holly Bush Stile. Their thoughts before the actual meeting were not dissimilar. To Mark here came the man who had caused all the trouble, for, as Mark worked it out, Barbour had not only stolen Jill from him, but had some mysterious finger in some mysterious pie which had led to the murder of Old George had said as much, and old George did not say empty things.

To Barbour, Mark was anathema, because he had shown so clearly his dislike of him. Further, Mark enjoyed Jill's confidence, called her by her Christian name and was the only other man about whom Jill seemed to trouble. Some intuition told him that Mark was behind Jill's attitude to him to-day. Perhaps, in a way, he was right, for Jill had not gone through her experience with Mark that morning without appreciating the strength of Mark's character, without failing to admire the manner in which he spoke to her for her own good. It was treatment she could understand.

Still, as Mark cogitated upon these things, he was not pleased to have his thoughts broken by the appearance of the man who, he considered, had done him more harm than any man living. He had his own views of the engagement between Jill and Barbour, but his sensitive nature made him visualise himself in the plight, indirectly, of an employee of Barbour's. It was intolerable, and was made more so by Barbour's greeting.

"Good-day, Hanson."

"Ay," said Mark as, with native politeness, he stood aside to allow Phillip to cross the stile which the two men had reached almost simultaneously. Phillip, however, did not cross the stile, but leant upon it as though prepared for conversation. After all, he had thought, it might not pay him to quarrel with Mark at this juncture. He was too much in Jill's confidence. (To be Continued)

"SALADA" TEA

Outstanding Quality Fresh from the Gardens

What Does Your Handwriting Show

By GEOFFREY ST. CLAIR
(Grapho-Analyst.)
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(Editor's Note: These articles on Character from Handwriting have aroused enormous interest. Many readers are sending in specimens of their own handwriting for a personal analysis, and replies are being mailed as fast as possible. If you want your writing analysed, see the announcement at the foot of this article.)

A Grapho-Analyst's mailbag is very interesting. It is a reflection of people's hopes and fears, worries and problems—it is a very mirror of life itself. And for every question, the Grapho-Analyst can supply an answer.

Handwriting shows so plainly the character of the writer. Grapho-Analysis is an X-Ray that cuts through the verbiage, and gets right down to the very nature of the writer.

A girl writes in tormented fashion, pleading for advice on how to deal with her brother and father. They are making life miserable for herself and her mother, and threaten to do bodily harm if the latter do not pass over some money that they have made themselves. The writing of the father and brother show greed and selfishness, with a brutal will that sometimes gushes over into violence.

Another girl is having trouble with her boy friend. Is he to be trusted. There are many letters of this kind. And very often we can give a reassuring answer. Sometimes, our advice will hurt—but the truth is what people are asking for.

A mother is very anxious to know the characteristics of her young daughters. And what talents they possess. In this way, she can encourage them along the lines in which they can make most progress, and in which they will be happy.

Another mother is perplexed about her boy. He is the only child she has, but she doesn't understand him. Grapho-Analysis reveals his hidden traits, and suggests a line for the mother to work along.

A young man from the West says his life has been miserable, and try as he will, he cannot do anything right. His writing reveals the tremendous colour in his nature, and the need for greater control. He has a hard row to hoe before he can regain normality.

The letters show how many people are square pegs in round holes. Real talents wasted because the possessor is in a vocation totally unsuited to him.

Grapho-Analysis is very helpful. It reveals not only the major characteristics, but also those hidden tendencies that are gradually looming up, and will, ere long, affect one's mode of life. If they are strong points, they can be developed. Often, they are potential weaknesses, and need curbing. Grapho-Analysis shows the way.

What does your handwriting show? Let a skilled Grapho-Analyst tell you the secrets that your writing reveals. You will be surprised at the revelations. And the analysis may open the door of opportunity for you. Send a letter in your normal writing, with 10c coin and a stamped (3c) addressed envelope to: Geoffrey St. Clair, Room 421, 75 Adelaide St. W., Toronto. If you send two specimens of writing, enclose 10c for each.

More Than Wheat
The Province of Alberta made a record in 1933 in dairy products. The total value of these last year was almost a million dollars more than in 1932. Creamery butter from 96 creameries, totalled 23,750,000 lbs., being 800,000 lbs., more than the previous high record.—Calgary Herald.

Good Sign
HAMILTON.—Staticians may have charts to show business conditions on the upgrade again, but local bellboys have pockets full of nickels, and dimes, earned by running errands in the hotels. They report times have never been better.

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Working of Hydro and What It Does

Five Items Listed Below Will Give Voter a Clear Outline

Hydro is publicly owned, and cooperative; the Commission acts as agent of the municipalities, buying power from it, operating and administering the buyer's electrical plants. Hydro's generating plants and transmission lines are financed through the Commission by the Province of Ontario; the municipal plants by the issue of municipal bonds.

Hydro sells power to the purchasing municipalities at cost, this cost is made up as follows:

1. Interest on the Commission's capital investment.
2. Sinking fund charges, on a 40-year basis.
3. An annual charge for renewals, to maintain efficiency.
4. Contingencies.
5. Operation and administration.

These charges total up to about 11 p.c. on the Commission's investment. Where power purchased (not generated) by the Commission is being sold, the cost to the Commission replaces part of the charge under each of the five headings listed above.

The rates charged in any municipality must cover these charges of the Commission plus similar charges on that municipality's plant.

The investment in the Hydro undertakings had reached on 31st October, 1933, a total of about \$400,000,000, of which three-fourths represents the Commission's generating plants and transmission lines, and one-fourth the municipal plants.

And He Is Still "Tired of It All"

Philadelphia—Announcing he was "tired of it all," Charles Hamilton, 34, drove his landlady, her two daughters and her son out of the house. Then he barricaded the doors and nailed fast the windows.

The landlady ran to a police station and patrolmen sprinted back to the house to foil the suicide. Breaking in, they found the prostrate Hamilton—dead.

So Hamilton repeated, he was "tired of it all."

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Extract from a country weekly: "A rummage sale will be held in the village hall on the second Saturday in the month. This is a chance for all the ladies of the congregation to get rid of anything that is not worth keeping, but is too good to be thrown away. Don't forget to bring your husbands."

Art Wisdom Comes of Years

Noted Portrait Painter Says Sense Grows With Experience.

St. John.—Modern painting have never reached the high level of the old masters. In the opinion of Richard Jack, R.A., noted English portrait painter, who sailed recently to attend the annual Royal Academy exhibition in London. Mr. Jack has been a resident of Canada for a couple of years.

The old masters, said Mr. Jack, when interviewed here, devoted themselves entirely to art while present-day painters were, perhaps, handicapped by the stress and diverse interests of modern life. The men whose work has survived the centuries were concerned chiefly in their own creations and were not led away by the influence of other schools. Some of the world's finest modern painters had turned against the old masters in their youth but with years came wisdom and then they had realized their mistake.

Time, said Mr. Jack, provided the real test of art. He recalled several painters of the last century who were regarded as geniuses in their day but whose work is now gradually losing position.

A definite art movement was apparent in Canada but better times were needed to bring it along, because after all art could not flourish without financial support, he said. In these days people were confining their purchases to necessities mainly. He was doubtful that there would ever be developed a distinctive Canadian art. Artists were painting Canadian scenes but their work was influenced by the traditions of the old schools.

Ultra-modernistic painting does not impress Mr. Jack in the least. He considers that the radical artists sacrifice all that is accepted as beautiful to achieve their results. "Perhaps," said Mr. Jack, "these paintings are understandable to the person who creates them but I am inclined to believe that it is nothing more than sensationalism. I should hate to live in a world that resembles these pictures."

Mr. Jack said that although only a small percentage of the people appreciated art, the lovers of pictures came from all classes, rich and poor. In this respect art resembled good music, he declared, which since the perfection of radio broadcasting, has won a multitude of unexpected admirers.

Sense of Sitter's Personality Keynote of Whole Picture

Marion Long Says Natural Self-Consciousness May Be Overcome by Conversation

Marion Long, who has been much feted since the news was announced of her election to the Royal Canadian Society of Artists, says: "A sense of the sitter's personality is the key-note of the whole picture, and even the color scheme of a portrait must symbolize the inner quality of the person. In painting a child, the color must express life and movement; but with an old person, quietness is found in the soft grey used for the hair, or the ivory tint of the complexion."

The natural self-consciousness of any man or woman who posed for a picture might be overcome by conversation, she explained. While chatting with the artist, the sitter would assume a characteristic pose; his eyes would express interest, and also his mouth; but when painting the latter, it was necessary for the artist to monopolize the conversation.

"Often I have talked fast for a whole morning," said Miss Long, "and I could not remember afterward one word I said." A new problem was found in each person painted, she concluded, but the great joy came when the self-imposed task was accomplished.

Historic Motor Car

Unperturbed by past history, a resident of a village in Bosnia is driving the car said to have been used by Archduke Ferdinand of Austria in Sarajevo that day in 1914 when the Austrian heir stopped an assassin's bullet and was toppled on Europe. The significance of the old-fashioned car completely escapes the present owner, who bought it from the Austrian authorities, shortly before the end of the war and now, regardless of the paint-covered coat-of-arms, uses it as the village taxi.

Intentional?

Extract from a country weekly: "A rummage sale will be held in the village hall on the second Saturday in the month. This is a chance for all the ladies of the congregation to get rid of anything that is not worth keeping, but is too good to be thrown away. Don't forget to bring your husbands."

Books and Magazines

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