

CHAPTER IX. "

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Jack rowed a little way out, and followed the coastline; and, of course, rowed in eilence.

He had come to Withycombe on the impulse of the moment, and just because it occurred to him that he would like to see it again. He was not in the mood for London, for his father's death had hit him hard, and the fact that he had died in enmity with him had filled him with a regret, and caused a softening of the heart which made him long for quiet and repose. And Withycombe, he reinembered, was quiet enough.

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The fishermas's kit was adopted as much for convenience as disguise; he was fond of the sea, he had worked his passage out to Australia, and he plausibly accounted for his presence at Withycombe by telling the simple fisher folk that he was out of a job, and fancied a spell of rest. No one had recognized him. Mrs. Bunce would have done so, of course, but Mrs. Bunce was dead, and her daughter did not recognize in the good-looking young fisherman the lad who had exampered about the place in the bygone years.

one years.

Jack, not having heard of the Misseos Bramleys' arrival, had no idea of the identity of the two girls who had engaged him as if he were an ordinary fisherman. He felt rather ordinary fisherman. He felt rather amused, and was not at all annoyed at their mistake; indeed, it was a tribute to the accellence of his disguise; and he considered it was rather a pleasant way of spending, the morning, far pleasanter than rowing by himself, or lounging on the beach brooding over the miserable past.

Every now and then he gianced at Clytie, who was leaning back, her eyes fixed on the small village of white cottages which climbed from the beach itself, and wound in broken line through the ravine until it was lost among the trees above. It was as beautiful a scene in its way as

beautiful a scene in its way as any part of England can show, and Clytie, as she eat and gazed at surrendered to her. He listened in a kind of dream to the girls as they talked and laughed.

"Clytic, you're getting your feet fear-fully wet!" said Mollie reproachfully; but Clytie laughed almost gaily; she seemed as young, as girlish, as Mol-lie at that momnet. "Who cares?" she cried.

"That's all very well," retorted Mol-e. "But what would Doctor Morton

So, she was ill, delicate, thought Jack as he watched her.
"Wnat does it matter? Besides,
salt water never hurts one," replied Clytie carelessly.

"That's a mistake, a popular falla-y," said Jack involuntarily. Both girls straightened themselves.

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They had been bending in search of the shells—and looked at him with a scarcely veiled surprise; and Jack bit his lip and looked, in his confusion, very much as a fisherman would look who had been guilty of an involuntary presumption.

"I beg your pardon," he said—it seemed to him that he was always suing for forgiveness—but salt water is just as likely to give you cold as fresh. Why, nearly all the old people in Withycombe have rheumatism—so I'm told."

"If that's the case—and he ought to know; he's a sailor—you'd better come home as soon as possible and get your feet dry," said Mollie. "I don't your feet dry," said Mollie. "I don't want to have you laid up with a fever-ish cold or rheumatism, or whatever it is cold feet give you."
"Nonsense!" said Clytie, resuming her hunt for the shells. "You talk as if I were an old woman."

"You're worse; you're young and giddy," retorted Mollie. "We've got quite enough; let us go now; besides I'm hungry. What shall we do with the shells?"

"We're like the poor millionzires, said Clytie, with a laugh. \"Embar ed by our riche "Put them in this basket," said Jack,

like children they poured in their treasures. Then Clytle went to step into the boat. Jack jammed it against the rock and held out his brown hand; the rock and held out his brown hand; and Clytie put her white one into it. His strong fingers closed over hers, and seemed to support, to steady, her whole body. Mollie put her small paw on his shoulder and jumped in, and he arranged the impromptu cushion and pulled out of the cave. His pea-jacket lay in the bottom of the boat, and gradually he managed, as if unconsciously to drag and push as if unconsciously, to drag and pusit forward with his feet until it touch as if unco ed Clytje's; then he remarked, as if the thought had just struck him: "You might as well put this round

rou, miss, "Oh, no, thanks!" said Clytie, with a laugh. "My feet are not at all cold; and I'm not at all likely to catch cold; never do. My sister

"Yes, put it round them!" said Mol lie. And she bent forward to take the coat; but Jack, as if he had not noticed her intention, drew the thick coat over Clytic's knees and dexter-ously turned it under her feet.

"That's first-rate—and very thoughtful of you, Douglas," said Mollie.
"They say that Jack is always the

"Yes, Jack's my name," he said. "Oh, it is? Yes. I'd forgotten; I meant a sailor, of course. Row quickly, please; I don't want my afster to sit too long."

Clytic looked at her with faint sur-

prise and reproach, but laughed amusedly as she said:

if I were an invalid, especially as there is nothing whatever the matter with me. Why, I'm stronger than

"You!" retorted Mollie scornfully.
"I bet you I walk you, ewim you,

"I'll bet you I walk you, ewim you, ride you, row you, for—for a dozen pairs of zhoves—Pinet's!"

"Done!" responded Clytie, imitating the boyish challenge.

"You couldn't row from here to the pler!" declared Mollie contemptuously. "I don't believe you could get those frog's paws of yours round the oars!"

Clytie roee promptly, but Mollie pulled her back again.

"No no! You look so comfy! But I think I'll have a turn, please," she said to Jack. He glanced at her hand sideways

but Mollie had the quick eyes of monkey, and caught him.

"Oh, yes, my hands are large enough. They're ever so much bigger than my sister's. Look!" she said, "Yes, they'll go round," he said, with a smile. He gave up his place,

and was going to the vacant seat be-side Clytie; but, suddenly remembering himself, pretended to arrange the

"How heavy it is!" remarked Mollie, after a pull or two. "Why, no wonder! The boat's all down in front Go to the stern, please, Douglas."

"The boat's all right," he returned almost sullenly, and therefore more like a fisherman than any former speech of his was.

"Go and de as you're told," said Mollie, sharply.
But she had met her match. He

got up and reached for the oars.
"Better let me take her in, miss," he said, in the tone which always obtain ed obedience for Jack Douglas, the tone before which Teddy's lofty spirit had bent submissive. "There's a cur-rent setting off the shore, and you may not hit the channel."

Mollie looked up at him for a moment, rebellious; then Clytic said:
"Come back to your seat." Mollie's eyes fell, and she obeyed.

The tide had run out since they started, and he saw that if the giris tried to land without assistance they would have to wade. He leaped to would have to wade. He leaped to shore with a painter in his hand, and pulled up the boat as far as it would go, but it was not far enough to permit them to step out dry-foot. Without a moment's hesitation, and in a matter-of-fact way, he went to the side of

he boat and held out his arms.

Mollie went into them with a spring that would have knocked him over if he had been less strong, and laughing-ly clung to him as he carried her to Then he returned for Clytie She had not been carried in a fisherman's arms since she was a child, and she hesitated, standing with one foot on the gunwale of the boat, and eyeing

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"Pimples affected my face. They were large and always fastered, and they were accessed all over my face. They observants turned into scales and when they fell of they left hig marks until my face was disfigured. They stace was disfigured. They itched and hurned so that I accordy slept at all.

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boxes of Cuticum Ointment with the Caticum Soap I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss L. Burns, St. Barily, Qua., June 6, 1918.

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the water doubtfully. Jack looked round. "There isn'

Jack looked round. "There isn't one here now," he answered.
"Oh, well," she murmured, with an air of resignation, and he took her in his arms. She was very little heavier than Mollie, but for some reason or other, Jack's heart beat fast, and he felt a strange embarrassment and awkwardness, which did not, however, discover itself, for he bore her with apparent ease—and indifference—to the beach, and did not deposit her until he could do so on absolutely dry land.

"Thank you," she said, quite placid-ly, and without the trace of a blush; why should she be confused? Jack touched his cap, and was furn

Jack touched his cap, and was turning way with an apologetic:
"Oh, I forgot!"
She felt in her pocket, consulted in
a whisper with Clytle, then said:
"I'm so sorry, but we haven't any
money with us. We will pay you to-

For the life of him Jack could no prevent the rush of blood to his face, but he said, with feigned politeness: "It's of no consequence."
added, on a sudden impulse: you want me to-morrow?

"Shall we, Clytie?" asked Mollie "Shall we, Clytie?" asked Mollie.
"Oh, I don't know. But perhaps you had better keep about. We'll send word. Good morning. Come on, Clytie, I'm simply starving!"

Jack tugged the boat up the beach, and, lighting a pipe, sat down beside

The cituation was a bit grotesque he thought. Here was he, Sir Wilfred Carton, a baronet, playing at fisher-man, boatman, and "waiting" on the girl who might have been his wife. It was all very well for a day, was rather amusing than otherwise; but—but had he not better take himself off? Why should he remain in England, to be harassed and worried by his proximity to the hall, and—and what might have to the nan, and—and what might have been? Out there in Parraluna a warm welcome awaited him; he had half the prospect in Silver Ridge, was not quite a beggar—in Australia; while

But he had asked if the girls would But he had asked if the girls would want him on the morrow, and had been bidden by Mollie to "keep about!" Yes, it was funny, very, he told him-self; and he smfled, but rather ruefully. Then he thought of the two sisters. He liked Mollie—a rippling little tomboy, and as quick as a needle. He had seen that in the glance he had of course, that was-Clytie, he should say—Miss Bramley—who was playing the organ. Though she had scarcely spoken twenty words to him, he left that he liked Clytie better even than he liked the younger girl. She had altered so much that it almost s to him as if he were making her acquainance for the first time. How gentle she was. And yet there was strength of character behind those gray eyes, indicated by the firm lips with their dainty curve of sadness, of wistfulness.

Now, supposing that he had not quarrelled with his father and left

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Need Help to Pass the Crisis Safely—Proof that Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound Can be Relied Upon.

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me in a weakened condition. I felt at times that I would neverbe well again.
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and what it did for women passing through the Change of Life, so I told my doctor I would try it. I soon began to gain in strength and the annoying symptoms disappeared and your Vegetable Compound has made me a well, strong woman so I do all my own housework. I cannot recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly to women table Compound too highly to women passing through the Change of Life."

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St., Urbana, Ill. Women who suffer from nervousness, "heat flashes," backache, headaches and "the blues" should try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. p together it was just possil

He awoke from his dream with a rather angry gestur

"What an idiot I am, to moon like this! What's the use of supposing this, that and the other? I've settled things once and feeters." this, that and the other? I've settled inings once and forever, and the best thing I can do is to clear out, to go where there's work waiting for me. She'll make a splendid mistress of the Hall, will marry a decent chap, a nice earl or marquis—she wouldn't make a bad duchess, by George—and—well!— What is it, Mary Mavourneen?"

The little girl of the cottage where was lodging came unsteadily down

"Muver says your dinner's weady," she said; "an' gettin' cold!"
"And I'm ready for the dianer, and I'm precious warm; been getting into

"And I'm ready for the dianer, and I'm precious warm; been getting into hot water, Mary."

He swung the child on his shoulder and marched up to the cottage.

He was lodging in a little rook's nest of a place stuck half-way on the hill which commanded a view of the sea and the road that wound through the valley; his landlady was the widow of an old fisherman, with one child, the Mary Mavourneen aforesaid; and both the mother and the child had taken a great fancy to their young lodger; and both, after the pleasing way of women, had begun thus carry to domineer over him, and to regard him as one of those simple and helpless men who require careful looking after in the matter of meals and wet elothing.

"Do'ee put the chil down and come

after in the matter of meals and wet clothing.

"Do'ee put the chil down and come to your dinner," said Mrs. Westaway; "it's been waitin' for ever so long, and must be as cold as charity, tho' I've done my best to heat it up for you. You men, the best of you, 'ud worret a woman to a skeleton. Polly, come off Mr. Douglas' knee."

"No, no; let her stop where she is," said Jack. "You stay and see that I don't eat too much, Mary. It's your mother's fault if I do; best steak pudding I ever tasted. If Eve had been half as good a cook as you, Mrs. Westaway, Adam wouldn't have got into trouble over his gardening. Didn't you say there was a cushion for that boat, and didn't I see a scrubbing brush lying about somewhere? I should like to give her a good cleanout."

"Cushion? No, of course there isn't; and you didn't see any brush o' mine lyin' about, because I keep 'en or mine lyin about, occause I acep ain in their place. But there's an old cushion somewhere, and you can have a brush. I suppose you want to spruce her up for the young ladies from the Hall?"

"There's no concealing anything from you, Mrs. Westaway," said Jack.
"I thought as much. Well, they're worth taking a little trouble over, for, bless their 'earts, they're like all the Bramleys, sweet and kind to the core. I like the old families myself, Mr. Dou-

"They're both as sweet as they can be," she went on, "and have always got a word for one. Miss Mollie—Lor, what a handful she must be to Miss Clytle, bless her!—must stop on her way up to Mrs. Fry's, though she was late for lunch, to a handful of chocolates. What have

you done with them, miss?" "I've eat 'em, all but this one for ack," said Mory, proffering a moist

Jack," said Mory, proffering a moist and dilapidated chocolate cream.
"Thank you, Mary Mavourneen," said Jack gravely, as he disengaged the sticky mess from the warm, pink little palm. "Till eat it with the rest of the sweets. When I've finished, you can come down and clean the boat while I help by looking on. That's the way, isn't it, Mrs. Westaway?"

"Yes, that's the way with most men," she assented, with a sigh; "but you're one of the soft sort, I'm think-in'!"

When he had finished his pipe.
Jack took Polly on his shoulder—she

was already so accustomed to her beast of burden that she could ride by holding on with one hand only— and, with his brush sticking out of his pocket, went down toward the his pocket, went down toward the beach. As he crossed the road, Clytie and Mollie, on horseback, rode up. Clytic, with a smile at the child. up. Clytie, with a sinite service on; but Mollie stopped, and, as she held the fidgeting horse well in hand, said:

you're going for a ride, too.
I hope your horse is quieter Polly! I hope your horse is quieter and better tempered than mine." "He's the best horse as ever was,"

said Polly emphatically.
"Say 'ass" and you'd be right," mut tered Jack.

glad to hear it," remarked Mol-"I'm glad to hear it," remarked Mol-lie. "Oh, Douglas, we shall want you to-morrow, in the afternoon. Have everything ready, please."
"Certainly—thank you, miss," said

He turned as she went on, his eyes fixed on Clytie. How slight and grace-ful she looked in her habit; and how well she sat her horse. Suddenly he nan coming down the hill road. Jack's eyes were as keen as a hawk's, and he recognized the thin. pale-faced man with the dark hair he had met the night he had arrived. as he was going into Mr. Granger's.
Mrs. Westaway had come out of
the cottage with a pitcher, to draw
water from the village well; he waited until she had come up to him, then he said:

"Do you know who that gentleman is, Mrs. Westaway?"
She shaded her eyes with her hands; her sight was not so good

"No-yes; that's Mr. Hesketh Car-ton, of the Pit Work," she replied. (To Be Continued).

Grand Army Button.

The Grand Army of the Republic bronze button, worn by members on the left lapel of the coat, was adopted as the result of a motion made at Minneapolis in 1884 by Chili W. Haz zard, of Pennsylvania, that the council of administration of the G. A. R. directed to adopt a design for such a button. The design was formally adopted by the council and later approved by the national encampment.

"No wonder I felt uneasy," murmured the jokesmith, making a note on his cuff.

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breath or headache you need medicine right away.

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rested, energetic, feeling like a different man.

Why don't you epend a quarter today and try Dr. Hamilton's Pills.
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would order, sever gripe or cause
headache. Finest thing for folks
that are out of sorts, depressed, lackting in color and spirits.

Folks that use Dr. Hamilton's Pills
are never sick, never an ache or
a pain—feel good all the time simply
because their system is clean, regulated and healthy. This you can easily prove yourself.

WHITE GOLD

Latest Fad is Remarkably Like Platinum.

White gold has a funny way with it. In the jeweler's show case it is white gold—nothing else. Worn by a purchaser—presto!—it often becomes

platinum.

White gold is an alloy of gold and winte gott is an admixture of several other metals, and it has the silvery gray-color of platinum. When carved with elaborate ornamentation or wien its dull gray lustre is left unpolished, the recurrence an expert to tell it from it requires an expert to tell it from

platinum.

It is never intended to be an imitation of platinum, but it readily passes for that metal. The fact that it costs about one-sixth as much as platinum may explain its seemingly magical transformation after it has passed

into private ownership.

A young voman went into a Chicago jewelry shop and asked to see some rings. The clerk set a tray before her.
"Are these platinum or white gold?"

she asked.
"Both," replied the clerk. The young woman studied the rings "But which is which?" she said. "I

can't tell the difference."

"This one," said the clerk, "is \$175.
That's platinum. This other is \$20.
It is white gold."

"Oh," said the young woman,
"that's the way you tell the difference—by the price."

—by the price."
The incident illustrates the quality
of white gold. It is an honest metal,
but its wcarers are sometimes not so
honest. If people insist on mistaking
white gold jewelry for the very much -by the price more expensive platinum, it seems human nature to let the mistake go

Soldier's Appreciation.

Recently a woman well known in America, who has devoted all her time to relief work since the war be-gan, was visiting a hospital. The commanding officer had sent a military car for her. She entered the car just as an ambulance filled with wounded passed by. As she noticed the thin, pate faces, tears came into her eyes. The soldier-chauffeur asked if she

was ill.
"No," she said, "these are tears of gratitude and pride."
"Madame," replied the boy, simply, "if I though that my being a soldier

was worthy of but one of your tears. should feel that I had not lived in vain."-Red Cross Magazine.

Such a Change



sunken, black circles and pale cheeks-I was restored to health by the Favorite Prescription of Dr. Pierce." So write many women. Changed too in looks, for after taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the skin becomes clear, the eyes brighter, the cheeks plump.

Druggists sell it in tablets or liquid. It's a woman's best temperance tonic, made from wild roots.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO. - "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription helped me greatly at the turn of life. I commenced to have heat flashes and dirly spells and became nervous and run-down. These conditions nervous and run-down. Inese conditions very quickly left me after I commenced with the 'Favorite Prescription.' I took several bottles of it and truly believe that I owe my good health of to-day to the medicine I took and the care exereised at that trying time. -Mrs. Robert Smrte, 64 Bay Street, S.

Hunting the Average Man

Is there such a person as the average man? Could we pick out any individual at-home or abroad to-day and say that he or sne represented the predominating type of Britain? The answer is obviously "No." You wight as well try

inating type of Britain? The answer is obviously "No." You wight as well try to strike an average between a sperrow and a peacock. There cannot be a "common mean" of humanity, is the concusion mean" of humanity, is the concusion mean" of humanity, is the concusion seen of J. D. Escasford in the Westmanster Gazette.

I was icu to this concusion by that terrible crisis—of the war that flared into a sudeen threat of disaster on the 12th of Apra. In such a time of peril there must, I fit-sught, be some great representative emotion thrilling all England; and if I could judge by my own feelinga, that emotion was one of harassed anxiety, combined with a passionate desire to heip. Whether that were so or not you may judge by my experience. It was in the morning that I spokes to the farmer. He lived 80 miles from London, and at 19 o'clock he had not yet opened his morning paper. He asked me the news over the gate, shook his head wisely at my slightly hysterione to the farmer. He lived 80 miles from London, and at 19 o'clock he had not yet opened his morning paper. He asked me the news over the gate, shook his head wisely at my slightly hysterione.

London, and at 19 o'clock he had not yet opened his morning paper. He asked me the news over the gate, shook his head wisely at my slightly hysterione. I was a "bad job." After that he turned his attention to the weather and to certain complaints about the new methods of food control.

Was he representative of Rural England, I wondered? Unimaginative—the broadest detail of stratehy, such as my amateur account of the threat to our communications, manifestly meant nothing to him. He had thought all his life ir terms of weather, crope, livestock and the market; and he could not see the owrid movement in these terms.

But I had no chance to test the rural mind further on that day, for I came up to Londor at midday, and it was there that my further researches were carried on.

At the club I got no astisfaction. If fell jute the awfur commany of a man.

mind further on that day, for I came up to London at midday, and it was there that my further researches were carried on.

At the club I got no satisfaction. I fell into the awful company of a man who seemed to think that the course of the war was less important than the fact that England was sinking into the lowest abyss of depravity which permitted the smoothing of a fox. To him that was the untimate crime. He was obsessed by the thought of it. I left him at the cub in disgust. He could not possibly be typical.

Going westward to call at a friend's house, I frowned in perplexity over the crowd of shopping women in Oxford street. They due hot represent the average, I assured my self. I thought of all the women, in munition factories, in hospitals, in offices all over the country, who were absorbed in war work; giving their best for the British Empire. This gay crowd about the milliners' windows was only the scum. It told one nothing of the steady, clear stream that flowed beneath.

Unbaypily, a was engaged at my friend's house by another visitor, a weman I had not met before. "Oh! the war, I simply can't bear to think of it." she said, in answer to my nervous opening; and, indeed, it seemed that all ane could bear to think of just then was the scandal case inat was coming up again before the magistrate the next day. I classed her with the farmer and the fox hunter. Her mind could only work on certain very restricted lines. She had no 'interests, no power of grasping anything outside of her own immediate pre-occupations.

no ::terests, no power of grasping anything outside of her own immediate preoccupations.

But I was slightly encouraged by the
luculy ations of a just preceptibly intoxicated man, who addressed the inside
passengers of the bus I took on my return. He was in mufti that was frankly
the garments of a tramp, but he had his
badge and his wooden leg to prove that
he had once done his bit. He said he had
once done his bit. He said he had once done his bit. He said he had been
a qualified fool, and then repeated the
statement with a richer adjective. He
did not tell us why, though I asked him,
for his major ambition was to terrify us
with his own conviction that the enemy
would be landing at Dover within a
month. He offered to bet five shillings
on that event, so certain was he of the
truth of his prophecy. I could not deceive myself with the notion that he exemplified the British attitude at that mament, but he, at least, took the crisis
seriously.

It was half-past eight that evening
that I found my solution. I was in a
tube train, and the man who sat next
to me was a tired workman of 50 or
so.

"Looks had," he remarked with a

to me was a tired workman of 50 or so.

"Looks bad," he remarked with a glance at the heading of my evening paper. "Well, we've got to stick to it, whatever 'appens: I've been on since 7 o'clock this mornin."

And, perhaps, in a way, that mechanic did represent, if not the average. at least the mass of the men and women working at home through the criss. I thought of that steady stream of labor, of those who were sticking to their jobs through every anxiety, and meant to stick to them whatever happened. They were helping. They represented the spirit of endurance, and persoverance, the spirit of England. All those others that I had met were just exceptions.

FANNING-MILL SELECTION

(Experimental Farms Note.)

in feelings and looks!

"After and looks!

"After suffering pain, feeling pain, feelin

HAD ENOUGH.

Lady Jane—Have you given the gold-fish fresh water Janet? Janet—No. mum. They ain't finished teh water I give 'em t'other day yet— Edinburgh Scotsman.

"Pa, what's a monosyllable?" "A long term for a short word, my scn."