

## EPITAPH WIT.

A Kentish miller left handsome legacies to his executors on condition that they should bury him under his mill and place the following epitaph, his own composition, above him:

Underneath this ancient mill,  
Lies the body of poor Will;  
Old he lived and old he died,  
And at his funeral nobody cried.  
Where he's gone, and how he fares,  
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

The following inscription is on a tombstone in the parish churchyard, Cheltenham:

Here lies I and my seven daughters,  
Killed by drinking the Cheltenham waters.  
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,  
We would not now be in these here vaults.

On a blacksmith, in Abinger churchyard, Surrey:

My hammer and anvil have lost, *its* ring.  
My bellows, too, have lost *its* wind,  
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,  
My rasp and vice in the dust are laid,  
My coal is spent, my iron gone,  
My last nails I driven, my work is done.

There are many epitaphs which abound in the punning element. Witness the following from Hackney churchyard, on Peter Stiller:

As still as death poor Peter lies,  
And Stiller when alive was he;  
Still not without a hope to rise,  
Though Stiller that he Still will be.

On a carrier who died of drunkenness:

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,  
A carrier who carried his can to his mouth well.  
He carried so much and he carried so fast,  
He could carry no more, so was carried at last;  
For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,  
He could carry off, so he's now carried.

On Mrs. Freeland, in Edwalton churchyard, Notts, date 1747:

She drank good ale, strong punch and wine,  
And lived to the age ninety-nine.

In the grave of St. Catherine, Gloucester:

Here lies old Mr. Richard Tully,  
Who lived a hundred and three years fully.  
He did the sword of the city bear  
(So many years) before the Mayor.  
He had six wives, and here they lie,  
Expecting Heaven's eternity.

The following appears in the churchyard of Torryburn, containing two clever puns:

Here lies Margery Greig,  
Who never had issue except in her leg.  
This Margery Greig was wondrous cunning,  
For while one leg stood still the other kept running.

From St. Mary's, Islington, on a woman:

Censure not rashly though nature's apt to halt,  
No woman born that dies without a fault.

In Rochdale, Lancashire, over Tim Robin's grave:

He lies John and with him Mary,  
Check by Jowl and never vary:  
No wonder they so well agree,  
Tim wants no punch and Moll no tea.

Upon a flat stone in the nave of Conway Church is the following:

"Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hoodes, of Conway. He was the 41st child of his father, by Alice, his wife, and father of 27 children. He died on the 20th March, 1637."

The following occurs in a churchyard near Salisbury:  
ON RICHARD BUTTON, ESQ.

Oh, Sun, Moon, Stars, and ye Celestial Poles!  
Are graves then dwindled into Button-holes!

Closely allied to this is the annexed scrap on a Button-

hole:

"Which is the deepest, the longest, the broadest, and the smallest grave in this churchyard?" said a pedestrian to his comrade, while meditating among the tombs at Esher. "Why," replied he, "It is that in which Miles Button is buried, for it is Miles below the sod, miles in breadth, and yet, after all, it is but a Button-hole."

From a Norfolk churchyard:

Underneath this sod lies John Round,  
Who was lost in the sea and never was found.

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The only Preparation which has been  
honoured by the special recommen-  
dation of the Medical Faculty.

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Is the only real wine which has received the sanction and approval of the Medical Faculty, and by its unquestionable quality and its well known merits does not deceive the public. Several medical gentlemen have expressed a desire to us to obtain a Quinine Wine, scientifically prepared with Howard's Sulphate of Quinine and fine grape wine, so as to possess the medicinal properties of this famous tonic in a simple, pleasant and reliable form. We have now the pleasure of placing the same before the public. We have submitted our preparation to the undermentioned prominent city physicians, who have carefully examined, proscribed, and now honor us by allowing their names as approving and recommending our Quinine Wine, when they consider their patients require this tonic: Dr. Tru-del, Dr. Peltier, Dr. Rottot, Dr. Painchaud, Dr. Ricard, Dr. Robillard, Dr. Leprohon, Dr. Coderre, Dr. Major, Dr. Kollmyer, Dr. Brosseau, Dr. J. A. Mount, Dr. Ed. Mount, Dr. Perrigo, Dr. Alloway, Dr. Beaudry, Dr. L. A. E. Desjardins, Dr. Thompson, Dr. Duhamel, Dr. Turgeon, Dr. Dagenais, Dr. Plante, Dr. Webb, Dr. Desmarceau. In cases of indigestion, general debility, loss of appetite, nervous affections, fever and ague, &c., Devins & Bolton's Pure Quinine Wine is highly beneficial, and is specially recommended and adapted to children and delicate females, to mothers after confinement, and to the weak or infirm whether from age or disease. It will impart tone and circulation to the blood and the whole nervous system. Devins & Bolton realize the fact that the only true test of medicinal preparations is the test of a long series of years of successful use, and that while a vigorous system of puffing and advertising may increase the sales for the time being, they choose rather to gain a fame on the actual merits of the wine, and therefore ask the public to give it a trial. Devins & Bolton's Quinine Wine can be had, wholesale and retail, from all general dealers in the principal towns and cities of the Dominion and of

LOWDEN, INGLIS, NEILL & Co., Montreal  
NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto,  
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And J. WINER & Co., Hamilton, Ont.

From the same place

Here lies Mathew Mud. Death did him no harm,  
When alive he was Mud, and now he's but dirt.

Here lies my dead wife, a slattern and shrew,  
If I said I regretted her, I should be, too.

From Bury St. Edmunds

Here lies Jane Kitchen, who, when her glass was spent,  
Kicked up her heels, and away she went.

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?" said a fop to a lady. — "Perhaps they are in a weak place," she kindly suggested.

"How like its father it is," said the nurse, on the occasion of the christening of a baby whose father was more than 70 years of age, and who had married a young wife. "Very like," said a satirical lady; bald, and not a tooth in its head."

"When attacked with nausea, married ladies should use the surest and most agreeable antidote, 'Milk of Magnesia.'"

"The oddest sport of all is reported from London. An officer of the Royal Horse Guards Blue has backed himself against a certain sporting baronet to ride ten miles across fair hunting country while a snail crawls ten inches on a greased board. At last advises the snail was in splendid condition and taking a daily afternoon crawl. Odds, five to four on the snail.

"A most indispensable toilet article is Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer for restoring gray hair to its original color and beauty. It is most agreeably perfumed and will not soil the skin or most delicate fabric, and is quite a favorite from its superior qualities over all other preparations of its kind in use. Can be had of all chemists."

"We have seen women, beautiful young girls, with the smile of an angel irradiating their seraphic faces, and the glow of Christian charity and womanly tenderness warming their hearts, stand and talk three-quarters of an hour to a groaning, tortured man, who would have gone wild in love with them if he could only have forgotten for one brief, fleeting second that his right suspender was kept in place by a long brass pin that passed through it into the snail of his back."

"If the Palate of a Juvenile revolts at a medicine, it is very difficult for him to swallow it. This is not the case with 'Milk of Magnesia.'"

The lately deceased Henri Monnier stood once upon the beach of a watering-place near an old man and his wife, who were viewing the ocean for the first time. "What puzzles me," said the old lady, "is the perpetual movement of the sea — the waves — the tide," — "Madame," said Monnier, solemnly, "that motion is produced by the fish. They wriggle about a good deal, and wag their tails violently. That causes the waves. When they get tired of swimming near the shore they all retire simultaneously, and the sea follows them. That causes the tide."

"A conceited fellow, in introducing his friend into company, said: 'Gentlemen, I assure you he is not so great a fool as he seems.' The gentleman immediately replied, 'That is exactly the difference between my friend and myself.'"

"One of the saddest sights of these hard times is to see a woman with a five foot husband trying to alter his pants to fit her six foot son."