

Odd Epitaphs in English Churchyards

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT
SELECTS A FEW AT RANDOM—
JANE AUSTIN'S TOMB—EPITAPH
TO A PROFESSIONAL SPORTS-
MAN—A SOLDIER WHO DRANK
SMALL BEER WHEN HOT.

On the west side of St. Leonard's churchyard in the East End of London is a severely plain tomb of gray stone which is separated from the stream of traffic that rushes by all day long by high iron railings. It is so near the sidewalk that passersby might reach through the fence and touch it, save that passersby in that once upon a time, but now a quiet region are more intent upon scurrying about for the means of present existence than upon pausing to contemplate the tokens of mortality. And yet the epitaph carved upon the smoke-grimed stones might prove a source of consolation to them, for they are comfortable words, as the prayer-book says, yes, and jovial, and a glance takes them in. They are:

DR. JOHN GARDNER'S
Last and Best Bedroom;

Who Departed This Life on the 8th of April, 1885, in His 84th Year.

Above the doctor's name is the date, 1807, which, presumably, means that he had his tomb erected and the reassuring words inscribed upon it in that year.

In this same churchyard lies in an unknown grave, Richard Burbage, Shakespeare's contemporary and the original impersonator of many of his greatest characters, among them Hamlet and Richard III. I looked in vain both in the church and the churchyard for any memorial to this great artist, nor did the guide-books mention any. Surely the players of the English-speaking stage ought to see to it that some kind of monument, or tablet, however simple, be set up in the burial ground that holds the dust of the actor to whom Shakespeare entrusted Hamlet. A benefit performance in London, New York and Chicago would secure funds for such a tribute in a single day, and St. Leonard's Church, like Southwark Cathedral half an hour distant, would become a shrine for the players of two countries.

In the ancient and beautiful city of Winchester is an epitaph that is famous among collectors of this kind of lore. It reads:

In memory of
THOMAS THATCHER,

A Grenadier in the North Regiment of

WORTH TAKING

One ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion;
One ounce Compound Salutaria;
Four ounces Compound Syrup
Sarsaparilla;
Mixed and taken in teaspoonful
doses after each meal and at bedtime
is pronounced by a prominent physician
to be the best mixture for the cure
of the kidney, bladder, and all
urinary troubles.

This says the doctor, is the most
simple though remarkable prescrip-
tion ever written to cleanse the
system of impurities and waste
matter. It acts as a powerful tonic
to the kidneys, forcing them to filter
out the acids and poisons, overcom-
ing rheumatism, lame back, sciatitis
and other afflictions arising from
sour, impure blood.

The ingredients can be procured at
any good drug store, and being purely
vegetable and entirely harmless, can
easily be mixed at home.

If you have a suffering friend show
this to him, as he will undoubtedly
be pleased to learn of so simple and
highly recommended a remedy.

Stops Colic
—and all stomach
and bowel disorders.
Makes puny babies
plump and rosy. Proved
by 50 years' successful
use. Ask your druggist
for it.

Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure
—25c—6 bottles \$1.25.
National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited
Montreal.

The Superfine
in Chocolates

Everything that is used
in making Stewart's
Chocolates—fruit
flavors, sugar, cream
and chocolate—must be
the finest that money
can buy. Our years of

Hants Militia, who died of a violent
fever contracted by drinking
Small Beer when hot the 12th
of May, 1794, aged 26 years.

In grateful remembrance of
whose universal goodwill towards
his comrades this stone is placed
here at their expense as a small
testimony of their regard and con-
cern.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire
grenadier,
Who got his death by drinking cold
Small Beer,
Soldiers be wise from his untimely
fall,
And when ye're hot drink strong or
not at all.

On the south wall of Winchester Ca-
thedral, near the west end of that
glorious nave—the longest in England
—there is this succinct record of a
husband's affection and grief:

To the memory of
HENRIETTA MARIA NORTH,

second daughter of John Banister,
Esq., and Elizabeth, his wife,
married to
the Honorable and Right Rev. Brown-
low North, Bishop of Winchester,
who in the 48 year of her age and
16 day of November, 1790,
virtuous, amiable and accomplished,
dignified by every moral,
graced by every social excellence,
firm in reliance upon her God,
steadfast in the faith of her Redeemer,
Christ, terminated her exemplary
and valuable life.

This testimony of his perfect admira-
tion, undiminished gratitude,
and never ceasing regret,
is placed by her affectionate and ever
mindful widower.

On the opposite wall is a tablet to
the memory of that great student of
the intimate aspects of human char-
acter, that gentle historian of Eng-
lish domestic life, Jane Austen. She
must often have seen the good bishop's
tribute to the memory of his Henrietta,
and mused with tender humor upon
the phrase "ever mindful widower." The inscription on the tablet reads:

JANE AUSTEN,
Known to many by her writings,
endeared to her family by the varied
charms of her character, and ennobled
by Christian faith and piety, was born
at Steventon, in the county of Hants,
Dec. 16, 1775, and was buried in this
cathedral July 24, 1817.

"She openeth her mouth with wis-
dom, and in her tongue is the law of
kindness."—Prov. xxxi, 26.

On the grave in the aisle beneath
these words follow the dates of her
birth and death:

The benevolence of her heart, the
sweetness of her temper, and the ex-
traordinary endowment of her mind
obtained the regard of all who knew
her, and the warmest love of her inti-
mate connections.

Their grief is in proportion to their
affection. They knew their loss to be
irreparable, but in their deepest af-
fliction they are consoled by a firm
though humble, hope that her charity,
devotion, faith and purity have ren-
dered her soul acceptable in the sight
of her Redeemer."

At Eversley—not far from Win-
chester—where Charles Kingsley was
rector for 33 years, there is a double
tombstone over the graves of the poet-
preacher and his wife. It bears these
words:

**AMAMUS, AMABIMUS,
AMABIMUS.**

The story of a perfect marriage is
told. "We love. We loved. We
shall love."

On the tomb of Alderman Humble
in the choir of Southwark Cathedral
is one of the loveliest epitaphs in our
language. The tomb, too, with its fig-
ures of the alderman and his first and
second wives kneeling beneath a can-
opy, is a beautiful and characteristic
piece of seventeenth century work.
Basso reliefs of the children of the
two marriages fill the lower panels
of the monument on the north and
south, and the charming verses given
here are on the sanctuary side, which
is not readily accessible to the public;
they have been variously attributed to
Francis Beaumont, to Francis Quarles
and to Simon Wastell:

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,

experience tell us just
how to blend these
choice materials to
make the most delig-
htful chocolates obtain-
able.

Stewart's
TORONTO, CAN.

THE STEWART CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

An important fact that every one should know is that

COWAN'S
PERFECTION
COCOA
(Maple Leaf Label)

is an absolutely pure Cocoa of the finest quality. It
is healthful and nutritious for old and young.

THE COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO

Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day.

Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done!

The rose withers, the blossom blazeth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man he dies.

In a forthcoming article on South-
wark Cathedral I shall speak of the
claim it has upon American pilgrims
through the association of the name of
John Harvard with it. An exquisite
little mural tablet in the south tran-
sept also associates this glorious old
church with the name of Ralph Wal-
do Emerson, for it was from the Em-
erson stock of Southwark that our
philosopher is supposed to have
sprung. A diminutive recumbent effigy
of a man in a shroud rests beneath the
tablet, which reads:

Here Vander Lyeth the Body
Of **WILLIAM EMERSON,** Who
Lived and Died an Honest Man.

He Departed Out Of This Life
The 27 Of October, 1883,
In The Year Of His Age 32.
St. Sym Sic Eris.

Contemplation of this memorial
gives a singular eloquence to that pas-
sage in Emerson's Manchester speech,
delivered on the occasion of his second
visit to England in 1847, in which he
said:

"That which lures a solitary Ameri-
can in the woods with the wish to see
England is the moral peculiarity of the
Saxon race—its commanding sense of
right and wrong—the love and devo-
tion to that—which is the imperial trait
which arms them with the scepter of
the world."

Thomas Emerson, grandson of Wil-
liam, the honest man, left sums for
the poor of the parish, and his bequest
is still being enjoyed by them after a
lapse of nearly three centuries.

In the opposite transept is the ornate
tomb of one who never lived nor died
an honest man—Lyonnell Lockyer, a
notorious quack doctor of the time of
Charles II. He was a pillmaker who
could have given some of the patent
medicine men of our day points in ad-
vertising. He described his pills as
"extracted from the rays of the sun"
and said they would cure a "regimen-
tation of diseases, known and un-
known." His epitaph perpetuates the
record of his success and of human
credulity, the last six lines reading:

His virtues and his pills are so well
known
That envy can't confine them under
stone
But they'll survive his dust and not
expire
Till all things else at th' universal
fire.
This verse is lost, his pills embalm
him safe
To future times without an epitaph.

In the peaceful burial ground of
Witley Church, in Surrey, I came upon
the grave of an imposter and charla-
tan of our own day, who fared less
fortunately than the quack of Charles
II's time. What was the composer of
epitaphs to say of the infamous Whit-
aker Wright? Well, on the cross of
gray marble above his grave in Witley
churchyard are carved these
words:

In Memory of
WHITAKER WRIGHT,
Born Feb. 9, 1848.
Died Jan. 26, 1904.

Lord of the Manor of Witley.
He Loved the Poor.

In his flamboyant, bragging way he
did play the grand seigneur to the
working people of his part of the
country, often paying them double
wages and giving them many a feast.
Anthony Hope, being told of the last
line in the inscription on Whitaker
Wright's monument, refused to be
affected, merely remarking with an al-
most American drawl, "Yes, and he
made enough of 'em."

On a ledger stone in the floor of
the north aisle of the nave of St. Al-
bans Abbey is this inscription:

In memory of
THOMAS SHEPPARD,
son of
Thomas & Mary Sheppard.

Great was my Grief, I could not rest:
God call'd me hence; He thought it
best;
Unhappy marriage was my Fate;
I did repent when it was too late.

As this woeful narrative is usually
covered by a piece of matting, the
traveler who delights in the curious
will have to ask the vergers to point it
out to him.

Near the porch of Shenleybury
Church, not far from St. Albans, is a
tombstone which bears these lines:

Silent in dust lies mould'ring here
A Parish Clerk of voice most clear;
None Joseph Rogers could excel
In history, but none so true.
Though snapp'd his line, laid by his
rod,
We build for him our hopes in God.

In this churchyard is an immense
yew tree which is said to date back
to the time of Athelstan, or even
earlier.

In Highgate Cemetery, on the north-
ern slopes of London, lies a man
who is commemorated in the kindest
of epitaphs because he was a profes-
sional sportsman without guile and
without reproach. Thus it reads:

LILLYWHITE.
"Born January, 1792; Died August,
1854.

"A name to be remembered long in
connection with the national game of
England, by the practice and tuition
of which for years he earned an honest

livelihood. Barely has man received
more applause in his vocation, few
have ministered to more happy hours
from an humble station. He achieved
a worldwide reputation teaching, both
by precept and example, a sport in
which the blessings of youthful
strength and spirit may be most inno-
cently enjoyed to the exercise of the
mind, the discipline of the temper and
the general improvement of the man.
This monument testifies to the respect
of the noblemen and gentlemen of
the Marylebone Cricket Club and of
many private friends to one who did
his duty in that state of life to which
it had pleased God to call him."

In this cemetery also rest George
Elliot, Dickens' parents and his daugh-
ter Dora, Karl Marx, Parepa Rosa and
Tom Sayers, the famous prize-fighter.
A dog carved in marble guards the
pugilist's tomb, and the head of the
animal has been worn smooth by the
caresses of innumerable people who
come to pay their tribute to the mem-
ory of a man who "always fought
fair."

Gentle George Du Maurier sleeps in
the burial ground across the road
from Hampstead Parish Church. Over
his grave is erected one of those curi-
ous wooden markers that are, I be-
lieve, of Breton origin and look like
the footboard of an old-fashioned bed.
Upon it in letters of gold appear these
words:

GEORGE BUSSON DU MAURIER.
Born in Paris, 6th March, 1834.
Died in London 8th October, 1896.
And beneath are two lines of the
stanza that may be called the leit
motif of "Trilby":

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing and so—good-bye.

Sadder than any epitaph was the
aspect of the house a few squares
away where Du Maurier lived until
within a year of his death. There,
half-blind and brave, he spent his
most glorious years, and a tablet re-
cords the fact that it was his home
from 1874 to 1895. The house looks
deserted and forlorn. At a corner of
the garden wall rises the huge sign of
a renting agent, "New Grove House"
is described as having been "for many
years the home of George Du Maurier"
and as an "excellent freehold, resi-
dence (with motor garage attached),"
and one is told where to apply for
terms and particulars.

The most beautiful epitaph I found
in all my cathedral wanderings ap-
pears on the south wall of Chester
Cathedral, just within the great west-
ern entrance. It reads:

JOHN MOORE NAPIER,
Captain H. M. 62 Regiment,
Died 1846 in Scinde.

The tomb is no record of high lineage;
his may be traced by his name.
His race was one of soldiers; among
soldiers he lived, among them
he died.

A soldier falling where numbers fell
with him in a glorious land,
yet there none died more gen-
erous, more daring, more gifted
or more religious.

On his early grave fell the tears of
stern and hardy men, as his had
fallen on the graves of others.
To the memory of their comrade, the
officers of the general staff in
Scinde erected this cenotaph.

The cadence of this, so simple, so
searching, haunts the mind like
mournful music. In the seventeenth
century a friend of the great and good
Matthew Parker, archbishop of Can-
terbury, wrote a laudatory epitaph
which he had the bad taste to show
to the primates. "I cannot," said the
holy man, not without a courtly hu-
mor, "assume the description of such
a character to myself, but I will so
make use of it as to attain as far as
possible the good qualities and virtues
it specifies."

Such, it seems to me, are the uses
of a good epitaph to the posterity that
pauses to contemplate it, and with
such an appeal the memorial on the
dark walls of Chester Cathedral
speaks to him who will tarry to muse
upon the record of the young sol-
dier's life, so brief, so simple, yet
breathing to unnumbered generations
the lesson of a deathless lesson, a beau-
tiful fact—James O'Donnell Bennett, in
Chicago Record-Herald.

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of
bed-wetting. There is a constitutional
cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Sum-
mers, Box W. 12, Windsor, Ont., will
send free to any mother her successful
home treatment, with full instructions.
Send no money, but write her today if
your children trouble you in this way.
Don't blame the child, the chances are
it can't help it. This treatment also
cures adults and aged people troubled
with urine difficulties by day or night.

An advertisement intended to be in
English was published recently in a
Geneva paper for a partner with 10-
000 francs, as the advertiser wished to
"exaggerate his business."

To know the
Martin-Orme
piano you must
see it. Send
your name and
address to-day
and we'll mail
you a descriptive
catalogue show-
ing photographs
of the instrument
and telling how
it's manufactured.

Many styles and many
prices, but only one qual-
ity—the best.
If the Martin-Orme
Piano is not represented
near you, we will ship a
piano to your address, in
any part of Canada.
Write for prices and
terms. Old instruments
bought and sold at a liberal
valuation.

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security, when buying a Dress Suit
or Tuxedo. "Progress Brand" label
means a perfection of fit, that no merchant
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"Progress Brand"
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"Progress Brand" label means cloth of a
richness and elegance that is exclusive with
these garments.

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satisfaction with fit, fashion, fabric and wear.

"Progress Brand" label means that you
pay just about one-half of what merchant
tailors charge,
when they are able
to turn out any-
thing so fine.

And the "Progress
Brand" label means
that the suit must
be thoroughly
satisfactory, or "money back."

"Progress Brand" Evening Clothes are
made in both Full Dress and Tuxedo Suits,
and separate Tuxedo Coats and Vests.

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J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

LORD YOUNG
A FAMOUS WIT

ENGLISH ADVOCATE AND JUDGE
WHO SAID BRILLIANT
THINGS.

To define wit is not easy. It resem-
bles yet is distinct from humor, which
requires benignity of the soul. Humor
is a radiation, wit a concentration. Both
have the quality of light, but humor
glows while wit glitters.

Now, judicial wit, while it may be
caustic, or hard and keen, or purpose-
ful, or even gay—though this is a rare-
ty—tends, indeed, to heaviness. It is
more often than not a bludgeoning stroke.
And in this particular quality the wit
of the late Lord Young was not always
deficient. He said many inimitable
things; he said some things which
many would not care to imitate. His
reported sayings would fill a volume.
Since his death the daily press has been
full of them; and not a few household
words. Who has not heard of the
Macedonals, who turn up in the most
unexpected places? He was, indeed, a
man of ready wit and of an infinite
courage. No situation appalled him.
When an advocate his fame rested as
much upon his powers of vigorous and
pointed repartee as upon his legal ac-
umen and argumentative dexterity. It
was impossible to corner him. Two
stances occur to us by way of illustra-
tion. On one occasion he was arguing
before the court a difficult case con-
cerning the interpretation of certain
clauses in a will, and having, as the
saying goes, "the wrong end of the
stick," was being subjected to a drop-
ping fire from the bench, which tried
his patience sorely. At last, when he
had stated a somewhat strong propo-
sition, Lord Deas interrupted with the
remark, "That's a startling propo-
sition, Mr. Young. I wouldn't care to
come back to find my will being inter-
preted on these lines!" "God forbid
that your lordship should!" exclaimed
Mr. Young.

Again, he was appearing for the de-
fense in a case in which a messenger-
at-arms was being sued for damages for
illegal practices in the perfor-
mance of his duty in executing a war-
rant. The defense was that it was not
the messenger's business to exercise
his individual judgment, but merely to
comply with the instructions contain-
ed in the warrant. The judge demur-
red to this proposition, and by way of
clenching the matter, said, "What
would you say, Mr. Young, if I were
to issue a warrant authorizing a mes-
senger to strip a man naked in the
High Street?" "I would say it was time
your lordship's friends were looking
after your lordship," came the quick
reply. These are but specimens of
the hard hitting in which, as counsel,
Lord Young indulged.

Lord Young sat as a member of Par-
liament for nine years, and enjoyed in
London a considerable reputation as a
sayer of good things; but these say-
ings have not come down to the present
generation in the Parliament House.
One, indeed, is related by Grant Duff.
Lord Advocate Young
sat beside Grant Duff when an impor-

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PURE WOOL

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there is no shrinking or loss in softness and elasticity in

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comfort.
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ant division in which the Government
were not sure of a majority was about
to take place. Duff expressed the pre-
valing uneasiness. "Oh," said the
Lord Advocate, "that's all right.
A—" (naming one of the leaders of
the recalcitrant section) "has just run
up to Mr. Gladstone wagging his tail."
In 1874 Lord Young took his seat on
the bench in the Outer House. He
was an ideal judge. "Patience and
gravity of bearing," wrote Lord Bacon,
"is an essential part of justice; and
an ever-speaking judge is no well-
tuned cymbal." Lord Young was not
patient, and it must be allowed that
the cymbal was often out of tune. He
rushed through his work at a rate
which took the ordinary man's breath
away—so fast, indeed, that ever and
again his roll stood empty.

On circuit, expedition was his watch-
word, and woe betide the advocate de-
pute who did not fall in with his ways.
When his lordship came into court
the prisoner must be in the dock, nor was
the first witness in the box; nor was
it necessary nor indeed expedient to
lead up gradually to the point of the

LEE HING LAUNDRY.

Shirt collars ironed so well not hurt neck.
Stain up collars ironed so well will not be
broken. Ladies' dresses fitted. Vests ironed.
Goods called for and delivered. JOHN
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