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**FRESH FISH IS OUR SPECIALTY**  
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here, defies comparison. TRY IT next time.

**GEORGE C. HUNT**  
Apothecary  
QUEEN STREET

### HUMOROUS TOMBSTONES.

In the churchyard of St. John, Worcester, is an epi-  
taph which, if brevity is the soul of wit, has high claim  
on that character:

Honest John  
's dead and gone.

Here are some miscellaneous grotesques:

To all my friends I bid adieu,  
A more sudden death you never knew,  
As I was leading the old mare to drink,  
She kicked and killed me quicker'n a wink.

On an East Tennessee lady:

She lived a life of virtue and died of cholera morbus,  
caused by eating green fruit, in hope of a blessed im-  
mortality, at the early age of 21 years 7 months and 1  
day. Reader, "Go thou and do likewise."

The following was composed by three Scotch friends  
to whom the person commemorated had left a legacy,  
with the hope expressed that they would honor him by  
some records of their regrets. The first friend composed  
the line which naturally opened the epitaph:

Provost Peter Patterson was Provost of Dundee.

The second added:

Provost Peter Patterson here lies he.

The third could suggest no other conclusion than:

Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

The following must be taken as a fling at a noble pro-  
fession:

Here lies the corpse of Dr. Chard  
Who filled the half of this churchyard.

This is as bad as the unkind hint conveyed in the fol-  
lowing, in a churchyard near Newmarket:

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,  
Who never did aught to vex one,  
Not like the woman under the next stone.

Domestic troubles have been laid bare on the tomb-  
stone from the time of the Greeks and Romans. Here  
is a piece of atrocious doggerel to be seen in Selby church-  
yard, in Yorkshire:

Here lies my wife, a sad slattern and a shrew;  
If I said I regretted her I should lie too.

The following which frequently appear in collections  
of epitaphs, are not credited to any locality, and may be  
mere wandering bits of epigrammatic misogyny:

This dear little spot is the joy of my life;  
It raises my flowers and covers my wife.

I am not grieved, my dearest wife,  
Sleep on—I've got another wife:  
Therefore I cannot come to thee,  
For I must go and live with she.

My wife's dead, and here she lies,  
No man laughs, and no man cries;  
Where she's gone, or how she fares,  
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,  
But dead as a door nail and God be thankit.

In the following the tables are turned:  
Here lies the body of Mary Ford,  
Whose soul, we trust, is with the Lord;

But if for hell she's changed this life,  
'Tis better than being John Ford's wife.  
and the one on Mr. Box:

Here lies one Box within another,  
The one of wood was very good;  
We cannot say so much for t'other.

Also the famous one on Sir John Strange:  
Here lies an honest lawyer,  
That is Strange!

A "happy conceit" it was doubtless thought in 1860  
to write over a member of Parliament named White:

Here lies a John, a burning, shining light,  
Whose name, life, actions, all alike were White!

The following is by Swift on the Earl of Kildare:  
Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill?  
Death killed Kildare—who dare kill whom he will.

Here are a few miscellaneous examples, the first on  
a Mr. Fish:

Worms are bait for fish; but here's a sudden change;  
Fish is bait for worms—is not that passing strange?

On William Button in a churchyard near Sanbury:

O sun, moon, stars and ye celestial piles,  
Are graves, then, dwindled into Buttonholes?

Is the satire in the following examples intentional?

Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged 80  
years. She lived with her husband fifty years and died  
in the confident hope of a better life.

Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally  
killed in the 45th year of his age. This monument  
was erected by his grateful family.

The English language is spoken by about  
125,000,000 persons, while the Chinese is spok-  
en by over 400,000,000.

England has one member Parliament to  
every 10,250 electors, Ireland one for every  
7,177, Scotland one for every 8,975, and Wales  
one for every 9,613.

No less than 44 persons, chiefly representing  
the old and wealthy Catholic families of Great  
Britain, have given £1000 each to the building  
fund of the new Catholic cathedral at West-  
minster.

Sir Isaac Holden, the millionaire member of  
Parliament for Yorkshire, now nearly 90 years  
old, believes with John Wesley, that phosph-  
ates of lime, in which flour is so rich, are good  
for growing children, young people, young  
mothers, but shorten the life of the elderly, by  
making bones dense, and weighty muscles rigid,  
"furring" the large blood vessels like an old  
boiler, and "choking the capillary arteries."  
So he eats hardly any bread, his favorite food  
being oranges, bananas and meat. When he  
eats the latter he eats nothing else. Roast  
apples, with a tiny pinch of bicarbonate of  
soda to correct the acidity, and milk simil-  
arly treated, are important items of his dietary.

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