OLD ENGLISH VILLAGES.

CURIOUS RELICS OF THE EARLY DAYS OF BRITAIN.

Things Not Seen and Heard by the Ordinary Tourist-Places With Strange Histories

London, April 10.—All the thousands | songs they sung. of ancient English villagers, and with not half hundred exceptions, are here showed just as they were at the beginning of the century, and just as we have poured over them in the best old works of English ficttion. Not only this, but hundreds of modern villages with winsome olden architecture in the habilament of Elizabethan and heretic, Harriet Martineau, stands bright even earlier Tudor times, enriched with luxurious parking and intelligent floriculture, and windows filled with ruddy English faces, have been added to the mossier olden stock.

Even in the conjested districts of Lancashire, Yorkshire, northern Warwickshire, Staffordshire and Shropshire, not an forever from the British educational system ancient village has passed from sight, save where a town or city has grown within and around it; and, where factory towns are so | fell-side is sweeter still because you see thick that clusters of chimney-stacks crowd | through its tiny cottage panes the wraith every acre of the horizon like giant spears of above some mighty encircling camp, there between still stand the ancient hamlets, more witching for the grimy fellowship of trade: an endless solace to eye and heart of those who ceaseless toil.

The wealth of number of these olden villages in Kent alone would confound the Dryasdusts and the iconoclasts of rural England. It is with a thrill of delight that vou wander through Saltwood, peeping out between leafy hills upon the glorious sea; and chimneys and charmingly picturesque Lyminge, mossy and still beside the most old mill-house; Haslemere with its high ancient church of southern Kent, so ancient and graceful chimneys; Chiddingford, that in its walls are actually seen every specimen of ecclesiastic architecture from Saxon to Perpendicular, so ancient still that St. Edilberga, one of its patron saints and daughter of the Saxon King Ethelbert, who reigned more than 1,000 years ago, lies buried within; Erith with its unique | moats; and, with scores more, winsome old old houses, its winding lanes of green, Cranleigh, where, at Baynards, Jane Roper, history of her case for publication, Mrs. banks of chalk, shadowy combes and tender uplands; Cobham, leafiest, snuggest and prettiest of all Kentish villages, with its lordly park, its stately-towered church and brasses of 600 years in memory of the noble Cobhams, and its "Leather Bottle" inn made famous in the immortal pages of along the Avon almost to the river's brink. Pickwick; beautiful old Shorne, girdled You will have no need for an inn. With with massive e'ms and richest orchard your yeoman companion you will be welbloom; and an hundred more, set along the lane-girt downs, clustering in the woody Weld, or nestling among the Kentish orchards and hop gardens, with their rows of cottages and white-washed walls, dormer windows, thatched roots and gardenfronts each a maze of fuschias, pinks, carnations and roses; and all of them from an hundred to a thousand years old.

Who is there to fitly describe or paint the droning old villages of that curious at last!" English region variously known as the "Norfolk Broads," "The Broad District" and the "Nortolk and Suffolk Fens," where, as at Dilham and Rustop, many an old daub-and-wattle cottage may be seen? It is a land of lagoons; of grassy dykes; of ghostly wind-mills as huge and as numerous as in Holland; of rich and low lying farm steadings interspersed by " broads " of sedgy, shallow lakes; of mighty herds of cattle and sheep; of duck, widgeon, mallard and coot; of picturesque inns-of-call of Coventry; St. Osyth, with its remarkable half hidden among corpses of willow; of ruined castles, abbeys and priories whose ancient moats are now serving as marketgardeners' canals; of grey old hamlets set | bacon" prize for conjugal felicity. about with clumps of pollard oaks; and of a peasantry as simple, brave and true as in good old Sir John Fastolt's days-not Shakespeare's unctious knave of the "Merry Wives," but of the real Fastolf who roundabout royal Windsor. volorously fought the Battle of Herrings and soundly drubbed the French.

The eventide pictures from some of these old waterside hamlet porches are worthy the brush of a Turner or a Millet. As the sun goes down in forests of waving reeds, it flames the thatches of hamlets on opposite shore, weirdly lights the arms of the spectral wind-mills, bringing to a looming nearness the grim Norman towers of far olden churches, or gilds the evied top of some medieval rum as with gold. As it sinks from sight the waters of the Broads are for a moment purple, then pitchy black, when instantly the stars are shining in the depths above and from the waters beneath with a shimmering luster enveloping all. Then the songs and chirps of myriad insects; the whirr and splash of late-homing water-towl; and the witching, whispered soughing of the breeze in the rushes and the reeds.

Up in Cumberland and Westmoreland, what loving wraiths of memory are conjured when basking in the glowing beauty of slumberous, verdure-clad, blossom-bowered Keswick, Grasmere, Rydal, Ambleside and Bowness! Here in old Keswick town dwelt and sang, and lies buried in Crossthwaite church-yard, near the murmurings of the Greta he so loved, that high-souled poet of pensive remembrance and meditative calm, Robert Southey. Here, too, the unhappy Coleridge passed the most fruitful, though still the most miserable, years of his baleful slavery to a deadly drug; and with his girl-wife, Harriet, Shelley here knew the only happy hours of his unfortunate life. In ancient Grasmere—Grasmere of ancient "rush-bearing" iame; Grasmere with perhaps the oldest and certainly the quaintest samples and directions to C. Alfred Chouchurch in England; Grasmere where the illou, Montreal.

brave old dame soundly walloped the Prince of Wales for "harrying" her sheep;-Thomas De Quincey lived in his dream-life madness; and, in St Oswald's church-yard sleep Hartley Coleridge and William Wordsworth, beside the beauteous Rothay' which, and Quaint Legends of the Days of Auld leaping from sequestering meadows, gives back along the old church-wall the deathless

That one whose memory gives to the organ-tones of the two cascades of Rydal their wondrous heart-thrilling power, who is first and last when your eyes of fancy penetrates the past, is Wordsworth, who lived on Rydal mount, above the hamlet, for forty sunlit years. Sturdy, iconoclastic, yet true and practically Christian if still and clear in the picture among the bloss-oms of songtul Ambleside. Christopher North with his huge frame and benign face, as if the very spirit of the lovely region shone from his kindly eyes, makes these village ways sunnier for his strong, sure tread. With him, though later, you will see another one, firm, calm, tender, noble, one who through his labor at Rugby swept the rule of brutality and dread, lofty-souled, noble Dr. Arnold; while old Bowness huddling between the highway and the good Felicia Hemans, with a tinge sadness in her pallid, patient face.

Pleasant indeed is a week's idle loitering among the villages of Surrey. Some of the most picturesque timbered cottages of England can be found among these ancient hamlets. Sleepy old Godalming was once a nest of tuller's homes, and numbers of these habitations are still in good preservation. At Shere, the former home of the earls of Ormond and the noble house of Audley, and roundabout are wondrously interesting lanes of cottages. Besides, there are Wonersh, with its fine gables where glass was first made in England, with its fine fourteenth century cottages and famous old Crown Inn; Witley, with its church-tower surmounted by a spire as quaint as that of Stoke Poges, and its cottages which are in every artist's sketchbook: Alford, most primitive of Surrey villages, with its curious ironwork and ago. In answer to the question as to wife of the younger Sir Edward Bray, so | Horning replied that she had not. "I con-

posited in St. Dustans', Canterbury. You will never heed the passing hours if, afloat upon the Avon, you set out in quest of English villages within the western shires. The thatches of the hamlets lean everywhere comed everywhere at night among the village peasantry. By and by you come to the vales among the Cotswolds. Then will you see hamlets and villages dotting the valleys, embedded in gardens, perched upon the heights, in settings of lush orchards, waving fields within checkered lines of hawthorn hedges or denser rows of limes, and these in turn backed by banks of forest cailed in consultation agreed with him. I primeval; all in such droning quiet, ample content and smiling opulence that, full of the winey exultation of it all, you again and sufferings. Neighbors came in, 25 or 30 again irresistibly exclaim, "Here is Arcady every day, and every time they went away

In Essex one could wander for a whole summer and never tire of its mossy nooks lake Thaxted, with its long straggling street of many-gabled homes, its exquisite church, its strange Moot Hall and its noble relic, Horham Hall; Cogshall, with its mouldering abbey ruins and curious "Wool-pack" inn; Saffron Walden, hot-bed of Essex superstitions, with its ruined castle, wonderful old houses and antique Sun Inn which has set the Essex antiquarians endlessly by the ears; Finchingfield with its jumble of cottages piled one upon another and its quaint timber-built almshouses, like those church, splendid old priory and marvelously beautiful gateway; and little Dunmow, straggling, tiny hamlets that it is, but tamous the world over for its olden "Flitch of

you know the indescribably interesting and and beautiful rural England of today, come here where the shires of Bucks, Berks and Surrey join, and saunter for but a day

At Chertsey, but nine miles' distant, once tamous for its abbey, lived and died the poet Cowley, while Albert Smith, author of "Christopher Tadpole." and many other charming works of fiction, was born in the same quaint old village. Datchet, on the Thames, about a mile from Windsor, has the remains of a very ancient monastery; while Datchet Mead was rendered famous by Shakespeare in his "Merry Wives of Windsor.

But four miles distant is the quaint and sequestered village of Horton. In this, at Berkyn Manor House, lived Milton, with his tather and mother when they retired glad you called as I am sure I would now from business in 1632, and here were written his "Comus," 'Arcades," 'Lycidas," 'L'Allegro" and "Il Penserero." At Old Windsor, two miles down the river, is one of the most impressive old yew and cypress shaded churchyards in England. Its Moat Farm was the hunting seat of Saxon kings. Mrs. Robinson, the authoress and the unfortunate Perdita, is buried here; and its such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia. Beaumont Lodge, was the former home of partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Warr n Hastings.

Bray is but five miles distant, up the Thames. The "Vicar of Bray," one Symonds, was that spiritually vivacious cleric who changed his religion four times, at Slough, two miles to the north, is the | mental worry, overwork or excesses of any house occupied so long by Sir William Herschel, and you will see here a part of his great forty-foot telescope; while two miles further, beyond meadows green, nesthome of the Penns, near which is the mossy old parish church and hamlet of Stoke Poges, where was written the purest and EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

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During the past two years many of our most reputable exchanges have given accounts of wonderful cures occurring in the localities in which they were published. These cures were all effected by a remedy that has made for itself the most remarkable reputation of any medicine ever brought before the notice of the public; so remarkable indeed that it is a constant theme of conversation, and the name among the most tamiliar household words. We reter to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Many of the cases published, told the story of people given up by doctors, and who were on the very threshold of the other world when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to their notice. The cases reported were in most instances distant from Dundas and for this reason might not be considered of more than passing interest. For the past month, however, the report was current in town of a wonderful cure accomplished by these same pills in the township of Ancaster. It was stated that Mrs. D. S. Horning, wife of a prominent tarmer, residing about a mile west of the village of Copetown and seven miles from Dundas, had been given up by the doctors, and that she had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So great was the interest taken in the case that the Star decided to investigate it, and a few days ago a representative went up to the Horning homestead for that purpose. In passing through Copetown he learned that very little else was talked of but the remarkable recovery of Mrs. Horning. Possibly the fact that both Mrs. Horning and her husband were born in the immediate neighborhood, and are presumably known to everybody in the country around, increases the interest in the case. The Star man on arriving at the Horning residence was admitted by Mrs. Horning herself. She looked the picture of health, and it was hard to believe that she was the same woman who was at death's door four months whether she had any objection to giving a long kept the head of her father, ill-tated sider that my recovery was simply miracul-Sir Thomas More, which was finally de-ous; I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all the credit, and I am willing that everybody should know about it." Mrs. Horning then gave the following history of her remark-

"A year ago I was taken ill with what the doctor called spinal affection, which finally resulted in partial paralysis, my legs from the knees down being completely dead. My tongue was also paralyzed. On the first of July last I took to my bed, where I laid for tour months. No tongue can tell what I suffered. I was sensible all the time and knew everything that was going on, but I could not sleep for the intense pain in my head. Our family doctor said I could not live, and three other doctors felt myself that it would be only a short expecting that it was the last time they would see me alive. I quit taking doctors' medicine and gave up all hope. About four months ago a friend came in and read an account in the Toronto Weekly News of the miraculous recovery of an old soldier named E. P. Hawley, an inmate of the Michigan Soldiers' Home, at Grand Rapids. The story he told exactly tallied with my condition, and it was on that account that I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. When I began taking Pink Pills I was so ill that I could only take halt a pill at a time for the first few days. Then I was able to take a whole one after each meal, and have continued taking them. After I had taken over a box I began to experience a strange tingling sensation all over my body, and from that out I began to improve. In a month I could walk with a cane or by using a chair, from one room And if all these were not enough to make to another. My general health also improved. In fact, my experience was like that of the old soldier, whose case had induced me to give the pills a trial. While taking the pills at the outset I had my legs bathed with vinegar and salt and rubbed briskly. It is now four months since I began taking the Pink Pills, and from a living skeleton, racked incessantly with pain, I have as you see been transformed into a comparatively well woman. I am doing my own housework this week and am free from all pain and sleep well. When my neighbors come to see me they are amazed, and I can tell you there is great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this section,

> be dead it it had not been for Pink Pills." Mrs. Horning stated that she purchased the Pink Pills at Mr. Comport's drug store in Dundas, and Mr. Comport informed us that his sales of Pink Pills are large and

> and many are using them. When I began taking Pink Pills I made up my mind that

it I got better I would have the case pub-

lished for the benefit of others, and I am

constantly increasing.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing Vitus' dance, nervous prostration and the tired teeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrotula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow in successive reigns, that he might die in to Pale sallow complexions and are a specihis "living." At Beaconsfield, to the north near Wilton Park, was the home of Waller, system, and in the case of men they effect the poet, and Burke, the statesman Here a radical cure in all cases arising from

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., and Schenedtady, N. Y., and ling in clumps of yew and oak, is the olden | are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade-mark (printed in red ink) and wrappers, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' sweetest elegy to be found in the English | Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope as I was.

to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these rills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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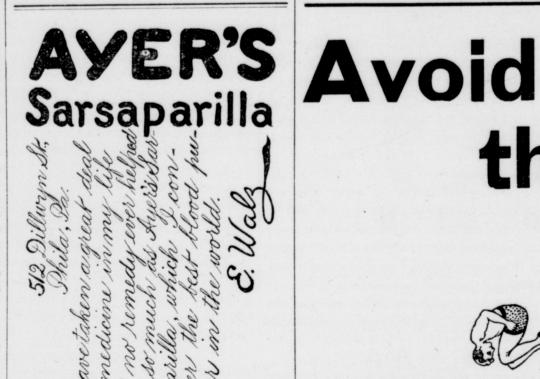
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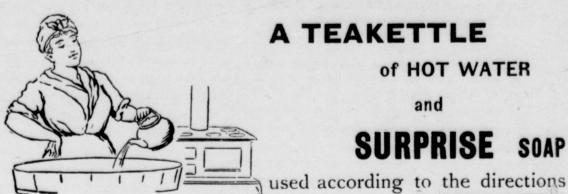
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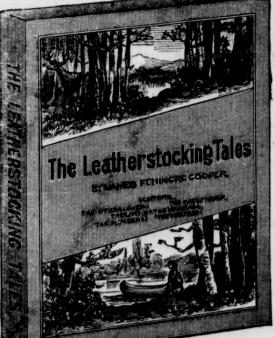
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