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JOHN SPEIGHT.
Acton, Feb. 10, 1877.

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LADIES' NAMES.

There is a strange deformity,
Combined with countless graces,
As often in the ladies' names
As in the ladies' faces.
Some names are fit for every age,
Some passing sweet and musical,
Some horribly uncouth;
Some fit for dames of loftiest grades,
Some only fit for scullery maids.

Ann is too plain and common,
And Nancy sounds but ill,
Yet Anna is endurable,
And Annie better still;
There is a grace in Charlotte,
In Eleanor a state,
An elegance in Isabel,
A haughtiness in Kate;
And Sarah is sedate and neat,
And Ellen innocent and sweet.

Matilda has a sickly sound
Fit for a nurse's trade,
Sophia is censorious,
And Esther sage and staid;
Elizabeth's a matchless name,
Fit for a queen to bear—
In castle, cottage, hut, or hall,
A name beyond compare,
And Bess and Bessie follow well,
But Betsy is detestable.

Maria is too forward,
And Gertrude is too gruff,
Yet coupled with a pretty face,
A pretty name enough;
And Adeline is fanciful,
And Laura is too fine,
And Emily is beautiful;
And Mary is divine;
Maud only suits a high-born dame,
And Fanny is a baby name.

Eliza is not very choice;
And Jane is proud and cold,
Martha is somewhat sorrowful,
And Lucy blunt and bold;
Amelia is too light and gay,
Fit only for a flirt,
And Caroline is vain and shy,
And Flora smart and pert;
Louisa is too soft and sheek,
But Alice gentle, chaste and meek.

And Harriet is confiding,
And Clara grave and mild,
And Emma is affectionate,
And Janet arch and wild;
And Patience is expressive,
And Grace is old and rare;
And Frances warm and dutiful,
And Margaret frank and fair.
And Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
Are heavenly names for sisters three.

Rebecca for a Jewess,
Rose for a country belle,
And Agnes for a blushing bride,
Will suit exceeding well;
And Phœbe for a house wife,
Joanna for a prude,
And Rachel for a gipsy.
And Judith for a scold and churl,
And Susan for a sailor's girl.

A FIFE GRAVEDIGGER.

The individual referred to in the following sketch having been grossly overlooked by Dean Ramsay and other writers of that ilk in their narrations of the eccentricities of the Scottish gravedigger or sexton in the olden time, and being a thorough specimen of his class, we think that a brief notice of some of the peculiarities of his character might be found worthy of the perusal of the reader.

Dauvid, as he was commonly called, (he did not like Davie, it being too common), was the minister's man, and sexton of C——' a rural parish in the "Kingdom of Fife," and, like the majority of the folks in that quarter, was rather opinionative and hard-headed.

He held a very high estimate of himself, the ordinary parishioner being altogether below his notice, and even looked at times upon his worthy master as a secondary personage to himself. At the nightly gatherings in the smith's shop and other such coteries, Dauvid was the leading oracle. Should a political or ecclesiastical question, or any matter of local note be the subject of discussion, his views were heard with the greatest deference, and invariably acceded to. He was, in short, a sort of village Rhadamanthus. In all disputes his decision was final.

His failings, it is needless to mention, were many, and these, we are sorry to say, did not always "lean to virtue's side," but rather, as the sequel will show, inclined the other way.

Dauvid's duty on Sunday was to open the church, ring the bell for a quarter of an hour or so before service, and to carry the books to the pulpit. This latter duty he performed with such grace and unction that a stranger, one who knew not Dauvid, on observing his slow and measured step in ascending the pulpit stairs, the care he took in the placing of the "books," and the stand of a second or two with eyes slightly upturned before slowly descending, must have thought him one who was not only deeply impressed with the duties of his office, but a person almost without guilt. Those who knew Dauvid personally viewed the matter in a different light.

His duty during the rest of the week was to attend to the cultivation of the glebe, gravedigging, and any odd job that might be required about the manse. As to the gravedigging, to use his own words, "it payed weel eneuch, but there was so little o't; that the Fife folks were quick breeders but slow dee'rs, auld age takin' the maist awa' that cam' his way."

The rev. Mr. B——, being old and infirm, and having great confidence in his servant, left him to manage things, as he thought best, and Dauvid having no great inclination to work, was not slow in taking advantage of the trust reposed in him. Having plenty of spare time on his hands and being particularly fond of a dram, he was generally, when his funds would admit, to be found in the village inn with one or more drouthy cronies.

Of the many stories that are told of the shifts he was put to, and the schemes he concocted to get his favorite beverage, we give the following:—On one occasion having a job on hand, a farmer in the neighborhood having died, or, according to Dauvid, had broken his lease and taken one of his smaller farms (we may mention, by the way, that Dauvid held himself up as a pattern landlord, none of his tenants ever thinking of leaving after they once settled down) and thinking that a little whiskey would greatly expedite the work, he was determined if possible to get a supply, but was almost put to his wits' end as to how it could be managed. Jock D——, another worthy whom he had called to assist, was equally dry, and at as great a loss. It must be remembered that they had no kind "uncle" then as a now-a-days to apply to in such a strait, so that in the absence of credit other means to raise the wind had to be resorted to, which often required a good deal of planning.

After the two had thought over the matter for some time apparently to little purpose, a bright idea seemed to strike Dauvid, and he remarked—

"What dae ye think to try himsel' John?" meaning the minister.

"It's a' yo'll hae for't," was the answer.

Merely saying it was "worth a trial, at anyrate," and telling him to "wait a wee," he made straightway for the manse. On arriving and getting an audience of the minister, the following conversation took place, Dauvid opening the subject with—

"That calf o' oor's is in a bad way, sir, and I think it's oor duty to try and do something for'd."

"What is like the matter, Dauvid?"

"Deed, sir, it's hard to say. Last night it appeared to be weel eneuch, but this mornin' I noticed that it had ta'en an awfu' shiverin." It has a sair hoast, puir beast—jist a wauf o' cauld, nae doot, but the suner it's lifted the better."

"Well, you know more about these things than I do, Dauvid. What remedy would you advise?"

"Weel, sir, I think a little speerits and some sulphur, in hot water, micht dae some gude; it's aboot the best thing for a cauld, baith for man and beast."

The whiskey with the sulphur and water was at once ordered to be given to Dauvid, which on being got he repaired to his friend John, who was standing rather disconsolately where he had left him, not having much faith in the result of Dauvid's mission. On getting a sight at the bottle, however, he became quite elated, and asked Dauvid "Hoo in a' the earth he had managed to come roond him?"

After giving an outline of the conversation between himself and the minister, Dauvid advised that the calf should be "doctored" at once, as they did not know how soon he might take a step across to see how matters stood. On reaching the byre they found their patient, which it is needless to say had all appearance of being sound both in wind and limb, and laying the bottle containing the spirits aside for their own use, commenced to sponge it all over with the warm water into which the sulphur had been placed, and carefully covering it up with rugs, it was not long in perspiring profusely.

After some time as Dauvid had rightly anticipated, the minister was not long in making his appearance, and on part of the covering being removed his attention was drawn to the sweatening process that the animal was undergoing, showing the powerful and beneficial effects of the stimulant. Being much pleased with the result, after praising his servant for his veterinary skill, he left, no doubt highly satisfied that his temporal interests were so well looked after. Immediately after the departure of the good man, the whiskey was brought forth, and a dram drunk by each to the speedy recovery of the calf, and the brilliant success of their scheme. Being thus fortified, taking the bottle with them, the two worthies left for the churchyard to open the grave for the deceased farmer. Dauvid was not long in measuring off the ground, and giving his assistant strict injunctions to be particular with the job as it was to be a "gude beyin' ane," they commenced to work in earnest, and were not long in coming to the required depth. When almost finished, whether from the frequent application to the bottle and not seeing very clearly, both being pretty far gone by this time, or not being well up to his work, Jock by some mischance or other undermined the tombstone which stood at the head of the grave in a somewhat slanting position, and which toppled over and fell flat on the opening. The two having barely time to save their heads, had to bring themselves to a sitting position at the bottom, and were immured in almost total darkness. Finding after many trials that with their united efforts they were unable to raise the stone so as to gain an exit, they were obliged to have recourse to their voices, and, bawling their loudest, their cries were not long in attracting the attention of a son of St. Crispin whose house was in close proximity to the graveyard. The quiet of the village being seldom disturbed by any such noise, the shoemaker thought, no doubt, that there must be something wrong, and hurried over with all speed to the spot from whence the cries proceeded. On viewing things, he, to use the stereotype phrase, took in the situation at a glance, and, being waggishly inclined, was determined to make the most of Dauvid in his dilemma, and to have some fun before relieving him out of his fix. Bending over the stone, he remarked in answer to Dauvid's earnest appeal to lift the stone and save him from being smothered, that he would be glad to oblige him, but that it was a business he did not care aboot middlin' wi', that perhaps it would be better to bring Dauvid, the man who put him in, and who had full charge of the kirkpary, and moreover it might be the means of enlightening the old man in a matter that he had often expressed grave doubts about, and in fact had denied altogether, like the Sadduces of old, for though a minister's man he was bound to say that Dauvid was never very sound in the faith.

Dauvid, who had sat listening, not in the best moods it may be supposed, called him a bletherin fule, and again asked him to lift the stone.

Jack, who had said nothing up till this, also pressed for more light and air, and threatened what would be done if immediate steps were not taken for their release.

"Gudesake, are their mair o' ye? are ye a' to be up thegither? I maun ower for Dauvid at once, for he'll hae his wark afore him, puir man, but ye may depend he'll no lift for naething, and it's no to be expected that ye can hae onything tae gie him. Deed freends, on second thochts, not speak o' the expense ye wud be pit tae, I would advise ye a' (for gude kens hoo mony's o' ye) jist tae turn ower on yere ither sides an' lie still; there's naething here but drouth and short corn, and should you hae as little pleasure as the maist o's that's here, ye'd be glad to get back. It was a bad, weary warld when ye left it nae doot, and I can assure ye its nae better yet, but gettin waur every day."

The answer to this harangue being in terms far from complimentary, they were told not to get angry but try and bear a little longer; that nae doot they would find their present quarters cauld and uncomfortable enough, considering the warm place they had very likely come from, but as they had appeared to have got the start, their being no signs of any general movement among them, Dauvid's attention would be drawn to them first, and that without delay.

Leaving on the pretence of getting Dauvid, he was not long in collecting a number of the villagers and letting them into the secret. They returned in a body to the churchyard, and after some little trouble raised the stone, and assisted Dauvid and his companion, both in a half-dazed state, to the surface.

Dauvid being asked to explain how they came to be so placed, laid the whole blame on his assistant, called him a bungling idiot, and that it all came through having to do wi' ane that kent naething aboot the trade, but that it wud be a lesson to him for times to come, to which the other naively replied that he thocht that a man that could bury himsel' and an experienced gravedigger at the same time could na be said to be very far back in the business.

The job having been finished by the assistance of those present in a tradesman-like manner, the party left, Dauvid very much crest-fallen, being sure that it would be long before he would hear the last of it, Jock slyly remarking to him on the way out that it was nothing but what he might have expected, after the lees he had tell't about the cauf.

Gratitude is the most dignified return you can lavish on your benefactors.

The Cost of Living.

Some very curious statistics have just been published pertaining to the comparative cost of living in New York and in the principal cities of Europe. The conclusion suggested by them is that, taking all things into account, it is really cheaper to live abroad than here. As a sample of the whole, the experience of an American lady may be given respecting London and New York. For ten years she resided in London, and for the last four in New York. She says "that fifty pounds a month amply sufficed in London to cover all housekeeping expenses which were in my department for a household of two, and sometimes three or four, grown up members, several children, and eight in-door servants. There was generally a dinner party once a week. These expenses included the wages of the women servants, but did not include taxes, coal, wine, or anything connected with the horses and stable. In New York, with only five servants and less company, the lowest monthly average is £80—$400. When I was in London a lady not going out very much could dress well and fashionably on $750 to $1,000 a year." In Ireland and Scotland it is possible to live still more cheaply. St. Petersburgh is said to be the dearest capital in Europe, whilst accommodation in Paris, dear though it be, is not so high priced as in New York, while it is quite as luxurious. Wealthy Frenchmen and Belgians live in a style which is certainly not surpassed by any people in this country.

How Children are Trained in Canada.

Mother.—Willie, go fetch a stick of wood.

Willie (Boy of twelve).—I've a sore finger, Sam, you go.

Mother.—Go Sam.

Sam, (Ten). I wunt. He can go well enough.

Mother.—You go, Andrew.

Andrew, (Eight) I wunt. They was told first.

Mother.—If you were any good, Minnie, you'd have brought some sticks.

Minnie (Girl of twelve with dirty face, sitting on chair).—I can't do everything.

Mother.—Can't you fetch a stick of wood, Joe?

Joe (Fourteen, whittling stick.—There's a knock at the door (escapes into the street).

Mother (Who has high notions of her children, and has let them have their own way from birth).—Well, must the fire go out?

Father (Roughly, in loud voice from corner where he is smoking). Be off some of you for wood, or I'll thrash you all around! (And the youngest boy goes crying).

N. B.—This sort of thing is far from uncommon, and Canadians wonder why old country children—who if saucy, generally have their ears boxed as soon as they know they have ears—get on better in the world, and possess more force and vigor of character than their own.—*Grip.*

A Punctuation Puzzle.

The following article forcibly illustrates the necessity of punctuation. It can be read in two ways, making it a very bad or a very good man, the result depending upon the manner which it is punctuated. It is well worthy the study of teacher and pupils: He is an old and experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found in opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of his neighbors he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no effort to subdue his evil passion he tries hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversity he pays great heed to the devil he will never go to heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of reward.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," yet a man caught by his wife dealing soft answers to a pretty widow next door, says he can show scars to prove that the proverb didn't work well in his case.

"Let me see," said the nurse of a sick man. "The doctor said one teaspoonful every ten minutes. That makes six every hour; say 72 during the night. I shall give him 72 spoonfuls right away, and have a chance to get a little sleep myself.

A Hard Winter Predicted.

Mr. Piazzi Smith, Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, writing to *Nature*, predicts a hard winter in that country: "Having recently computed the remaining observations of our earth thermometers here, and prepared a new projection of all the observations from their beginning in 1837 to their calamitous close last year, results generally confirmatory of those arrived at in 1870 have been obtained, but with more pointed and immediate bearing on the weather now before us. The chief features undoubtedly deducible for the past 39 years, after eliminating the more seasonal effects of ordinary summer, are: 1. Between 1837 and 1876 three great heat-waves, from without, struck this part of the earth, viz, the first in 1846-5, the second in 1858-0, and the third in 1868-7. And unless some very complete alteration in the weather is to occur, the next visitation may be looked for in 1879-5, within limits of half a year each way. 2. The next feature in magnitude and certainty is that the periods of *minimum* temperature, or cold, are not either in, or anywhere near, the middle time between the crests of those three chronologically identified heat-waves but are comparatively close up to them on either side, at a distance of about a year and a half, so that the next such cold wave is due at the end of the present year."

A Gamin's Generosity.

There was crape hanging to a door on Beaubien street yesterday afternoon, and a boy six or seven years old stood at the gate with pale face and red eyes. A ragged, tobacco-chewing imp, about twelve years old, came slamming along, and he was making ready to stick his finger into the small boy's eye through the bars of the gate, when he caught sight of the crape.

"Sumbody dead?" he asked.

"Yes, my pa!" gasped the little one.

"Hokey, but that's tuff, exclaimed the imp, and he began searching his pockets. After discovering that his personal property amounted to three nails, an old cigar stub and a clay pipe, he said:

"See here, Bub, I'd like to give you candy, or a knife, or sumthin' to kinder make you feel good, but I can't do it. I'm dead and feelin' half sick, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I could chew you up in one minute, but you can come out here and I'll let you take me down and maul me, and I'll holler like a loon, and all the boys around here will think you are the wickedest fighter east of the avenue.

The small boy might have appreciated the motive, but he didn't accept the offer.

Plain Talk to a Girl.

Your every-day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or a sloven in the morning, is not too frustrated, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz.: A mirror, washstand, soap, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth brushes. Those are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good and free use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over improve your toilet.

Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress may, or may not be, anything better than calico, but with a ribbon or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed.

A dog with a tin pan attached to his tail is rarely willing to depend on the slow process. He will usually take the middle of the road and spread himself, no matter what happens to science or the basin.

A regular Hercules is brought up for aggravated assault. The Court,—Have you any one to defend you? Prisoner (picking up a chair):—"I can defend myself. Come on, all of you. (Cleans out court room.)

It is when a man is carrying a pound of honey on one arm, a bag of eggs on the other, and leading a bull dog by a string, and attempts to brush a fly off his ear, that he feels no man can be an expert in all things.

The mixture of one error with much truth adulterates the whole; as the chalice of pure liquid is rendered dangerous by the infusion of a drop of poison. We should therefore beware of error, however slight and inconsiderable it may appear. One error may soon lead to a hundred—aye to a thousand.

Alphabetical Curiosities.

The protean nature of the vowel sounds is familiar to all. A few amusing examples will show that the consonants are nearly as bad:

B makes a road broad, turns the air to a bear, and Tom into a tomb.

C makes limb climb, hanged changed, a lever clever, and transports a lover to clover.

D turns a bear to beard, a crow to crowd, and makes anger danger.

F turns lower regions to flower regions.

G changes eight into height.

K makes now known and eye keyed.

L transforms a pear into pearl.

N turns a line into linen, a crow to a crown, and makes one none.

P metamorphoses lumber into plumber.

Q of itself hath no significance.

S turns even to seven, makes hove shove, a word a sword, a pear a spear, makes slaughter of laughter, and curiously changes having a hoe to shaving a shoe.

T makes a bough bought, turns here there, alters one to tone, changes either to teither, and transforms the phrase "allow his own" to "tallow his town."

W does well, and g hose are whose, are becomes ware, on won omon women, so sow, vie view; it makes an arm warm, and turns a hat into—what?

Y turns far into fury, a man to many, to toy, a rub to ruby, ours to yours, and a lad to a lady!

A, B, C's for Business Men.

Attend well to your business.
Be punctual in your payments.
Consider well before you promise.
Dare to do right.
Envy no man.
Faithfully perform your duty.
Go not into the path of vice.
Have respect for your character.
Know thyself.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never profess what you do not practice.
Quarrel not with your neighbor.
Recompense every man for his labor.
Save some against a day of trouble.
Treat everybody with kindness.
Use yourself to moderation.
Villify no person's reputation.
Watchfully guard against idleness.
Xamine your conduct daily.
Yield to superior judgment.
Zealously pursue the right path & never give up.

The Burlington Amateur Rifle Club will send a team to compete for the prizes at the International contest next year. The club is going into arduous practice and training at once, and has already constructed on the South Hill grounds, that is the most complete in its way, and affords the finest scope for accurate shooting that we ever saw. The range consists of nine long stretches of two-inch gas pipe, eighty-five yards in length, the pipe being supported on trestles, at a distance of four feet from the ground. In practice the rifleman sticks the muzzle of his rifle into the home end of the gas pipe. The target bearer, sitting on the ground, then holds the target up against the other end, and the marksman fires at will. Thus far the practice has been very perfect, and only two misses have been made, and in one instance it was the fault of the target holder, who took the target away, out of pure malice, when he heard the bullet rattling down the pipe, and in the other instance it was the fault of the man who loads the gun, who put the bullet in first, and then filled the rifle with powder. If the Burlington boys go to Creedmoor or Wimbledon next year we know they will bring home the shield and cup, if they can get enough iron tubing to reach across the range.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A CHEERFUL WIFE.—What a blessing to a household, is a merry, cheerful woman, one whose spirits are not affected by wet days or little disappointments—one whose milk of human kindness does not grow sour in the sunshine of prosperity! Such a woman, in the darkest hours, brighters the house like a piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles and the electrical brightness of her looks and movements infect everyone. The children go to school with the sense of something great to be achieved; the husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him through the day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "at home I shall find rest!" So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy. And, if you know a man with a beautiful face, a kind heart and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind