

you must do exactly as you are told."

So saying, and leaving some fresh directions with the nurse, the doctor departed.

The patient, John Dugdale, by name, was born at Pendleton, a suburb of Manchester, England, and was a practical engineer, having served his time in the great firm of Sharp, Roberts & Co., of that city. He had gone to India when he was about five and twenty, and had been employed, both on the Great Indian Peninsula, and the Bombay and Baroda Railways. He had prospered and saved some money, probably a lak of rupees, (\$50,000), when all at once, he threw up his appointment, and leaving India, had found his way to Canada, where he had been given some temporary work on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and had been stationed at Montreal, at the time the accident above related took place.

So rigidly did Dugdale obey orders that in eighteen days he left his bed, and in ten days more he was declared a perfect cure. He settled with the doctor, remarking that the pecuniary consideration could never wipe out the debt he owed, and finding that the kind nun, who had nursed him, would accept nothing in compensation, he gave a large donation to the hospital, observing, that though he was not a Catholic, he would be a brute, if he should ever speak ill of a religion, which could build and keep up such an institution.

"I hope and pray, you may one day have the faith," said the little nun, smiling as he took his leave.

"Nurse," he replied, shaking her by the hand, "there is one of the 'three,' you do not name, although you have it in superabundance." "Faith, Hope and Charity, but the greatest of these is Charity." "Good-bye, and God bless you."

And I do not think the nun felt the worse for the heretic's hearty benediction.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL.

The New York Musical Monthly for July, published by Richard A. Saalfeld, is on our table. It contains the usual number of popular musical compositions of a more or less meritorious character. The opening number is a song and chorus, by J. P. Skelly, "I've broken a heart to-day", a pleasant little waltz movement in B flat, and will no doubt have a fair run. The second number, "The Song for me," by Michael Watson, has a familiar appearance. The music of Home, Sweet Home, is adroitly introduced in the third strain of the second verse. It is followed by "Walter's Prize Song," from Wagner's Die Meistersinger, a number that will try the culture and capacity of amateurs. "Unless" is a song for alto and bass by Luigi Caracciolo, with words by Mrs. Browning. The instrumental portion of the contents consists of the "Humbo-Polska," a pretty, Slavonic dance measure by Miss Th. Kjellander; "Sobre Las Olas" a pretty, well-known waltz, which reminds us somewhat of the recent efforts at musical composition in Mexico, and



TEL. CLERK (LOQ)--JEEOSOPHA! HAVE I GOT'EM AGAIN OR DOES MY BRAIN REEL?
LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHWYRNDROBWLL-
LLANTYSILIOGOGOGOCH.

The Name of a Parish on the Anglesea side of Menai Bridge, which is its only name, and is in every day use, without a break or pause. The natives call the place 'Llanfair,' but as there are other Llanfairs in Wales, some description has to be added in postal addresses, that to Llanfair being "Pwllgwngyll," more commonly the whole is written "Llanfair P. G."

Literal Translation:—The Church of Saint Mary in a hollow of white hazel near to the rapid whirlpool and to St. Tysilio's Church, near to a red cave.

[The above is the longest word we know, and our illustration represents the effect on the telegraph clerk when the word was transmitted without abbreviation.]

the "Anna Yorke," by F. J. Smythe, an evidence that this popular dance is still retaining its hold upon lovers of the light fantastic exercise. The number concludes with a Military Schottische by A. J. Fisher, which contains as much good work as is usually found in the best compositions of its class.

WATER CARTS.

Dear "Mr. Antidote."—The kindness you accorded me in inserting my last letter, has encouraged me to address you again, more especially, as I was told by our mayor that my epistle was highly proper and ladylike! I hope you will not think I belong to the grumbling class, for indeed I do not, but I have another grievance to complain of, and as my father always used to warn me against the bad habit of sulking in silence over my troubles I will show my filial obedience and speak up. I have not seen very many fine days since I came to Montreal in fact the weather has been perfectly shocking—but lately we have had bright, clear skies, and then, as I dare say, you know, Montreal mud is quickly transformed into Montreal dust. It is awfully nice and refreshing, on a warm day, to have the streets well sprinkled by watering carts, but (oh these nasty butts) there is a proper as well as an improper way of doing every thing, and I regret I cannot approve of the method adopted in watering our streets. I presume the orders given to the carters are, to leave the crossings dry, but I am certain you will allow that this is never

done, except by accident, for almost invariably the carters shut off the water either on one side of the crossing or the other, and deluge the latter more than any other part of the street. Now, as you know,—or if you don't, you ought to do—Montreal ladies, in dry weather, (when blessed with it) wear light, thin shoes, as being both cool and becoming to their feet, and their feelings can be more easily imagined than described, on discovering a wet, instead of a dry crossing, to avoid which, they have to use that part of the dusty street the carter has left unsprinkled, and this at the risk of stepping into a pool of mud formed by the water from the aforesaid crossing. "Mr. Antidote" I am not an advocate for so-called Woman's Rights, and have therefore no hesitation in demanding the privileges of my sex, one of which is, that she may present to her admirers—and I know you are one of them—clean skirts and neat feet; yet between the spouts in wet, and the improperly watered streets in dry weather, she has really a very hard time of it. Is the age of chivalry indeed dead, and are there no knights, who will enter the lists on our behalf? Like Brutus, "I pause for a reply" and remain, —Ever Yours,

AMELIA WILKINS.

Miss Wilkins—we presume she is unmarried, although we should be sorry to suppose she ever looked "amiss" to her friends—has again struck a blot in our municipal government, and we recommend her letter to the attention of the Road Committee.