Er Winkin' His Eye.

Oh my wife run away wid er Guinea nigger man,
De debil am er winkin' his eye;
An she neber will shine wid de heabenly ban';
De debi lam er winkin' his eye.
he hit me wid er skillet and punched me wid er rail,
De debil am er winkin' his eye;
An' she knocked me down wid er white oak pail,
De debil am er winkin' his eye.

Oh, young sinner, lissen ter de gospul ho'n,
Oh, young sinner, pray ter de Lawd in de mo'n
Say, young, sinner, whut's yer gwine ter do fur yer soul?
Oh, young sinner, old Satan will drag yer in his hole.

Oh, de white folks 'cused me o' stealin 'o a sheep
De debil am er winkin' his eye;
Said I climbed in de lot when de people wuz er sleep;
De debil am er winkin' his eye
It wan't er sheep er tall, but a woolly little lam',
De debil am er winkin' his eye.
But da made ez much fus ez do I tuck de ram.
De debil am er winkin, his eye.

Oh, young sinner, ken yer play on de harp?
Oh, young sinner, yer'd better look sharp,
Say, young sinner, ef yer goes up er above,
Fur den, young sinner, yer kin fly like er dove.
—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

WHO?

Who wouldn't kiss
A pretty miss?
How could you e'er resist her?
Especially,
If she should be
Some other fellow's sister!

I'm sure that you
Would be too-too
Ut-ter-ly glad to do it,
But have a care
No brother's there.
Or you will surely rue it!

But on the sly,
With no one by,
Your arm her waist supporting
Lay back her head.
And then——, 'nough said,
Go, do your own sweet courting.

Manitoba and the Northwest.

Rapid City stores close at 8 p. m.

Battleford is agitating for a new cemetery.

Rowing is in full swing on the Moose Jaw.

A four lb. trout has been caught near Calgary.

The tree-planting fever has spread to Rapid City.

Troy post-office is to be called Qu'Appelle Station.

Flour is from $5 to $8 per sack at Fort McLeod.

Fort McLeod restaurants charge from $8 to $9 per week for board.

The stage fare between Edmonton and Calgary is $25; five days' ride.

The Assiniboines have again challenged the Garrys for the lacrosse championship.

The opening of the Calgary branch of the Bank of Montreal will be deferred for the present.

Sturgeon has been taken by means of nets and baskets on Battle River. Goldeyes and other fish are also taking bait freely.

Serious prairie fires are reported at Dundas, five having occurred in one day, and a good deal of damage being done.

Placer digging is being prosecuted on Canyon Creek, one party having secured about 18 ounces of gold this season.

Excellent reports are received of the crops from different sections in Manitoba, but the need of rain is beginning to be felt.

There is nothing new regarding the Pollock murder at Maple Creek. The belief is the Indians were from the United States and have retreated across the line. The Mounted Police were still in pursuit at last accounts.

The remains of C. McCarthy were found on Tuesday by J. Bannin about six miles from Rapid City, at the edge of a bluff a few hundred yards from Mr. Varcoe's house. An inquest was held on the remains by Coroner Cornell. The jury brought in a verdict of "Death from being lost on the prairie and from the inclemency of the weather."

Messrs. J. G. Brown and Lovejoy brought in from the Kootenai Lakes on Thursday a quantity of bear and other skins. They killed an immense grizzly bear there the other day just at the edge of the mountains, and within 100 yards of the house. They claim he would go nearly 1,000 pounds. The Nez Percee Indians killed a she grizzly and two small cubs.

On their line of march near Fort Qu'Appelle, the other day, the Indians broke into several of the settlers' houses and cleared out all the provisions they could lay their hands upon. Among those who suffered were Thos. Gorrall, Fred Withingham and Thos. Grey. The latter, whose loss was the heaviest, has secured a warrant for the arrest of Pie-a-pot.

Governor Bedson, of the Stoney Mountain Penitentiary, has turned his large herd of buffalo out on the prairie. The Stonewall *News* says they are all in good condition and prove that gentleman to be an adept at this kind of stock raising. His black bears, which have been in their dungeons all winter, look slick and fat after being out in the sun for a couple of weeks

The ranche leasing system is not working well in the West. The Interior, Department is trying to do two things which are incompatible, viz., to encourage ranching by granting leases and to encourage settlement, by allowing settlers to go in and defy the leases. The stockmen say it would be better to abolish leases, levy a tax per head on cattle and make the ranches free. The double-headed policy now pursued is injurious both to settlement and ranching.—*Winnipeg Sun.*

Payn's New Novel.

Mr. James Payn, the novelist, and editor of the "Cornhill Magazine," has arranged with a combination of American newspaper publishers for the simultaneous publication of his forthcoming novel, which is to be entitled "The Talk of the Town." The story is founded upon the events attending the production and ultimate detection and exposure of Ireland's Shaksperian forgeries. It introduces among its characters many of the famous actors and actresses of the time of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the scenes of the action are laid mostly at Stratford-on-Avon and London.

A project is on foot to erect a $500,000 hotel up town on Yonge street, Toronto, half way between the Esplanade and the Ontario & Quebec railway station, removed as far as possible from the noise and dust of the railways.

Irish News.

The new swivel bridge at Dublin is called the Butt Bridge.

A private in the Irish Constabulary gets £72 a year, with lodging, clothing and firing.

The grave of Charles J. Kickham, in Mullinahone, is still unmarked by a monument.

The census returns for 1881 give the population of Donegal at 206,035, or 12,299 less than in 1871.

Alexander Kickham, brother of the late Charles J. Kickham, committed suicide in New Ross, on May 3rd, by cutting his throat.

Wm. Jones, taxidermist, was recently accidentally poisoned while working in the establishment of Mr. Williams, naturalist, Dublin.

Lord Howth was, on the 8th of May, invested Knight of St. Patrick by the Lord-Lieutenant at a private chapel held at the Vice-Regal Lodge, Dublin.

Mrs. Captain Magee, who was a noted figure with the Curraghmores, died at Blarney, lately, from the effects of injuries sustained by being thrown from a horse.

A procession of a peculiar nature recently passed through Belfast. It consisted of some 25 drays laden with 20,000 gallons of whiskey, on its way to Manchester from the stores of Dunville & Co.

At Dublin, on May 12th, the Vice Chancellor heard a petition for the compulsory winding up of the National Discount Company of Ireland, the Directors and officials of which were charged with lending the funds to one another without proper security. The losses of the shareholders were stated at between £70,000 and £80,000.

Henry George.

(Detroit News.)

Detroit will soon hear a lecture from a man who has excited a greater interest among the masses on the questions generally classed under the head of "Political Economy" than any other one person in the 19th century. This man is Henry George, by birth an education an American, but thoroughly imbued with cosmopolitan ideas. Henry George is in earnest. He believes he has discovered the secret of poverty advancing with progress so regularly and unceasingly, and his eloquence and logic have been such as to make the study of political economy a duty and a pleasure. Mr. George's principal work, "Progress and Poverty—an inquiry into the cause of industrial depressions and of increase of want with increase of wealth," was first issued late in 1879, and no book has been more loudly praised by its admirers or so roundly denounced by its opponents. Its sale has been phenomenal, both in Great Britain and the United States, as much because of the audacity of its utterances as the fascination of its style of dealing with what has heretofore been considered dry reading. Mr. George is 45 years old, having been born in Philadelphia in 1839. Starting with a common school education, at the age of 14 he was a clerk in a store, but soon left that for the printers' trade. Then the desire to see the world induced him to become a sailor. When he left the sea he went back to his trade in San Francisco, Cal. From being a printer he became a reporter and then an editor. At last an opportunity arrived that gave him a living with leisure, and while inspector of gas metres for the State of California he revised and completed his great work, which had already been foreshadowed in a pamphlet by him, entitled "Our Land Land and Policy," published in San Francisco in 1879. His late lecture tour in England and Scotland is said to have been a continuous triumph, his audiences having generally been very large and always enthusiastic. While in Glasgow the *Baltic*, a penny paper, spoke of him as "a man of great copiousness and strength of language, and daring force of statement," with "a cool, collected and courteous manner." "An educated highwayman," "a California bank robber," "a communist," "a socialist," and other hard names that are supposed to carry with them a certain measure of contempt and to signify a certain degree of outlawry or ignorance, have been applied to Henry George, but his popularity has seemed to increase with the increase of epithets. He has thrived on them, so to speak, for his arguments cannot be brushed lightly aside with a bad word, and neither can his logic be overcome by a display of bad temper. His opponents must enter the field of letters, and by their logic overthrow the structure he has so methodically reared.

Why the Irish Tenant Has No Fruit.

When travelling in Ireland (I explored that country rather exhaustively when editing the fourth edition of "Murray's Hand-book"), I was surprised at the absence of fruit trees in the small farms where one might expect them to abound. On speaking of this, the reason given was that all trees are the landlord's property; that if a tenant should plant them they would suggest luxury and prosperity, and therefore a rise of rent; or, otherwise stated, the tenant would be fined for thus improving the value of his holding. This was before the passing of the Land Act, which, we may hope, will put an end to such legalized brigandage. With the abolition of rack-renting, the Irish peasant may grow and eat fruit; may even taste jam without fear and trembling; may grow rhubarb and eat pies and puddings in defiance of the agent. When this is the case, his craving for potato-potash will probably diminish, and his children may actually feed on bread.
—*Popular Science Monthly for June.*

Took Things Easy.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the new chaplain to the worst thief in the penitentiary. "Are you fifty two years old? My unfortunate friend, you don't look thirty!"

"No," replied the thief, humbly. "I don't show my age, but that is because I take things so easy."

And the good chaplain told him that was right; that care and worry made men old faster than hard work.

Indolence is a delightful but distressing state; we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thought to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame.—*Hazlitt.*

THE GHEEL COLONY.

A Lunatic Asylum Founded on Superstition.

REVOLTING REVELATIONS.

Dr. George A. Tucker, who has been engaged some time under the auspices of the New South Wales Government, in a tour of America and Europe (and who was in Hamilton some two years ago), investigating the cure and treatment of the insane, has published in a little pamphlet just issued in Birmingham, England, an account of the lunatic colony at Gheel, Belgium, which he visited in December last. Dr. Tucker does not give a captivating description of Gheel, which is a rather gloomy, dirty place, with narrow, ill-kept streets. The commune of Gheel has a population of over 100,000, of whom nearly 2,000 are lunatics. The town itself has a population of 6,000. The leading feature of the place is the frequent drinking shops. The hospital, to which the new patients are first brought, is a building suggestive of melancholy. New comers are retained for a while at the hospital, and then drafted out among the cottagers, one or two patients, and sometimes three being assigned to each cottage. In ancient times the patients were at first lodged in an old house near the church, still called in the Flemish language the "Ziekenkamer," or sick room, where they underwent religious treatment for nine days with a view of their cure. Sometimes a second course of nine days' similar treatment was gone through, and if they still showed no signs of recovery they were committed to the care of some family in the neighborhood of the church which they daily attended to participate in the benefits of the prayers specially offered on their behalf. The house is still used as of old, though not to the same extent. In addition to the medical director, who resides at the hospital, there are four medical assistants living in the town, and to each of these a quarter of the colony is assigned, which they are expected to visit twice a month and personally to inspect each patient. There are, besides, six inspecting attendants, who are also supposed to visit each patient twice a month.

Dr. Tucker inspected the hospital very thoroughly and went about among the people freely, talking with many of them. He found the dulness and monotony universal. There is nothing to occupy the time or attention of the patients but the almost enforced labor imposed upon them, which in many instances is repugnant to their feelings and unsuitable to their mental and physical conditions. In other respects they are left to their own resources in the families and amongst the frequenters of the houses in which they are lodged. Their life from day to day and year to year is a mere torpid existence, devoid of variety in the present and of hope in the future—an existence as stagnant and unwholesome as that of the water in the dirty pools scattered all over the place. At the hospital he learned that the patients on their first coming are detained there from five to eight days. Every Wednesday the medical staff meet and decide what patients shall be drafted out. At the time of his visit there were in the hospital 32 men and 22 women. The drinking shops referred to are very freely patronized by the patients, numbers of whom are domiciled therein. Generalizing on the aspects of the place Dr. Tucker says: "Many if not most of the patients I saw looked neglected, cold, dirty and miserable. A number of them seemed to have no object or purpose in life but that of sitting near the smoky stove (if there is one, which is not always the case) of the kitchen, with nothing to divert the mind or break the eternal monotony of their existence. Only in one house did I find any books, and nowhere did there seem any provision made for the intellectual or other amusement of the patients. In this, as in many other respects, all the canons of modern treatment agreed upon by the best authorities in lunacy are ignored and probably unknown.

The patients are watched by the whole population as well as by the authorities, and escapes are rare. One of the methods still used for the treatment of patients with a view to their cure is so full of superstition as to seem scarcely possible in this age in a civilized country. It is pursued in the old house of "Ziekenkamer," already spoken of. This ancient house is said to stand on the spot where the saint was slain by her unnatural father. The first room shown to visitors is a kind of kitchen, dark and gloomy, with iron-bound windows, a stone floor and a large, open, old-fashioned fire-place. In the uprights on each side of the fire-place two large iron rings are fixed. One is close to the floor and the other about two and a half feet higher. To those rings the faithful patients are fastened, the ankle of one leg to the lower ring and the wrist on the same side to the upper ring. By this arrangement the patient on each side of the fireplace is doubled up in a kneeling position, and the evil spirits by whom he is possessed can incite him to no effective resistance to the exorcisms of the priests or the operations of the saint. In an adjoining room the only light and air admitted pass through an iron bound, unglazed window, looking into the kitchen. The room is almost dark, and can be rendered completely so by a heavy wooden shutter attached to the window and fitting close to the bars. The door is strong and further secured by iron. To the fixed wooden bedstead at one end heavy iron chains are attached for securing the patient in bed. The floor is of stone, the room cold and prison-like, and the grim gloom of the apartment (however much it may favor saintly interposition) is not, from the mundane point of view, at all calculated to mitigate the insanity of an inmate. Dr. Tucker's convictions are altogether against the Gheel system in all of its particulars, and in concluding his observations he says: "I have visited some hundreds of lunatic asylums in four out of the five geographical divisions of the globe, and in the worst of them I have seen some cheerful faces. At Gheel I did not see a single one, and (apart from the other causes of this) the dreary aspect of the town and the entire country is incompatible with cheerfulness of spirits in any mortal not endowed with the Tapleyan gift of being happy under the most adverse circumstances. In a word, Gheel is an abode of desolation—a lingering survival of remote ages—a monstrosity in this nineteenth century, and a humiliating reproach to our modern civilization."

CHECK YOUR BAGGAGE.

A Case of Interest to Travellers and Hotel-Keepers.

The Court of Appeal at Toronto on Friday, in the case of C. J. Palin against R. H. Reid, laid down the law in a matter of baggage said to be lost in a hotel. The plaintiff was an estate agent in England and came over here with his papers packed up in a trunk of Saratoga dimensions. He put up at the City Hotel, Toronto, kept by Mr. Reid, and after remaining a short time paid his bill and went away, leaving, as he says, the trunk and some window fixings in the hotel, in the public room, but without check or receipt. A notice warning guests to put their baggage in the room provided for that purpose was disregarded by him. He went away without returning for several weeks, when the trunk was not to be found. The proprietor of the hotel swore that no trunk was left in his charge by the plaintiff, that he had no recollection of any conversation about it, but that there might have been many such there as it was exhibition week. If put in his charge he said he would have put it in the proper room and have given a check for it. The court below appear to have held that it was gross negligence on the part of the hotel-keeper not to have produced the trunk when it was called for, but the full Court of Appeal reversed this on the facts of the case.

FORM OF WORSHIP.

Paper Read by Mr. W. J. Copp at the Baptist Union.

"Can we Improve our Forms of Church Worship?" was the title of a paper read by Mr. W. J. Copp, of this city, at the Baptist Union held at Brantford this week. It excited a good deal of attention. Mr. Copp deprecated the careless conducting of public worship, and earnestly exhorted ministers to do all in their power to cultivate reverence in the services, and also urged that the Baptist form of worship had been too bold, and insisted that it was their duty to make the form suitable, in harmony with the thought and spirit it was intended to express. He spoke strongly in favor of chanting, and also responsive reading, and thought the Ten Commandments should be more frequently read, also that prayers should more often be offered for the country and the governing powers. He suggested an attractive and appropriative order of service and his paper throughout favored a forward step in this matter.

Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, also of this city, followed approving the suggestions of the paper. He favored a sharp distinction between the form for the exhibition and that for true worship. Baptists had long craved for a good form of worship, something more elaborate than they had hitherto had. He protested that this feeling was not one of ritualism, but the outcome of holy desire.

Dr. Wheaton Smith followed in the same strain.

A Touch of Nature.

The Cheyenne *Sun* tells that a big man and a smaller one going into a store late at night asked to look at some clothing. Mr. Harrington himself waited upon the visitors and was showing them various lines of goods when the door leading to his residence in the rear of the store opened and in came on the run a baby daughter of the Harrington family. The little one came in hurrying to escape her mother, and fell over a box. Mr. Harrington left the customers and went to the rescue of the baby. After the little one was quieted and placed on the floor he resumed his business, but in a minute she fell over another box and apparently hurt herself. He left the customer and again looked after the child. At this the man turned to his companion and said: "Let's go out of here. I ain't looking for a nursery." The proprietor heard the remark and was not slow to respond. He said that he had lived 52 years and done 20 years' business, and had had 10,000 customers. But he had never had but two Harrington babies, and this was the only one left. He could get along without the customer, and the sale of a suit of clothes to him, but he couldn't get along without the Harrington baby, and he didn't care how soon the customers "skipped." The man, who was looking at the proprietor with a mild astonishment at first, when the story was finished had his handerchief out, was wiping his eyes and reaching his hand out to Mr. Harrington exclaimed, "Partner, God bless the taby." He couldn't do too much, and it is needless to say they parted as friends.

Kitchen Slavery.

Professor Adler demands a reform in home life to the extent of emancipating women from the slavery of the kitchen. If the Professor can lead women out of that hot desert of Kadesh, he will take his place among the greatest benefactors of mankind. We would not be sorry if he would permit the editors to follow the procession and escape from the ceaseless grind of the steam press. It will be necessary for manna to fall every night, or both the women and the editors will starve. The alternative now is the cooking-range and the printing press, or starvation. So that the main point of interest is the manna. That difficulty overcome, the tribes will take up the song of Miriam and of Moses. Miriam was a cook, and the higher critics affirm that Moses was an editor. Also of Deborah and Barak. Deborah was a house-keeper and Barak was a fighter, if not a fighting editor. We are eager to put away the paste-pot and scissors, and the batter-ladle and stake-pounder; but where, O where, dear Professor, are the pots of manna? There was a bugle of jubilee blown from California, and the pink ears of the wives and daughters caught it as it sounded across the continent to Sandy Hook. The great emancipator of women had come, and his name was John. John wore a long queue, had almond eyes, and his complexion was made to order.—*Interior.*

By struggling with misfortunes we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious is by running away.—*Goldsmith.*

THERE IS NO HOPE.

Dealers in Stove-Pipe Can See No Room for Improvement.

In answer to a correspondent who asks for a more simple design in the matter of stovepipes the Chicago *Tribune* says:

The correspondent is slightly mixed in his dates. There is no authenticated record which proves that stovepipes existed in the time of Adam, and even the most imaginative mind can not picture Adam laboring on a cookstove in the Garden of Eden with a box of patent polish the merits of which are emblazoned on the rocks of the surrounding country. It is a fact that fireplaces did duty as stoves in this country up to about the year 1820, and when the stove was introduced the pipe came with it as a necessary adjunct. And though many patents have been granted on stoves, the pipes which are so necessary to their efficient service remain about the same as they were when stoves were first introduced, though probably the material of which they are constructed is of a better quality. Herbert Spencer, the profound thinker, is credited with pointing out the lack of improvement which has followed the existence of the tongs, and though this instrument of the fireplace has performed its useful work for many decades, he has called attention to the fact that that portion of the tongs which is intended to grasp the coal has always been made smooth and slippery, instead of rough and grasping as common sense and practicability would design it. The practical handlers of the ordinary domestic stovepipe have no trouble in fitting together the various joints and sections with the most perfect accuracy, but with the novice the task is a hard one. Somehow he can never give it the right twist. In the usual May 1st moving the sections of the family stovepipe are liable to be crushed and bent, as they are generally employed as "filling" in loads, and of course there is some trouble in getting them together again. If a pipe is taken down with ordinary care, moved with the same degree of care, and erected in the new habitation with a like accuracy, there should not be this trouble. Still this is seldom the case, and the fact remains that the stovepipe has not kept pace in the onward march of progress with the other articles of household furniture.

"No, we have had no material improvement in the construction of stovepipe since I have been in the hardware business," said a prominent member of a Lake street store. "Of course our pipes are of different grades of quality, but all are constructed on the same plan and are calculated to fit by one joint sliding into the other. The different sizes are numbered, and there should be no trouble in the fitting."

"Would it not be possible to make pipe so the joints would screw together?"

"No, I do not think it would. A screw-joint would have to be made perfect, and to make a good thread would require a material that would be too heavy for a pipe."

"Could a seamless stovepipe be made?"

"Oh, yes; but that wouldn't help matters any, as the fitting would have to be done all the same. That flange you find in stovepipes now does not interfere with the joining to any extent. Of course, the better the quality of the pipe is the more easily it keeps its shape and the more readily it is joined together. I don't see any chance for improvement."

Ladies who Never Buy.

A dry goods salesman says: "We have to endure a great deal at the hands of those ladies who never buy. These people take up valuable time, and a good part of our energies is directed to the effort to circumvent them. The moment an 'old timer' comes up to the counter she is instantly recognized by some one of the salesmen, and the warning signal, a tap on the counter, is passed along the line. Then we have some fun. The 'old timer' will call for, say, a certain shade of yellow. She is told it is not in stock. 'Oh, what a pity!' she exclaims, 'that is just what I wanted. If you had it I would buy sixteen yards of it.' Then it is the next man's turn. He comes up, accordingly, and tells the first salesman that he is mistaken, that there is still a bolt of twenty yards of that identical stuff in the store. He brings it forward and lays it down. You would think the shopper who never buys would be disconcerted at this turn of affairs. Not a bit of it. She says smilingly: 'Oh, that is just what I want. Lay it aside for me, and I will see my dressmaker and find out just how many yards she needs, and to-morrow I'll come back and buy it.' Then she departs with a simper, but she never comes back. We amuse ourselves in this way, but it's a terrible nuisance all the same."

Smallpox Coming Over the Ocean.

"It's coming now," said Health Officer O. W. Wight, of Detroit, yesterday. "There are at this time 1,000 cases of malignant smallpox in a tenement quarter of the city of London. It is a quarter frequented largely and will undoubtedly go from there around the world. When a great epidemic of any of the contagious diseases breaks out in any part of the world that is in line of communication with the rest of the world it always goes clear round it. Our last great epidemic of smallpox began in Normandy, France, about the time of the close of the Franco-Prussian war, and it went around the world. We had the last wave of it here in Detroit two years ago. In due time we may expect the present London contagion to reach this country. Detroit, being in the direct line of communication with the old world, is one of the most exposed cities in the country. We have no pest houses and must depend on the virtues of vaccination. The health office is anxious to vaccinate all the people practicable as a preventative. We receive the very best vaccine matter fresh every morning, and of course do the work of vaccination free.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Discretion and hardy valor are the twins of honor, and nursed together make a conqueror; divided, but a mere talker.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

The question of the "kist of whistles" is still agitating the Scotch mind, and the Scotch Free Kirk has called a conference to decide whether organs or other instrumental music may be used in public worship.

New York has six dog schools where tricks are taught for prices ranging from $75 to $150 per quarter.