

# The HURON SIGNAL

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.  
WHOLE NUMBER 2773

GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, DEC. 24, 1886.

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GILLICUDDY BROS., at their Office, North  
GODERICH, ONTARIO.

FRIDAY, DEC. 24th, 1886.

### Our Ticket.

For Dominion Premier,  
HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

For Ontario Premier,  
HON. OLIVER MOWAT.

West Huron in the Commons,  
M. C. CAMERON, Q.C.

West Huron in the Legislature,  
HON. A. M. ROSS.

"The Boodle Brigade Must Go."

### THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOL.

Here is the main point in this strange controversy. The Bible is not cut out of the school. It can be used in any school if the trustees desire it. But rather than have no Bible at all, the Selections are obligatory. It is not a question of Bible or Selections, for the Selections cannot crowd out the Bible should the trustees demand the whole Bible. It is a question of Scriptural Selections rather than no Scripture at all. All lovers of the Scriptures will see that the Government deserves credit for insisting that at least a portion of the Scriptures shall be read in every public school.

COL. A. M. ROSS is a pretty good sized man, but after he "sat down" on Wm. Campbell on Tuesday that worthy thought the gallant Colonel weighed a ton.

DR. TAYLOR said at the nomination that THE SIGNAL's verbatim report of his "speech" at London was a true one. THE SIGNAL never made a statement that it does not believe to be true.

DR. TAYLOR's speeches grow longer, but more muddled. It is really a shame that a good-natured, obliging and kind little man should be forced to make such foolish and incoherent political harangues.

THE GOVERNMENT says you may have the whole Bible in the school, to be read as your trustees may direct; but you must have the Selections from the Scripture, (endorsed by the leaders in the churches) rather than nothing at all. Where is the setting aside of the whole Bible?

COL. A. M. ROSS, amid the cheers of the Liberals and the confusion of the Tories, at the public nomination on Tuesday forced the Tory candidate to admit that he did not write the election address to which his signature was appended. It is to the doctor's credit that he didn't know enough to write such a secret. He was very foolish to put his name to what he didn't write, and palm it off as his own. Sir John knew too much to do that with the pamphlet on Indian Affairs.

COL. ROSS's speech on Tuesday was a treat. In the short time at his disposal he threw a flood of light upon Provincial affairs. His handling of the surplus question was grand. The way he rubbed it into the Tories about our snug surplus, \$5,000,000 of which is invested in Dominion bonds bearing interest at 5 per cent., as he proved by the Ottawa blue books, was well worth hearing. A provincial treasurer who can borrow money at 4 per cent., and lend money at 5 per cent. deserves to be returned. The "imaginary surplus" as the Tories ignorantly call it, is a substantial \$6,500,000, bringing in yearly interest of \$329,000. The Tories have been hoisted on the no surplus cry.

MR. CAMPBELL's "temperance" speech at the nomination was characteristic of the man. He sold the temperance party once, but he failed to deliver the goods. He has since sneaked out of everything like organized temperance effort. It is true that no police magistrate without a salary was appointed for West Huron, as a fit man could not be found. Mr Campbell never thought of suggesting a man at any time; he is the self-appointed champion of the Scott Act, and should have shown his zeal that Mr Swenerton, alleged temperance candidate, has been repudiated by the temperance electoral union. Mr Swenerton was openly charged at Brucefield's beer drinking, and did not deny it, though Mr Bishop made the charge on his face.

THE Bible is not "crowded out" of the Schools. The Exeter school board did not desire the Selections, and put in the Bible. But rather than no Scripture at all, the Selections must be read. Who can say aught against it?

THE candidates have selected colors. Ross's name will be printed in blue ink, and Taylor's in red. The unfortunate Doctor will be mighty blue on Tuesday night, all the same. You will need a lantern on Wednesday in order to find a Tory.

COL. ROSS's speech on Tuesday at the nomination was a masterpiece. Poor Dr Taylor got all mixed up in the middle of his reply, and read the last half of his speech, which was written for him by his nephew, a youth attending the High School. The doctor was simple enough to confess that his nephew wrote the address.

THE Dominion blue books have been brought to the front by the Provincial Treasurer to show the Ottawa Government interest on about \$5,000,000 of the provincial surplus invested in Government bonds, bearing interest at 5 per cent. And that's not all the Ontario surplus, either.

DR. TAYLOR has not been a supporter of the Scott Act. He has no sympathy with the temperance party, nor is he supported as a temperance man by any true friend. Some temperance Tories are talking about the Doctor being a prohibitionist and general temperance candidate. They know they lie; and the electors know it, too.

IF the Tories were not beaten on the Boundary Award, the Streams Bill, the License and other contested questions before the Privy Council, how is it, that the Mail and the Tory papers had small headings on these occasions, and the Globe and the other Liberal papers had big headings and boosters? Why did the Tories sink out of sight on the days these decisions were announced.

LOST, Strayed or Stolen from the township of Ashfield, a Protestant Horse. When last seen it was heading for the township of Goderich. The animal was of the "Tontine" strain, and was of a decided "Chestnut" color. The finder will please feed him with oats from a discarded Mail bag, and lead him gently towards the Conservative Central Committee rooms, West street, Goderich.

COUNTY TREASURER HOLMES cannot run election meetings in West Huron to suit himself. If he is anxious to speak let him hire a hall. He and the town clerk may be able to run Dr Taylor, and make him do and say foolish things, but they have to stand aside when Col. Ross gets upon his feet. The Provincial Treasurer's friends will rebuke Holmes' impertinence and Campbell's interference next Tuesday.

THE friends of Col. Ross must remember that no ballot is counted unless it has been dropped in the box. No ballot can be dropped in the box unless the voter either comes out or is brought out. See to it, men of West Huron, that every vote available is brought out for the Provincial Treasurer. You have an ornament to the legislature to vote for. Roll up his majority for him. Let the majority be a big one all along the line. The eyes of Ontario are on West Huron.

IT was a sight to make men smile and angels weep to hear Wm. Campbell, whose reputation as a temperance man in Duncannon is not savory since the Scott Act was grossly violated by the Premier's party last month under his very nose, accuse the temperance Liberals of South Huron of deserting Mr Swenerton. Mr Swenerton is not a temperance candidate. Like Mr Campbell he never came near a temperance convention, for fear it might hurt his party. Mr Swenerton has been disowned by the Temperance Union of Exeter, who know him best; he has never denied that he drank beer in a private house in Exeter, although the charge was made before his face at a public meeting in Brucefield; and at the very moment Wm. Campbell was shedding tears over the desertion of the alleged temperance candidate by the temperance Reformers, James Fahy, the noted Anti-Scott orator of Toronto, was on the hustings in South Huron pleading for the return of the so-called temperance candidate. Oh, hypocrisy!

### WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

The Sorrows of the Tory Candidate—The Old and New in Politics—The Whisky Head Must Go—Rally for Hon. A. M. Ross on Tuesday next.

—I was out to one of the political meetings the other night, as I was anxious to hear what the spouters on both sides had to say on the issues of the day. The meeting was in our town hall, Colborne, and the audience was a large one, with a good sprinkling of ladies. Hon. A. M. Ross our candidate for the Local was accompanied by West Huron's Cameron, but although the Tory candidate was invited, he failed to connect, and so did any of his abled-bodied assistants. And right here and now I want to raise my useful voice against the superlative meanness of the Tory speakers in West Huron in thus far neglecting to give the little doctor a boost along the political highway. Up to date not one of them has dared to put in appearance on the platform and say a word as big as a mustard-seed in favor of their candidate. I don't think this is a square deal. No party of men should inveigle a man into being a candidate without they intended to help him to do platform work, and this is especially the case when the candidate is a new man, poorly informed upon the issues of the day, and almost utterly devoid of platform ability. I know the Conservative candidate well, personally, and I know him to be a decent little gentleman, devoted to his precinct, and a useful member of the community, but I don't think it's the square thing for the ward politicians to wheedle him into being a party standard bearer, for which he is eminently unfitted by training and by natural acquirements, and then to desert him. Where are the touts who shout at Tory conventions? Where is John Ransford, the first choice? Where is John Bescom, the pet of the Tory electorate? Where are Campbell, and Johnston, and the doughty Doherty? And the hollow echo from the hole in the wall answers, "Where? There's no one string in the Tory candidate's assistance this trip, and I want to know here and now what right has the Lib-Con. candidate to be treated thus by his friends? As a man once remarked, somewhere, "There's a nigger in the fence!"

—But, while I'm on the Smith's Hill meeting, I may as well state that there's a mighty difference between the way in which these meetings are now conducted and when I and some of the neighbors weren't stiffened up with rheumatism away back years ago. In the days of yore, Whisky was King, and nearly all the candidates on both sides had to bow down and worship at its shrine. Why, I've known the candidates of both parties to stand up at a bar with a big wad of bills, and lay the boodle on the counter alternately, and call up the free and independent electors to swipe down the "man" until the larger portion of said electors were paralyzed by the influence of the "red-eye," "forty-rod," "Jersey lightning," and "Goose-oil" with which they had fortified themselves in the interest of good government, and at the expense of the hopeful aspirants. And in the days of which I speak it was rarely that the men who didn't bow down to Benzine ever rose to the occasion. But things have changed since Hannah was a baby, and now the sober common sense of the community is making itself felt. Today when we go to a meeting, and "Wizard-oil" is required, the candidate doesn't put up the collateral security, but if the free and independent elector wants to irrigate his esophagus, he has to do it by melting his own little shilling. The result is that the meetings are more orderly, the audience has a better opportunity of hearing public questions discussed, the platformists deal more with public issues and less with personalities, and the hearers look up to their candidates instead of down at them. The gospel of today, in politics as well as in every other branch of business is, "The whisky head must go."

—There is another element making itself felt in election matters, and that is the influence of the young men. I recollect years ago when I was a red-headed young fellow, with any amount of ambition and no opportunities, the old-timers ran the political machine from Gaspe to Sarnia. At that time we didn't have any Dominion, and as a re-

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DEER EDITOR,—Once more I take my pen in hand to give you a little red hot shot of a perillitak nater. As this is the last ishook of your paper afore the clek-shun, I hope you wont krowd this out. I half think, tho, that you dassent print it. Howsawever, here's the pints. They was orfally disappointed at St. Helen's that the jenyal doctor and Mr Porter didn't turn up as billed. Some of the fellers felt so bad at not gettin' Porter, that they drew to Duncannon and got some of the more frey stuff, that bit-eth like a serpent. We have so few good talkers among our lokal men that they felt it sore to miss the elokwence of Dr. Taylor's friend, tootor and adverstak.

In their disappointment they sent for me, to talk over the ishook of the day in the house of one of the faithful friends of the libe cause near St. Helen's.

I had my good clothes on for the fast time on a week day since I was at Duncannon, and hawled the preezyner in the karrage. I confess that my stiff, high collar felt like a hoss's as I put it on, and my orful dream a kind o' came up afore my mental vishun as I dressed for the meetin'.

There warn't many out, as the evenin' was cold, and the meetin' was a kind of private like. After the preliminaries had been settled, and I was interduced, I made my bow to the ajuence (a big bow, but a rather smal ajuence), and said I was delited to address them on the grate and kroosheal kwestions of the day. "We are here," says I, "to stand by the flag that I see spread before me," and I pinte-d with my finger to the end of the room as I struck a libe and dramatik attitude.

"That ain't a flag," said the man of the house in a whisper, "that's my woman's new shawl." I dropped the flag subjek a kind a quick like, and proceeded: "Gentlemen, I now come to the kwestion of the skool books. You all know that the poor children have to buy new skool books, and the series costs five cents more nor they did afore the change. That means five cents in the five or six years the child goes to the public skool. Think on it—a whole cent a year. Some on us feels it a burden to drop in a cent on the plate a Sunday once a week; and yet the child must pay that same amount of money, a hole cent, once a year, owin' to the inkrease in the price of books. If that cent was put by, and given to the heathen," I says, as I assumed a look of benevolence, "who knows what good that cent a year might do. A cent is a cent."

"Is the books worth the extra cent?" asked a yung man who had dropped in to see the farmer's darter, not knowin' I was to be present that evenin'.

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Here the applaws was defen'in, and I took advantage of it to switch myself on to the next pint. (It barely covered my second finger on the tumbler.) I then gave it to Kurnel Ross about the mythical surplus. Of course the Kurnel wasn't there, but us fellers generally give it wass to the Kurnel when he ain't there.

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Here the applaws was defen'in, and I took advantage of it to switch myself on to the next pint. (It barely covered my second finger on the tumbler.) I then gave it to Kurnel Ross about the mythical surplus. Of course the Kurnel wasn't there, but us fellers generally give it wass to the Kurnel when he ain't there.

"There ain't no surplus at all," says I, "I know it. Look at Ottawa, there's lots of money in that government, and all the government supporters get a smell at the flesh pots; but there can't be a surplus in the Provincial treasury, because none of it seems to stick to the fingers of Kurnel Ross or his friends."

—I was out to one of the political meetings the other night, as I was anxious to hear what the spouters on both sides had to say on the issues of the day. The meeting was in our town hall, Colborne, and the audience was a large one, with a good sprinkling of ladies. Hon. A. M. Ross our candidate for the Local was accompanied by West Huron's Cameron, but although the Tory candidate was invited, he failed to connect, and so did any of his abled-bodied assistants. And right here and now I want to raise my useful voice against the superlative meanness of the Tory speakers in West Huron in thus far neglecting to give the little doctor a boost along the political highway. Up to date not one of them has dared to put in appearance on the platform and say a word as big as a mustard-seed in favor of their candidate. I don't think this is a square deal. No party of men should inveigle a man into being a candidate without they intended to help him to do platform work, and this is especially the case when the candidate is a new man, poorly informed upon the issues of the day, and almost utterly devoid of platform ability. I know the Conservative candidate well, personally, and I know him to be a decent little gentleman, devoted to his precinct, and a useful member of the community, but I don't think it's the square thing for the ward politicians to wheedle him into being a party standard bearer, for which he is eminently unfitted by training and by natural acquirements, and then to desert him. Where are the touts who shout at Tory conventions? Where is John Ransford, the first choice? Where is John Bescom, the pet of the Tory electorate? Where are Campbell, and Johnston, and the doughty Doherty? And the hollow echo from the hole in the wall answers, "Where? There's no one string in the Tory candidate's assistance this trip, and I want to know here and now what right has the Lib-Con. candidate to be treated thus by his friends? As a man once remarked, somewhere, "There's a nigger in the fence!"

—But, while I'm on the Smith's Hill meeting, I may as well state that there's a mighty difference between the way in which these meetings are now conducted and when I and some of the neighbors weren't stiffened up with rheumatism away back years ago. In the days of yore, Whisky was King, and nearly all the candidates on both sides had to bow down and worship at its shrine. Why, I've known the candidates of both parties to stand up at a bar with a big wad of bills, and lay the boodle on the counter alternately, and call up the free and independent electors to swipe down the "man" until the larger portion of said electors were paralyzed by the influence of the "red-eye," "forty-rod," "Jersey lightning," and "Goose-oil" with which they had fortified themselves in the interest of good government, and at the expense of the hopeful aspirants. And in the days of which I speak it was rarely that the men who didn't bow down to Benzine ever rose to the occasion. But things have changed since Hannah was a baby, and now the sober common sense of the community is making itself felt. Today when we go to a meeting, and "Wizard-oil" is required, the candidate doesn't put up the collateral security, but if the free and independent elector wants to irrigate his esophagus, he has to do it by melting his own little shilling. The result is that the meetings are more orderly, the audience has a better opportunity of hearing public questions discussed, the platformists deal more with public issues and less with personalities, and the hearers look up to their candidates instead of down at them. The gospel of today, in politics as well as in every other branch of business is, "The whisky head must go."

### THE WRIGHT PAPERS

Uncle Unisacke Makes a Little Speech.

He Handles the Leading Questions of the Day in His Own Peculiar Style.

ALLOVER'S SMOOLHOUSE,  
West Wawanosh, Dec. 20 fust, 1886.

DEER EDITOR,—Once more I take my pen in hand to give you a little red hot shot of a perillitak nater. As this is the last ishook of your paper afore the clek-shun, I hope you wont krowd this out. I half think, tho, that you dassent print it. Howsawever, here's the pints. They was orfally disappointed at St. Helen's that the jenyal doctor and Mr Porter didn't turn up as billed. Some of the fellers felt so bad at not gettin' Porter, that they drew to Duncannon and got some of the more frey stuff, that bit-eth like a serpent. We have so few good talkers among our lokal men that they felt it sore to miss the elokwence of Dr. Taylor's friend, tootor and adverstak.

In their disappointment they sent for me, to talk over the ishook of the day in the house of one of the faithful friends of the libe cause near St. Helen's.

I had my good clothes on for the fast time on a week day since I was at Duncannon, and hawled the preezyner in the karrage. I confess that my stiff, high collar felt like a hoss's as I put it on, and my orful dream a kind o' came up afore my mental vishun as I dressed for the meetin'.

There warn't many out, as the evenin' was cold, and the meetin' was a kind of private like. After the preliminaries had been settled, and I was interduced, I made my bow to the ajuence (a big bow, but a rather smal ajuence), and said I was delited to address them on the grate and kroosheal kwestions of the day. "We are here," says I, "to stand by the flag that I see spread before me," and I pinte-d with my finger to the end of the room as I struck a libe and dramatik attitude.

"That ain't a flag," said the man of the house in a whisper, "that's my woman's new shawl." I dropped the flag subjek a kind a quick like, and proceeded: "Gentlemen, I now come to the kwestion of the skool books. You all know that the poor children have to buy new skool books, and the series costs five cents more nor they did afore the change. That means five cents in the five or six years the child goes to the public skool. Think on it—a whole cent a year. Some on us feels it a burden to drop in a cent on the plate a Sunday once a week; and yet the child must pay that same amount of money, a hole cent, once a year, owin' to the inkrease in the price of books. If that cent was put by, and given to the heathen," I says, as I assumed a look of benevolence, "who knows what good that cent a year might do. A cent is a cent."

"Is the books worth the extra cent?" asked a yung man who had dropped in to see the farmer's darter, not knowin' I was to be present that evenin'.

"Yung man," says I, "that ain't neeth-er here nor there. A cent is a cent. Some say the print and paper was better, and there's more in 'em, and the bindin's better. I can't say, as I never compared 'em; but yung man, the cent's a cent. The crownin' insult in this book business," I continued, "is that that feller Nelson has sech indoo-ence over Mr Mowat