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The HURON SIGNAL
DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

THIRTY-NINTH YEAR. WHOLE NUMBER 2019. | GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1886. | McGILLICUDDY BROS PUBLISHERS $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

THE HURON SIGNAL

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.—Eight cents per line for first insertion; three cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Yearly, half-yearly and quarterly contracts at reduced rates.

JOB PRINTING.—We have also a first-class jobbing department in connection, and possessing the most complete out-fit and best facilities for turning out work in Goderich, are prepared to do business in that line at prices that cannot be beaten, and of a quality that cannot be surpassed.—*Terms Cash*

FRIDAY, MAY 28TH, 1886.

THE guiding hand of the hired man continues to leave its impress on the organ of the pious editor.

COPIES of the speech of Thos. White, M.P., on Northwest administration, are being sent into West Huron by the thousand. Dalton McCarthy does the franking. M. C. Cameron seems to be a source of trouble to White and McCarthy, and the Tories generally.

WM. MULOCK, M.P., is coming to the front as a ready and effective parliamentary debater. The way he rubbed it into the minister of millitia recently on the question of the retirement of staff officers was refreshing. Mr. Mulock is also said to be the wealthiest man the House.

DR. COLEMAN, of Seaforth, is to be the Conservative candidate for South Huron at the next election for the Ontario Legislature. If Archibald Bishop runs again as the Liberal candidate the Doctor's chances of success will be much better than if M. Y. McLean or D. D. Wilson oppose him. It is time that Bishop was retired. The Reformers of Ontario must get rid of some of the "old sticks," or they will not get a majority at the next election.

A CIRCULAR has been received from the Provincial authorities informing the county clerk that arrangements are now completed whereby a student from each county can be sent by the county council to the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph for two years, free board and tuition. This is doubtless intended to give a full opportunity for all sections of the province to be represented at the model farm. There ought to be a scramble for the position.

THE editor of the *Star* was troubled with "a painful necessity" last week. The necessities of the *Star* man account for the mean, slandering articles he has been writing for the past year. It is only necessity, and painful necessity at that, that can drive an elder of a church to act in the shameful manner in which he has toward three or four of the best known men in his congregation. The editor's necessities cannot excuse his meanness. Necessity should not force a man to act the part of a sneak or a slanderer.

THE prospects for the passing of the second reading of the Home Rule bill are becoming brighter every day, and it is believed Chamberlain and his contingent will wheel into line before the vote is taken, Lord Salisbury has not improved his condition by his wholesale denunciation of Irishmen as bloodthirsty assassins. Like our own Sir John he doesn't appear to have "any confidence in the breed," but it is not good policy for him to slander a brave and hospitable people because of his narrow, bigoted and false estimate of Irish character. But a Tory is a Tory all the world over.

A FEW weeks ago the *Star* editor was primed from the Hamilton *Spectator* with an alleged statement of the case regarding the Wentworth voters' lists. After the *Star* had published the yarn the *Spectator* editorially patted that journal on the back and told abroad that the Tory organ in Goderich was very clever, and had told a true story. THE SIGNAL, knowing the source of the *Star's* inspiration, immediately exposed the little name, and showed how the *Spectator* had given a private statement to its little Tory brother in Goderich, and then praised the little Tory brother for being primed. Then the *Spectator* waxed wrathy and said "when you state that, you state as deliberate an untruth as you ever stated, Mr. SIGNAL, and that is saying a good deal." And last week the *Star* proved that the *Spectator* was a deliberate liar by stating, "We say at once our information did come from the *Spectator* office." There is a pair of them in the dirty puddle.

THE WENTWORTH VOTERS' LIST

The truthful and pious editor of the *Star* has done a lot of wriggling on the question of the Wentworth voters' list. He has been aided and abetted in his wriggling by the equally scrupulous scribe of the Hamilton *Spectator*. Each of the veracious scribes has endeavored to bolster the other up in endeavoring to prove that THE SIGNAL made false assertions on the case, and each has failed to prove anything except that lying abounded in their own columns. The following extracts will show who did the lying:

The revising barrister of Wentworth, instead of giving the printing of the list to his political favorites, let the work by tender. This is as it should be. It is perhaps of interest to know that this fair-minded official is none other than our old friend, Judge Sinclair, a staunch Reformer. The Hamilton *Times* got the job by the lowest tender.—[The Signal, March 5.

The interest the public may have in the question of how and by whom the Wentworth voters' list was printed arises from the fact that the Goderich SIGNAL has seen fit to make an attack on Judge Doyle for not letting by tender the lists in this county, basing that attack on the statement that Judge Sinclair adopted such a course with the list under his charge. We have disproved this statement, but our cotemporary returns to the subject, with characteristic sinuosity wriggling all around the real issue, and now wants to know where the *Star* get its facts.—[The Star, May 21.

Judge Sinclair asked for tenders from the Hamilton papers for printing the lists, and the prices submitted were: by the *Times*, $18 per page; by the *Spectator*, $18.50 per page.—[The Star, April 30.

The Goderich *Star* has caught its local contemporary, THE SIGNAL, in a characteristic falsification concerning the printing of the Wentworth county voters' list. The *Star* publishes a history of the transaction, which is correct in every particulary.—[Hamilton Spectator, May 3.

The *Star* originally got its version of the Wentworth list case from the Hamilton *Spectator*.—[The Signal, May 7.

When you state that, you state as deliberate an untruth as you ever stated, Mr. SIGNAL, and that is stating a very great deal.—[Hamilton Spectator, May 8.

We say at once our information did come from the *Spectator* office.—[Goderich Star, May 21.

If the editor of the *Spectator* wants to help a "lame duck" in Goderich, by giving him private information on a certain subject, and then giving the "lame duck" a certificate in the editorial column of the *Spectator* for his truthfulness in regard to the Hamilton yarn, it is only right the people should know how the racket was worked.—[The Signal, May 14.

And to further prove that the THE SIGNAL has been right in its contention from the start, we quote the following special despatch to the London *Advertiser*, which cannot be disposed by either the *Star* or its accessory in falsification:

OTTAWA, May 25.—From the voluminous return of correspondence *re* Franchise Act brought down today, one example of how the Government administers that Act may be taken: Instructions were issued to Judge Sinclair, of Hamilton, to give the printing to the *Spectator* office. Judge Sinclair replied that as the law left the matter in his hands he would in the public interest advertise for tenders. The consequence was that the *Times* office, being the lowest tenderer, secured the printing.

THE Scott Act meeting at Clinton today ought to be largely attended, and the temperance folk should speak out fearlessly what they think of the situation. The time for prompt and united action on the part of the prohibitionists of the county has arrived, and we hope something practicable will be done. A majority of the people desire to see the act enforced, and their will should be officially carried out. Let the prohibitionists remember that "Tu sta is tu win."

The Dominion Elections.

The Ottawa *Free Press* from numerous minor but not unimportant indications concludes that the Dominion general elections will be brought on this fall, as soon after the new lists as may then be possible or advisable. The lists will be ready by the 1st of August; and the elections are quite likely to take place in that month or in September. The *Free Press* remarks that the government feels convinced that the present drift of bye elections would be adverse to its security; and therefore, to avoid the demoralization which a series of losses would inflict upon its already panicky ranks of supporters, hopes by a single coup to prevent a defeat. Let the government bring on the general elections as soon as it pleases—the liberal party are thoroughly prepared. The advices in the hands of the liberal leaders from every constituency of the Dominion give them no reason to fear the result of an appeal to the country, be it next fall or next year. In the meantime, however, let the cry be Watch the voters' lists and organize."

WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

About Holidays—Enjoying the Games—Reminiscences.

—Well, the Twenty-fourth has come and gone. The 67th anniversary of the birth of our Sovereign Lady, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and Empress of India, passed off in a right loyal fashion in and around the habitation of the Ajaxes. I was up betimes—I always am on holidays—and after partaking of my matutinal meal ("matutinal" is a good word, isn't it?) I set about doing the chores and getting things to rights, anterior to sallying forth and viewing the distruction of fire crackers, which this year surpassed that of all previous years in this corner of the peninsula. And right here the spirit moves me to enter a short, sharp and decisive disclaimer against the indiscriminate shooting off of fire-crackers. There may be a heap of fun in it to the small boy and the little redheaded girl, but when an elderly gentleman like yours truly has either to turn a handspring or have a red fire-cracker explode up one of the sleeves of his pantaloons, to the detriment of his nervous system and the injury of his person, contrary to the laws and the statutes made and provided, it's time to call in the police. In the interest of the aged, the infirm, and the redheaded or otherwise inflammably inclined—as I am myself—I beg here and now to enter my solemn and most earnest protest against the burning of firecrackers, singly or collectively on any public square, street, lane, concession road, sideline, blindline, highway, boy-way, girl-way, or any other way, and in default thereof I call, in my most stentor tones, for the infliction of the severest pains and penalties on delinquents that the law can impose. If any of my sympathetic neighbors are anxious to join me in this scream for freedom from the discomforts of the firecracker nuisance, I'll be much obliged if they'll trot into the ring and help me too. I'm getting a little short-winded and pursy now, and can't whoop it up like I used to do when oaks were acorns.

—I didn't go to the horse races at Clinton, and I don't know but my regular good judgment manifested itself by my failure to do so. Of course I didn't see any races, but neither did any of the chaps that went to Clinton, so far as I have been able to find out. Of course, there were a few alleged "goers," but they were only alleged, if I am to believe the authorities that I consulted. Mebbe the Clinton folk will say my authorities aren't good, to which my authorities will doubtless reply, neither were the Clinton races; but I can't help that, and so I'll kindly step aside and let them fight it out between them.

—But I took in the gathering on the lacrosse ground, and viewed the base ball game; and the boys' and girls' races (and I might say, parenthetically, that some of the "boys under 14" were almost old enough to go on the voters' list; and I saw the bun eating contest, and noticed the sickly smiles on the dirty-faced *gossoons* who failed to connect with the prizes; and I saw the greased pig let out of his cage, and go scampering over the field, followed by a good-natured mob of men and boys and girls, with Billy Galloway and Pete Shea leading the procession, and the Wingham baseball catcher vainly endeavoring to catch the porker out on a foul bound. And I laughed until my poor old sides ached, and the tears trickled down my weather-beaten cheeks, as if some great calamity had overtaken me. Oh, yes, I took in the "games," and if I go by the amount of fun I took out of the mob running after the greased pig, I must truthfully and honestly confess that I was entirely relieved of dyspepsia, and got more pork for the shilling than Billy Galloway. And so did a lot of the neighbors, for I noticed other old men with grey beards, and heads so bald that their foreheads reached clear back to their shirtcollars, and they were taking as much unalloyed pleasure out of the business as I was. It's a great scheme to be carried back in memory four or five decades by some representation of events that were the common run when this world was new to us, and when, as chubby youngsters, we took part in every game and innocent pastime, oblivious of the fact that there were heavy shadows as well as sunshiny spots in life's pathway; that all wasn't gold that glittered; that when we plucked roses thorns invariably accompanied them; that life was a stern battle from start to finish, and not a mere holiday excursion; that there were sad partings that more than counterbalanced merry meetings; that sorrows were more frequent than joys; that age was merely a plateau from which we could look both ways—to the sweet long ago and to the sweet bye-and-by—to the joys that are past and to the hope beyond.—But there, I must stop. Drat the thing! if there isn't a blot. The folks should've closed the windows when they knew the wind effected my eyes so. And my glasses have got quite misty-like, too! I reckon I'd better let up for the present.

AJAX.

THE BACK OF THE HAND.

The Chief Tory Organ's Hypocrisy Unmasked.

The following, which is a view of the estimate held of the Irish Catholic vote by the Conservative party, during the past four years, will indicate that there has been somewhat of a "swing around the circle." The later utterance of the *Mail* would indicate that it is now in accord with the Premier, who stated to Sir Charles Tupper that he "had no confidence in the breed." If the Irish Catholics do not rise in their might and resent the gratuitous insults of Sir John and his organs, they deserve all the epithets that have been flung at them:

Toronto *Mail*, May 18th, 1886.

Why should there be an Irish Catholic vote any more than an Anglican vote or a Baptist vote? The explanation of the phenomenon is that the Irish Catholics have allowed themselves to be segregated from the rest of the population by just such men as Mr. O'Donohoe, who have thus been enabled to make terms advantageous to themselves upon the strength of their position of Irish Catholic bell-wethers. * * * Hessians in politics, like Hessians in war, *are entitled to the dirty shilling* for which they have covenanted but to nothing more, and even that is flung to them with contempt. Leagues and conventions without number have met in this city in times past to *arrange for the sale of the Irish Catholic vote*, usually, we regret to say, *under the immediate patronage of spiritual guides* who ought to have known that corruption is an unclean thing whether perpetrated by communities or individuals.

Toronto *Mail*, June 1st, 1882.

The Catholic Irishmen of Ontario have no reason to complain that they will not be represented. Till but a week or two ago they had a representative in the Cabinet, and we have the best authority for stating that the vacancy will not remain long unfilled, and that one of their people will be taken into the Cabinet *to supply that very necessary element* for this great Province of Ontario.

Toronto *Mail*, June 5th, 1882.

It is known that the Hon. John O'Connor was compelled by ill health to retire from the Cabinet. He is to be *succeeded as the representative of his co-religionists* by the Hon. Frank Smith. * * Mr. Smith is the only Roman Catholic Senator of Irish origin from Ontario, and to give that class of our fellow-citizens *a more just representation* in Parliament, especially in the Upper House, than they now enjoy, it is understood that Hon. John O'Donohoe will be placed in the Senate.

Toronto *Mail*, June 19th, 1886.

They (Messrs. Smith and O'Donohoe) in common with the rest of their countrymen, had been anxious to obtain fuller representation at the seat of government * * * The Conservatives offer him (O'Donohoe) and Mr. Smith an earnest of their desire to see their people more fully represented. Let us say that Messrs. Smith and O'Donohoe would have been false to themselves, to their people and to their convictions if they had refused.

Comment is unneccesary.

Danger Ahead.

The government are safe enough in the present house of commons. What they should be considering is not so much their standing in the house as their standing in the country. The restricting debate; the failure to bring down information ordered by the house; arrest of the ordinary business of the country; the continuance of burthensome duties on the necessaries of life; the failure to arrange for the speedy settlement of the Northwest claims in one way or another, so that the country may be informed of the actual liabilities incurred in that quarter; the action of the Government in putting public documents, such as the original medical reports from Regina, out of the reach of parliament—these are a few of the latest ugly facts which are shaking public confidence in the administration. Blunders such as these should be avoided. They may not effect the majority in the commons, who are bound to stand together for mutual self-preservation, but they leave a very bad impression on the great body of the electors.

Average! A farmer sent his boy to the "sugar-bush" to look after the sap buckets. When the boy returned his father asked, "How are they?" "Well," the boy replied, "some are half-full, some are full, and some are running over. I guess they'll average about full."

The following lines are not original, but they fit some of our citizens like a glove:—

The angler to the brooklet hies,
Puts on his hook the tempting bait
Of w ggling worms or gaudy flies,
And for the trout he lies in wait.
Next day when by his friends besought
The nature of his luck to state,
He tells what heavy fish he caught
And as before he lies in weight.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

The A. O. U. W. and Band Draw a Crowd.

The Games, the Concert, and other Attractions of the Day.

Monday last was a fine day. There was a coolness in the air, although the sun shone brightly, but the rain held up, and the sight-seers were more than contented.

The forenoon was utilized by the small boys and big girls in exploding fire crackers, and a continued fusilade was kept up on the square all forenoon. More gunpowder was shot off in town on Monday than was fired in many a long day here before.

THE GAMES.

The games under the auspices of the A. O. U. W. and the band were well patronized, and the treasuries of each body are richer today for the combination. The baseball match took up nearly all the afternoon. The games were managed by inexperinced hands, and the crowd consequently could not be kept in control. Those in the grand stand could not see half of what was going on with that completeness that their position and fee entitled them to. Nevertheless, the intention of the committee was to satisfy all, and some allowance must be made on that score. The games were poorly contested, and some of the events did not come off at all. Yet there was lots of fun seeing the youngsters running, and the bun and treacle act was funny enough to almost tickle the spectators to death. That relic of barbarism, the greased pig race, caused great excitement. The crowd hemmed in the pig pen so closely that it was hard work to give the pig, a black and very active fellow, any room to get his speed. At last he started, rushed through the crowd and broke for the cover of the fence, with Pete Shea and a hundred "boys," big and little, after him. Time and again did the valiant Pete essay to grab the tail, but the caudal appendage was too greasy and slipped through his brawny fist. At last the crowd closed in on the frightened porker, and Bill Galloway got a twist on the tail of the black pig, and held it until he was awarded the prize—the pig itself.

The following games were contested during the afternoon:

Race for boys, under 14 years, 100 yards—1st H. Cox, 2d W. Munro.

Girls' egg race, 50 yards—1 Alice Sallows, 2 Bridget Neelon, 3 Annie Antiff.

Boys' cake and molasses contest—1 A. Cornell, 2 J. Coutts, 3 J. McPherson.

Wheelbarrow race, 100 yards—1 J. Roup, 2 J. Coutts.

Siamese Twins' race, 120 yards—1 J. Watson and D. Nicholson, 2 H. Watson and E. Cox.

Men's race, 100 yards—1 J. Watson, 2 D. Nicholson.

Men's race, 200 yards—1 J. Watson, 2 D. Nicholson.

Vaulting with pole—1 T. McKenzie, 2 J. Roup.

The tug of war created considerable interest. The teams were as follows:—A. O. U. W.—Strauble, capt., Bates, Chrystal, E. Downing, M. Nicholson, J. Pridham, W. R. Robertson.

Band—Parker, capt., Black, Campaign, Rines, Story, Thomas, Thompson.

The first pull was a keen one, the band gaining at the start. The superior muscle of the Workmen, however, was too much for the wind of the musicians, and the latter were steadily drawn over the line. The second pull was a runaway for the A. O. U. W. team, as they hauled the band over the mark in double quick time, without any stops, and before the umpire could whistle a bar of "Rule Britannia."

The band discoursed sweet music during the afternoon, and the boys made things not so monotonous around the grand stand by shooting off fire crackers along the front seats. It was a big day for the kids.

THE BASE BALL MATCH.

The following men toed the home plate during the afternoon:—

WINGHAM.		GODERICH.
G. Mooney	c.	S. Malcomson
G. Duffield	p.	W. Black
F. McCutcheon	s.s.	D. Nicholson
G. Found	1 b.	G. Black
A. Kerr	2 b.	W. McCallum
G. Kerr	3 b.	W. Graham
C. Knechtel	r.f.	W. Struthers
W. Small	c.f.	H. Donagh
W. Youhill	l.f.	J McBain

Umpire—Thos. Found. Scorers—W. Loutit, H. Walker.

The game was one sided, the home club being clearly over matched. G. Black on the first base fumbled fearfully during the first few innings, but McBain took his place, and did good work afterwards at that important point. Knechtel, of Wingham, an old hand at the bat, sent up several sky rockets during the game, but Donagh snatched one, and Struthers captured two others, and thus Charlie's pounding didn't help the score as much as was expected. Men were changed on both sides during the game. One or two of the Goderich fellows played too much with their mouths during the afternoon, and there was a tendency on both sides to take the work out of the umpire's hands. The umpire on the whole acted on the square. At the close of the 5th innings the score stood 25 to 5, and it was proposed to call the game; but Black and others persisted in going on with the funeral, and the next four innings showed 3 for Goderich and 23 for Wingham, giving a total of 48 to 8 in favor of the lads from the north.

The Wingham team is a strong one, and if our fellows wish to beat them they will need to put on four or five heavier men, practice more, and put a muzzle on the squealers of the club. Malcomson, McBain, Struthers and two or three others are in good form; there are three or four who ought to get shipped just as soon as better men can be had. The following is the score by innings:—

Wingham.....4 7 6 4 4 6 6 8 3—48
Goderich.....0 0 0 2 3 2 0 0 1— 8

THE CONCERT.

The concert in the evening was not largely attended, and the programme was rather short, yet the various numbers were pleasingly rendered. The quartette, "Come Where the Lilies Bloom," by Misses Wilkinson and Ellard and Messrs. Belcher and Saunders was very well sung. Walter Hyslop was much more pleasing in his *encore* than in his first solo. He has a voice capable of great things. Miss Donagh, 1st violin, Mr. C. Donagh, 2nd violin, and Miss Clara Stack, piano, gave an instrumental trio which was loudly applauded. Mr. Belcher got a well deserved *encore* for his bass solo, "Thy Sentinel Am I." He was in good voice, and his words came very distinctly. He sang "I'll Be True to You" later in the evening, and did it well. He is steadily improving as a vocalist. Two glees by Misses Martin and Thompson and Messrs. Parker, Hennings and Thompson, were very nicely sung. Mr. George Carroll betrayed a little nervousness on his first appearance in a public hall, but his sweet voice in "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," charmed the audience, and a loud *encore* was called for, which he acknowledged by a bow. We hope to hear Mr. Carroll more frequently. Miss Margach sang "Fly Forth, O Gentle Dove" with much sweetness and feeling, and in response to a hearty *encore*, captured a lot of the fellows in her coquettish rendering of "I Wouldn't, Would You?" Miss Margach sings with expression, and has a very pleasing voice and manner. The band appeared at the beginning of the second part in an overture, "Crown of Jewels." The concert closed by the company singing "God Save the Queen."

We understand that after paying all expenses the managers have about $70 to the good, which will be divided between the two organizations. A grant of $5 was also made to the Victoria-st. church debt fund.

The Point Farm had a considerable number of visitors during the day. The Messrs. Wright made every endeavor to satisfy the wants of the callers. The Point Farm is making a big bid for visitors this summer, and is more attractive than ever.

The Salvation Army had two parades during the day, and attracted much attention by their marching and singing.

DICK WALTERS, TYPO.

How He Trifled with the Capital of a County Office Staff.

Dick Walters, printer and stagedriver, broken down by a long and painful illness, has been in town for several weeks, looking after some property left him by his mother. The Kincardine *Review* tells the following story of Walters as he was a quarter of a century ago:

"We remember Dick Walters, we believe. If the man we think he is, he used to drive a stage. And it strikes us he was handling the reins between Kincardine and Southampton about the time the event we shall speak of transpired. Of course, Dick Walters also drove 'bus in Goderich and has ever shown a fondness for the noble animal. Dick was a good compositor. Some 25 years ago a paper was published in Southampton called the *Star* or *Morning Star*, if our memory serves us. Dick, covered with hayseed, wandered into the office and affected great astonishment at the incomprehensible character of the work performed by the typesetters. The compositors guyed him considerably. Finally, he professed to regard the work as light, easy, trivial, readily performed, requiring little, if any, ingenuity, and wound up by hinting he could properly set types himself. Then the printers' merriment was highest. He actually agreed to wager that he could set type "like a book." He exposed a roll of bank bills he "had just received from the sale of a horse," and expressed his willingness to try conclusions at their own business with any one of the smart chaps in the office. Visions of sudden wealth loomed up in the minds of the *Star* force. The available funds of the boys were consolidated. They kept the greeny in the office on one pretext and another till they had exhausted their credit in the village. Their pile was covered by Dick. Time was called. Dick resumed his standby avocation, his compositor was nowhere, and he secured the consolidated fund of the establishment. From that moment the paper started on the downward course and soon passed out of existence. Another one was raised up but only strutted a very brief hour on the stage. Southampton has been in bad luck ever since, and it would be cruel to recall the wretchedness and poverty endured by the victims of poor Dick's playfulness. Dick has our best wishes, however."

Goderich is making preparations for the biggest athletic attraction yet offered on the line of the G. & L. H. R.