

# The Huron Signal

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Fortieth Year. Whole Number 312. GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, AUG. 19, 1887. D. McGILLICUDDY, PUBLISHER. \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

**REVISÉD VERSION: "Are you there, McGarble?"**

Several months have passed since the sum of \$4,000 was placed in the estimates for the construction of a new post-office and customs building in Goderich, but up to the time of going to press the location for the proposed public edifice has not yet been discovered. The Government is waiting until another election renders the work imperative.

During the present summer Goderich has been visited by many from outside points. Every one who has come this way has expressed enthusiasm over the location of the town, and condemnation of the accommodation for visitors in the line of lake excursions, bathing and other recreations. It is to be hoped that next year the defects in this line will be remedied, and that old Goderich, as a summer resort, will be made more attractive than ever.

The champion liar of Mitchell, still carries on business at the old stand at the Advocate office, when not employed auctioneering. A couple of weeks ago he stated that an effort had been made by Huron Grits to pair off the protest against Robert Porter, of Simcoe, (accidental member for Huron) with an alleged libel suit of a person called Brown against THE SIGNAL. At that time we gave the lie an unqualified denial, and if the author of the falsehood had the faintest conception of honest dealing he would have accepted the statement then made. Last week he returned to the falsehood, like a dog to its vomit, but stated that the proposition to pair off was made to Bob Birmingham by the Grit Club, of Toronto, and not by the Huron Grits. The last lie is more absurd than the first, and if W. R. Davis does not desire to be branded as a wilful and unmitigated liar in this instance, he must produce proof in support of his contention. Our solicitor, Mr. J. T. Garraway, is the only person with authority to act in this matter, and we do not think he would acknowledge Bob Birmingham as an arbitrator in the premises.

**VOX POPULI.**  
Matters of Moment Taken up and Discussed.  
Anybody Who Has Anything to Say on Public Questions, or Who Desires to Reply Can Do So in this Column.

**THEY ARE ALL AFTER HIM.**  
SIR,—In last week's issue, I noticed a challenge, which was previously published in the Clinton New Era from R. Tomlinson, "a country boy," who is anxious to do some shooting with somebody who lives in Goderich, and whose name he does not give. I know two or three in town who would like to take the contest out of Mr. Tomlinson, in a shoot, gun 40 to 52 calibre, open sight, go-as-you-please. I enclose my name.  
Goderich, Aug. 17. A TOWN BOY.

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.**  
Words to the Wise and Otherwise on Public Questions.

**IT'S MADE OUT OF WHOLE CLOTH.**  
"SHERMAN"—The item in the Clinton paper is untrue. Mr. McGillicuddy made no tender for the town printing. He was asked by Mayor Seager, councillor Jordan and other members of the council if he would print the list of a living price, say \$40, was fixed upon, and replied that he would. The letter to the council was written at the instance of Mayor Seager. Mr. McGillicuddy had nothing on earth to do with initiating the \$40 offer.

**FIRE PROTECTION IS REQUIRED.**  
"SERGEANT BUB-FUZ"—Your query, "Why wasn't the watering cart out Tuesday last, when the big excursion was in town?" is a pertinent one, but easily answered. On account of the drought and the consequent scarcity of water in the tanks, it would have been unwise to lesson the present scant supply and thereby run great risk in the event of fire.

**PETITION WILL BE POSTED ON SATURDAY.**  
"D. G. C."—The liquor sellers apparently mean business. The petition for the repeal of the Scott Act, with some 5,000 signatures attached, will be posted in the sheriff's office on Saturday, August 20.

**ASK THE TOWN COUNCIL.**  
How is it that on dark nights the lamps on East and West-st are seldom lit? Sunday night was particularly dark and so were the lamps. Where can I get light on this darkness? ENQUIRER.

**TEEMER DEFEATED HARLEN ON SATURDAY.**

## WHAT'S UP?

### Things That Are Happening Around Us.

**Gazing Hourly at the Civic Funeral**  
Funeral Procession—"Ajax" Vindicated by old Father Time—A Strange Theory.

—Well, I see the council has been hard at work doing nothing on the waterworks scheme since last May, and have succeeded in accomplishing nothing as a result. For good, solid do-nothingism, at the greatest expense, and most meetings, I think the town council of Goderich deserves the chromo with the reddest sun, the greenest grass and the bluest sky. They meet and meet and meet as regularly as the Toronto fox-hunters, but, like that body, they never get sight of the fox; they "talk, and talk and talk" as glibly as Bessie Turner and Theodore Tilton did, but like that interesting couple they never do anything else; they cheese-pare with the town printing, and make ducks and drakes of the people's money in useless expenditures; they spare at the apogee, and open wide the bung-hole;—in short they have shown beyond a peradventure that as municipal legislators they're "up the flame," and will soon make the town follow suit, if a wedding process be not adopted.

—I was, as you all know, opposed to the electric light scheme; I was of opinion that modest agricultural grounds would suit us in Goderich; and I believed it was imperative to pass a by-law fixing an amount for the construction of waterworks until a feasible plan was considered and approved of. At that time a lot of the neighbors were attacked with a virulent disease called "Hoorah!" They said I was an old stick-in-the-mud from Wayback; that I knew more about tallow-dips than electric lights; that a barnyard heap was good enough for me to exhibit on; that my asphagus was mortified to such an extent with applications of benzine and other irritants that I wouldn't know what water was if I tasted it; that a practical scheme was before the people, and that when I said there wasn't such a scheme my tongue was as forked as a streak of chained lightning;—and I was set upon on all sides and belabored unmercifully. But I didn't wilt, or pine away, or climb a tree, or leave the limits; but like the sensible old chap that the neighbors now claim me to be, I rolled up my tongue in my cheek, quit fighting the matter in THE SIGNAL, and waited for the whirligig of time to trot out its revenge, and vindicate me in the eyes of the neighbors. I didn't wait long.

—Only three months have gone since the bylaws were passed with such a loud hurrah, and now the neighbors are beginning to discover that it is possible to pay too dear for a whistle. It's quite true we're going to have the agricultural buildings, but the council is not deserving of the credit for pushing along the work. I question if the edifice would have gone on at all this year, if it hadn't been for my old and esteemed neighbor A. McAllan and his colleagues at the agricultural board. They said "Faugh a ballah!" and the gap was cleared; but it cost over \$3,000 more than the council calculated to fill the bill.

—Last week's THE SIGNAL, I observed, drew attention to the cost that had been incurred by the council in throwing over \$1,200 into a hole in the ground on East street—and after saying that, the editor remarked that the council didn't own the ground in which the hole was sunk. If that is the case, and I believe it is, there will likely be another bill of expense upon the council, and the sooner it is attended to the better it will be, I should judge. A good, well bored \$1,200 hole, with a plentiful supply of pure water, obtained on artesian principles, is not to be sneered at in this era of drought, and now that so much money has been sunk in it (no pun intended), would it not be well for the finance committee to bring in a report asking that the County grappels be borrowed from the caretaker at Clinton, so that the hole may be pulled up and located on some of the many pieces of public property from which the town is now deriving no benefit. I don't charge anything for this pointer. Some of the neighbors have the idea that the town is beginning to own just a little too much useless real estate inside the corporation. They may be wrong, but that's their opinion.

## WHAT THEY SAY.

### All Kinds of Opinions on the Subject.

**What our Brethren of the Press Have to Say About the "Recent Change in 'The Signal'—The Old and the New."**

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Waterloo Chronicle.—Mr. Thos. McGillicuddy has retired from the management of THE HURON SIGNAL to assume the position of shorthand writer to the department of Agriculture for Ontario. THE SIGNAL will be conducted in the future by Mr. D. McGillicuddy. We wish it continued success.

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Mitchell Advocate.—Mr. Thos. McGillicuddy, of THE GODERICH SIGNAL, like brother Holmes of the Clinton New Era, has been provided for, with a good fat situation in one of the departments of the Ontario Government. Dan, the unassuming, bashful, and non-egotistical quill driver is now the sole proprietor of that gentlemanly conducted sheet.

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St. Mary's Journal.—Mr. Thos. McGillicuddy, formerly one of the proprietors of THE HURON SIGNAL, has received an appointment under the Ontario Government at a snug salary. This gentleman during the recent election campaign, both on the platform and in his paper took special delight in extravagantly abusing the Conservative party. He has, at last, received his reward.

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Wingham Times.—For the past fourteen years the name of McGillicuddy Bros. has been widely and favorably known in connection with the newspaper fraternity. But such is destined to be the case no longer. On account of the

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**Items from all over Huron County, Clipped and Condensed—Fifth and Point—The Pick of the Grist From our Exchanges.**

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Miss Stevenson, of Brantford, was the successful applicant for the vacancy on the teaching staff of the Brussels public school.  
A steam fire engine, two horse carriages, 1,000 feet of hose and all appliances are being shipped to Milton from the Brussels fire engine works.

The Lockwood Sentinel reports foul brood among some of the apies in that section. There are various methods of treating, but the most effective way of stamping it out is to burn up all diseased hives, beds, combs, etc.  
A letter from Jas Broadfoot, of Kansas, formerly of Brussels, says his crops are all buried up with the long drouth and everything totally destroyed. People can't sell cattle, even at 1 cent per pound. No feed for the future is the dread of the inhabitants of that scorched section.

One day last week while councillor McEwen, of Hay, and his two sons, the horses attached to the wagon ran away. One of the boys was seriously injured, one of his legs being broken, while the other boy was but slightly injured.  
At Brussels, Friday afternoon, while a young man named Christopher Switzer was attempting to put a small belt at the side of a threshing machine his head struck a rafter pole, which threw him back, and one leg going in the cylinder, was literally torn from his body. He lived a few hours after the accident.

Samuel Rennie, the worthy reeve of Hay township, who had the misfortune a few weeks ago to have one of his legs seriously injured by the running away of his team, attached to his binder, is, we are pleased to notice, sufficiently recovered to be able to be about again. He attended the council meeting on Thursday last, but was compelled to use crutches.

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A very serious accident happened to the son of N. Campbell, near Westford, on Wednesday last week. He had gone into the stable to feed a horse, carrying a tin pail, which is supposed to be a kick from the horse. At any rate the beast kicked him, breaking his collar bone and inflicting other injuries. His father was near at hand, and rescued him before the horse, which appeared to become wild, could do any further damage, as it seemed disposed to do.

The Clinton New Era says: We regret this week to chronicle the death of a highly esteemed and much respected lady, in the person of Mrs. Mary McInnes, wife of Mr. A. McInnes, aged 56 years and two months. The deceased took suddenly ill on Friday, at her son-in-law's residence, Robt Douglas, with an attack of apoplexy, and finally succumbed to it on Monday morning last. Her remains were interred in the Blyth union cemetery, and followed by a large number of sorrowing friends.

The Clinton New Era says: On Monday night horse thieves visited the farm of Robt Martin, on the London road, just south of town, and stole therefrom a best valued at \$200. They then went over to A. D. Wiltse's, across to road, and stole a covered buggy and harness, with which they drove off. They appear to have hitched some other horse to the buggy, as the tracks of the stolen horse could be quite distinctly traced for some distance as if driven by the side of a buggy. They were evidently good judges of horsemanship, for they first of all hitched one that happened to be slightly foundered, and leaving it loose in a stall, they then went and took one more suited to their wants. Telegrams were sent in all directions and Mr. Paisley spent the day hunting for traces of the thieves, but so far they have escaped detection. The animal is a bay mare with black mane and tail, small white stripe on face, one white hind foot, four year old, weighs about 1500 lbs.; the buggy is a good covered one, with wire colored gear, and a reward of \$50 will be paid for the recovery of the property.

Last Wednesday a horse belonging to Alexander Rowley, of Greenock, broke through the covering into a well in the barn yard, which was 30 feet deep with 20 feet of water in it. The neighbors all along the line were at once summoned, and hurrying to the place, the animal was soon extricated, apparently but little the worse of his dip.

The steamer Ontario reached this port on Saturday evening and took on a large quantity of freight including three car loads of fine salt shipped by Mr. W. Campbell.

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