

The Huron Signal

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

FOR THE YEAR 1888. WHOLE NUMBER 11. GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1888. D. McILLICUDDY, PROPRIETOR. \$10 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

The Breaking up of a Hard Winter—The New Post Office a Dead Certainty—The Railway Question—The Absurdity of Big Delegations—Blyth's Representation.

—Have you ever heard of the man who felt like the breaking up of a hard winter? Well I'm that man, and don't you fail to remember it. Maybe you thought that I saw my shadow on Candlemas, and retired into my cave and pulled the cave in after me. Well, I didn't do anything of that kind, but I might as well have done so, for I've been just as limp, and useless and helpless, and as devoid of snap, as if I had been sucking my paw for the last five or six weeks. I've had the epizootic, or whatever you may like to call it, and it sapped my vim for the time being quicker than the proverbial 'cat! But I'm able to face the music once more, and as the weather has settled down, and the ice has gone to parts unknown, the sediments on the backstop will be resumed with old-time regularity.

—Maybe, it'll take me some time to catch up to the procession of events, but I'll get there all the same, if I don't take a relapse of the epizootic. And talking about events, I'm told that the new post-office is to be proceeded with right away, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of Citizen Crab to the West street site. The "combine" has evidently been too strong for the Citizens, and has done him, notwithstanding his indomitable pluck in fighting the institution. Bro. Saunders is, I understand, getting ready to put his deep gratitude to the Government on record for its kindness in locating the post-office on West street, and is looking for a deep base voice to accompany his silver-tongued tenor in the words and music of "Allow me to Move a Vote of Thanks." The old man says "I'll no hang back in praise of the brig that carries me over, ye ken." And so endeth the first reading.

—I notice the town council has been giving free trees to all who desire to plant them, and the result has been that quite a number of saplings have been set forth. I can't say that I'm altogether in favor of promiscuous arboring, and more particularly when no effort at concerted action is attempted, and when everybody is running a sort of a go-you-please setting out. In some places the five feet from the fence rule has been observed, in others the seven, in others the ten, and in others the twelve. Everybody has been running his own line, and the result is that many of our many minds have run many schemes of tree planting. But irregularity is not the worst feature in connection. The town cow—which it name in Legion—has already started to make havoc of the newly planted-out trees. The town cow in Goderich ought to be frowned down, and an effort should be made to force the owners of cows to pasture them out instead of allowing them to roam at their own sweet will along the public highways and byways of the town. I know I am treading on delicate ground when I take exception to the town cow being a free commoner, but I'm willing to stand the brunt. The town cow must go. Of course the cry of the "poor man's cow" will be raised at once, and a loud hullabaloo will be started against my crusade, but that won't deter me from shouting in stentorian tones "The town cow must go!" The large majority of the cows that roam our streets belong to the wealthy men of the town, and their owners shelter themselves from pasturing them out on the plea that the poor man's cow must not be interfered with. I know something about the cow business, out in the townships as well as in town, and I can tell you that the cow that depends upon roadside pasture never has justice done to it in the way of feeding, whether it belongs to the rich man or the poor man. If a poor man's cow is to be of any benefit to him it will have to be well cared for, and if he can give it no better fare than roadside croppings, the sooner he disposes of it the better it will be for the cow and himself. No; the poor man will not suffer by having a strict bylaw enforced against cows running at large; but the owners will equal about

FROM THE CAPITAL.

Latest Political and General News from Ottawa.

Preparing for the Close of the Session—The Newfoundland Question—Mr. Hawke's Case—The Law of Libel—Bill of Mr. Mackenzie—The Law of the Party.

From our own Correspondent.

OTTAWA, May 8.

The close of the session and the departure of the Governor General are synonymous. At least that is the understanding between both sides of the House, and if nothing intervenes preparation will take place on the 22nd. Why the session should be so long is a matter which Lord Lansdowne's departure will be able to discover though any courtesy within reason to the departing Viceroy will be ungrudgingly extended by all.

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Advice received by the Government from Newfoundland state that no time has been fixed for the departure of the delegation for Ottawa to discuss terms of the Treaty. The delegation is said to be growing and from the attitude of the Government of that colony its consummation is yet in the distant future. A local paper in Newfoundland has counted noses and found 13 of the Assembly for and 21 against the Treaty. Sir R. Thorburn, premier.

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CABINET RECONSTRUCTION.

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A LITTLE SCENE.

Mr. Davin urged in the House that the rebellion medal should be given to the Mounted Police. This led on to Mr. McNeill reminding Mr. Edgar that he had opposed the striking of these medals. Mr. Edgar said he was still opposed to them and Mr. McNeill twitted him with suggesting that Her Majesty would award medals for an unruly action. This created an uproar and Mr. Lister sprang to his feet and said Mr. McNeill considered no one loyal but himself, and his conduct was so odious

COMMUNICATIONS.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our Correspondents. Contributions to this department, must confine themselves to public questions, and be brief.

Clinton vs. Goderich.

To the Editor of the Signal.

Mr. Dean Bry.—What in the name of all that is wonderful has happened at the "Hub"? Surely the earth must have trembled to its very centre to have caused such a change of front towards Goderich and the railroad! It is but a few months ago that the *New Era* was in utter despair of ever seeing Clinton made a county town except by decrying the merits of every other town and village within the county, and everybody in them. It spoke of Blyth and Brussels as palfrey, hopeless, one horse villages. When the first saltwell in Wingham turned out a failure it chuckled at its neighbor's misfortune, and jeered at the people of that property for having added to their miserable property by "a hole in the ground, sixteen hundred feet deep, and fifteen hundred dollars in the bottom of it"; and rejoiced that there and then was the end of agitation for railroad extension in Huron for the present generation at least. And as to its *endearing* notices of Goderich and its citizens, they are really so numerous and so varied in these days that I scarcely know where to begin. But here goes for a few of them, and it is quite refreshing to recall them to one's mind at the present moment when our Town Fathers have begun to fraternize with those of Clinton. A miserable rag, then published at Gorrie, but now defunct, hounded on by the ravings of the *Clinton New Era*, spoke of Goderich as the "cosmety or cesspool down by the side of Lake Huron"; and this moral of refined literature was so palatable to the *New Era* that it republished it, and shouted to its readers and the dwellers in the "crumbling town of Goderich" to behold how the "united" people of Huron were crying for a change of the county seat. After such arrant nonsense as that, sir, need I wonder at the three Tooley street fellows proclaiming themselves as "We, the People of England!" The *Clinton New Era's* readers were further assured that our lake commerce was literally going never to return; our business streets were covered with grass, and flocks of geese, with their natural filth, were lying at every door. Our citizens' committee was composed of baldness approaching senescence, and their children, themselves with the phantom of a competitive railroad coming to Goderich. Our millers and merchants, our wheat and pork buyers, and, in short, our business men of every description were all unceremoniously referred to as being "dead as door nails," and quite unfit to do a live business. But in the midst of all these left-handed compliments, the head- or stomach of the *New Era* got rather mixed, and by an unfortunate slip of the tongue let out the fact that certain ladies in Clinton had got their silk dresses destroyed with mud driven upon them by a horde of street Arabs fighting over a football in a puddle in one of their principal thoroughfares. At the railway meeting in Woodstock, some eighteen months ago, to organize a line from Brantford to Lake Huron, they would not decide upon a western terminus, but left it an open question. The Clinton delegates hurried home, got large maps prepared by the local surveyor, showing the whole line from Woodstock, through Clinton, to Kincardine, in the county of Bruce, with a spur from some point between Blyth and Smith's Hill to Goderich. One of these maps was hung in their town hall for exhibition on all public occasions. I wonder if its face was returned to the wall or the packed meeting day f—others were placed in the store windows, and no doubt some were sent to Kincardine and some to Port Albert. But no one will doubt that the "spur" would have been the best bit to be constructed. Just immediately before the Clinton conversion the *New Era*, having heard that the county treasurer had declared himself in favor of the route by Blyth and Lawson, as the best for the interests of Goderich and the country in general, at once notified him that he is the serant of the whole county, and to interfere further in favor of any one section at his peril. But, sir, the *New Era* is now in a more peaceable sort of temper, for it says, "On the whole the (packed) meeting was a very successful one, and, we think, will do good, particularly by showing that there has been a great deal of misapprehension as to the supposed rivalry existing between Goderich and Clinton, to the detriment of both." Now, for my part, sir, I fail to see where the misapprehension came in, for, instead of an honorable rivalry it was, for many months, a continuous stream of abuse from the one side, and patient forbearance on the other. I can only at present express my utter astonishment at the position our mayor and clerk are reported to have taken at this, so evidently, packed meeting, but I shall refer to the subject as an early date, and in the meantime would beg space in your next issue for a suggestion as to the mode of securing our water supply, for the consideration of the public.

THE FREE TREE QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Signal.

Dear Sir.—Several weeks since you gave your readers the benefit of your prediction of the future. Goderich is to be a great city, with an *Huron Signal*, and is to have a line of air ships making daily trips direct to Liverpool, London and other points; and all these mighty changes are to take place within fifty years from the present time. Sir, taking into consideration the rats at which Goderich has advanced during the past fifty years (we are fifty years behind in some particulars) I cannot but feel the importance of immediately and determinedly entering upon the work of reclaiming the back energies in order that we may be prepared for the mighty changes which are to take place, otherwise the work must be performed so suddenly that there will be the middle of the century always the result of needless pushing into work after overleap. Just think of it, Mr. Editor, Goderich to become a great city fifty years hence, and has not yet advanced so far as to be entitled to claim with an ordinary rural district in some respects. Our council, however, are beginning to show slight signs of improvement, for which they deserve the thanks of the cows generally. Any person going along our streets will readily notice that nearly all the trees are in such a shape that it is apparent that they cannot long survive. At any rate they have all become sensitive to cows, when using them as rubbing posts, and the old trees have had the bark worn off during past years of service. I tell you, sir, cow owners do not fail to take advantage of the last generous offer of the town council—free trees for planting. They will know how necessary it is for cows to have something to lean upon. These free trees are being arranged after various fashions to suit the various tastes of the cows. Some are planted in a straight line, some zigzag fashion—or rather after the style of a crazy quilt; some on an inclined plane; and some, not being able to stand the pressure, assume a horizontal position. The cows, unlike many men, know how to appreciate a good act. They repay us for our kindness in supplying them with free trees by supplying us also free of charge with an admirable substitute for shoe blacking, which they deposit in great abundance on the sidewalks. This deposit not only takes the place of shoe blacking, but it is also a great ornament, and serves the good purpose of showing up the refinement and good taste that prevail in Goderich. Nothing could be done to more favorable impress visitors to our town and incline them to a desire to settle among us. Let the good work continue until there shall be trees enough for every cow in town, and until they will stand as close together that every cow can rub her neck against one tree while leaning her back against another. Yours truly,

APPRECIATIVE CITIZEN.

The Railway Delegation.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

Sir.—I see by the large crowd on our street that the mayor's railway delegation is back. What did they do? Were they not told by Mr. Porter, our member pro tem., that no subsidy could be got this year. If this is true, was it to ease our burdened treasury that our mayor and reeve started the councillor from St. Andrew's ward off one day ahead, and then invited the county treasurer to go with them and Mr. Campbell. The delegation has been eminently successful. The reeve comes home quite moonfaced, talks railroad, "air line," with steamboat in connection (another "air line"), both sure to be here; the railroad, 15 miles to be built this year, &c. Our delegation, says an Ottawa paper, strongly impressed Minister Pope that we have every requisite for a good railroad. He knew from geography that land was plentiful, and the physique of the delegates convinced him there was no lack of "sleepers." But aside from Minister Pope's opinion of the delegation, I ask again, what took them to Ottawa, knowing, as they did, that there was no hope of a subsidy this year. The trip will not cost less than \$100. Has the council no other use for this sum, or was it spent in the way to grind private axes? Some there were on the delegation to hold the axes, and others to turn the wheel for the reeve, the Clinton folk, &c. A part of the delegation went to Montreal, and Mr. Van Horne was intimately acquainted with some of the others by sight. He told them he was glad to see them, and stated that when the C.P.R. got through their present press of work something would likely be done somewhere. Meantime, Mayor Seager will find it much cheaper for his municipal paltry to send an agent to the Court of St. Stephens, Montreal, than in taking aggregations on junketing tours over the country, and paying postage on voluminous but useless correspondence.

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Goderich Markets.

Goderich, May 11, 1888.

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Wheat, (red winter) # bush	0 75 @ 0 80
Wheat, (spring) # bush	0 80 @ 0 81
Wheat, (green) # bush	0 65 @ 0 66
Flour, (fall) # cwt.	1 25 @ 1 30
Flour, (spring) # cwt.	1 10 @ 1 15
Flour, (strong bakers) # cwt.	2 10 @ 2 10
Flour, (patent) per. cwt.	4 00 @ 4 00
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Peas, # bush	0 55 @ 0 59
Barley, # bush	0 40 @ 0 45
Potatoes, # bush	0 80 @ 0 85
Hay, # ton	1 15 @ 1 20
Wheat, # ton	1 15 @ 1 20
Eggs, fresh unpacked, # doz.	10 00 @ 10 10
Shrimp, # ton	15 00 @ 15 10
Shorts, # ton	15 00 @ 15 00
Chopped straw, # ton	0 00 @ 0 00
Screenings, # cwt.	0 00 @ 0 00
Wood, # cord	5 00 @ 5 00
Hides, # ton	6 00 @ 6 25
Dressed Hides, # ton	6 75 @ 6 80

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