

# The HURON SIGNAL

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1886.

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## THE HURON SIGNAL

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FRIDAY, MAY 7th, 1886.

Mr. Plumb looks black and is sulking because he will not be appointed a Cabinet minister, and leader of the political antiquities. In fact Plumb is troubled with black ink.

They say that the members of parliament and others at Ottawa are continually chaffing poor Mr. Farrow over the squibs that appear about his celebrated speech on the hens laying bigger eggs and the cows, loyally giving more and richer milk because of the N. P.

Col. A. M. Ross, we regret to say, has retired from the command of the 33rd Battalion. We are of opinion that the present juncture, for obvious reasons, was not the time for the Colonel to send in his resignation. But, doubtless, he knows his own business, and has good reasons for his retirement.

The Chicago socialists don't appear to be very social in their receptions of the authorities. Those scoundrels who threw bombs into the squad of police on Tuesday should be speedily tried and as speedily hanged. Labor unions properly conducted are honorable and benefit the community, but the socialistic and communistic spirit is a delusion, and a curse to any people.

Our Irish readers, and all who favor some measure of Home Rule for Ireland, will rejoice at the stand taken by Hon. Edward Blake. He waited for Mr. Costigan to take up the question, and when that Tory patriot declined, accepted the task himself. All honor to the Liberal leader. He will never shrink from his duty. Today he is Canada's favorite son, and the next Dominion ballot will prove it.

The London Free Press will now have to wrestle with the fact that the city in which it is published has decreased some 207 in population during the past year. St. Thomas has also, we regret to state, dropped largely in population—1030 in one year. All over the province similar results are being made known; and yet the "subsidized press" of the Tory faction continue to boast of the success of the N. P., and deny that the exodus to the States exists. Of course, the Free Press will claim that the loss of population is caused by the rush of emigrants to the Northwest territories, but this claim will be quickly dispelled when it is found that the total white population of the territories in question aggregate only some 23,000. There is a heap of heavy figure work ahead of the Tory press between now and the next election.

The Star last week, although it devoted nearly three quarters of a column to the discussion of the voters' lists printing job in this county, didn't attempt to show cause why it prints the voters' lists for the municipality of Goderich township for less than \$19, and yet the Dominion Government should be charged nearly five times that amount under the provisions of the franchise act for practically the same work. Instead of giving this needed information, it dragged an alleged statement of what Judge Sinclair did in Hamilton. Judge Sinclair has denied the truth of the allegations set forth by the Star, and that is sufficient for us in the premises. But even if the contention of the Star had been correct, how differently did Judge Sinclair act to Judge Doyle? The former, it is said, asked for tenders, and awarded the contract to the lowest tenderer. The latter asked for no tenders, but doled the work out, through his clerks, to a few pet printing offices. In East and West Huron on the Clinton New Era, the Brussels Post and THE SIGNAL, which certainly are not rear-rank journals—were passed over. And yet there are some people who say the franchise act is not a political measure, and that some judges are not partisans.

Lo, the poor Indian of untutored mind, Must feast on rotten pork or sniff the wind. While victims of the proles, luckless wards, Must fill the harems of official lords. Out on the Tory crew who wink at this; And say their agents have done naught amiss.

BRO. MITCHELL has said many unkind things of Mr. T. McGillicuddy during the past two years, but he made his worst statement last week in the Star, when he insinuated that Mr. McGillicuddy contributed to the editorial columns of that journal! That charge is the nadir of cruelty.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE was banqueted by his supporters at Ottawa on Saturday evening. The gathering is said to have been a most enjoyable one. Mr. Blake and all his followers are hopeful of success when an appeal is made to the country. The Government have been losing heavily in the house this session, and the old average majority of 70 will never again be reached by a Tory Government in Canada. The Liberals are united and harmonious at Ottawa; while the Tories, like wolves, are biting and devouring one another. Toryism is doomed.

It is a sad commentary on the public morals that the condition of our Indian affairs are so bad that the most modest description of certain phases of the conduct of the Government officials and mounted police can almost be classed under the heading of indecent literature. Yet the truth must be told. And if a mere recital, in the most guarded language, as given in parliament, be so shocking to the public mind, what must the reality be in all its bareness and slime? Let us get new protectors for our Indians. Let us turn the rascals out. Let Christian men read the articles from the Guardian and the London Advertiser on page 2.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Globe says:—The Tories sought to raise a small dust tonight by asserting that in years gone by Reform members of Parliament had sought incorporation as members of railway companies but Sir Richard Cartwright spoiled their game by pointing out that it was only since the present Government came into power that the system of subsidizing railways with public money had been introduced. The objection is not to members of Parliament holding stock in railway companies, but to their abusing their public positions to get subsidies and bonuses for themselves from the Government.

THE FORGER AND HIS TOOL. The Goderich Star has caught its local contemporary, THE SIGNAL, in a characteristic fabrication concerning the printing of the Westworth county voters' list. The Star publishes a history of the transaction, which is correct in every particular. The matter is not one of any importance; but it is a good thing to show that rabid Tory journals like THE SIGNAL cannot possibly tell the truth about the most trifling thing.

The above item, it is needless to say, is from the Hamilton Spectator, and will, no doubt, be published as a testimony of good character by its local echo, the Star. But when we state that the Star originally got its version of the Westworth list case from the Hamilton Spectator, and that the latter invented the story, it will be seen that it isn't worth much as a certificate for the honesty of our contemporary after all. The Spectator is the Tory paper that invented that absurdly false story about "Ananias Cameron," which appeared in the Star some weeks ago, and for which the Spectator took the two "subsidized organs" to task in a very able and convincing manner. On this point we might say that the Star admitted that the "Ananias" item which it published was false, and made the following confession:—

"We readily admit Mr. Cameron did not use these exact words, nor do we imagine the Spectator intended to be so understood." And yet the Star published the item knowing it to be an invention of the Spectator! Then again, it was the Spectator that manufactured that little story from Ottawa which stated that Mr. C. Cameron was a "liar all the same," and the editor of the Star clipped the item out and published it, and endorsed it by stating in his journal that it was "A Correct Diagnosis," forgetful of the fact that such sentiments were not good for Sunday school purposes. From all of which it will be seen that the Spectator trying to give the Star a reputation for truthfulness is on a par with a counterfeit, a maker of base coin—endeavoring to give a character for honesty to the utterer of the bogus coin who has been caught in the act. Arcades ambo—

The tolls on the Burlington Canal have been abolished

## WEST HURON SOLID.

THE HURON SIGNAL appears to be doing a head of whistling in order to keep up M. C. Cameron's courage—in view of his confronting his constituents shortly.—*London Free Press.*

As usual, the London Tory organ is "away off" in its surmising. THE SIGNAL, it is true, is putting in solid work for M. C. Cameron, but the labor is being done so that Cameron's majority in West Huron will prove the death-knell of Toryism in the riding. During the present session no man has done better work in the interest of the country than M. C. Cameron, and no man deserves better at the hands of his constituents. The Free Press and other Tory sheets blacklettered him for his speech on the Laundry motion, and thought by so doing that they had driven all the nails possible into his coffin, but the Tory organs didn't know the political pulse of the people of West Huron.

In 1872, an effort was made by gerrymandering South Huron, to keep M. C. Cameron out of the House, but the effort was a failure; in 1882, Cameron's old constituency was practically gerrymandered out of existence, and the Tories thought he had no constituency whereon to rest his foot. But they counted without taking M. C. Cameron into account, and they befooled themselves as a result. West Huron was so constructed after the carving of 1882, that it stood, when based on the figures of previous elections, in a Reform minority of 117. M. C. Cameron accepted the nomination, went through the constituency, wiped the Tory majority out of existence, and redeemed the riding.

Since 1882 the constituency has been getting more and more leavened with Reform, and today Cameron can completely smile at those who prate about West Huron and Toryism in one breath. And when the election is brought on, it matters not whether it be soon or late—M. C. Cameron can depend upon majorities from every municipality in the riding except Goderich township; Clinton is solid, Goderich town is sound, Colborne and the Wawaniches are sure to give him heavy odds, and glorious old Ashfield—the banner Reform township of West Huron—will supplement largely all previous majorities, and greet its champion—M. C. Cameron—with oodles of millie faithfuls.

Notwithstanding the gerrymander and the franchise act, Toryism is as dead as a door nail in West Huron, and the Tory press knows it.

## THE "HIRED MAN."

The Star of last week, as we expected, denied that the "hired man" had been at work on its editorial columns recently or ever, and the truly good editor assumed the responsibility of all the bad language and falsehood which have appeared in that "subsidized organ" for some months past. The truly good editor also lost his temper and said THE SIGNAL was "a wilful liar," but he didn't say we were a "liar all the same," as he said of Mr. M. C. Cameron. For which we are duly thankful. The truly good editor of the Star has developed into a scold, and we regret that his bad associates in the sanctum—and he has editorial associates despite his denials—have caused his conscience to wilt and his old-time assumed saucy of manner and gentlemanly demeanor to disappear. And right here we might state that notwithstanding the fact that the editor of the Star made his barefaced statement last week we could, if we felt so inclined, give the names of a number of writers who have assisted him editorially during the past year. Personally THE SIGNAL doesn't care if the Star had three dozen editors,—we are bound that the "nominal editor" shall be held responsible, and not the hired man.

The Grit journals are uselessly agitating themselves about the meaning of the word "liar." Everybody knows it means nothing.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

But on the other hand, the Tories don't go into any such deal as that of the Inch Arran Hotel affair if there's "nothing" in it. "Nil" on the Intercolonial Railway passes, and "something for the Boy" in the Beaty-Woodworth deal, mean about the same thing.

Hard on the "Star" Man. Our esteemed contemporary the Brockville Recorder is woefully in error. Noticing that "the distribution of public money among the organs of the Ottawa Government this year is liberal," it hints that it is well earned owing to the wear and tear of consciences. This theory is founded on the false assumption that the conductors of the organs have concealed the distribution of public money among the organs of the Ottawa Government this year is liberal.—*London Advertiser.*

## PEARCE'S PERFDY.

How the Government Agent Bulldozed the Halfbreeds.

A New Way to Obtain Signatures. Sign or Go to Prison—What the "Globe's" Correspondent Discovered.

The Tories have sought to make much capital out of a report submitted to the Department of the Interior by a Government agent named Pearce. It was believed by Government that the public would swallow Pearce's statement without considering that it was the work of a man specially chosen by the unscrupulous head of a corrupt department to artfully whitewash the record of a venal Government and a rascally colonization scheme. The Globe, however, sent a special correspondent to St. Louis de Langevin (the place of Pearce's well-salaried labors) and the following exposure is the result:—

Regina, April 27.—Your correspondent spent the 16th and 17th of April last, on the lands of St. Louis de Langevin, whence he has just returned from investigating the subject of the Prince Albert Colonization Company.

William Bremner, a respectable Scotch halfbreed, was first interviewed. He bitterly complained of the Government's treatment. During four years he had been refused entry

for his homestead. As a matter of fact, since the sale of the land in the latter part of 1883 till the first of January of the present year, no settler of St. Louis de Langevin could get an entry from the Dominion Land Agent at Prince Albert. Dissatisfaction was naturally the result, thus giving an easy opportunity of getting these halfbreeds to

TAKE UP ARMS. In answer to your correspondent, Mr. Bremner stated:—"I am unable to read English. In December last, Mr. Pearce, who said he was a special commissioner, called at my house. He had accompanied by Mr. Duck, Dominion Lands Agent, and several others. An affidavit, which I think was partly printed, was read to me. The substance of it was that I

was asked to declare that I had known nothing of the Prince Albert Colonization Society previous to the part of 1883 till the first of January of the present year, no settler of St. Louis de Langevin could get an entry from the Dominion Land Agent at Prince Albert. Dissatisfaction was naturally the result, thus giving an easy opportunity of getting these halfbreeds to

ONLY A PART of the document to be read. Those who refused to sign were threatened with imprisonment. Mr. Pearce told the interpreter to say only what he (Mr. Pearce) said in English.

Norman Mackenzie, John Baptiste Boucher, Meise Bremner, George A. McLeod, Peter Garson, Charles Nolin, and Thomas Salter, settlers on the lands of the company since November, 1883, are, with the exception of Captain Howie and his sons, the only settlers who could read English. Mr. Pearce NEVER ASKED THESE to sign the obnoxious document.

Only one settler, John Toogood, a respectable, educated Englishman, got his entry in October, 1883. Mr. Duck, Dominion Lands Agent at this time in Prince Albert, told Toogood that negotiations were going on for the sale by the Government of the lands of St. Louis de Langevin.

In November, 1883, a settler, T. Byrner, wished to enter a half section. Mr. Duck said he could not entertain his proposition—the

LANDS HAD PASSED into the hands of the Prince Albert Colonization Company. A large number of settlers left the colony for the want of entries. The disoriented ones remaining joined Riel.

Mr. Pearce and Mr. Duck kept the affidavit a secret from Charles Nolin, McLeod and a few others of the more intelligent of the settlers.

The following settlers were in the parish of St. Louis de Langevin when the lands were sold to the Prince Albert Colonization Society:—Widow Margaret Oullette, Charles Nolin, Maxime Le Pine, Norport Fincelli, Mike Kenny, A. Bremner, Alicia Legare, George Fidler, Widow Isadore Boyer, Baptiste Boyer, M. Bruce, Fred Fidler, Anate Richard, Elzer Swain, Modiste Laviolette, Joseph Bremner, Meise Bremner, John Baptiste Boucher, Baptiste Boucher, Baptiste Boucher, ar, Widow Mary Lavalle, Solomon Boucher, Charles Eugene Boucher, Alexander McDougall and Norman McKenzie.

Le Monde, with a flourish of trumpets, said on the 15th of January, 1886:—"Where are the names of the Metis who were deprived of their lands by the Government in favor of the Prince Albert Colonization Society?" The above is the answer.

## SCOTT ACT ENFORCEMENT.

The Canada Citizen during the past few weeks has had some interesting communications on the enforcement of the Scott Act. Among these contributions was one from a well-known temperance worker in this town, and his words are true and timely:

OUR DUTY IN THE MATTER. "Can the Scott Act be worked?" is a pressing and important question at this time, as the act is to take effect in a number of counties very soon. Much depends upon the workers and friends of the Act as to its success. Of course it is an imperfect act, but it is all we can get at present, and we must do the best we can with it until we can get something better. You say, "What is to be done, and how?" Now, I am of the opinion that the work undertaken, that is, the working this Act as a stepping-stone to prohibition, is one of the most important movements of the country, grand and far reaching. And until the religious, moral and temperance people realize this fact, they will not give to it either the time, the means or the sacrifice that is absolutely necessary to its success. As soon as this is honestly acknowledged and acted up to, then success will crown the effort; but time and patience will be required, and very much sacrifice of our ease. Our feelings must be given to the work.

The law cannot be made a success simply by getting even good inspectors and police magistrates, as these alone are not sufficient. They must be efficiently backed. "Oh! my," some one says, "surely you do not want me to be an 'informer'!" and that magic word does the work. It terrifies more than the desire for the success of the work impels; they do not feel able to face it. I want to say right here that it is not to be wondered at that it is so. For the fact is, that real, thorough temperance sentiment is so scarce that it requires great moral courage to avow it and to stand up to it. As soon as we can get the churches, the temperance men, and the lovers of law and order to move en masse in each locality, and become a public committee of enforcement, we shall have no more talk of "informer" in this connection. This is only a small part of what might be said on this point, but it is, perhaps, enough for this article.

## THE 33RD BATTALION.

Resignation of Col. A. M. Ross and Major W. F. Murray.

A meeting of the commissioned officers of the 33rd Battalion was held at the Rattlers' hall, on Monday last, when the resignation of Col. A. M. Ross and Major W. F. Murray was first mooted, and gradually beginning to make themselves apparent to the big-brained projectors of the scheme, and a halt has been called until new bearings are taken and the committee has a chance to discover where it has allowed itself to drift to. Some of the more intelligent members of the committee favored the bringing to town of a competent hydraulic engineer to give expert testimony on the project, but their common sense view was overruled at the time. Eventually, however, it was found that the parent of the project did not know as much about the matter as he imagined he did, and it was found that the advice of experienced men was a necessity. Then the great heads of some of the knowing ones of the committee came into requisition, and they sent to Stratford and brought up two experts—a lawyer and a saloonkeeper! The Stratford "experts" walked around town in great shape, and I have no doubt proved to be adepts at sampling "water" from hotel pumps, but notwithstanding the opinions expressed by them, the services of Prof. Ellis, of Toronto, had to be secured to analyze samples of water got from other parts of the town. That gentleman has made his report, and the matter rests there. The question will begin to get sultry again shortly before the next municipal election.

I've told that D. Glass who for the past four years has been local manager of the Bank of Montreal, has been translated to a more lucrative position in Brantford, in connection with the same institution. As the boys say at farewell banquets, "Goderich's loss will be the gain of the Indian city, for Mr. Glass, whose admirable qualities of head and heart have gained for him many warm friends in this section, will prove a valuable acquisition to Billy-Pateronville."

Personally, I regret the departure of Mr. Glass, owing to the fact that it'll likely take some time before I'll be able to obtain necessary discounts from his gentlemanly and obliging successor.

The new local manager of the bank is Mr. Drummond, from Hamilton, a hearty-looking Scotchman, I am told, with a decided resemblance to the late Hamilton Corbett. I am also informed that he is a true blue Presbyterian—an innovation in religious principles so far as bank officers are concerned, in this part of the vineyard at any rate—and a good-looking bachelor into the bargain. I intend to give him a hearty welcome even if we don't worship in the same tabernacle.

I see my old and highly esteemed co-laborer, as far as the interests of Goderich are concerned, Mr. Thomas Kydd, has come with the robins to warble once more in our midst. I haven't had an opportunity of conversing with him since his return, but will endeavor to do so shortly. You see I'm eager to get at the true inwardness of the Wingham railroad business.

During the past month a slight change for the better has taken place in the railway time table. The noon train leaves at 12.15, five minutes earlier than formerly and the later train departs at 3.30. The afternoon express also arrives at 3.30, ten minutes earlier than usual. This latter time could bear being improved upon still further.

## WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

Under the Weather—Benefits of a Good Reputation—Change of Colors—About Starting a Railway Campaign.

"Ah-shoo!" "Ah-shoo!" "Horse-shoe!" "Goodness, gracious! If this changeable weather hasn't given me the epizootic, or some other equally powerful ailment, "Horse-shoe-or-aw!" You see, I got wise in my own conceit, and thought July had come in April, and so I pranced around in my shirt sleeves and donned some of my summer gear, and did a number of other equally simple tricks. And now I'm walking around with my eyes almost bulging out of my head like large onions, a nose on me like a lighthouse, and a sneeze that resembles a heavy pressure steam escape of a locomotive. "Oh horse-shoe-or-aw!" I've been getting swathed in warm blankets, carried down with crash towels, lubricated with turpentine, irrigated with—well, no matter—but what I meant to say was that if a wrif of ejotment is not issued upon that cold it won't be for want of vigorous process on the part of yours truly and the united efforts of the other members of my amiable household. At last accounts it was thought I'd manage to worry through, but I've got it bad, all the same. There's a moral to this sad story—"Don't take off your winter flannels until after the '24th.'" "Kar-horse-shoe-or-aw!"

—However, my bodily ailments must not interfere with my duties to the public, and I must begin to let the people know what has been on deck during the past week, and what is likely to come up in the near future. My historical sketch of the old "British" was kindly received by the oldtimers and the outside public; and even old fossilized Tories were forced to admit that though the editor of THE SIGNAL wrote abominably bad political articles, and was a hide-bound Grit, "full of deceit and desperately wicked," yet Ajax's historical reminiscences were truthful and pure and of good repute. quaint and honestly of expression, it is quite true, but without vicious and trustworthiness. That's what comes of having a reputation that grew up with the country.

—The Big Boom seems to have run upon a snag, been stranded upon a sand bar, or cast on a desert island, or—something. The committee has evidently reached the end of their string, and at present the scheme is resting still, as it were. One part of the committee favors the artisan well principle and the other leans toward the Holy system. The difficulties that I pointed out when the question was first mooted are gradually beginning to make themselves apparent to the big-brained projectors of the scheme, and a halt has been called until new bearings are taken and the committee has a chance to discover where it has allowed itself to drift to. Some of the more intelligent members of the committee favored the bringing to town of a competent hydraulic engineer to give expert testimony on the project, but their common sense view was overruled at the time. Eventually, however, it was found that the parent of the project did not know as much about the matter as he imagined he did, and it was found that the advice of experienced men was a necessity. Then the great heads of some of the knowing ones of the committee came into requisition, and they sent to Stratford and brought up two experts—a lawyer and a saloonkeeper! The Stratford "experts" walked around town in great shape, and I have no doubt proved to be adepts at sampling "water" from hotel pumps, but notwithstanding the opinions expressed by them, the services of Prof. Ellis, of Toronto, had to be secured to analyze samples of water got from other parts of the town. That gentleman has made his report, and the matter rests there. The question will begin to get sultry again shortly before the next municipal election.

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AXAX.

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NEWEST STYLES.  
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M KAY  
AND VARIED STOCK AT  
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rday, 27th March