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1885.

THE HURON SIGNAL

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1885.

THE HURON SIGNAL

Published every Friday Morning, by Mc Gillivuddy Bros., at their Office, North Street, Goderich, Ontario.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13th, 1885.

LONDON newspapers regard the hauling down of the British flag by the Germans at Victoria as due to excess of zeal on the part of German officers. It is thought that Germany would be unlikely to recognize such a breach of public law.

The Provincial Secretary has issued a circular to Ontario License Inspectors instructing them to prosecute all parties selling liquor under license (except wholesale and vessel licenses) issued by Dominion Boards after this date.

The LOCAL GOVERNMENT has finally decided to proceed with the erection of the new parliamentary buildings in Toronto. This is as it should be, and the Government has shown wisdom in grappling with the question. New buildings are needed, and labor and material are cheap.

It is reported from Ottawa that immediately upon the opening of navigation a dredge will be sent clear away the sand bar at the mouth of Goderich harbor. It is to be hoped that better work will be performed than has been done in the past. The dredge work executed some seasons at this point has been of a very poor sort.

Our whining contemporary, the Star, has called in the aid of the vile sheet run by an abandoned creature in Clinton, in order to have a fling at THE SIGNAL. We thought the Star would soon find its level. The honest opinion of the editor of the Star of his newly adopted ally would be a ray reading.

HON. A. S. HARDY, provincial secretary, who has been in ill-health nearly the whole session thus far, is now in his accustomed place, and prepared to attend to business. Up to the present time Hon. C. F. Fraser has been the Government "fighting man," except when Hon. A. M. Ross, of Huron, was standing in his shoes on the provincial financial policy.

SOME time ago the Canadian Sportsman devoted a leading article to the belittling of "Elsie Groff," the lively trotting mare which is the property of A. M. Polley, of Goderich. A few weeks ago the Sportsman undertook to boom "Moose," a rival on the turf to "Elsie." In Tuesday's Mail we observe that A. M. Polley is out in a card to trot "Elsie" against "Moose" or any other horse at present owned in Canada. "Phyllis" barred the race to come off on the Bradford track the second week in May—a good day and good track. If the Sportsman meant what it said about the respective merits of "Elsie" and "Moose," a favorable opportunity is now offered to make good its contention. If the Sportsman won't back "Moose" for the trot let it name another horse against "the old jade."

READY, AYE READY.
There is quite a flurry down at Toronto at present. Every evening the officers of the city volunteer battalion are scurrying around, and rumor hath it that some of our Canadian boys will face the Mahdi's spearmen before long. Some of the officers are in momentary expectation of receiving the "route," in which event Egypt will be their destination. They are jubilant over the possibility of being able to snatch honor and fame from the osman's mouth. If they are called for by the Imperial Government, we expect to hear of them looking for a ruction on "Africa's golden sands" as eagerly as did the Irish soldier in the penultimate war, who when he landed on the continent, sang—
"I'm so above an' so sound once more—
As sound as a trout, an' so sound, oh!
No music so sweet as my own old goose.
Like the sound of a fourteen pounder, oh!
Where honor calls, there is my track
No matter who or where he is oh!
An' when he's over 'll this com' back
To me home in sweet Tipperary, oh!"

A CHANGE—A MIGHTY CHANGE.

HON. A. S. HARDY'S redistribution bill has been a bitter pill for some of the members of the Opposition. When it was read the first time by the mover, it almost seemed as if a package of dynamite had suddenly made its appearance, and the members of the Opposition "knew it was loaded." Meredith seemed horror-stricken; Creighton was petrified; Medall was paralyzed; Ross, of Cornwall, looked knocked out in the first round; Merrick appeared as if the bottom was knocked out of the boat in which he sailed; Ermatinger looked anything but a representative from the city of the saints; and Carnegie was, for once in his life, speechless. There was more consternation to the square foot visible when the Provincial Secretary explained the provisions of the bill, than was ever before seen in the House, except at the denouncing of the bribery brigade last year. So surprised was Mr. Meredith, that when, at the close of Hon. A. S. Hardy's remarks on the redistribution bill, Hon. C. F. Fraser rose to move the first reading of the franchise bill, the leader of the Opposition was constrained to call "Enough! We have, in the redistribution bill had enough of surprise for one day, and can't stand any more."

It is amusing to hear some of the old Tories growl about the redistribution, and the greatest growlers now are those who chuckled most loudly when Sir John Macdonald gerrymandered Ontario in 1882. At that time they thought the gerrymander a smart dodge; now they are of opinion that an iniquity has been perpetrated. They don't like to take a dose of their own medicine. It makes all the difference in the world to these fellows to know whose ox is gored; and whereas in 1882 they jubilated over the carving up of constituencies by Sir John, now Hon. A. S. Hardy is execrated by them because he has endeavored to more equally distribute the electoral vote in the various constituencies.

The introduction of the system of minority representation in Toronto is also a sore theme with the "masheen" politicians, whose day is now deemed so far as a straight Tory representation from Toronto is concerned.

HAIL, GENTLE SPRING!

All hail! Gentle Spring! We greet thee with a great greet. Thou hast tarried long; pray linger not yet longer. Because we greet thee with "All Hail!" return us not our greeting in kind, and favor us not with all hail and—sleet.

Long have we watched for thy coming, Gentle Spring, and mightily have we mourned over thy dilatoriness, for the Winter has been long, and life is but a span, so to speak.

We yearly look for Mud—thy harbinger—and our eyes have tired gazing at his dazzling sister, the Beautiful Snow.

Snow is a good thing, in its place, but this year has fully demonstrated that it is quite possible to have too much of a good thing—yea, even to the shape of snow.

Twas ever thus: In the heated term, when the thermometer stands up at and beyond 90° in the shade, when the perspiration oozes from every pore, and how to keep butter intact is the problem that agitates the brain of the boarding-house madam, cooling breezes and ices and snows are prized with deep sighs; and again when torridity has been replaced by frigidly one and all yearn for another change.

For ourselves, we neither ask for Greenland's icy mountains, nor crave the horrid temperature, and that is why we hail the advent of Spring—the happy medium.

ON THE WING.

Should I add Acquaintance to Forget—Should I Talk—Should I the Legislature—The "Profit" of Bond St. Church.

TORONTO, March 10, 1885.
Away from the editorial treadmill, I feel as if I had retired from public life, and betaken myself to the quiet shades. After the wear and tear of about a dozen years, the little relaxation which I now am taking feels rather peculiar;—not that I am enjoying a *vacation*, but an *overhaul*, having a complete change of, and that is something, after all. And now to give the readers of THE SIGNAL an idea of what is up, and what I have seen—or rather a portion of it, for giving a full record "would be telling," as the boys say.

At Stratford I met an old Goderich man in the person of conductor Higgins, who is the same genial son of Erin as of yore. He is enjoying better health than he had when in Goderich, and his many friends in the circular town will be pleased to learn that such is the case.

On the train were Mr. Hess, M.P.P., for North Perth, and Mr. John Gillies, the heavy M.P.P., from Bruce. Mr. Hess and I talked about the railway extension from Elora, to Goderich, and it was refreshing to see the interest taken in our scheme by the parliamentary successor of D. D. Hay, the old railway warhorse. Mr. Hess is from Listowel, and as reported Listowel and that section as being warmly disposed towards the scheme. One thing is certain that Goderich has good backing all the way down to Elora, and should the C. P. R. succeed in securing another slice from the Government, a long pull, a strong pull and pull altogether will be made by the municipalities all along the line to bring in a branch of that line to Goderich.

THE LOCAL LEGISLATURE is still in full blast. The session is nearing its close and a few weeks will bring about the adjournment. As is usually the case, some heavy business is cropping up toward the close, the principal being Hardy's redistribution bill, Fraser's franchise bill, and Ross' resolution confirming the agreement between the Government and the school book publishing firms. The two former were read a first time last week and today Ross' resolution is on. Great interest is manifested in this matter, and as I write the galleries are well filled.

Yesterday a buncombe resolution was moved by Broder, of Dundas, seconded by Col. Gray, of York, which would have the effect of saddling upon Ontario the onus of providing compensation for those who had taken up arms in defence of the Family Compact in 1837-8. There was a lively debate upon the question, and the Tory members wrapped themselves in the old Union Jack—metaphorically—and shrieked about the pillars of the British constitution and the loyalty of the good Conservative party. The loudest shouter was W. R. Meredith, the leader of the Opposition. The indignation he assumed was something awful to behold, and a listener would have been almost led to believe that loyalty to Ontario's interests was concentrated in the member for London, and would die and cease forever—when that hon. gentleman was called by his father, Mr. O'Connor, from Bruce, replied to Mr. Meredith, and made things sultry for that gentleman. In the course of his speech he pointed out that the men who took up arms in opposition to the unconstitutional acts of Sir Francis Bond Head in '37 were more loyal to Ontario and the principles of British freedom than was the leader of the Opposition in the Lower House, who at the back of his chieftain at Ottawa had proved recreant to the best interests of his native province. Mr. O'Connor furthermore stated that if Sir John Macdonald so willed it, Mr. Meredith would be willing to secure the treasury benches by force, and would not, in that event, hesitate to take up arms against even the constitutional rulers of this province. The Attorney-General and a number of members also took part in the debate. The 1837 resolution was rejected by 36 to 32.

THE PROPERTY OF BOND ST.
Rev. Dr. Wild, still continues to be an attraction. For the past five years he has kept Bond street church filled to the doors, and last Sunday, there was no abatement in the attendance. At about 6.30 p.m. one of the four doors of the church is opened, and audacious is gain-

JOE ARMSTRONG.

Port Albert's Mysterious Man Turns Up.
In Guelph Jail Charged With Highway Robbery—The Jew Peddler the Victim—Sentenced to Fourteen Years.

IN THE SIGNAL of the 16th of January an article appeared describing the strange advent of Joe Armstrong, who arrived in "the Port" one October day in a fish boat. Armstrong, who also went by the alias of Fisher, gave out that he was on his way to the fishing islands, but he hung around Port Albert for a couple of months, and about the 26th of December disappeared. He re-appeared in about a week later with a covered buggy, which he had belonged to his mother. He again took his departure after a few days' stay, but returned once more about a fortnight later, and his former condition of impecuniosity was changed to one of prodigious display of gold and jewellery. As our article of Jan. 16th had it:—"On this occasion he appeared to be literally rolling in riches. He spent his money lavishly, jewels of great value sparkled on his fingers, gold and silver watches reposed in every pocket, a miniature gold scissor adorned his breast, and altogether he appeared to be a man upon whom this world's riches had been generously and liberally bestowed." He had with him a livery rig hired from John Knox, of this town, which he failed to return, but left at Stratford, skipping on the morning train. It was then suspected that Armstrong had been into the stealing business, and had been one of the gang who robbed Max Simouski, a Polish Jew peddler near Arthur on Christmas Eve. This suspicion has turned out to be correct, and Armstrong and one of his pals is now in Wellington county jail. The facts of the robbery and arrest are as follows:—

On December 24th last Max Simouski, a Jew peddler, while going through a bush near Parker, in the county of Wellington, was sprung upon by three men who came out of the underbrush, each presenting a revolver. They forced him to get out of the rig, and then, after placing a gag in his mouth, took him into the woods and tied him to a tree, first biting upon his hands, leaving him with the advice that he should keep himself as warm as possible. They first rifled his pockets, securing \$200 in cash and his keys. Two of the men then took the peddler's rig and drove off, while the third returned, with livery rig, and having delivered the same he disappeared. The robbery took place about four o'clock in the afternoon on a well-travelled road, but the thieves got off without molestation. Provincial detective Jos. Rogers was given the case and two days after started on the track of the highwaymen. He traced them through Glen Allan, Listowel, Elma Centre, Atwood, Newry, Brussels, Blyth and Seaford; thence the thieves had driven to Hensall, and after turning the face of the poor horse towards Seaford, boarded the train for L. E. & B. Railway, for London and the States. So the authorities thought, but Armstrong came north instead, with the jewellery and gold trinkets that he flashed gaily before the eyes of the Port Albert lads and lasses, as above described. But though the men had escaped on the track of the highwaymen, Rogers did not lose hope of being ultimately able to effect their capture. Last week he received word that they were again in Canada, though they had eluded the officers set to watch them, and immediately started on the trail again, assisted by constable Munson, of Arthur. They got track of the parties on Saturday, proceeded to Simcoe, identified the men and took them to Guelph. When arrested they gave their names as George Buck and Joseph Armstrong. When before the magistrate, Buck made a clear breast of the whole affair, and said that the third party implicated was Little, the same man who shot the constable in Toronto. Little is still at large.

We understand that last week a quantity of jewellery and some watches were found on the premises of James Bird, of Grey township, uncle of Little. This tallies with the story given by Buck and Armstrong. Bird, it will be remembered, was recently tried in Goderich, charged with resisting the constables who were hunting for Little at his house. Little's arrest would be hailed with relief by many, but he is a desperate customer, and will not be captured without a hard fight.

On Wednesday Buck and Armstrong were sentenced. The judge administered a cutting lecture to them, and sentenced each of the robbers to fourteen years in the penitentiary.

THE COMING CABINET SHUFFLE.
Ottawa, March 10.—All the talk about the government's resignation or of a dissolution has its origin in the fact that at this time a year it has been arranged for all the ministers to send in their resignations to the premier at the conclusion of the session. This would have enabled Sir John to form a reconstructed government, leaving those out in the cold whom it was thought better to dispense with. On Tomorrow put this off for one reason or another last year, but it is believed here that the thing will assuredly be done at the end of the present session. (Toronto World.)

E. W. MCKENZIE.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Paints, Oil, Glass, etc.
Goderich, 9th March, 1885.

To the Public:
I am selling best iron nails at \$2.70 per 100 lbs. net cash.
Best steel bar fence wire at 6 1/2 cents per lb. net cash.
I am giving 30 per cent off general cash sales of one dollar and upwards, and 10 per cent off credit sales of one dollar and upwards.
I am continually getting in new goods, largely bought direct from best manufacturers both of Canada and the United States.
These discounts refer to paints, oils, glass, cross-cut saws and all goods not quoted net cash or net credit.
My goods are not marked up to meet these big discounts, but this reduction is made off my hitherto unequalled low prices.
I keep a full line of farmers' and builders' hardware, mechanics' tools and sailors' outfitting, &c. &c.
See my silver plated goods.
I earnestly solicit your continued patronage.
Yours truly,
E. W. MCKENZIE.

A BRUTAL CRIME.

Shocking Outrage upon a Country School Girl.
A Fourteen Year Old Child Shamefully Assaulted—A Scoundrel's Second Offence.

On Thursday last there was a terrible scene of indignation aroused in Brussels when it was learned that a young girl of about fourteen years of age, of one of the best families in the neighborhood, had been shamefully assaulted on her way from school by a lascivious wretch who had just returned from the penitentiary where he had been serving his term for a similar offence. At one time lynch law was threatened, and it looked as if the authorities would be saved expense of the brute's trial at the coming session. The facts of the case, so far as they can be described in a paper like THE SIGNAL, are substantially as follows:

The wretch who perpetrated the outrage is about 23 years of age, and his name is John Logan. He is an illegitimate child, his mother being a deaf mute, as, indeed, are two of his uncles. About seven years ago the family removed to Dakota. While on the way, he slipped off at Mitchell, deserted his relatives, and made for his old residence in the township of Grey, travelling on foot. On the public road, between Seaford and Walton, he overtook a girl of tender years. She was seized by Logan, thrown down and cruelly outraged. He fled to the woods, but was pursued, captured, lodged in Goderich jail, and at the following assizes was sentenced and served a term of six years at hard labor in Kingston penitentiary. At that time the young rascal was barely seventeen years of age. Logan's victim did not long survive the dastardly outrage, and long before his term expired was laid in her grave. On January 1st, 1885, Logan was set free, and came to Brussels living with an aunt there. Last Thursday about three o'clock in the afternoon, he proceeded from Brussels along the 12th con. of Grey, calling at Wm. Blake's. He enquired about hay, but failing to get any, he turned back to the sidewalk, and as the children were leaving "Johnston school house," the scoundrel watched them through the fence. He then took the side road from the 12th to the 10th concessions, and when about three parts of the way across came up to one of the scholars, a girl named Hannah Ball, daughter of Mr. Henry Ball. He walked near her until they reached a solitary spot, when he sprang towards her, and in spite of her cries and entreaties and fearful struggles, foully forced her. The circle of beaten snow attested how hard the girl fought for her virtue, and her bruised and blackened limbs, told the story of her ravisher's violence. After he had accomplished his purpose, the brute kept near her side until she passed some houses on her way home, for fear she might give an alarm, and then let her, saying he was going to Ethel, and that if she told what he did he would kill her. The child's parents were absent from home, and no steps were taken for Logan's capture until the morning. W. B. Dickson was then made acquainted with the facts, and, although up to that time the girl had not recognized her assailant, the young barrier worked up the case so thoroughly that Logan was arrested, and a strong chain of circumstantial evidence fastened around him. He was brought before justices of the peace Hunter and Shaw, and was fully identified by his victim as the man who had outraged her. The case was clearly made out against the brute, and he was taken to Goderich jail by constable Hicks, securely handcuffed. Logan speaks well of prison life since his return.

There has been much sympathy expressed for the poor girl, who was an innocent child in years and knowledge. It would have been an easy matter to have got a crowd to hang Logan in Brussels.