

# The HURON SIGNAL

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1886.

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## THE HURON SIGNAL

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FRIDAY, APRIL 16th, 1886.

The Hamilton Spectator was badly fogged on Monday. Like the Mail, the Tory organ of Hamilton must come down to the workmen.

Brant's deal with Woodworth is a political transaction, and neither of these political transactions will be returned to the parliament they have disgraced by their greed and dishonesty.

We wonder why the Star does not publish M. C. Cameron's speech on the Landry motion in full. And the speech is so "self-condemnatory," too, you know, it ought to be good Tory campaign literature. But our contemporary doesn't really believe that Cameron's speech is "self-condemnatory," and so it dare not publish it.

A few days ago we noticed in the columns that the "loyalists" of Ulster were negotiating for the purchase of arms, so that they might rise up against the principle of Irish Home Rule. The "loyalists" of Ulster are like the "loyalists" of Canada and everywhere else—they become disloyal just as soon as they are not allowed to "rule the roost." But we have no fear of the Ulster "hillsars of the constitution" appealing to arms. The ordinary "loyalist" pretends to talk about fighting, the Ulster brand is no exception to the species.

During the remarks at the finish of the mill between Orton, the rowdy M.P., and Thomson, the plucky journalist, the squeaking tones of East Huron's M.P. were heard, saying, "That's what we will have to do." If the legislators can stand it, we fancy the newspaper men can, especially if they all come out of the conflict as victors as Thomson did. Thomas Farrow thirsting for gore would lead us to infer that the whilom class-leader and exhorter has fallen from grace. It would seem that the hunting up of big eggs under the N.P. has caused East Huron's member to learn to cower. If somebody doesn't tie a knot in him he may do something desperate.

Lovers of liberty and lovers of eloquence should read the magnificent address of Rev. Dr. Burns, the able Principal of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, which was given at St. Louis, on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. Those of the more witless "loyalists" who hold that no Protestant can be a friend of Irish rule for Ireland, will find that the big-brained and big-hearted Methodist preacher and teacher is home rule to the backbone—and all the way through. As a specimen of eloquence, satire, humor, and patriotism, we commend Dr. Burns' address (to be found on our second page) to the intelligent men and women who read THE SIGNAL.

As a specimen of the shameless view taken by the Tory members of the present parliament, we append the words of Woodworth, one of the besmirched members, before the railway committee, last week:

"As a promoter and director he was completely shut out, and felt he had been grievously wronged. By writing such a letter he wanted to show Mr. Beatty that it was his right to have a share in any patronage going in connection with the building and equipment of the road. There would be appointments of clerks and various other things which members of parliament like to take advantage of in the interests of their constituents. Why, they all did it! (Laughter.) There was no member of the House, with the exception of those in Opposition, who did not get an opportunity, but did these things. (Laughter.) As to his procuring a free land grant for the company, there was surely nothing wrong in that."

All of which leads us to believe that the moral sensibilities of Corruptionist Woodworth are so calloused that they would turn the edge of a cold-chisel. Nevertheless, his confession bears out the utterances of M. C. Cameron at Brucefield, Wingham, and St. Thomas, when the glare of noon was let in upon so many dark phases of Tory rascality.

WHEN M. C. Cameron, the able representative of West Huron exposed the rascalities of the "Forty Thieves," he made a ten stroke, for which he deserves the thanks of every honest man in the Dominion.

When rates are driven into a corner they usually bite one another, and the family quarrel between Messrs. Woodworth and Beatty constrains us to believe that the Tories down at Ottawa are fast getting hummed in.

The gentlemanly and pious editor of the Star to the contrary, M. C. Cameron is not a "d— liar all the same." Isn't it about time the Star let up on its vile abuse of our fellow citizen and representative in parliament.

The Hamilton Spectator has thus far failed to let the outside world know what are the prospects of getting 550,000 of a population into, and \$58,000,000 of a land revenue fee out of, the Northwest Territories by the year 1890.

The city of Brantford has issued a handsome illustrated pamphlet describing the "Telephone City." The work is one which reflects credit on the compilers of the book, and also upon the Brantford Express, which printed it. Brantford is indeed a progressive and attractive city.

The volunteers who were at the front last year will now be glad that Doctor Orton didn't take the command of the forces out of the hands of Gen. Fred. Middleton. The valiant medico has just come to grief as a fighting man at Ottawa. Feeling "cocky" over the fact that he had thrashed Johnson, the Mail correspondent, a couple of years ago, Orton last week cowardly assaulted one of the Globe staff, named E. W. Thomson, in the lobby of the House of Commons. Although taken by surprise, the journalist got in his work on the doctor, and gave him a severe pummeling as the reward of his treacherous attack.

Orton is too fond of liquor, and has too big an opinion of his prowess as a slugger. This thrashing will probably do him good. It is only a few years since this rowdy M.P. got on a rampant drunk in the Queen's hotel, Toronto, and smashed a lot of crystal and china in the dining room, scaring the darkey waiters almost out of their wits. He was taken to the station by the police, and spent several hours in the cells. He is a blackguard, and nothing short of it, judging by his conduct as described above. Dr. Orton has never dared to bring the press before the courts for describing his rowdism. He is a disgrace to the parliament of which he is a member.

Some time ago the Hamilton Spectator got at loggerheads with a trades union lecturer named Fogg, and, as it always does when the argument is against it, resorted to name-calling, at which it is an adept. The lecturer was stigmatized as a "blatherskite" and a "ragabond," and the Tory journal then considered him crushed. Last Sunday, however, Mr. Fogg again appeared in Hamilton, and lectured under the auspices of the Moulder's Union to a large assemblage of working people. He didn't fail to allude to the gentlemanly treatment he had received from the Spectator, and he was not long in getting the sympathy of his audience against his cowardly assailant. Mr. Freed, the editor of the Spectator, who was present, asked leave to speak, and was accorded permission to do so. He posed as a "workingman" in favor of radical reforms, but that didn't hinder him from getting a hot reception from the toilers and molers whose champion he had blackguarded. On Monday the Spectator wore sackcloth and ashes metaphorically and apologized for having called Mr. Fogg a "blatherskite" and a "ragabond." The editor of the Spectator, who was thus forced to "eat crow" is the same blooming Tory patriot who recently alluded editorially to the Dominion member for West Huron as "Ananias Cameron" because he dared to expose the rascalities of the timber limit and coal belt jobbers; and the editor of the journal is the same who referred to another member of parliament—James Somerville of Brant—as the "yellow dog of Ancaster," simply because that gentleman had unscrupulously printed rascality in which the Spectator was largely interested. The workmen have evidently sized the Hamilton Tory organ and its editor.

New subscribers have been rolling in at a lively rate during the past month. They must have THE SIGNAL.

## CAMERON'S VINDICATION.

When M. C. Cameron made his memorable speech at Brucefield, and stated that there were only five Tory members from Ontario against whom he had not found evidence that they were bound to the service of the Administration by bonds of bribery, in the shape of timber limits, land schemes, coal belts, &c., he was cried down as a ruthless falsifier of the records by the Toronto Mail; he was nicknamed "Ananias," by the Hamilton Spectator and its local echo the Star; and even Hon. Thomas White thought that "party exigencies" demanded that he should take the stump against Cameron's utterances, and endeavor to make the author swallow the Brucefield statements. But the member for West Huron isn't a political anachronism, and he failed to swallow the statements he had made. Nay, more. He hid him to Wingham, and delivered another speech there, wherein he flayed the camp-followers of the Administration in a merciless manner; and not content with that, he made further denunciations of the iniquities of the Government and its hirelings at St. Thomas—the place where Hon. Thomas White had shown symptoms of unbelief in reference to the matter contained in the Brucefield address. As Cameron continued to rub the charges in to the Government and its parasites, the Mail, the Spectator and even the tadpoles of the hired Tory press ranted and raved and raged for vengeance upon the member for West Huron. No language has been too coarse or vulgar to apply to him, and no epithet has been too vile for them to hurl at his devoted head. But Cameron heeded neither their gibes, sneers, nor taunts, but boldly held his ground, and bided his time.

And his vindication has come far quicker than his enemies expected. The Beatty-Woodworth exposures and personal recriminations, together with the impeachment of Hon. (7) Mackenzie Bowell and John White, M.P. for East Hastings, and other exposures that are pending, prove conclusively that the half had not been told by Cameron, so far as the venality, the rascality, the bribery and the corruption of the present Dominion Government and its phalanx of mercenaries are concerned.

## THE BIG MILL.

Half the Hands to Go, and the Others to Work Half-Time.

The employees of the big mill here owned by Ogilvie & Hutchinson were notified on Saturday last that after to-morrow the staff would be reduced one half, and that those remaining would only be employed half time.

Among those who expect to be discharged are four or five married men, who, with their families, will be forced to remove from town. We understand that the Messrs. Ogilvie will give employment to some of these men in their Montreal mills.

One of the causes that has forced the mill to cut down its expenses is the fact that "strong bakers" flour, which is made from Manitoba wheat, cannot be made here to advantage.

The firm has now 90,000 bushels of local wheat stored in Goderich. The fact that the mill has now to pay taxes is also said to have something to do with the move; in fact it is said that the mill is almost a white elephant on the hands of the owners.

Others say that there's millions in it. However, a dozen or so workmen get their come tomorrow, and those remaining will only get work half time.

## "DISGRACEFUL JOURNALISM."

"Trustful James" Mean Conduct Committed Upon Plain Speaking to a Member and Sincere Journalist.

From the Huron Expositor.  
The following article appeared in the last issue of the Goderich Star, and is credited to the Hamilton Spectator. We produce it in order that our readers may form some idea of the kind of literature the subsidized organs of the Dominion Government send out to the world. It is as follows:

"The Tory party of Ontario is to be congratulated upon the political death, by suicide, of Ananias Cameron, member for West Huron. This unfortunate person is in a measure the victim of ambition. Observing the great promises that Mr. Mills had attained to in the party by means of printing romances in a newspaper about backwoods and barbed wire, and various other matters, Ananias was consumed of jealousy and an insatiable ambition, and he straightway mounted the stump and began to lie at a rate that made Mr. Mills' teeth ache with envy. He declared that he would not be outdone by the 'subsidized' Tory organs which maliciously exposed his rascalities, and he melted and were swept away before the flood of fact, leaving the unfortunate author (his name, however, and a desire of revenge, Mr. Landry's vote of himself to be the friend and admirer of the scheming rebel whose act cost Canada the lives of scores of her sons, and millions of money; he declared that no matter what his crime, a man with French blood in his veins should be hanged for the crime of treason, and that the brutal murderer of the loyal young Ontario, Thomas Scott, should not have suffered for his many bloody crimes. All these Ananias declared voluntarily. But there is one more thing that the unfortunate man should never again represent an Ontario constituency in the Dominion. He is the most unscrupulous and unprincipled of men, and his friends and admirers are as dead as the murdered rebel himself."

We think that every person who reads the above will agree with us in saying that the writer of it is a blackguard of the lowest type, and we know that any person who has read the official report of Mr. Cameron's speech must admit that he is a liar. We are not surprised that the Spectator should publish garbage of this kind, because it receives about \$12,000 a year from the public treasury for doing it, but we are surprised that a respectable man like the editor of the Star would debase his paper by approvingly copying it, simply to injure a political opponent. The editor of the Star must know that the above quoted article, besides being offensively abusive is absolutely untrue. He must know, because Mr. Cameron's speech must admit having quoted especially from it, that nowhere in that speech from the beginning to the end does Mr. Cameron declare himself to be "the friend and admirer of the scheming rebel," &c., nor did he declare that, no matter what his crime, a man with French blood in his veins should not be hanged in Canada. He must know all this, and yet he reproduces these barefaced falsehoods without word or comment, and gives them to his readers as veritable truth, knowing full well that to do so is to do nothing but reduce to this point in Canada it is certainly a very sad and deplorable state of affairs, and it must indeed be a bad cause that needs the practice of such deceit to bolster it up.

Mr. Cameron condemned the hanging of Riel on two distinct grounds, first he contended he did not have a fair trial, because the prosecution refused to permit his counsel the necessary time to prepare his defence, and because they refused to permit the appearance of certain witnesses who were under the control of the Government, and the production of certain documents in the possession of the Government, and which the defence claimed to be necessary in the interests of their client; and, secondly, because he contended that the evidence showed the accused to be insane on certain points, and that this entitled him to the clemency of the executive. Whatever force there may be in these objections, no person who reads his speech can dispute that he very ably supported his position by the strongest evidence, and however much one may differ from him in his conclusions, there is no person who can truthfully say that he did not at least have very strong and reasonable grounds for arriving at the conclusions he did. But there is ample room for honest difference of opinion on the main question, and if instead of belching forth their vulgar and unreasoning abuse, the organs of the Government would, in a calm and dignified manner, criticize and endeavor to show the fallacy of the arguments he put forward in defence of his belief, their action would be commendable instead of reprehensible.

We are not led to make these remarks with a view of defending Mr. Cameron from such assaults as the above. In fact Mr. Cameron may well pray the organs to continue the course they are pursuing for the more of this sort of literature they hurl at him, the more do they strengthen and popularize the objects of their hate. We simply deem it our duty to protest, as earnestly as we can, against the disgrace that is being inflicted upon journalism by thus prostituting a noble and worthy institution by making it a medium of falsehood and treachery, as one position cannot be so degraded without affecting more or less the influences and usefulness of all.

The "Canadian Band"—the frog-very musical on Monday. The old heads say that means winter has departed. However, don't put your overcoat by just yet.

## WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

Something About Dogs—What Might Have Ended with a Tragedy with a Big "W"—The Bull That Over at the "Star"—Genial spicing.

Oh! Kiser, don't ye want to buy a dog. It'll make good sausage meat. And not so very hairy. And not so very hairy. It's only got two legs.

I recollect when I lived down on the Atlantic coast, a number of years ago hearing the youngsters on the street sing that little "pomp." I didn't think much of the poetry, but there was lively jingle in the music, and the kinship between dogs and sausage meat was well-linked, as it were. I don't suppose that little rhyme would have ever awoke from its slumber in one of the back compartments of my brainholder, if it had not been for the racket that occurred over in the court house last week. "McBee you didn't hear about it. Well, I've been told it was hot while it lasted, and for a time it looked as if there was going to be wigs on the green.

You see, there are more dogs around the court house and owned by court house officials than you could shake sticks at. Robert G. Reynolds, deputy sheriff, has one about the size of a charm for a watch—well, it wouldn't make more than a sausage and a half—and Bob's as proud of it as if it weighed a ton; F. Adamson, county clerk, has a dog, or if he has he doesn't let the assessor see it; Judge Tom won't allow his dog to follow him up street; neither will Judge Doyle, if he can possibly help it; Sutherland Malcomson, master in chancery, got mad because his dog paraded in meeting the assessor, and traded him off for a collar-box full of fishworms; William Joseph Russell, Holmes, county treasurer, rejoices in a black and tan colored animal with a streak of bull in him, as near as I can find out; Dan Macdonald, clerk of the surrogate court, has a mate for Robert G. Reynolds' little bunch of yellow hair; and Ira Lewis, the beaming county attorney, is the proud possessor of a 100-pound sausage power dog—a good-natured critter about the size of a baby elephant, and about as useless as any of the others.

Well, Tuesday last week, Bob's dog, Hays was over to the sheriff's office on business, and when coming out was followed by Robert G.'s little "yaller dog." Out in the hallway Holmes' black and tan met Robert G.'s "yaller dog," and before you could sneeze the black and tan commenced to chew yellow hair. Stan, a well-known barrister undertook to separate the animals, and in doing so used their boots. At this critical moment the lofty owner of the black and tan appeared on the scene, and before you could wink he was aware of the ministered a reproval with a No. 12 boot to the legal gentleman. Then there was a small of brimstone for a few moments, but no bones were broken and no gore was shed, the treasurer backing gracefully into his den, and grandly flourishing his long right arm, and loudly ejaculating something that they spell with a "W"—in newspapers. The matter was finally settled by the treasurer apologising for his sudden rush upon the barrister. Of course, an apology is a nice thing, but won't heal a bruise, and a boot is a sore spot anything like as nice as sticking plaster. For my part, if I was the legal gentleman I'd accept the apology, but at the same time I'd offer a premium for the loan of the best bulldog in the section, and I'd take the best of the hide of the treasurer's black and tan were flying around in all directions.

I ain't malevolent, but, by my say so, I'd put up a job on the author of my misfortunes—the black and tan dog. Revenge is sweet.

By the way, I see the organ of the Tory party has quite recovered on Friday last from the effects of the publication of Cameron's speech in THE SIGNAL the previous week. There was a dazed expression—a sort of "Eh! what's that?" appearance about it; and I really thought something had dropped upon it. Next time M. C. G. makes a speech in the House of the Goderich Tory editor won't be so "brash," as we used to say down South. But I've noticed when people go hunting for trouble they generally find it.

Now that's just how I got caught myself, and as a secret I don't mind telling your readers all about it. During the past winter I was averse to snow-shovelling, and coal-stove loading up, and other similar wearinesses that the flesh it heir to,—or rather—well you know what I mean, anyhow. I told the folk at the house that I wasn't indolent, but that I had no hankering after winter sports of the kind named; that my bent was altogether toward gardening, and clearing up yards in the beautiful spring time, and watching the lovely dawn in the early morn when the gay zephyr wafted the sweet incense of the flowers upon which the dew upon the glowing petals glistened like diamonds at the sun's first blush. Oh, paw! What poetical freak has caught on me anyhow! What I really meant to say is, spring has come, and summer will soon be on deck. In the light of my winter remarks I had better take a grip of the hoe and rake.

## Shppardton.

We understand that the genial owner of Cedar Cliff has decided to indefinitely postpone his visit to Scotland.

Belfast.

D. A. Mackenzie, of Toronto, was in the village last week visiting his brother, C. A. Mackenzie.

A magnifying glass, given by Mr. Mackenzie to the pupil obtaining the highest number of marks in the sixth class for the month of March, was won by John S. Mullen.

Garbraid.

R. D. Morris, who has returned after several months' absence in Michigan, was warmly welcomed home on Tuesday evening. The hospitality extended to the visitors by Joseph Morris and his family was in keeping with that gentleman's reputation as a big-hearted and generous host. The merry dance was indulged in during the evening.

Colborne.

AN OTHER HUNT.—As John McPhee was going through his farm one day last week, his dog began to bark loudly and excitedly. On investigation, the cause of the racket was found in the presence of an otter, which was captured without much trouble. The animal measured 43 inches long, and weighed 15 lbs. Robt. Rogerson, of the Nile, an amateur taxidermist, is now stuffing it.

Auburn.

The chimney of the Auburn House took fire on Show day, but the fire brigade, under the able management of Bob Sprunz, fire warden, succeeded in getting it under before any damage was done.

A fight to the finish, Marquis of Queensberry rules, took place on Friday last, between two young men named Jones and Fowler. The latter was obliged to throw up the sponge. Time not given.

If the census had been taken on show day, Auburn would have been able to incorporate as a village with a vote, and fall soundly on board. We might then hang out our sign against Bayfield.

Leeders.

Quoit playing has been indulged in during the week.

A. and R. Cooke, of Holmesville, visited friends hereabouts last week.

E. N. Shaw, of Border Farm, turned over the first and for 1886, and got away ahead of our Dunlop neighbors.

Rev. Mr. McCloy, of Edmondville, preached a most acceptable sermon here on Sunday morning.

A sheep here dropped three lambs the other day. The mother would suckle only one of the triplets, but the other two are thriving on the bottle, and are being much petted.

Dunlop.

Miss Annie Luby, of Goderich, was the guest of Mrs. Tobin last week.

The big storm that unroofed factories and drilled holes, and blew the gable end of Toronto shops did not so much as overturn a haystack or knock down a clothesline in this locality. The secret is that the architect, realizing that the big blow was on, got his windmill and his windmill took all the wind old Boreas could muster. The doors and sashes were made at a wholesale rate, and the force of the gale was spent in vain against the windmill. Fact!

Last Saturday a tall, clerical, benevolent-looking gentleman appeared in our burgh, accompanied by the handsome reverge of Goderich. The citizens at first thought that some special meetings were mediated by the clerical looking gentleman, but he turned out to be the county crown attorney, and the special meeting took another form. He was shown into the consulting room of our sick committee, and tested the far-famed tonic. As the result of his age and experience, and as a man who had spent two-thirds of his life time in the county of Huron, the distinguished visitor pronounced the tonic a veritable cureall, and one that would be especially popular in Scott Act counties.

Elzeval.

Henry Cowen leaves for his new home in Michigan this week.

Wm. Agar, of Morris, made a deep gash in his foot the other day while working in the bush.

The Guest family have left town for Detroit.

Mrs. Prime and family have become residents of our village.

There was no flood around here this year.

Leech's men are on the drive, and soon the logs for the season will be down.

The singing class under Mr. Coutts held their final on Friday evening last. A good programme was well carried through.

John Johnston, our genial hotelkeeper, gave a dance in the hotel hall in honor of raising the new cheese factory, which is on its way to completion.

M. McCutcheon, who has been spending the winter in the west, has returned. He reports things brisk out then, and says they have lots of snow.

NING ET. Fashioned ideas, and long prices. rices. ITH & Co.

chers Department. hers, Tommy, and sit with your sister comes down. I you about the railroad acci- been through. you didn't get hurt did you? it how did you know that? because paw said the other our cheek would carry you ything."

LING OFF OST! AT BARGAINS S, &c. ware, Crockery, ALL WARES, Etc., Etc. P. LUBY 100, Court House St., Goderich, Ont.

HIGGINS' SWEETNESS & FLAVOR UNQUALLED. IRYMEN will greatly improve your TER & CHEESE. nd's Jersey Dairy, AMILTON, ONT.

SOME W GOODS. That are going to be LD CHEAP

UNDERS- RIETY STORE Paper, Decorations, Tints, Carpet Lining, ing Lamps, and a General Assortment of e Furnishings!

Cheapest House DER THE SUN. next door to the Post Office. April 16, 1886.

GODERICH ARBLE WORKS.

urchased the business of JOSEPH Marble Cutter, I take this op- of annexing to the people of the Huron, that I am now prepared to orders in ARBLE & GRANITE ments, Headstones, Etc., Etc. twelve years practical experience, I lent of giving satisfaction to those favor me with their orders.

OWS and Door Sills SE FURNISHINGS, ETC., plied at Reasonable Rates. tending to purchase Monuments or will find it in their interest to E ME, A CALL. t an inspection of the work now in shop. A. ROBERTSON. March 18th, 1886.