

# HURON SIGNAL

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

FOURTH YEAR.  
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## THE HURON SIGNAL

is published every Friday Morning, by Mc GILLICUDDY BROS., at their Office, North St. GODERICH, ONTARIO.

FROM the reports of the "Jubilee sermons" published in our exchanges we are led to believe that the large majority of the preachers paid more attention to the Queen of England than to the King of Kings last Sunday.

A LITTLE while ago, on the occasion of Lord Lansdowne's return to Ottawa, after his attendance at Toronto during the reception of William O'Brien, Mr. Blake objected to have the House of Commons adjourn at 4 o'clock in the afternoon to meet him with a "hooray." For so doing Mr. Blake was stigmatized as a disloyal man by some of the more wide-mouthed and narrow-brained of the Tory press. Well, Monday last the Speaker and others were desirous that parliament should adjourn over Jubilee Day, but Sir John Macdonald insisted that a meeting should be held as usual at 3 p. m. Here is a chance for the loyalists to howl against disloyalty. Listen to them howl, will you?

The Government has "thrown a sprat to catch a salmon," so far as Goderich is concerned. The estimates show that \$4,000 have been placed towards the erection of public buildings in Goderich, and last week there was intense jubilation over the event amongst our Tory friends. They are not so extravagant in their manifestations of joy now, for most of them have begun to see that \$4,000 would be merely a drop in the bucket, so far as the sum which would be required to put up suitable public buildings here is concerned. The real reason for the placing of the sum in the public estimates is that West Huron will shortly be an open constituency, and the Tory candidate will want the Government promise at his back in the contest.

The recent fatal accident in connection with cannon firing in Goderich on Jubilee Day should be a warning to many throughout the Dominion. It is not the first time that such a calamity has occurred, and we fear, notwithstanding the additional warning, it will not be the last. The inexperienced men who go fooling around cannons on gala days are not one whit removed from the idiots who "don't know it is loaded," until the shot-gun lays some fellow mortal cold and stiff in death. They should all be locked up, as a dangerous class to be at large. It's a very poor kind of loyalty that needs the roar of a cannon to make its presence felt, and it is to be hoped that the fatality of Tuesday will give the absurd custom its quietus in Goderich. Monday last, when the question was mooted, the editor of this journal opposed it strongly and warned one of the movers in the scheme that casualty was likely to result from inexperienced civilians taking upon themselves duties which required the most consummate skill of military experts; but the opposition was of no avail. Today there is mourning in at least one home, and deep sorrow and suffering in others because some would-be loyal people wanted to make a noise to show their devotion to Queen and country. We regret the disaster, and regret it the more that the victim and the other sufferers had nothing to do with the conception, of the folly.

LACROSSE.—The Hurons, of Goderich, went to Stratford Tuesday last to play the Beavers of the classic city. Owing to the heavy rain that prevailed in the morning, the game was declared off and president Williams and some of the other Goderich boys left on the noon train for Goderich. Before they reached Stratford, however, the sky cleared, and there was every indication of a fine afternoon, and they returned to Stratford by the train that crossed at Dublin. The boys of both clubs were then looked up and the game brought on so late in the afternoon that a limited time had to be set. The first goal was taken by Stratford, but after that the Goderich boys had the matter practically in their own hands. They took the second goal, and when time was called Will Ellard had just obtained the rubber and was prepared to put it through between the flags a second time.

Belfast. W. A. Hackett returned from Toronto last week. We are glad to hear that he was successful in obtaining a second class professional certificate at the Normal School.

A grand picnic under the auspices of the Methodist church will be held in John Agar's grove in the afternoon of Dominion Day. A pleasant time is anticipated.

## WHAT'S UP?

### Things That Are Happening Around Us.

About the Literary Eclipse Last Week—The Jubilee Day Tragedy—The Folly of Burning Gunpowder on Holidays.

—Well, I never,—no, I really never did get so taken down in my life as I did last week when THE SIGNAL came out, and I put on my glasses to read the editorial and local matter, and to see what the intelligent compositor had made me guilty of saying. There wasn't the ghost of an editorial utterance, my own column wasn't visible this side of Salt Creek, and the locals looked as if the reporter had taken a vacation that had lasted about a full week. I wiped the glasses, but the missing links that bound me to THE SIGNAL didn't show up; then I thought John Butler had traded spectacles with me, and that I was looking at the great local Reform luminary from a strong Tory point of view; then I thought some fellow of a malicious disposition has pasted the name and date of THE SIGNAL on to a copy of the *Almanac*, but the patent plates with the "Joss" serial were not to be seen. After due consideration I came to the conclusion that none of the neighbors had played any pranks on me, and I began to look for a solution of the problem. And it didn't take me long to discover that the edition for that particular week was got out in the interest of the county councillors, the public school teachers, and the Sabbath school teachers, and that the esteemed editor and his able assistants, Webster Brown, Jo. Maywood, yours truly and other suns, moons and stars of the literary firmament of THE SIGNAL, were undergoing an eclipse for one week, at any rate. So I made up my mind if the other fellows could stand it for a week I could, and I didn't visit the sanctum with fire in my eye and mischief in my heart. I thought the neighbors, many of whom missed my able effusions last week, would clamor for an explanation. Hence these remarks.

—Since my last an event has occurred which has cast a gloom over more firesides than the one directly interested, and has brought pain to more hearts than those that dwell under the roof where the Death Angel spread his wings on the 21st. The day was the day of Jubilee—of rejoicing that Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria had passed the fiftieth milestone since the anniversary of her coronation. And many loyal British subjects rose with the lark that morning, despite the lowering clouds, and carolled from gladsome hearts, as a matin song, the glorious anthem, "God Save the Queen." I was up betimes myself, but whether it was my loyalty or my rheumatic twinges that caused me to forsake my couch in the grey dawn, it is not necessary for me to explain. I had made up my mind to seek some calm retreat and together with the neighbors from the back townships, loyally forsaking my accustomed vocation in celebration of the glorious anniversary which it has not often come to the lot of the British subject to participate in. In my absence the tragic event occurred. I will not recount the particulars further than to say that others undertook to celebrate the day, but in a louder way than I; that inexperienced caused disaster and death, that two men were cast from near the mouth of a cannon, wounded and thrown in a heap; and that a boy, younger and with apparently many years of usefulness yet in store for him, was stricken unto death by a cruel projectile—a young life was put out in a flash—without a moment's warning—in the twinkling of an eye, I was miles away when word came to me of the disaster, but my old heart almost ceased to throb, and my pulse seemed to suspend its functions for the time being when I heard the tragic news. I knew that, so far as that particular calamity was concerned, those near and dear to be by blood relationship were out of reach of harm; but I knew also that the Angel of Death had paid a swift visit to our town and blotted out a young life as unexpectedly as a lightning bolt from a cloudless sky; I knew that a father would sob, "My son! my son!" and that some Rachel would wail for a boy taken, and would not be comforted, because he was not. I did not hear at that time the name of the stricken family, but it was sufficient for me to know that Death had come

amongst our neighbors in a manner most sudden and startling; and although, after the manner of men, I wept not, my heartstrings were touched, my sympathetic feelings were played upon as the chords of an instrument by a mighty Master hand; and involuntarily an aspiration went forth that the backs to bear the severe stroke would be strengthened to the test—that the burden would prove not greater than could be borne. And although that day men from Huron's county town had gone forth to almost all points of the compass, I firmly believe that not one learned of the fatal accident without experiencing feelings akin to those which fell to my portion when the sad news reached me.

—And right here and now I want to enter a solemn and earnest protest against the foolish habit of burning powder on gala days. Of course a lot of people will say it has been the custom almost since gunpowder was invented, which may be all very true, but the custom is none the less foolish for all that. In many well-regulated towns and cities steps are now taken to deter the youngsters from shooting off fire crackers and whirpines in public places, owing to accidents that have occurred; and how can grown people consistently ask the law to restrain children if a good example be not set them in the matter of powder burning. As people become educated the absurdity of this noisy display should become apparent, and the frequency of accidents should stamp the custom with the disapproval of all right thinking people. I don't care a red cent whether the powder is burned in a 32 pounder captured at Sebastopol from the Russian Bear, or whether it is touched off from the village blacksmith's anvil, the risk is equally great and the practice is just as criminal.

—When I look back, I discover we have made little or no advance in the matter of intelligence on this point since I was a boy. Then there were young fellows who had never seen a cannon, or who, if they saw it, could not tell the business end from the breech, who wanted to burn powder, and who would undertake to load up the village smith's anvil, and awake the echoes shortly after midnight on the morn of celebration. And looking back I can well remember many a form laid cold and stark and stiff in death, and many a frame shattered and maimed by the village anvil, misapplied enthusiasm and a moderate quantity of gunpowder. It is the same in the United States as it is in Canada, and today in the sister Republic, there are more maimed veterans of the 4th of July celebrations, ten times over, than there are of the great Rebellion, although pensions are paid to the latter and not to the former. My advice to all who want to display their loyalty by burning gunpowder is "Don't you do it; it isn't healthy; it isn't wise; and even if you succeed without meeting with an accident there is nothing gained, and the powder and your time is wasted."

OBITUARY.—The following from the *Locknow Sentinel* refers to a brother of Mr. Duncan McMillan, of this town.—Many of our readers will regret to learn of the death of Mr. Archibald McMillan, of West Wawanosh, which took place on Saturday afternoon last. Deceased, who was in his 65th year, was one of the oldest residents in the section, having settled here when the whole country was a solid mass of forest. He was of a kind, social disposition, and during his long residence in this neighborhood, he enjoyed the hearty good will of every body with whom he became acquainted. He has been in declining health for some years past, but during last winter he was suddenly stricken down with cancer of the stomach, and which finally terminated in his demise on Saturday. Mr. McMillan was widely known, and his funeral to the Kinloss cemetery on Monday, was one of the largest that has ever passed through the village. Mrs. McMillan and family have the sincere sympathy of a very large circle in their sad bereavement. Deceased was a native of Southend Kintyre, Argyshire, Scotland.

FATAL STABBING.—Mr. Alex. Clyde, of the Township of Wallace, had a letter the other day from one of his sons, written from Palomira City, Washington Territory, in which an account is given of the fatal stabbing of one Boyd who was at one time a constable at Kincardine and Goderich and who had a brother a resident of this place. The murderer, Bergin, has been captured and is in the hands of the authorities. The body of the murdered man was buried on the bank of the river near where the deed was committed.

At New Dundee on Saturday night burglars entered Bolland, Schiedel & Co.'s store, blew open the safe and got \$8 in cash.

## DOMINION DAY.

### How Goderich will Celebrate Canada's Natal Day.

"Dian Ya Hear the Slogan?"—The Gathering of the clans—They are Coming from all Along the Line.

The 1st of July in Goderich this year promises to be the greatest event that has taken place for years in this section of the country. Already the greatest publicity has been secured and from the towns along the Wallington, Grey and Bruce R. R., from Brussels to Kincardine; along the London, Huron and Bruce R. R. from London to Wingham; along the Buffalo and Lake Huron Branch and along the main lines of the Grand Trunk R. R. responses from cities, towns and villages have come of an invasion of Goderich on the occasion. The gravel roads and concessions will also be lined with vehicles that day, and the townships will send their quota to the sights and scenes of the great day of sport in Huron's county town.

A VISIT TO GODERICH on the day of the games, means one of the most pleasurable excursions that can be had during the summer months. The town is famous as being the prettiest in Canada, if not the finest on the American continent. The streets are the broadest, and the drives the most beautiful; the men are reputed to be best fellows, and the maidens the most comely in the Dominion.

SPECIAL RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS have been made with the G. T. R. company to and from all points, and everything possible has been done to contribute to the convenience of passengers. A great attraction on the day of the games will be that all from the interior will be enabled to avail themselves of the opportunity to

SAIL UPON THE LAKE, as the train will arrive in town several hours before the commencement of the games. The work of making the carryings out of the games a success is in the hands of a most energetic committee, and the manager on the occasion is none other than the well-known

J. D. STEWART one of the most enthusiastic Scots that ever breathed, and perhaps the most competent man in Canada to fill the onerous position. The attractive bill and programs that have been got out to advertise the great event have proved that the manager and his assistants are willing to let the people know that the greatest series of games in Canada will be held in Goderich this year. Over a mile and one-eighth of programs have been placed in circulation, and some 1,200 feet of large posters have been put up to view; and last, but not least, the largest and best list of cash prizes offered in Canada so far this year has been placed for competition amongst

ATHLETES PIPERS AND DANCERS. Secretary Horton and D. McGillicuddy attended Stratford games Tuesday and secured the attendance of Robert Ireland, the champion piper of America, F. Beaton, the celebrated piper and dancer; Duncan S. Johnston, the well-known Scottish and character dancer, Toronto; Arch Scott, champion all round jumper; D. M. Sullivan, champion athlete of the world, C. Currie, champion shot putter; and others, together with such juvenile dancers as Frank (Little-Tug) Wilson, Johnnie Rattray, J. Campbell, Helen Taylor, and Katie Ash, of London, Annie and J. Rankin of Woodstock, and J. Ballantyne, of Brussels. Additional entries are also constantly coming to hand at the Secretary's office, and the greatest field of athletes and dancers ever brought together in a Canadian park is confidently looked for.

THE TUG OF WAR between Ashfield and Goderich townships promises to be an event of great importance. Last year Capt. J. R. Holmes of Goderich township, got together a fine team to pull against Colborne, but owing to the team from the latter township failing to connect there was no draw. This year Capt. J. Macdonald, of Ashfield, has taken the matter in hand, and promises to place a team on the ground that will "pull any ten men of Goderich township out of their boots. However, the Goderich township men will have something to say about it, and we believe they can put a team in the field that will make it interesting for the stardwars from the north.

THE CONCERT IN THE EVENING promises to be a grand exposition of the songs and dances of Auld Scotia. Manager Stewart will introduce the members. Vocal music will be rendered by Mr. Gavin Spence, the greatest exponent of Scottish song since the days of Hamilton Corbett, Miss McNeil, of London, the peerless Scottish lady singer, Miss Maggie Rankin favorably known to many Scottish audiences, Mr. R. S. Rankin also a general favorite in this section, and Miss Wynn, of Goderich, has kindly promised to assist. The prize winners at piping and dancing during the day will also repeat the selections at the concert in the evening.

## A TRAGIC EVENT.

### Terrible Accident at the Jubilee Celebration in Goderich.

A Premature Explosion Causes the Death of a Boy and the Wounding of Two Men—Full Account of the Disaster.

When it was mooted Monday afternoon that the old Russian cannon down at Light-house Point would be called in to requisition by some loyal people of Goderich, so that the customary 21-gun "Royal Salutes" could be fired on the day of Jubilee, the wiser and more experienced members of the community shook their heads and deprecated the idea. Despite all warnings, however, those who had conceived the scheme, went on with the necessary arrangements, and on Tuesday the attempt was made to carry out the program laid down; but a tragedy occurred and the program was not completed. The following from an eye-witness is a graphic account of the disaster:—

The firing started sharp at 12 o'clock, about 200 people having assembled on the ground. John Roberts, of the Big Mill, was firing. W. L. Pennington and his brother, Oliver, loaded the first six or seven charges, when the former changed off at the ramrod and Richard Parker took his place. The accident occurred while the thirteenth charge was being rammed home, and it was about half way down the gun. Roberts, who had his thumb on the vent, was forced by heat and pressure to raise his hand simultaneously with the explosion. Parker was close up to the ramrod and consequently got the most powder. The charges used were two pounds each, the full charge for the gun being five pounds. The boy, James Couits, was about 25 or 30 feet in front of the gun, and, although warnings had been given to keep away from before her, had run over suddenly to place a piece of crockery on the bench on the edge of the bank, to see if it would get blown off. It seems he was noticed by very few, as no danger of premature explosion was apprehended by any one. Mr. Couits, father of the boy, and three of his sons were on the grounds during the firing. The ramrod was about nine or ten feet in length, and about two and a half inches thick. The boy had placed the broken crockery, and must have turned partly around facing the gun when the explosion took place, a child just 6 years and 4 months old, and carried him home, hardly realizing what had occurred. Dr. Whiteley was on the spot at the time of the accident, and immediately set to work to relieve Parker, who was burnt with the powder from the lower part of his chest on the left side up to his right shoulder, including his head and left arm, the clothing being torn completely off that portion of his body. At first it was feared he was blind, but by an effort he was able to open his eyes and see. He was taken into the lighthouse, where all was done for him that could be, while the doctor went up town to procure what was necessary to relieve the sufferer. Pennington was badly burnt about the right hand and arm, his wrist having the appearance of being almost roasted; a good deal of powder was also lodged in his neck. His clothing was badly torn and damaged. When the effect of the powder began to be felt upon the system the sufferings of the men were terrible, Parker at times being quite delirious. Inside of a minute after the accident the place where the tragedy occurred was nearly deserted. No one cared to ask questions. The place where a few seconds before the cannon belched forth flame and smoke in tones that could be heard miles away, was now silent. A look of blank amazement was the only expression noticeable, save upon a few strong hearted men who ran to aid the wounded and to tenderly care for the dead, while the faint-hearted turned from the place, hardly daring to look back. No more shots were fired, and the balance of the ammunition was sent to a place of safety. Parker and Pennington were conveyed to their homes as soon as it was possible. The swab used for cleaning the gun, was on a stick similar to the ramrod, and was kept wet in a puddle of water near the gun.

On Wednesday and Thursday Pennington was able to be around, although still bearing sad evidence of the terrible accident. It is feared that Parker's case will be a harder one, as in addition to the injuries caused by the explosion, he sustained the fracture of a rib in falling to the ground.

The Canadian Pacific Railway bridge at Lachine will be completed next month.

## FROM WASHINGTON.

### What Has Transpired at the United States Capital.

Hot Weather—The National Drill left a Soft Spot or Two—The Grand Army of the Republic's Work.

From our Special Correspondent. Washington June 20th 1887. More than likely the sultry summer heat of the past few days, has not been an unmitigated evil. Personal comfort is very apt to rest aside every other pursuit which does not aid in its attainment. The recent topics of ordinary conversation and of news paper discussion have not tended to alleviate, but rather to irritate the natural excitability of men when their sentiments are touched upon.

The St. Louis episode, where the municipality and the Grand Army of the Republic both seemed inclined to disclaim the responsibility for the invitation of the President of the United States to that city, during the period of a celebration which belonged peculiarly to the latter, was instrumental in stirring up considerable feeling. More recently, the battle flag controversy, over-shadowed the first topic, and with the electric qualities of both speed and heat, was likely to have assumed a decidedly angry look, but thanks to the timid wave, the multitude spontaneously sought some less heating diversion. When the thermometer is indicating ninety degrees, suffering and desiring humanity forgets all else save a desire to mop its face, fan itself, divest itself of superfluous raiment, and administer cooling decoctions to the interior department.

The politicians will, however, manage to keep these topics alive for a while longer, in the hope of making capital for their respective parties; but the promise of the era of good feeling which all patriots hope for and expect, grows brighter and nearer fulfillment every year, and no one thoughtfully considering all the circumstances of the case will be discouraged by these incidents. The action of the President in promptly and sensibly abandoning the proposed return of captured flags, when he discovered what its effect would be upon the minds of a large class of people, and that a doubt existed as to the legality of the transfer by him, unauthorized by Congress, should end the matter. Although, doubtless intended to promote the good feeling which was so conspicuously displayed here at the National Drill, and is now being exhibited by the entertainment at Boston and Lynn, and elsewhere, of Robert E. Lee, Camp of Confederate Veterans, by Grand Army of the Republic's posts, it had the effect of reopening the not entirely cicatrized wounds, but the balm of better acquaintance with the persons and motives of each other, will eventually heal these tender spots, until a complete reconciliation of the sections will be effected.

These two questions, referred to having occurred almost simultaneously, and the prominence which the Grand Army of the Republic has taken in each, has had the effect of attracting considerable attention to that organization here and elsewhere. Having no political meaning, from a partisan standpoint, this organization is but a kindred one to those that have existed in most countries, and notably in that of France. It is a power in the nation, but a power exerted in behalf of loyalty to country, and of beneficence toward the Country's defenders. In this city, the order has some peculiar features, such as the Department Employment Committee, which sees to the enforcement of the provisions of law respecting the preference to be given to soldiers and sailors, other things being equal, both for appointment to and retention in office; a Pension Committee which aids the soldiers, his widow and orphan, in the establishment of proofs necessary to place them on the pension rolls; a Relief Corps, which comes to the succor of comrades who are brought here in the hope of obtaining either pension or employment, and whose means have become exhausted; and, lastly, the important part taken in all parades and ceremonies of a national character.

These features necessarily place this department of the G. A. R. in the foreground, as a representative one, and a glance at its present condition here, may be of interest. The new building known as G. A. R. Hall, is one of the most imposing, on the most prominent thoroughfare of the city. It is directly opposite one of the first hotels, and is a welcome improvement over the old dilapidated buildings, which stood upon its site so long, to the wonder of strangers looking from the hotel front. It is four stories in height, all but the ground floor being used for Grand Army purposes. On the second floor is a splendid ball with ante-rooms, etc. and the third and fourth, is devoted to the uses of the different posts of the department.

The organization here is in a prosperous condition, and numbers upon its muster rolls, our most prominent and influential citizens of private and of official life. Archbishop Fabre is dangerously ill from an attack of dropsy. St. Catherine's taxpayers have resolved to purchase Montebella Gardens as a public park. The bylaw was carried by a large majority.

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