

HURON SIGNAL

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1885.

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THE HURON SIGNAL

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It is despatched to all parts of the surrounding country by the earliest mails and trains. Its general admission it has a larger circulation than any other newspaper in this part of the county. It is one of the oldest, newest and most reliable journals in Ontario. It is published as it does, the for-going essentials and being in addition to the above, a first-class family and friends paper—it is therefore a most desirable advertising medium.

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FRIDAY, JULY 31st, 1885.

The British foreign office, we are informed, has received incontrovertible evidence of El Mahdi's death. We have heard incontrovertible news of this kind before, and after we had hugged the delusion to our bosom for a short time we usually awoke to the fact that incontrovertible information from the Sudan was sometimes unreliable. However, we won't quarrel with the British foreign office about the affair, but hope that El Mahdi will stay dead long enough to enable us to have more faith in "incontrovertible information" from the Sudan.

It would almost appear that a ukase has been issued from the Tory headquarters to "call off the dogs" from snarling at Sir Richard Cartwright. The time was when no man was more detested than he by our Conservative brethren; it is not so long since he was legislated from political life by act of parliament; and until recently his brilliant parts and undoubted abilities were frowned down by the great and small of the Tory press and public. But a change has come, and Sir Richard's stock is looking up, so far as good words from his opponents can make any public man's stock look up, and we really would like to know what has caused the revulsion of Tory feeling in his favor. Will some of our Lib-Con friends let us know why the able member for South Huron is not so bad a man as he once was?

SOME of the anti-Scott papers are endeavoring to show that the people are in favor of the Scott Act because a majority of the persons whose names are on the voters' lists have not voted for it in different constituencies in which it has been submitted. Such a contention is supremely silly; nevertheless the anti-Scott papers persist in it week after week. If the same line of reasoning were adopted with regard to parliamentary voting, there would be no members in parliament, except those elected by acclamation, and the carrying on of public business would be somewhat retarded. Besides we don't hear any of those opponents of the act say that Perth and Peel and other counties which voted against the act by narrow majorities, should be forced to have a second majority of the entire vote on the list. The sauce for the goose is of no avail for the gander in these cases.

Now that the Northwest volunteers have returned to the bosoms of their families, and have once more settled down to the breadwinning realities of life, we would like to see our Toronto contemporaries banish their 'heroes,' as applied to them, from their columns. That the men who went to the Northwest and did their duty there deserve due credit for their loyal action we are willing to admit, but there is no necessity for glorifying them *ad nauseum*. After all, there was not a great deal of powder smelt, and the majority of the men never saw a shot fired, although they were, we presume, anxious for the chance. Just as good men and true were left on the home guard, and we believe that ten times the number could have been found if the occasion required. To do just what the Northwest contingent did, or were willing to do. Thus far we have been looking at the Northwest "battles" with the magnifying end of the telescope. If the hero worship business be persisted in some folk will examine them with the naked eye, and in doing so will discover that the work done was not nearly so large as it looked at first. Lieut. Greely and his Arctic explorers were "heroes" for a time, and afterwards dropped in the public estimation. In this strange world of ours there are obas as well as flows of popular sentiment.

MONDAY last Judge Hughes, of St. Thomas, delivered judgment in the re-count of the ballots in the late Scott Act election in Elgin, declaring the act carried by thirteen majority, and ordering the petitioner for the scrutiny to pay all costs. The tampering with the ballots didn't help the anti's any.

The Mitchell *Advertiser* is the name of a new paper which has reached our table. There is already a Tory and a Reform paper in Mitchell, and the new aspirant professes independence. We have no faith in the independent profession of weekly newspapers. They generally drop on one side of the fence or the other, and it is better to indicate the politics first than last. A newspaper in Mitchell may be a "long felt want," and if so, there may be a chance for the new venture. But we doubt it.

The Prince of Wales is greatly extending his racing stud. He has entered a rearing for the Derby and other for the Oaks, and will run horses in every important English race next year. His conduct in this respect has given a great impetus to turf matters, which for two years past have been falling behind.

This Prince of Wales is the same gentleman who a short time since was before parliament, hat in hand, asking to have his debts paid by the nation. It's all very well for a man who can afford it, to keep an expensive stud, although it is not a very good example to set the rising generation, but when the sportive stud owner and horseracer cannot pay his debts without begging from the bone and sinew of the country, it is time the business was frowned down. The first thing the Prince of Wales will know will be the ruin of his brother-in-law, Battenberg, who may be tempted to sink his princely annuity of \$250 a year in horse flesh, leaving the expenses of housekeeping to fall on the shoulders of the Princess Beatrice.

SOME of our contemporaries are making ado about the fact that on July 22nd Lieut. Governor Robinson held a reception at Government House, Toronto, to about 250 school teachers, and claim that this is the first occasion that teachers of any kind have been so honored. Looking at the case dispassionately, we don't see that being received at government house is much of an honor, after all, and are not of opinion that any of the pedagogues left the big brick edifice with a cubit added to his stature in consequence of having been at the reception. Why, bless us, hasn't the Hon. John Beverly Robinson always been a patron of teaching in all professions, and don't we all remember that only last spring he gave a reception to Professor Charlie Mitchell, the well-known teacher of the manly art of self-defense who "downed" Johnny Scholes the celebrated Toronto boxer. As a patron of art and science our Lieut. Governor has always been willing to give receptions to teachers, and we are surprised to see that so many of our contemporaries are of opinion that the reception on the 22nd is something out of the ordinary course.

A STATEMENT has been made by the Ottawa *Citizen* and other Tory papers that the Reformers of East Durham showed indecent haste in nominating a candidate to contest the riding before the late member was buried. The absurdity of the statement will be apparent to all when it is stated that the remains of the late Col. Williams, M.P., were interred on the 21st inst., and the Reform convention was not held until the 29th. The Tory Government, however, has endeavored to facilitate matters in filling the vacancy by causing the writ to be issued before the funeral of the late member. For ourselves we find no fault with the Government for hastening matters in this instance. All this talk about "indecent haste" is after all but maudlin sentiment. Col. Williams' death caused a vacancy in the parliamentary representation, and we are in favor of filling all vacancies as soon as possible, whether they be caused by death or voluntary resignation. Up here in Huron neither party waits for a representative to die before selecting a candidate and if any of our members were called hence, we don't think we would wait until the grape grew rusty before nominating a successor. This manifestation of woe on the part of the Tory organs is on a par with the heart-rending agony of the Kalamazoo widower, who had to be drawn away from his wife's grave with a logging chain and a yoke of oxen, and who wanted to have half the town arrested inside of ten days for favoring him with a *charivari* on the occasion of his second wedding.

An application has been made to the imperial government by Messrs. Victor Ollivon and Qing-Mare for the bounty promised in cases of remarkable births. The party for whom it is intended is Timothy Pantus, of St. Monique, county of Two Mountains. He is forty-five years of age, while his wife is only thirty-eight. They were married when he was twenty years of age, and now have twenty-four children.

DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT.

On Thursday last U. S. Grant an ex-President of the U. S., and the best-known American General, breathed his last. His death had been almost daily expected for weeks. His demise has plunged the entire American nation in gloom, for, after Lincoln, no name of late years has been more highly esteemed by his countrymen than that of U. S. Grant. Following is a brief sketch of his life:

Ulysses Simpson Grant, late President of the United States, was the son of a leather merchant, of Scottish descent, and was born at West Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822. He entered the military academy at West Point in 1839, received a commission as second lieutenant in 1842, took part in all the battles, save Buena Vista, of the Mexican war, and in 1848 married the daughter of a St. Louis merchant. In 1854 he was made captain, when he resigned his commission, and after engaging in farming near St. Louis, went into business with his father. Until the civil war Grant was quite unknown, but shortly after its outbreak he was made brigadier-general of volunteers, and after the battle of Belmont and the capture of Fort Donelson became commander of Western Tennessee. He drove back Beauregard at Shiloh (April 7, 1862), repulsed the Confederates at Corinth (October 4, 1862), took Vicksburg (July 4, 1863), and (November 23, 24, 25) defeated General Bragg at Chattanooga, a victory which opened up Georgia to the Federals. In February, 1864, Grant was made lieutenant-general, and on March 17 took command of all the northern forces. He now set out against the army of North Virginia under Lee, which he drove back after several desperate battles, while Sherman fought his way through Georgia. Grant then held Lee shut up in Richmond, the siege of which he pushed on with unflinching energy, notwithstanding the impatient murmurs of the Northern States, while Sherman, Schofield and Sheridan routed the other Confederate leaders. After he was joined by Gen. Sheridan, Grant captured Richmond, April 5, 1865, and on April 9 surrounded Lee at Appomattox, where the Confederate general surrendered with 27,000 men, Grant granting him very generous terms. This ended the civil war, and immediately after Abraham Lincoln was assassinated and Andrew Johnson became President. Grant, who was hailed throughout the North, with boundless enthusiasm, and loaded with honors, was now placed in opposition to Johnson, interposing in behalf of the South, and averting the prosecution of Lee. Johnson afterwards in a measure severed himself from the Federalists, and in 1868 Grant was elected President. During his administration, the enmities engendered by the war were greatly allayed, the national debt largely reduced, and the Alabama question settled. In 1877 Grant was re-elected President, over Horace Greeley, the candidate of the Democrats and Liberal Republicans. His Presidency was marked by financial difficulties and troubles in the South, which culminated 1876-77 in the contest regarding his successor. Grant was the greatest General that America has produced, and may even rank among the foremost Generals of modern times. Without undervaluing the brilliant military genius of Sherman and Sheridan on the one side, or of Stonewall Jackson and Lee on the other, a comparison of the work done by the host of able soldiers that the civil war brought to the front distinctly shows him to be the man who most thoroughly grasped the whole situation, and who saw most clearly how the end could be attained.

It is understood the Mahdi's mantle will fall upon Osman Digna. If so, it will be difficult to say whether European interests will be the gainer by the change. You know there are some people who are so set in their ways that they would prefer the devil they are acquainted with to one they don't know. In such an event the Mahdi has first claim.

It now turns out that the income of the Prince of Battenberg, who recently married Princess Beatrice, is made up of \$400 from his army pay, and \$250 of an annuity from his father. It's no wonder the Prince fell in love with a girl who would receive £30,000 a year as a marriage portion, and whose mother was one of the wealthiest old ladies on the continent. It is believed that Battenberg will reside in England, and stick to his mother-in-law. There must be something wrong with the remaining beggarly German princes that good old Queen Victoria has no more daughters for matrimonial purposes.

An application has been made to the imperial government by Messrs. Victor Ollivon and Qing-Mare for the bounty promised in cases of remarkable births. The party for whom it is intended is Timothy Pantus, of St. Monique, county of Two Mountains. He is forty-five years of age, while his wife is only thirty-eight. They were married when he was twenty years of age, and now have twenty-four children.

MUSKOKA MUSINGS.

Beautiful Lake Joseph—a Delightful Spot for a Summer-Home.

BELLE-MARIE ISLAND, LAKE JOSEPH, MUSKOKA. July 24th, 1885.

Seated here on a natural bed of dry moss—moss softer than velvet, and as dry as a county council committee report—I gather myself together to send you a few jottings.

THE RUN UP THE LAKE from Gravenhurst to this point was a glorious one. I came up on the paddle-wheel steamer "Nipissing," one of the Muskoka and Nipissing Line, managed by that genial and popular man, A. P. Cockburn, M.P. The boats are popular, and the "Nipissing" especially so. Captain Rose and Purser Link are obliging, and the meals served on the steamer are good, and cheaper than is charged on the great lakes. I was surprised at the extent of the Muskoka Lakes. We had many hours' run reaching here, and had a trip to Bracebridge thrown in. The river is narrow, but affords easy navigation. The boat has to turn at Bracebridge wharf at a point where the river is but a little wider than the length of the steamer, and the job is ingeniously performed. The lakes are dotted with islands ranging in size from one acre to a hundred, some being even larger. Our island is a little one of perhaps an acre in size, well stocked with pine, and over-run with huckleberries. All the islands stand well out of the water, and are rocky and dry. There is no malaria in this district, and the evenings so far have been dry and warm. We are about half way up Lake Joseph, our little island lying exactly between Cannon's and Laurie (Lount's). The Government has kindly given us a summer post office at Laurie Island, managed by Mrs. Lount, of Barrie, an enthusiastic camper, and an obliging neighbor. Mrs. McKellar, of Hamilton, is a guest at Laurie, and if the genial sheriff of Wentworth turns up this summer I must see the old war horse, and get some of his political reminiscences. But I believe you are anxious to know how we are doing here, and

Well, the fishing is pretty good, but variable. Yesterday morning, in about two hours' time, I caught five fine bass, making an aggregate weight of 8 1/2 lbs. One fellow made the scales come down to 2 1/2 lbs, another registered 1 1/2, and the three others each weighed 1 1/2 lbs. McCormack, Prittie and Heghsie Hamilton would be in their glory here. Last night I added a two lb. pickerel to my day's catch, and the camp is all solid for fish for a couple of days at least. Lake Joseph is very deep. The water is pleasant to bathe in, being soft and clean. We have a fine bit of shallows for bathing at one point of our island, and a picturesque set we are, as we stretch the girls how to kick the frog around. We have all sorts and conditions of BATHING SUITS, and there is originality in some of the garments. There are no crows hereabouts; I guess the bathing suits worn by the advance of our party scared the sable birds away. We have deep water at different points of the island where you can "take a header" off shore without having any fear of meeting the bottom.

THIS IS A LITTLE GAME, but this is the close season for duck, and we have to let them pass by. This morning a flock of young duck flew, or rather swam past our island. The governor and D. K. jumped into the boat, and gave chase. But the web-footed children of the lakes left the oarsmen behind, and gave a grand exhibition of natural powers. Loons abound in Lake Joseph. (All punning on this word strictly prohibited.) Their peculiar piping is frequently heard, and their dark-heads bob up serenely just out of rifle shot morn, noon and eve. By the way, the governor shot one last week, and the beautiful white, downy breast is to make the crown of Mrs. W's best hat. Half the Woodstock ladies will be green with envy when that "duck of a hat"—no, that won't do—when that loon breast appears in appropriate millinery on the head of our popular hostess.

Fishing off the island is poor today. I have been at it for some hours, and didn't catch one. But when the wind shifts, I will bait for pickerel at sundown, and you will hear from me later.

A FISH STORY.

By the way, I forgot to mention an odd experience yesterday afternoon. Wolverton and I, and the chicken, went for a row around Laurie, and took our rods and lines with us. I had put on a new hook and catgut, and neglected to make the knot secure enough. I had "thrown in" about ten minutes, when I hooked a splendid bass. I played him toward Wolverton, who was just about to grab him when the bass, hook and catgut slipped off the line, and disappeared in the deep. The governor heaved a small sigh, and as he flung in his hook and line remarked: "You'll never get a bite from that fellow again." Two minutes did not elapse before my companion had a big fish on his hook, and he soon got the twisting, splashing mass safely into the boat. "Why Mac," he shouted in astonishment, as he took a closer view of his catch, "if this ain't your hook and catgut." And sure enough, there, in the mouth of the two pound bass was the hook I had lost but a few minutes before. I am almost afraid to add, lest my veracity be impugned, that the governor, who was off near the mainland fishing today, repeated his performance of yesterday, by catching a bass which a short time before had got off with his hook. So far, none of us have lost a hook. But I must wind up talking fish, or my reputation may suffer.

MONDAY, JULY 27th.

How the sun glares down upon us! But it loses its power here. We can easily dodge its fierce rays by getting into the shade of a friendly pine, or we can get to the windward side of the island and find a grateful breeze. Then the tent affords cool and delightful shelter, while you mortal who circle around the court house must perspire and puff, and feel like smashing the honest thermometer. Old Sol is badly discounted here, in this land of islands and delicious breezes.

OUR FIRST SUNDAY IN CAMP was a pleasant and profitable one. We had breakfast a little later than usual, and after a luncheon, rowed over to Johnston's Island, (Elainore), where the campers in the neighboring isles had gathered for a three o'clock service. The verandah of Mr. Johnston's hospitable house was crowded with a congregation of all ages, and of both sexes, on forms, chairs and campstools, while some of the younger boys stretched themselves on the grass, beneath the trees, and listened to the gospel message. Rev. S. S. Bates was the preacher. We sang well known hymns, and we sang them heartily. The mingled voices floated in soft cadence over the slightly ruffled boom of Lake Joseph, bearing to the ears of those on the islands who were unable to be present the praise, the prayers, and the adoration found in our hymns. The sermon was a pointed one, appropriate and clear. The service concluded, we took our boats for the pull home, the afternoon sun giving us just a taste of its power.

A SECOND SERVICE was held in Mr. Lount's house on Laurie island, just half way between ours and Johnston's, at 7.30 in the evening. Judge Boye, of Barrie, who is a lay reader, conducted the service, that of the Church of England. The responsive readings and chants were given with promptness and heartiness by the congregation, and a short sermon was read by the Judge before the close. There were no tablets in the walls; there was nothing "churchy" about the place, yet the service was impressive. Indeed, the surroundings were far from being ritualistic.

THREE OR FOUR SHOT GUNS, several fishing rods, and a half dozen trolling hooks hung upon the walls, and an air of sport was given the place. Yet the congregation soon forgot the novelty of the surroundings, and gave as much heed to the reader as if he had been in canonical robes in a cathedral. I believe the various services will be continued for the next month, and I feel satisfied that the congregations will keep up both their attendance and their interest. We have a very practical young neighbor here. While rowing over his mile or so to Sunday evening service on Lount's island, he dropped his trolling line astern, and calmly proceeded on his way to the meeting. Just off our island he hooked a big pickerel, which

HE RELIGIOUSLY HAULED IN, after which he fixed his collar, and arrived at the church hour to take part in the service. Of course we were too orthodox to fish on Sunday, but we

couldn't help discussing pickerel and trolling several times on the way to and from the meeting. I would hardly trust either of the two ministers in our camp if a loon or some other large bird settled down within gun-shot of our right tight little island, on the Sabbath.

THE MAIL SERVICE. We get our mail daily at seven o'clock p.m., but our letters must be posted shortly before that hour to go south as the boat does not stop at Laurie on its return. The arrival of the mail is an interesting event, and we generally find some one eager to row over for it.

So far we have had no rain here, and tenting is delightful. But we expect a shower before many days, and then look for a long letter.

IF THE TROLLING IS GOOD, I expect to report progress in that line before long. Meanwhile the hook and line, worm bait, gives us more fish of large size than we can dispose of well, and we have to cry quits until our box is empty of fancy ones. Any bass under a pound weight is looked upon as a little fellow. I never had so much sympathy with the chap who spins yarns about fish as I have since I got some big fellows on my hook here. All the same, tomorrow I am to see the butcher, and get some beefsteak for a change.

T. MCG.

CONTEMPORARY OPINION.

The Sayings of the Brethren—Wise and Otherwise—Placed on Record. HOW THE ACCIDENT STANDS. "Thank goodness that's paid!" gleefully exclaimed the old farmer, as he signed a twelve months' note drawn at the village grocery to "square up" accounts with the storekeeper. "Hurrah for Tilley!" exclaimed the Conservative organs when a new loan is floated. The cases are analogous. Giving a note and raising a loan are identical transactions. But the settling time looms up. That is what really has to be taken into account. Anybody with ordinary prospects can borrow money.—[Paris Transcript.]

That in the case of the trouble in the Northwest there was some reason at least for suspecting neglect on the part of Ministers at Ottawa and misconduct on the part of subordinates, no unprejudiced man can deny. Equally clear was it that the nation, which had suffered so much by the rebellion, was entitled to a fair inquiry. Yet nobody was such a simpleton as to suppose that with the Government in a majority of two to one a fair inquiry could possibly be obtained. Under an administrative despotism, while the chiefs of the Administration would of course acquit themselves, subordinates like Lieutenant Governor Dewdney would at all events be called to account; but secure beneath the shield of his party, the Lieutenant-Governor snaps his fingers at national wrath.—[The Week.]

The usually quiet and devout congregation of the little Methodist church at Walton, Lennox County, had a lively time a week ago. The pastor was preaching a temperance sermon and made frequent reference to the Scott Act and the recent attempt of the Senate to destroy its usefulness. Among other things he said that he was exceedingly sorry to see that Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Prugn (their own member) had voted in favor of the Senate amendments and that Mr. Blake had shirked the vote. This was too much for at least one member of the congregation—Mr. Warner. Rising in his seat he called the clergyman's attention to the fact that Mr. Blake had not shirked the vote as alleged, but had voted, as had nearly every Liberal, against the amendments. He went on to comment upon the unfairness of thus publicly and in church, misrepresenting a political leader, and closed by expressing the opinion that it would be much better for clergymen to post themselves before attempting to instruct their people. The pastor was greatly astonished both at his own error and the boldness of his deacon in openly rebuking him. He promised, however, to look into the matter and refer to it during the evening service. In the evening the church was crowded and the preacher offered a most humble apology to Mr. Warner, Mr. Blake and almost every one else. Mr. Blake, he added, had never stood so high in his opinion. The incident created no little amusement in the vicinity.

ELROY, Wis., July 27.—A box was shipped by express from Black River Falls to Chicago Saturday night. The messenger became suspicious of the contents and telegraphed to the authorities here on the arrival of the train yesterday. The box was opened and inside was found a man armed with a revolver, a billy, a razor, a bottle of chloroform, and a bunch of cord. He refused to give his name. The box was shipped to Sidney L. Barnard, Chicago. Two more persons, supposed to be confederates were arrested here and all three are in jail. It is supposed they had planned to rob the mail and express car. Nothing is known regarding the identity of the men.