

# HURON SIGNAL

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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## THE HURON SIGNAL

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FRIDAY, JUNE 10th, 1887.

### LOYALIST CRITICS

The hand of the "hired man," larger than a three days' rain storm cloud, is again visible in the columns of the *Star*, and has been for some time. The last spread of hifalutin verbiage by this worthy soarer unto lofty flights was in denouncing the comparison of mob actions past and present, which were recently made in the *SIGNAL*, in connection with the stoning and rotten-egging of William O'Brien. For the benefit of the "hired man," and his assistant, the editor, we publish the following from the *Canada Presbyterian*, and await their next criticism. Of course "Knoxianism" will be denounced as a rebel, and a blasphemer, a man mean of manner and of no repute, but such treatment will not affect the historical accuracy of his citations, or the value of his level-headed deductions. The following is "Knoxianism's" estimate of the loyalty and piety of the Toronto "Loyalists" and "Pietists":—

### COBBLE-STONES AS CONVERTERS.

The daily press of Toronto tell the world quite frequently that Toronto is a great city. They also say that it is a centre. In fact it is said to be an educational centre, a railway centre, the centre of almost everything in Ontario that can afford to have a centre. Some of the moral reformers of the city have recently named it "Toronto the Good." This name has probably been given to distinguish the Ontario capital from such cities as Hamilton, Brantford, Guelph, London and Stratford. Who would ever think of saying Hamilton the good, or Brantford the good, or Guelph the good, or Stratford the good? One asks why nobody would call these cities "good" may be because they have never yet learned the secret of using cobble-stones as a converting agency. When they know how to convert men with rotten eggs and cobble-stones they may be called "good."

It is not for a moment to be supposed that five hundred citizens of Toronto the Good would chase a man with cobble-stones without having some good object in view. Their motives must have been good and their methods wise. When they chased William O'Brien along King, Bay and Wellington streets, pelting him with rotten eggs and cobble-stones, when they ran him through a bicycle shop and into a tailor's shop, when they ran him along a lane and over a brick wall, no doubt they were animated by the highest, purest and most benevolent motives. The mayor says he does not "condone" their actions, but moral reformers, patriots and philanthropists are rarely appreciated in their own time. Posterity will do them justice.

Perhaps the best way to find out the exact nature of the high, moral and patriotic services these citizens of Toronto the Good wished to render is to ask what did they wish to do with and for William O'Brien. What did they wish to convert him from and to? O'Brien is an agitator, and they wished to smother him down into a quiet, peaceable citizen like one of themselves. O'Brien is, they say, a rebel, and they wished to change him into a loyal subject. O'Brien is a Roman Catholic, and no doubt they ardently desired to make him a Protestant. Perhaps they even yearned to make him a Christian, so that he might, like them, be an honor and blessing to Toronto the Good or some other city.

Now these three are most praiseworthy objects. The first of the three is the only one about which there can be the slightest doubt. Whether it is a good thing or not to turn an agitator into a quiet man depends entirely on what kind of an agitator he is. Elijah was an agitator. He disturbed the Ahab family and the priests of Baal considerably. In fact Ahab thought he troubled the whole kingdom. Paul was an agitator. So was John Knox. So was Martin Luther. Cobden and Bright were agitators. A good many people think John Bright did the world better service when he was an agitator than he is doing now. William Lyon Mackenzie was an agitator, and Ontario people owe no small share of their constitutional rights to William Lyon Mackenzie. George Brown did some rather lively agitating in his time. The people of Canada erected a fine monument to his memory than will ever stand over the grave of any of the bishops or canons that took part in the park meeting—unless the Government erects one for them.

But let it be assumed that O'Brien is an agitator of the bad kind. His mission here was foolish and foolhardy. Let it be assumed that he is an agitator of the worst kind. What puzzles us is to understand how chasing him with stones and rotten eggs could quiet him down into a peaceful citizen. How could it be reasonably expected that treatment of this kind would pacify him? One can easily understand how stoning him might kill him and then he would perhaps be quiet enough; but it would be an outrage on Toronto the Good to suppose that these estimable

citizens wished to quiet the agitator in that way. We utterly fail to see how the means used could have a soothing influence on the agitator.

The second object aimed at by these law-abiding citizens of Toronto the Good was most praiseworthy. They labored to turn O'Brien into a loyal subject. That was a good thing to do. Happy is the country that has no discontented subjects. But we utterly fail to see how stoning O'Brien could make him loyal. It is quite true that the stoning was accompanied by the singing of the National Anthem. Her Majesty no doubt will be greatly pleased, and will feel highly honored when she hears of the use made of the National Anthem by these loyal citizens of Toronto the Good. But still it seems difficult to understand how loyalty can be pounded into a man with stones, even to the music of the National Anthem.

The conversion of O'Brien to Protestantism would perhaps be a good thing, though possibly not such a great thing as these champions of Protestantism thought. Parnell is a Protestant. So are a considerable number of the Irish Home Rulers. Still it might be a good thing on the whole to make William O'Brien a Protestant. Who can have any doubt about it when he looks at the men who were trying to convert the agitator? Were he a Protestant he might be like one of them! But what puzzles us is to understand how a man can be stoned into Protestantism, or have Protestantism stoned into him.

The attempt to turn Father Chisiquito into a Catholic by stoning has proved a failure. Why should it be supposed that stoning will be more successful in the work of turning Catholics into Protestants than of turning Protestants into Catholics? We have not learned that O'Brien has embraced the Protestant faith since he was stoned. Perhaps the stones did not strike in the right place. One struck him on the rib, and another on the left shoulder. These may not have been the proper points at which to pound in the Protestantism. If a good sized rock had struck him in the heart perhaps he might have been immediately transformed into a curate for Canon Dumoulin. A blow on the head with a boomer might have made him a good enough Protestant to become an assistant to Dr. Wild.

But we give up the whole subject. We cannot for the life of us see how a Catholic agitator who is supposed to be a rebel can be made peaceable, loyal and Protestant by pelting him with rotten eggs and cobble-stones. A considerable number of people seem to think that Protestantism can be pounded into Catholics, but we do not understand the process, and give the problem up in despair.

### ANOTHER TORY LIE NAILED.

Monday last an address was presented by the Canadian House of Commons to the Queen upon the 50th anniversary of her reign. Sir John Macdonald moved the address, and invited Hon. Wilfrid Laurier to second it. Mr. Laurier's speech was a model of eloquence and literary finish. He spoke of the great progress in securing popular rights that had taken place during Her Majesty's reign and the democratic characteristics of constitutional government since she ascended the throne. His speech was in itself a complete answer to those who raised a cry against his loyalty during the elections. Had Sir John for a moment supposed Mr. Laurier to be guilty of the charges of his camp-fellows he would not have ventured to invite him to second the address which he proposed, but he well knew those charges were without foundation, and that Mr. Laurier, in his denunciation of misgovernment in the Northwest, did but give expression to that indignation which every lover of justice and popular rights must feel when wrong is done and those rights are trampled under foot.

Mr. Laurier was heartily cheered at the conclusion of his speech, not only by his own friends, but by the great majority of those on the opposite side. The House then rose en masse and sang the National Anthem. Since the passing of the address, however, the Reform party, at a caucus meeting, have selected Mr. Laurier, to accept the position of leader of the Opposition during Mr. Blake's retirement through illness, and it will be in order for the *London Free Press*, the *Hamilton Spectator*, and the lesser lights to prove that the Hon. gentleman is a rebel and disloyal to his Queen. They will furnish up the old Saskatchewan musket.

It is understood that the House of Commons will be prorogued by June 20th, but thus far the estimates show no sign that Goderich is likely to receive favor in the eyes of the Government because West Huron sent a Tory representative to Parliament, in the shape of Robert Porter, of Simcoe. The cock-and-bull yarn about Government paying a Government supporter were elected will not work at the next election.

## TORONTO LETTER.

### Annual Dinner of the Young Liberal Club.

The Fortunes of Base Ball—Low, Felcher's Regatta Car—Mr. Blake's Retirement—The Island Attractions. Rev. Dr. Parsons' Model Bible Class.

TORONTO, June 6th, 1887.

The Young Liberals held their annual dinner on Tuesday last in the Walker House. The menu was a most enticing one, and an apt quotation from the poets headed each course on the card. Every toast on the list also carried an appropriate sentiment in the way of a line or couplet, and the entire card reflected credit alike on the committee and the printer. Mr. Gregory, secretary of the Club, presided, and in his address came out pretty straight for annexation, to the United States. Dr. Gilmour, M. P. P., Mr. Robicotte and others deprecated the annexation idea in a vigorous style, but several good speakers also sided in with the chairman. Independence triumphed over annexation, judging by the applause, but commercial union was hailed most vociferously by nearly all present. Mr. Annie, a young farmer, who, by the way, spent a portion of his honeymoon in Goderich a year ago, made a sensible speech from an agricultural standpoint, which should be printed in full. He showed pretty clearly that a direct and unrestricted market and trade with the United States would not only be a benefit to us, but that it is an actual necessity, if farming is to pay in Ontario. I think Mr. Annie, who lives at Scarborough, could be persuaded to give his views on this great question in the columns of a progressive journal like THE SIGNAL.

The Hamilton base ball club white-washed the Toronto on Saturday, and the sporting men of this city are in woe. Lem Felcher, who runs the Woodbine saloon, also helps to run the Toronto base ball club, and on that account he got up an excursion to Hamilton by rail on the day of the game. One of our papers in a facetious yet boastful way said that Felcher was going to run a special baggage car with the train to carry the Hamilton money in, but the baggage failed to connect. An immense amount of money must have changed hands over the game, although there was a feeling that the Hamiltons were going to avenge their defeat of the previous Saturday.

Mr. Blake's temporary withdrawal from parliamentary work has had a staggering effect upon the hopes of the Liberals here. Mr. Blake's commanding talents, high personal character, and his great service, not only to the Reform party but to the country at large, has endeared him to his followers. I am of those who believe that he will return to win. The rottenness of the parliamentary conscience, as evidenced in the Baird cheat, is almost enough to drive away all hope of winning the day in a House made up of so unjust and partisan a majority. Well might Mr. Blake and every other patriot say as the Liberal leader did on the eve of the general election, "God help Canada."

The Island ferry business is beginning to boom, and the chances are that a fare of five cents may yet prevail. No liquor is allowed to be sold on the Island, and so the place has become popular with children and ladies without escort. There are more catchpenny games at the Island than at a circus, and the half of them are not yet on the ground. The leading attraction is a sort of statuesque menagerie, which keeps on a whirl to the loud and reiterated refrain of a hurdy-gurdy run by steam. Once heard never to be forgotten.

Yesterday I attended Knox Church Sunday school and Bible class. The total attendance was about 440, and for opening and closing exercises all met in the main body of the church. After the school at large been opened by singing and prayer, the intermediate and primary classes filed into their own rooms, while the Bible class, a congregation of some 141, (often much larger, however) remained behind on the main floor of the church, and were taken in hand by Rev. H. M. Parsons, the pastor of the church. The class was not confined to young men and women, their being a number of persons of middle age, as well as some older still, among those who sat at the feet of this Bible teaching pastor. After a brief exordium, Mr. Parsons shot out questions right and left, delivering his queries impartially among the sexes. I

need not say it was a Presbyterian assemblage the women outnumbered the men; although candor compels me to admit that this state of affairs is not altogether peculiar to the Presbyterian church. After a number of questions had been put and answered, the leader of the class got off on one of his favorite topics, Holy Ghost power, and grew eloquent for a quarter of an hour. By this time the primary and intermediate classes came trooping back, and resumed their seats in the gallery. Dr. Parsons then reviewed the primary division before all the other classes, and the proceedings were ended in the usual form. I found both profit and pleasure in that hour-and-a-half I spent last Sunday at Knox church Bible class, as conducted by Mr. Parsons. Other ministers could copy Mr. Parsons' methods with advantage, not only in Toronto, but elsewhere.

A DOMINION TORY representative named Sproule is anxious to celebrate the Queen's jubilee by a general jail and penitentiary delivery throughout Canada. Fortunately for the country the Minister of Justice was wiser than Mr. Sproule, and the promoter of the scheme was forced to withdraw it.

The Hamilton *Spectator* has not denied that Goldwin Smith was a Tory and stumped the country with Sir John in 1878. Today Goldwin Smith sees the error of his former ways, and is a commercial-unionist. The eyes of the professor have been opened after many days, but the sight of the Hamilton Protectionist organ is still obscured.

It's a well-known fact that during the years between 1879 and the present time the exodus to the United States has increased to an alarming extent. Such being the case it is little wonder H. E. Clarke, M.P.P., advocates the present Federal policy, in season and out of season. He is a trunk manufacturer, and the increased exodus has caused his business to boom.

On the advice of his physician, Hon. Edward Blake, has been forced to resign his position as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and has betaken himself to Murray Bay for rest and restoration to health. The withdrawal of Mr. Blake from public life, although temporary, must of necessity be a loss to the country which he has served so faithfully since he entered public life. Even the Tory papers regret that his undoubted talents are lost to the country for the time being, and express the hope that his recovery to his old-time vigor will be rapid and lasting.

JOHN A. MACDONNELL, formerly secretary of the defunct Tory United Empire Club, has been appointed county judge of Prescott and Russell. The Tory party must be getting short of timbre for judge-building. This is the same man who charged the extravagant fees in connection with the inspection of the Hamilton drill shed site for the Government, who on another occasion was called before the bar of the House for citing an honorable gentleman as a liar, and who informed the Young Conservatives that it was their duty to "stick to Sir John Macdonald, whether he was in the right or in the wrong, and the more he was in the wrong the closer they should stick to him." He hath his reward.

The Toronto *News* thus rebukes the sycophants who made themselves ridiculous during the Governor General's visit in Toronto: "Thank Heaven the carnival of sycophancy and sycophancy is over! Those citizens of Toronto, who, in excessive love of our good Queen, or in ignoble desire to touch the raiment of a 'live lord,' have so far forgotten their manhood as a grovel in the dust before a fellow man, no better than the average in point of intellectual or moral qualities, can now assume the attitude in God's image which their Creator intended them to take, without being suspected of disloyalty or Fenianism. Let us hope that when the worked up enthusiasm of the occasion has subsided, the sober second thought of some of them will lead to reflection as to what they have profited in any way by their abandonment of self-respect. Flattering a wealthy man is contemptible, but its motive is at least intelligible—he may pay for it in one way or other, but bowing low to a title worn by one who comes to this country not to give, but to get, is as foolish as it is despicable, even from the low standpoint of self-interest. Let us be loyal, law-abiding and patriotic; but if Canada is to be great and self-reliant her sons must be self-respecting."

The maximum number of officers, non-commissioned, of the 20th, 25th, I receive pay for drill this year is 20,255.

## WHAT'S UP?

### Things That Are Happening Around Us.

Something About Libel Suits—How a Phrenologist Failed to Connect—A Man Who Started out to Slaughter and Got Shorn—"With Eyes Upon His Wrists."

—I observe, from the public prints, that a libel suit has been instituted against the editors of THE SIGNAL by a person named Brown, of the city of Toronto, who figured as a political missionary in the last Dominion election campaign in Huron county. None of the newspaper items that I have seen specify the grounds upon which the action is brought with sufficient definiteness for me to find out what the trouble is about, and for that reason I can't give an opinion upon the subject. However, as I have known Dan. McGillicuddy since he came to Goderich, now nearly seven years, and never knew him to libel any one, and as he is the one who is alleged to have attended to the matter in question, I have a sort of an idea that he will be able to show cause for the faith that is in him should the matter come before the courts.

—But leaving the present ripple alone, I might remind some of the readers of THE SIGNAL of the non-success of the last man, who threatened to bring action against the present editor of THE SIGNAL. I never saw the whole story published before, and as some of the neighbors may have forgotten the circumstances it might be out of place to recall them. About three years ago a noisy blatherkite came to Goderich, and professed to be a phrenologist. He humbugged some of the more simple of the townfolk for a few evenings until THE SIGNAL pilloried him as a fraud. After the publication, the "free-knowledgeist" went around to the printing office and, I understand, endeavored, by coaxing and finally by threats, to obtain a retraction. He was summarily shown the door, told to "git," and got.

One would have thought when the curtain was rung down on this scene the "free-knowledgeist" would have retired to the greenroom and turned off the gas, but he didn't. He immediately went over to the *Almanac* office, and had five hundred fly-sheets printed, stating that he would address the people of Goderich on the courthouse square, and let the people know what b-a-a-d men the editors of THE SIGNAL were. At a little after eight o'clock on the evening chosen a large number of people gathered on the Square to hear the editors' tongue-thrashed. I must confess that I hustled through the evening meal and the weed-picking on the garden-patch so as to be present when the quill-drivers were getting dressed down. Shortly after I arrived, the "professor" drove up in a top-luggy, and selecting a good position in front of the Bank of Commerce, went for the editors of THE SIGNAL, especially Daniel, like a hired man. I and a lot of the neighbors wondered if there would be any opposition to his nibs, the "free-knowledgeist," for one of THE SIGNAL men I knew was out of town, and the other, lazily sitting on the chain-fence, placidly pulling at the business end of a "briar-root," didn't appear to be at all disturbed by the vituperative overflow of the irate "bump-feeler." Just as the "free-knowledgeist" got through his little say, the crowd raised a shout for the editor to take his inning, and, quicker than I can tell, the little man was up in George Acheson's phetion, peeling the bark off the dome of thought inspector; for about half an hour there was a flaying process, and at the end of that time the "free-knowledgeist" was merely a mass of mortified matter, with the hide, hoofs and horns stripped off. I pitied the miserable wretch, and so did many others who listened to the arraignment, for his assailant seemed to know his whole pedigree and made the most of his knowledge. When finally the editor let up, the fakir howled for sympathy, and threatened to bring a suit for damages the next day. That was on Monday evening; Tuesday the editor made some telegraphic enquiries concerning the "bump-feeler." Wednesday he had that worthy arrested for lock-up breaking in a Western town, and Friday the itinerant scientist took the early train for Chatham jail, "with eyes upon his wrists," to answer to the charges of "knuckle-dusting" and lock-up breaking. And the action for slander was never brought.

—I wouldn't have reminded the neighbors of this little episode were it not for the fact that some of the old hens of the Tory party in this section are endeavoring to hatch out a crockery "nest-egg," and are cackling loudly over the matter. And so I thought I'd let them all know that in a matter concerning the welfare of THE SIGNAL, it is premature to make calculation without allowing the editor to do a part of the counting. Like the "free-knowledgeist" they may find out that they didn't know he was loaded. A.A.X.

## FROM WASHINGTON.

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

The Failure of the Big Drill Financially—Mechanical Engineers in Session—The Silver Vengeance—A Fleeting Show.

Washington, June 5th, 1887.

Washington is left alone among the beauty of its highly cultivated parks. The National Drill is now a thing of the past, and a very bad dream it is feared financially, a dream that will assume a painful reality when the promoters of the affair have to make good the reported deficit of \$30,000. But there is no authentic statement of the expenses yet presented, indeed it is not yet possible to have had in all the items of expense, and a better showing may be hoped for.

Of the drill itself there can be no question of its success. In point of numbers many more could have been accommodated and welcomed. Such a vast area as the portion allotted to the camp, and so large a space as the drill ground would have required three times the number of men who attended to have filled it, and as the preparations were made for a great number the expenses have been proportionately great. The committee are out of pocket, perhaps; the Toledo Cadets have had their just and bitter disappointment assuaged by their brilliant reception at home; and the two home companies, the Washington Light Infantry and the National Rifles, are made forever bitter foes, and so endeth the drill, happily in spite of many things not happy in themselves.

The annual session of the association of Mechanical Engineers has been here this week. This organization numbers over seven hundred members. All of them are not present at this session, however, but representatives from all parts of the Union are. On Wednesday evening they were given a reception at the beautiful residence of ex-Commissioner Dent. This house is one of the handsomest in the city, in regard to view and situation it is undoubtedly one of the finest in the district. On Georgetown Heights in a park of noble oak trees, the broad house with its wide halls and windows, has an air of solidity and permanence not often to be met with in American houses. The reception was largely attended by many prominent persons, residents and visitors, and the members of the association, with the ladies accompanying them, must take away with them the pleasant impressions of Washington, as indeed any visitor here during the month of May must be sure to do.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland still remain in the Adirondack woods, where the President, if the catch of fish may not always come up to his wishes, can find in perfection that immunity from the public gaze so dear to his heart. The count of the cash in the treasury prior to the transfer of the office of Treasurer from Mr. Jordan to Mr. James W. Hyatt, of Newark, Conn., has been and will continue indefinitely. The National Bank Notes, the legal tenders, and silver certificates, were counted in two days, but when it comes to silver dollars piled stack upon stack in the vaults it is another matter. If the men who succeeded in forcing the making of a law to purchase two million of silver dollars a month (2,000,000 standard silver dollars) could witness the count, they might probably realize the enormity of their offence. Each thousand dollars weighs sixty pounds, and is tied in a separate bag. The bags are passed one by one down a line of from twenty to thirty men according to the distance to be traversed from one vault to another, each bag is weighed in presence of a committee, and piled up again in vaults that have to be braced up by strong beams on the outside to prevent the silver from bursting the walls. Every available space in the Treasury is now occupied by these bags of metal, and some idea of the magnitude of the subject may be reached and brought nearer a practicable conception, when it is understood that this store is added to each month by fifteen thousand pounds of silver in five thousand bags. Where will it end? When will it stop? Washington will become a second Pompeii, and be buried not in ashes, but in silver.

The besting character of Washington life was most aptly exemplified the other day, when it was desirable to give Sir Edward Thornton, the former minister of Great Britain to the United States, a dinner. Sir Edward was requested to make out a list of those of his former friends here he would like to meet again. He did so and of all that list, numbering men most active and prominent in political and social life, but one could be found in the town. The others, where? Dead or forgotten in the oblivion of some distant small town.