

The Huron Signal

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, AUG. 7, 1885.

THE HURON SIGNAL

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FRIDAY, AUG. 7TH, 1885.

WHO ARE THE TRAITORS?

The Hamilton Spectator never tires of lying about the Reform party, and in every issue endeavors to create the impression that the Northwest rebellion was under Liberal auspices. To intelligent people the absurdity of such twaddle must be apparent, but we suppose that kind of pabulum is just what is wanted by the readers of the Spectator. The principal men responsible for the Northwest rebellion are Sir John Macdonald, Sir David Macpherson, Edgar Dewdney, and Louis Riel. None of these men are Reformers—all are dyed-in-the-wool Tories. The minor participants were also Tories, one of them, Scott, having told a Mail reporter that he was "a Tory from away back." A number of Riel's counsel were Dominion Government appointees, and some of them were under salary from Sir John while carrying arms against our volunteers. In addition to all this, when Riel was arrested certain documents which implicated well known persons were found upon him, and were suppressed by the Government. When the counsel for the defence asked to have the documents produced in evidence, Mr. Christopher Robinson, for the Government, objected as follows:

"With regard to another application which my learned friends say they will think it right to make or they do make now, an application for an order for the production of certain documents which were found in possession of the prisoners at Batavia, all that I can say is that we regard those documents as State documents, and that it is the duty of our solicitors to refuse to give up any papers which are in the nature of confidential correspondence, or which could implicate our Government, or which it is in the public interest and in the interest of society to keep properly suppressed."

The Reform party is anxious to get full information as to who are Riel's guilty co-partners. We are satisfied that our leading statesmen have had no communication with the rebel chief, and have not now, or on any previous occasion, offered him financial or moral aid. We want to have those suppressed documents published; we want to have Riel's confessions brought to the light of day; we want to have all the guilty punished. Dam the Spectator and its friends strive for that object!

HON. JOHN COSTIGAN has lately been the recipient of a valuable present, in the shape of a house and lot at Ottawa. His subordinates in the Inland Revenue department are the donors, and the Hon. John must feel proud that his underlings have selected him as an object of charity, and given of their substance accordingly. We understand circulars were sent to the different officials of the department throughout the Dominion, and, as a matter of course, those importuned had to "whack up" for fear of the displeasure of the head of the department. Over in the "Old Sod" where the Honorable John and ourselves came from they would call a healthy man who solicited aid a beggar; but here they call the Minister of Inland Revenue, the Honorable John.

HON. TOM WHITE is the latest addition to the Dominion Cabinet. He has been appointed Minister of the Interior, vice Sir David Macpherson, "removed" for blundering on the Northwest policy. The Hon. Tom's claim to office lies in the fact that he believes in "lying when political exigencies require it." He will thus prove a source of strength to Sir John, who is a creature of "political exigencies."

Now that Riel has been tried and sentenced for his share in fomenting the Northwest troubles, we think the other principal in guilt, Edgar Dewdney, should be indicted and duly found guilty. If there is going to be any hanging result from this Northwest trouble we would like to see the authorities begin at the top, and work down.

RIEL SENTENCED.

After a trial regularly conducted, Louis Riel has been sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he is dead on the 18th of Sept. A strong effort was made by his counsel to secure his acquittal on the plea of insanity, but the jury returned a verdict of guilty against him, and the death sentence has been passed. Despite this fact there are many who believe the sentence will be commuted, and that the arch-agitator will not suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Already the French-Canadians are moving in the matter of commutation, and great pressure will be brought upon the government to affect that end. The following opinions from some of our exchanges will prove of interest to our readers.

From the Toronto World.

That Riel should have been found guilty was only what was to have been expected. There was never any reason to expect anything else. A great many people laugh at the idea of his being hanged, and a few think that we can afford to spare the wretch's life. The government will certainly be vigorously importuned for a commutation, and the example of our republican neighbors will be cited as a good precedent. We incline to the opinion of those who hold that Riel will find mercy. There is little in his case to entitle him to consideration, but great offenders often go unhung.

From the Toronto News.

Riel, the Canadian Quixote, has been found guilty of treason-felony. It is the opinion of *The News*, as well as of the court, that Riel is guilty, but it is not our opinion that he deserves any mercy. He is not nearly so insane as Guitauze, the murderer of Garfield, was proved to be, and yet Guitauze was hanged. Riel should be treated likewise. His history as an assassin dates back to the murder of Scott fifteen years ago. His latest exploits show him to be too dangerous and bloodthirsty a man to be let live. To use the words of Guitauze, "he must be removed." It was never the intention of the government to hang him, and he will not be hanged, yet he richly deserves it. We want none of the "professional" insanity business in Canada. A man who is sane enough to organize two rebellions and cause the death of scores of his fellow-citizens is sane enough to furnish material for a hangman. Riel's comrades had grievances; Riel had none; show what mercy is to be shown to the misguided followers but show none to the arch assassin himself, who suffered nothing, dared nothing, won nothing, but tried his best to raise the Indians and massacre the whites.

From the London Free Press.

That Riel must die the death is now a foregone conclusion. So long as the evidence against him had not been legal, it formulated there was reason to suppose that he might have been held by the court to have not been altogether responsible for his acts. But his sanity has been made manifest; only it was a sanity that was mingled with a diabolical craft, bent upon the sacrifice of friend and foe alike in the pursuit of personal aggrandizement. That such a man should have any claim to a further clemency it seems impossible to suppose. An example will be made of him, at least, which will strike terror into any restless spirits that remain, and be the means of re-establishing the reign of law and order within the new empire of the North-West.

By the extreme solitudes expressed for the Reform party, and the amount of advice given by the Tory organs concerning the Reform leadership, one would almost be led to suppose that the Tory press was anxious to see the Liberals in power in the Dominion. Now, we all know if that was to ensue their private subsidies would be cut off, and without their present opportunities to plunder many of our Tory confederates would go to the wall. Such being the case, we cannot believe our cotems would advise against their tread and butter, and it follows as a sequence that their talk against the leadership of Blake is only to strengthen their own position. If Blake is the incapable that they represent him to be, why do they work so strenuously to awake the Reform party from the delusion under which it labors—why not let the Liberal party sleep, while the Tories are engaged in plundering? There is an inconsistency about their action that we cannot comprehend. And, now, since we are speaking about incapable leaders, wouldn't it be in order for the Mail, Hamilton Spectator, London Free Press and others of that kind, to discuss the supplanting of William Ralph Meredith? The Hon. Josiah Burr-Plumb, the silver-toned tenor of the roaring cataract, would like to lead the Tory procession in the Local House. Give the warbler of Niagara a fair show, gentlemen; give him a show, to lift the tail of the Tory rooster out of the dust in Ontario.

W. T. R. PRESTON, will contest East Durham in the Reform interest at the ensuing election.

MUSKOKA MUSINGS.

Huckleberrying and Picnicking—The Man With the Canoe—Seeing Old Faces—Too Many Fish—A Rainy Day in Camp—Playing with Fire.

BELLE-MARIE ISLAND, LAKE JOSEPH, MUSKOKA, August 1, 1885.

Did you ever go huckleberrying? The huckleberry is not so general as the ruddy raspberry, and in the more settled portions of Ontario the blue fellow manifests an affinity for swamps and low ground, where one must wade in mud, or bog, or water ankle deep a good part of the time while picking. We are more fortunate here, on the Muskoka islands. There is no swamp land hereabouts. The islands lift their pine-covered crests proudly out of the water, on substantial foundations of granite rock, which show themselves through the gray, green and brown moss, which form

THE NATURAL CARPET

of this rugged region. We have to step either upon the hard, unyielding rock, which would wear away shoes of iron and brass, or else tread the soft and springing moss, so pliant and yielding, that the weary feet feel new vigor as the tourist roams over the solitary isle in quest of berries, wild flowers or ferns. The snug little island owned by our party is covered with huckleberries, and every day we have eaten heartily of the dainty blue berries either raw or boiled, or both. The appetite never seemed to weary of them. But as many of our set are desirous of "putting down" a half dozen or a dozen of gem jars full of berries, we occasionally go to some unoccupied island near by, and return in a few hours laden with cans and baskets of huckleberries. Little at present grows upon many of these islands but pine, huckleberries and juniper berries. On many of the islands there is not a single stick of hard wood.

THE HUCKLEBERRY GROWS

on low bushes, not over a foot from the ground, and the berry, after becoming ripe, keeps for a few weeks on the bush before it spoils. The season consequently lasts for a month or two, according to the time of picking. Seated on the soft moss, and sheltered by a pine tree, the hand can be quickly and comfortably filled with berries. When a good spot is found, and the picker settles down to business, two or three quarts an hour can be harvested. There are no complaints as yet about the "patches" being "skinned."

WE HAVE FATHERS HERE

occasionally. A pricier substantial lunch is put up, and we take boats to some spot on one of the many islands where we have not yet landed, and while some prepare the tea or coffee and spread the cloth on the clean moss, the others pick berries or fish, or lie on the soft moss bed that nature has spread, and read or meditate. These little outings are very popular with us, and all hands are ready for the picnics. The first day we went off to one of them we made the terrible mistake of not bringing enough lunch with us. Now we go loaded and double barreled, as it were, and the way the victuals disappear would spread consternation among the people who run town boarding-houses.

THE MAN WITH THE CANOE.

I saw the prettiest canoe yesterday I ever set eyes upon. The canoeist hailed from Peterboro', and had spent a month roaming over the chain of lakes comprising the Muskoka group. The canoe was about 16 feet in length, and was neatly striped with cedar, 3-16th of an inch thick. It was neatly covered, and the solitary paddler carried 150 lbs. of luggage hidden somewhere about the dainty little craft. She carried two sails, and when the wind was blowing showed more canvas than any of the sailboats we have seen here. She carried two passengers during the earlier portion of the outing, but the canoeist had been playing it alone of late. We presented the wanderer with a couple of newspapers, and he took for a new camping ground.

I took a run on the steamer "Nipissing" on Tuesday last as far as Port Carling, to order some "grub," and other necessities. On the return I had as fellow passengers Col. Ross, M.P.P., and S. Malcomson, of Goderich. They had not yet selected a camping ground, but were going to settle somewhere within a mile or two of our island. I guess that

SOME TALL FISH STORIES

will be told by the Provincial treasurer before long that will make Arthur Sturgis Hardy as incredulous as Creighton or Carnegie profess to be over the budget

speech; and unless Malcomson sends

his biggest fish to Ira Lewis, to be weighed on the market-scales, and the weight endorsed by that most accurate of mortals, the general county clerk, we fear that the master in chancery will lose his reputation for veracity. There was "fish" in the eyes of the Goderich prospectors, and the question of bait was the all important one as I got loose on one of my most cherished fish yards. But, speaking of fish, I have to say that we don't know what to do with all we catch here. In fact,

WE HAVE TO GIVE THEM AWAY

in large quantities, and cease from fishing, to prevent criminal waste. Bass and pickerel are freely caught, the former being most esteemed. We don't care to keep anything under a pound weight.

Aug. 3rd, 1885.

Well, here is a wet day. The rain keeps up a constant pitter on the canvas overhead, the wind blows fiercely, and the frothy waves dash themselves angrily against the immovable rocks that form the base of our little island. Looking out the tent door at the islands over the way, they appear misty and indefinite, and no boat is venturesome enough to cross the waters for the daring's sake. Yet to me this wet, dismal, trowning, sullen day is

A WELCOME CHANGE

from the bright, over bright, dry days of the past fortnight; for we were getting into an idle, monotonous swing in our camp life. Fishing was becoming tiresome, rowing irksome, and the other little occupations of outdoor life were boring us. This day or two of rain, therefore, comes as a pleasurable change, just as woman will appreciate the pleasure of a homely and stupid man after a long period spent in the society of none but the fairest and wittiest of her own sex. So I am enjoying this damp day, because I know that it is a break for but a short time in the delightful weather we generally find here; and that when the bright, grand sunshine again greets us, we will find fresh pleasure in the rowing, the fishing, the picnics, and various outings. The rainy day in camp is

A SORT OF SOCIAL BAIT,

an antisepic which prevents the sports and recreations of camp life from growing stale. Others, (but not in our camp) may curse at the rain, and inveigh against wet days, but as for me, I try to keep dry, and enjoy it. There is another reason why I welcome the rain today.

A CARELESS CAMPER

a week or so ago left a fire behind him on a point of the mainland not far distant, and although our party on several occasions thought they had smothered the flames, the fire broke out with renewed vigor yesterday, and glared fiercely at us across the water last night. A number of camping parties had yesterday agreed to send over members with pala today to put out the fire; but owing to the storm the meeting did not come. But the rain came, and we are in hopes that the fire in the moss and tree roots will be put out by nature's own fire brigade. We had preaching over at Johnston's Island yesterday afternoon. Rev. N. Wolverson, principal of Woodstock Baptist college, gave

A CLEAR AND FORCEFUL SERMON

on the resurrection from the dead. Among the congregation I noticed Hon. A. M. Ross, M.P.P., Mrs. Ross, Miss Aggie Ross, Mr. Malcomson and Mrs. and Miss Malcomson, of Goderich, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Meyer, of Wingham. This party is encamped about a mile or so above our island, and they appear to enjoy camp life. We had no evening service, as Judge Boys was not on Lount's Island. I do not often hear such hearty congregational singing as we hear over at Johnston's at our open air service on Sunday afternoons. Fishing continues to be fair, but I have no big stories for you this week. We have no difficulty in getting all we want for the purposes of the camp, and give a frequent and liberal supply to a mainland neighbor. The black bass, which abound here, are prized above the pickerel. They are gamey, and it is amusing to watch the excitement of some of our party when they get a big fellow who will jump two or three feet out of water on their hook. The girls, especially, I like to see catching them; but alas! for me, the law of compensation comes in, and it generally falls to my lot to have to put the worms on the hooks for the fair fishers!

THE CANOES

are getting thicker on the lake. They

ride the waves in fine style, and look

beautiful as under a big stretch of canvas they scud along before the wind. The canoe to many of the tourists is his vehicle, bed and storehouse. Into its fifteen or twenty feet the paddler will crowd all that he needs in the way of necessaries and comforts, and he moves along the lakes free and independent, here today and away tomorrow, like a nautical butterfly. It is getting late in the afternoon, and the storm shows no sign of abatement. Our tent has been carefully pitched, and the canvas is of good quality, and we have found no leaks. There is a heavy sea on, and it is yet uncertain whether or not we will be able to row over to the postoffice with this in time to reach you. I will likely write you another letter from here before my return, but as we have no excursion so far mapped out, I don't know what there will be fresh to write about.

P. S.—I am beginning to think that a rainy day in camp is not so delightful a thing after all.

T. McG.

QUEEN VICTORIA is reputed to have accumulated a fortune of over \$40,000,000, and yet if any of her sons or daughters get married she allows them to go abegging to the British parliament for an annuity. Hoarding up useless wealth is not a good occupation for a woman who professes to be a consistent follower of the Saviour of men. It too nearly approaches the action of a miser. Eccentricities of this kind are fast leading the people—the great, throbbing heart—of England to believe that Queen Victoria is a woman of very ordinary type. \$40,000,000 hoarded up by the Queen, and her son-in-law all paupers on the British public, is a strange sight to contemplate. There is no other woman in England who would be guilty of such a vascary.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

What is Going on in Political Circles Around Us.

Mr. Parnell reckons on the return of 85 Irish members to the new parliament.

The emperors of Austria, Russia and Germany met at Gastein on Aug. 21.

The Count of Paris will issue a manifesto as a Royalist on the eve of the general elections in France.

Mr. Sandhurst, the head of the Birmingham caucus of the liberal organization of England and Mr. Chamberlain's right hand man, will visit America next spring.

The United States minister at Constantinople has been specially instructed to resume negotiations with the Porte for a modification of Turkish tariffs on American imports.

The Saturday Review savagely attacks Dean Bradley for allowing a memorial service to General Grant to be held in Westminster abbey. The abbey, it implies, is sacred to Englishmen alone.

In the house of commons Saturday night an amendment to the criminal bill, providing for the flogging of persons convicted of outraging children, was rejected. An amendment raising the age of protection of girls to 16, was carried by a vote of 179 to 71.

Lord Randolph Churchill conducts himself with perfect indifference to the attacks of the chief Tory organ, the London Standard. In the house of commons his associates and admirers express their confidence in him by frequent outbursts of cheering that almost amount to ovations.

President Cleveland named the following pallbearers for General Grant's funeral:—Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, U. S. A.; Lt. Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, U. S. A.; Admiral David D. Porter, U. S. N.; Vice-Admiral Stephen C. Rowan, U. S. N.; General Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia, Confederate; General Simon B. Buckner, of Kentucky, Confederate; Hamilton Fish, of New York; George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts; George W. Childs, of Pennsylvania; J. A. Logan, of Illinois; George D. Jones, of New York; Oliver Hoyt, of New York.

The situation in England is tending toward the evolution of a definite Radical party. The Whigs are thoroughly alarmed both for their principles and themselves. A combination between them and the respectable Tories is quite possible, and may be hastened by the strong action Radicals will take everywhere soon. The signs of this are remarkable—the Liberal tone of the Standard lately; Hartington's attack on the Parvillites; Chamberlain's increasing boldness; the general uneasiness at the prospect of an enormous Irish vote in the next Parliament; the Liberals calling for a platform from the leaders, and saying everywhere that the cry of "Old man, old cause and old umbrella" was not good enough; that mere phrases like "dealing with the laws" are useless, and they must face the electors with definite proposals. Mr. Chamberlain, with his usual sagacity, is preparing to satisfy these desires from a Radical standpoint, and will see on this wave.

TO BE HANGED.

Riel Found Guilty of Treason-Felony.

The 18th of September named as the Day of Execution.

RODINA, Aug. 1.—The jury in the Riel trial were out about thirty minutes. They returned a verdict of guilty. Judge Richardson, when he began his charge to the jury, confined himself chiefly to reading extracts from the evidence. He then reviewed the law upon which the court was established and the trial conducted. The charge was concluded at 2:15, and the jury retired. The oath was administered to the guard to keep the jury without meat or drink, fire or lodging. At 3:15 there was a murmur in the court, and it was whispered that the jury had agreed. All was bustle and excitement. Riel prayed fervently, kneeling in his box, and looked unmoved as the jury entered with a verdict of guilty. Francis Cosgrove, the foreman, while crying like a child, announced that he was asked by his fellow jurors to recommend the prisoner to the mercy of the crown, and the judge said the recommendation would be considered.

In answer to the question if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed on him, Riel addressed the court over an hour and said the verdict of guilty was a great advantage because it showed him to be not insane. He had a mission to fulfill and so long as he was looked upon as insane he could not do it. Now he would begin to succeed. One of his difficulties was beginning to disappear. He thanked the jury for the recommendation of mercy. It would be easy now for him to make an incendiary speech against the selection of the jury and the legality of the court, but he must take advantage of the situation to show himself responsible. He had a call from God to do something for the Northwest. His suffering would prove him to be a prophet. He himself had suffered nineteen years. Riel fifteen, and he had two more years to suffer. The Saskatchewan troubles were only the continuation of the troubles of sixty-nine.

The Dominion government had sent delegates to treat with the rebels of sixty-nine and it was reasonable to expect that they would do the same in the Saskatchewan, and grant the rights of the half-breeds now as then. He explained the plan of how he was going to invite the Irish, Germans, Jews, Bavarians, Poles, Scandinavians, Italians, Belgians, Norwegians and Swedes to come and assist him, and give each a share in the Northwest and British Columbia. The condition of the Jews was they must acknowledge Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world. Gabriel Dumont and the Fenians were active in his behalf in the States and their assistance was the last resort. He complained that Archbishop Tache and the ministers of the crown had broken the promise of an amnesty in 1872. Dubuc had given him the name David as a souvenir in 1872. Archbishop Tache came and said his Lower Canadian friends wanted him to leave the country because he would embarrass them during the election. He and Lepine got 2400 from Archbishop Tache to go. He agreed only because his benefactor, Archbishop Tache, asked him to. After Sir George Cartier was defeated in Quebec, Riel was asked to give up Provenccher for him. Before the election in 1873 Sir John Macdonald sent an offer to him of \$35,000 to leave the country, and if that was not enough how much would he take to cross the ocean? If he had the right to that money then, had he not the right to ask it last year? He declared himself the prophet of the new world, giving some rather comical instances in proof. He wanted a medical commission of doctors and lawyers to try him, not on account of the outbreak on the Saskatchewan alone, but on his whole career during the past fifteen years, and determine if the execution of Scott was a murder. He complained that the judge had changed all against him, but felt entire confidence that he would yet be spared to fulfil his mission. The voice told him that.

Judge Richardson, before passing sentence, referred to the enormity of the prisoner's crime, and said he could hold out no hope whatever, but to prepare for the end.

When the jury returned to court, Riel continued praying fervently till the verdict was given. He then rose without the slightest agitation apparent. This demeanor he maintained till the end, and a smile spread over his face as the judge pronounced sentence.

The 18th day of September was fixed as the day of execution.

It is not yet settled how the other half breed prisoners will be charged. It will probably be treason felony, in order to obviate the necessity of serving an indictment ten days before trial. A majority of the prisoners will be charged with murder, although some may be indicted for treason felony or levying war. The latter charge is not necessarily capital.

FROM OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, Aug. 2.—The French Canadian population here are greatly agitated over the news of Riel's conviction and sentence. The general complaint is that the trial was unfairly conducted, and that evidence was suppressed by the government. Petitions to the governor-general, asking for a commutation of the sentence, will at once be prepared.

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