

The HURON SIGNAL

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1887.

THE HURON SIGNAL
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GODERICH, ONTARIO,
FRIDAY, JUNE 3rd, 1887.

ABOUT TORY "LOYALTY"

Now that the Fenian Editor of *United Ireland* has finished his tour, how would it do for Mr. Daniel O'Brien McGillicuddy, of the Goderich (Ont.) Signal, to start out with a lecture on "The shortcomings of the Queen, the Governor-General and the Tory party in Canada?" Anything to catch the vote?

The above, from the *London Free Press*, is a specimen of the twaddle to which even alleged leading Tory papers are forced to resort for lack of argument on the O'Brien-Lansdowne controversy. So far as the editor of the *Signal* is concerned, the personal scum from the subsidized Tory organ is of no value where he is known, and of less value where the *Free Press* and its editor are known. It is quite true the *Signal* and its editor favor British fair play and freedom of speech in all cases and under all circumstances, whether it be to a righthanded fratricide like Rev. Dr. Kane (Cain) or a rick-riding landlord hunter like Editor O'Brien, of *United Ireland*; and it is quite true that the editor of the *Signal* is quite willing on any platform, and before any audience, to meet any opponent of the principle of freedom of speech, and discuss the question at issue; but when Josiah Blackburn of the *London Free Press* states that Editor O'Brien is a Fenian, and when he insinuates that Daniel McGillicuddy is an upholder of disloyalty, then he has foully and deliberately lied, and the truth is not in him. When the Fenians invaded Canada in 1866, and when Josiah Blackburn hid in an office recess of the *Free Press*, (then published on a backstreet in London), Daniel McGillicuddy was one of the first to be enrolled for active service in the 14th Batt. at Kingston, in defence of his adopted country against the invaders. The *Free Press* is only the mouthpiece of that gang of loyalists which is composed of men like Jim. L. Hughes, Josiah Blackburn and that nondescript, Dr. Wild, who shout loyalty "for revenue purposes only," and who would cease to be loyalists and would cry out against the Governor-General or the Queen, or anyone else "Crucify them!" if the pap were held back. For the benefit of Mr. Josiah Loyalist Blackburn of the *Free Press* (Tory for revenue purposes only), we will give an extract from Canadian history, out of many at hand, wherein the "loyalists" of the "Gentleman's Party" stand out as champions of the Queen's representative in Canada. The incident is taken, not from a Reform source, but from a staunch Tory authority as the "Life and Times of Sir John A. Macdonald," written, with the approval of the hero of the work, by J. E. Collins, as staunch a Tory as Josiah Blackburn, or any other Tory who ever lied for his party, and accepted pap for his lying. The following, which will be found on pages 127, 128 and 129, is the extract.

"On the afternoon of April 25th, he (Lord Elgin) drove into town at the call of the ministry, to assent to a customs bill, which in consequence of the opening of navigation, it was imperative should go into instant effect. The rumor having gone abroad that assent was to be given to the obnoxious 'rebel bill' as it was called, a number of persons opposed to the government, and all of them 'gentlemen,' packed the galleries of the assembly. They made no stir beyond taking snuff or shaking their canes, but before serious injury was done to anybody. But this was only a small outburst of Tory loyalty. Upon the Champ de Mars that evening gathered a large and turbulent crowd. The meeting had been called by placard and Mr. Augustus Howard, nephew of the chief justice of Upper Canada, and a society man, was in the chair. This gentleman made an inflammatory speech, and was followed by Mr. Erskine; Mr. Ferres, a newspaper editor; Mr. Mack and Mr. Montgomerie, another journalist, all 'gentlemen.' The chief subject of the harangue was, 'Now is the time for action,' while frequently above the din could be heard the cry, 'To the parliament buildings.' After the chairman had made the closing remarks he shouted out, 'Now boys, three cheers for the Queen; then let us take a walk.' The

cheers were given and the walk was taken. Up to the parliament buildings surged the crowd of gentlemen leading the names of Lord Elgin and the ministry with blasphemous and obscene epithets. The windows were attacked with stones, after which some hundreds of the mob rushed into the building. The assembly was sitting in committee when the visitors burst through the doors. The members fled in dismay, some taking refuge in the lobbies, and others behind the speaker's chair. Then the rioters passed on to their work. Some wrecked furniture, others wrenched the legs off chairs, tables and desks, while some demolished the chandeliers, lamps and globes. One of the party, in the midst of the melee seated himself in the speaker's chair and cried out, 'The French parliament is dissolved.' He was hurled from his place and the chair thrown over and wrecked. The man was torn out of the hands of Mr. Chisholm, the sergeant-at-arms, and subsequently left as a trophy of victory in the room of Sir Allan McNab, at the Donegal hotel. In the midst of the riot and destruction there was a cry of 'fire.' Flames were then found in the balcony and almost simultaneously the legislative council chamber was ablaze. The party left the building, which in a few minutes was doomed. There was little time to save any of the contents, and out of 20,000 volumes not more than 200 were saved. A full length portrait of Her Majesty, which cost £2,000, was rescued, but on being brought out of the building one of the loyalists punched his stick through the canvas. The fire companies promptly turned out on the first alarm, but on their way to the building fell into the hands of the gentlemen engaged in the incendiarism, who detained them till everything had been destroyed by the flames.

Through some misunderstanding the military were not on hand, and the mob only left after the most brilliant part of the conflagration was over, down with victory, and at last for new conquest. It was a direful night in Montreal. Many a blanched face was seen in the gleam of the conflagration, and a deep shudder ran through the community at the simultaneous clanging of the bells. While the fires of the burning building shone in their windows the ministry held a cabinet and decided to meet the following morning in the Bonsecours Market. There are occasions when feelings lie too deep for words, and the opening of the next day's session seemed one of these. Mr. Baldwin, who made a motion, spoke in a low voice, as if under the influence of some painful spell; but the worthy Hamilton knight to whom the mob had brought their choicest spoils was in his prime at talking condition. It is not worth while to record here what he said, but it is worth stating one last comment upon the quality of the loyalty with which the ears of the House had been so long assailed—"a loyalty," he said, "which one day incited a mob to pelt the governor-general, and to destroy the halls of parliament and the public records, and on the next day sought to find excuses for anarchy."

The men who mobbed William O'Brien are the political spawn of those who stoned the Governor General, burned the Parliament buildings at Montreal, and who destroyed the portrait of the Queen. The "loyalists" of today are no better or no worse than the "loyalists" of fifty years ago—like the Bourbons, the Tory Party never forgets anything that is bad or learns any thing that is good.

SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, assumed office as Lieut.-Governor of Ontario Wednesday last.

The foolish action of the Tory mob in Toronto has earned a barrel of money for the O'Brien mission. At the Boston meeting \$20,000 was raised for the League funds.

IT ALMOST looks as if Chapleau will step down and out from the Cabinet and accept the position of Lieut.-Governor of Quebec. In such an event it will be amusing to watch the harmonious relations between His Honor, and Hon. Premier Mercier.

OUTSIDERS estimate the spring suit of the editors of THE SIGNAL at about \$10,000, without trimmings. It is ornate but not pawdy, and there is no attempt at display on our part. There is but one drawback: It is of light brown fabric, and those who know most about it say "it won't wash." We don't feel a bit proud, however, and still talk to the neighbors in a friendly way, as of yore.

If Hon. Mr. Chapleau retires from the position of Secretary of State, we would suggest that John R. Dunn be appointed to the office. Dunn and Pope would then be in the same department of public service, and they could easily manipulate things so that the electors of the Dominion would be of little importance as factors in the formation of the Federal Government. Let's have the Hon. John R. Dunn, by all means.

TORONTO LETTER.

Miscellaneous Matters From our Queen City Correspondent.

Shade Trees—Street Improvement—The 11 Base Hall Excitement—The Gambling Spirit Engendered.

TORONTO, May 31, 1887.
The city just now is looking very attractive. The corporation in the past was not sparing in the planting of shade trees, and the consequence is that many of the streets well deserve the name "avenue." The foliage is very far advanced at time of writing; Bryant's "Leafy June" is here almost before the calendar would show it. A drive along some of the most shady streets at this time of year is a treat. Keep hammering away at the council and population generally at Goderich to plant more shade trees—set them out systematically, and above all, to see that the town council is not permitted to turn the public streets into a pasture or a barnyard, as you like it.

Church street, one of the most popular in the city, is now being "block paved" up to Bloer, and the street cars are not running on it. Between the tracks a roadway of rock is being laid, and when the work is completed there will not be its equal in the city so far as street pavement is concerned. Property on Church street, and indeed on all the respectable streets of the city, has reached a tremendously high figure. A desirable frontage on Jarvis street now costs as much as the stylish mansions erected upon them. Land on Jarvis street a mile from, say the corner of Queen and Yonge street, is readily bought up at \$100 to \$120 a foot. Dirt is not cheap in Toronto, even if the city only celebrated her 50th anniversary two or three years ago.

The base ball fever is raging here just now. The city has a professional club, one of the International League teams, and the results of the games played are daily bulletined by the newspapers. Hamilton has also a professional nine, and the cities are very jealous on the matter of the merits of the rival teams. The game on Saturday between these clubs was played in this city, and attracted a crowd of 6,400. The home club pounded the "Hams," as they are called, all over the field, and the heart of the sporting Torontonians were joyous and their pockets heavy over the result. The next match between the rival Canadian professional clubs will be played in Hamilton on Saturday, and the betting fraternity of the Ambitious city expect to have their revenge. And here is the great evil of these professional matches. Betting is very general, and sometimes heavy at that. Apprentices bet, employers bet, merchants bet, clerks bet. Sometimes a hat only may be the wager, but often sums are staked on the result that the loser can ill afford to lose. I do not say that civilization has generated betting, because the savages of many lands have indulged in the vice of gambling in some form or other; but our civilization has nourished the gambling and betting spirit, and it is proving a curse to our athletic games and sports. We see what it has done to our carmen and our runners. We live in the day of the hippodrome—but unlike the ancient hippodromes the asses are outside the "ring."

THE Hamilton Spectator claims that Goldwin Smith is not a Tory. Will the Spectator be good enough to explain what Goldwin is. One thing we know is, that during the elections of 1878 Goldwin Smith stumped the country in the interest of the Tory party, and he has never since recanted the heresy.

FROM present appearances it looks as if the Board of Trade agitation has received a set-back in Goderich. One more such screaming farce as that of Wednesday evening, and the last nail will be driven in its coffin. What is wanted is to let the moribund Board stay dead, and if a Board of Trade is necessary for Goderich let a brand new institution be organized.

In the vote on Wednesday, on the Queen's County Election case, the Government were sustained by a majority of 19. Amongst the independent Conservatives who voted with the Opposition were, Messrs. Patterson, of Essex, and Boyle, of Monk; on Ontario; and Gigault, Dupont, Ounture and Doyon, of Quebec. Robert Porter voted in favor of the constituency-thief, as we expected.

WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us

Some information about Dock Laborers—How Frank Lawrence ran the Justice Shop for the "Trimmer."

I saw by the last SIGNAL that there was a strike by the "trimmers" down at the dock, and that trouble resulted from it all along the line. In the SIGNALS statement, however, there was a discrepancy, so far as the remuneration is concerned, which I will proceed to rectify. You said that the rate per day in Sarnia was \$1.50, and that here the rate was \$2.25, and the men struck for \$3 a day. That is not just how the thing stood. In Sarnia and other ports the "trimmers" charge \$1.50 per 1,000 bushels, and a year or two ago the Goderich "trimmers" raised their tariff to \$2.25 per 1,000 bushels. Well, according to the latter figures the United Empire last week would have to pay \$45 to the "trimmers" for unloading the 20,000 bushels of grain which she brought down for the Big Mill, and as eight men could easily handle that amount of grain inside of ten hours the wage per man would amount to over \$5.50, instead of \$2.25 per day. If \$3 per 1,000 bushels had been given \$80 would have been paid to the staff of "trimmers." I don't wonder the captain of the Empire kicked against the imposition—he'd have been more patient and long-suffering than Job if he hadn't. If our laborers charge in proportion for the work necessary in connection with the laying of the mains for the waterworks we'll have to put another cypher to the business end of the sun set down in the bylaw. Why, I remember when I had to do with a dockwolloping gang down east, the boys were willing to pile Rideau canal cordwore at a York shilling an hour for day work, and 20 cents an hour for overtime, and we didn't have any squealing, and every man put in his best legs. And after the labor session was over, and the boys were paid off they usually went home with their stipend, and didn't chafe around with a medical certificate and the boodle in one hand and a black bottle in the other, in the endeavor to irritate the inside of their necks with distilled damnation.

—And this reminds me that quite a little circus occurred over at the police court Thursday last. Some of the dockhands got at loggerheads with their chums on the question of "trimming," and the parties of the first part undertook to "trim" the parties of the second part, and being in the majority, succeeded in their efforts. On the afternoon in question a police court case was the result, and there was a goodly attendance. At the hour appointed his worship was somewhat dilatory in making his appearance, and as some of the interested and disinterested persons were showing unmistakable signs of weariness, Frank Lawrence, the express agent, undertook to run the justice shop in the absence of the mayor. The plaintiff was first cited before the justice *pro tem* and asked what he had to say why the sentence of the court should not be passed upon him. The reply evidently was not deemed satisfactory, for in measured tones the justice said, "You are no good, anyhow, and I sentence you to six months in the central prison." The sharpness and swiftness of the sentence seemed to drive terror into all concerned, and when one of the defendants stood up before the stern arbiter of the law, *pro tem*, it was little wonder that his knees smote and his cheeks blanched. "Who did you vote for last election?" was the first question put by Justice Lawrence *pro tem*. "For Mr. Cameron," was the faltering reply. "You did, did you? Then I'll sentence you to twelve months in the central prison for so doing, and I'll increase it to five years if you repeat the offence." The new justice, it could easily be seen, was warming up to his work, and it was quite possible that the death sentence would have been passed upon one or more of the remaining prisoners, had his worship the mayor not opportunely arrived upon the scene and dispensed with the justice *pro tem*. Frank contends that he was guided by equity, if not by law, in his decisions, and feels a little nonplussed that they could not be carried out.

Colborne.

The Court of Revision for the township of Colborne met in the township hall Friday, May 27th. The members having signed the oath required, the following appeals against the assessment were laid before the court, viz.:—John G. Clutton, P. McCann, T. Stuthers and J. Chisholm, all on the grounds of over assessment; but the assessor was sustained in each case, except the latter, which was not taken up, not being a proper appeal. The court then adjourned for dinner, to sit again at 2 o'clock. The court then sat again, pursuant to adjournment. Chas. McPhee applied to have his dog struck off the assessment roll, having killed it, but it was not granted. After a few changes were made, the roll was accepted as correct.

The court then rose and formed a council for the dispatch of general business, the reveries in the chair, members all present. The minutes of last meeting read and approved. A motion moved by A. Young, and seconded by N. Johns that the following accounts be paid, was carried, viz.: D. Stirling, wood for Mrs. Brindley, charity, purposes, \$2.50; J. Kirkpatrick, repairing culvert opposite Bogie's, \$1.50; R. Fairford, repairing culvert, 75c; J. Horton, repairing culvert, \$1; T. Morris, repairing culvert on division line, \$4; W. Robertson, repairing culvert opposite his place, \$1; W. McPhee, repairing culvert on McPhee's crossing, \$12; W. Blake, repairing culvert, \$5; J. Levy, repairing culvert, \$2; W. Young, repairing road on division line, \$1; W. Young, repairing road on Barker's beat, 75c; J. Kennedy, bonus on wire fence, \$20; E. R. Watson, painting 2 signs, \$1.50; J. Barker, repairing culvert at Joseph Morris', \$7; J. Barker, breaking road, \$5; Star printing, \$0.45; SIGNAL, \$21.90; A. Sprout, coffin and shroud for W. Pean in 1886, \$14; J. Morris, bonus on wire fence, \$14.50; J. E. Toms, P. S. I., attendance and mileage to council meeting on school business, \$5.20; assessor, as part of salary, \$40. James Gledhill moved, and James Taylor seconded that the reveue be empowered the deed for Samuel Vanstone—carried. The statute labor lists were then examined, and a new beat made numbering 63, to commence at boundary line along the 13th con. to lake road. The clerk was instructed to notify James Campbell to remove his fence off the road, as agreed to.

The council, after agreeing to meet at Dunlop, on Friday, 3rd of June, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of going around and examining the jobs that would be let the following week, adjourned.
J. H. RICHARDS,
Clerk.
Carlow, May 31st.

BROADVIEW, N. W. T., June 1.—Sergeant McPherson has arrested the Indian named Nunnakakastic who murdered Peter Smith at Salt Plains three weeks ago. McPherson has been on the track of this Indian ever since the murder and at last was successful. A large party of citizens arrived at Broadview last night in search of McPherson, who is heading toward the boundary. The country is swarming with armed men in pursuit of the murderer.

BOARD OF TRADE.

Wednesday night Meeting ends in a Fizzle

An Old Board Dating Years Back Claims the Honors—A general Stampede follows the Vote.

Wednesday evening last there was a large attendance of the business men of the town to take into consideration the forming of a Board of Trade in Goderich. The meeting had been called pursuant to adjournment from previous meeting, and appeared ripe for business. Before the gathering convened it was discovered that back in 1875 a Board of Trade had existed in Goderich with a regular staff of officers and executive council. The officers were M. Hutchinson, president, C. Crabb, vice-president, W. M. Savage, secretary, and F. Jordan, treasurer. This organization, it was contended by some, still existed, and on motion Mr. Crabb, vice-president of the old Board was called to the chair. After some remarks from the chair man assent the old board, and crises that led to its subsidence, a desultory discussion took place as to the best manner of forming the proposed Board of Trade—whether to amalgamate with the stagnated Board or to begin anew under the general statute.

Nothing of importance was done, however, until a motion was made to form a brand new board. This brought out a hot argument, and immediately an amendment was moved that the new Board be formed through the medium of the old Board.

Some of the members contended there was no old Board—that it had died a natural death, &c., and others held that it was still in existence. When the vote was taken about twice as many hands went up for the amendment. Nevertheless the chairman decided that the amendment had the majority. This action disgusted a large number of those present, and the chairman left the chair. This was the third unsuccessful attempt that was made to establish a Board of Trade in Goderich during the past two weeks.

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FROM WASHINGTON.

What Has Transpired at the United States Capital.

The Big Drill—The Troops Mar over a Grand Competition—"Dark Horse" Looming up from Away Back.

Washington, May 30th, 1887.
The great National Drill which has absorbed all Washington and its many visitors for the past week, draws to a close today. In fact the Drill preparatory has closed, but the distribution of prizes will not be made formally, and until their formal presentation it cannot be accurately known in each instance who the winners really are. The verdict from the grand stand was promptly rendered after every contest, of course, during the progress of the Drill, but the verdict from the judges stand, composed of experienced army officers, whose practiced and critical eyes are supposed to lose sight of nothing that is in the slightest defective either in the manual of arms or in the evolutions of the soldiers, cannot be expected to correspond always with that of the people. Some surprises are in store.

The Drill has been a splendid spectacle notwithstanding the disadvantages it has encountered from rain and cyclones. The greater portion of each day has been beautiful, the soldiers have marched well, and drilled well, and paraded well, and looked well in their variously designed, and in many instances gorgeous uniforms. There has been a grand gathering of them from thirty-one different States, and they represent the flower of the country's militia. They have had a good time together, and the Drill will prove of great advantage to the citizen soldiery in many respects.

The camp has been quite a magnet to the people of Washington and to the strangers here. It has been visited daily by people of both sexes and all ages and sizes, and colors and conditions, who were curious to see how time was passed in this city of tents. The camp was astir at an early hour every morning, and the companies who were to participate in the competitive drills each day always retired early, to a man, on the evening previous, and the guards were kept on duty all night with strict orders to arrest any comrade who should attempt to leave quarters. Such strict discipline was unnecessary however, as every man felt anxious to be in good condition and took special pride in the approaching contests.

But all night long many of the soldier boys were prowling around playing all sorts of pranks on their comrades, utterly ignoring all military rules, and defying the guards. College songs and popular airs formed a portion of their pastime, and merry shouts of laughter disturbed the otherwise peaceful slumbers of the silent soldiers, and rang out clear on the evening air a long distance from the camp ground.

The liveliest interest has centered in the contest of the infantry companies which were drilling for the \$5,000 prize. On Wednesday, one of the field days of the drill, the drill of the celebrated Lomax Rifles of Mobile, was expected to be the event of the day. This is called the crack organization of the South, and it was thought it would take the shine off of everything as it had done in the past. It was a very hard-arse company of men in snow white duck pants, dark blue coats, light blue helmets with white plumes waving and white gloves. Their drilling began and a rare exhibition it was. They first stacked arms and then went through a number of evolutions with wonderful accuracy and precision. In the manual they were as good as any who had drilled up to that time, and in fixing bayonets, they were almost perfect. In lying down and firing—which they did excellently—two of their number met with the unfortunate accident of losing their helmets, which their captain, of course, replaced on their heads. The captain, too, failed to lie down with his company, and stood immediately in front of it while the firing was going on, both of which were considered gross errors by military critics, and will be scored against them. In all of the double quick movements the Alabama boys were finely drilled, and their firing was like one shot, except in one instance, when the explosions were not simultaneous.

But an unexpected treat was in store for the audience in the drilling of two companies from Texas, the Belknap Rifles and the San Antonio Rifles, who have talked modestly of themselves since they have been here. They had not been on the ground five minutes until it was seen that they were "dark horses" for first place. Before they had half finished the program handed their captain by the judges they had made many partisans, and like the Toledo Cadets who drilled on the day before, they were applauded to the echo.

A new gold field is reported on Vancouver Island.
A heavy strike of mackerel is reported from Shelburne, N.S.

The next annual meeting of the Montreal Conference of the Methodist Church will be held in Montreal.
Dr. Montgomery, assistant physician at the Hamilton Insane Asylum, died yesterday.

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