

The Huron Signal

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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THE HURON SIGNAL

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FRIDAY, AUG. 27TH, 1886.

PROVINCIAL VOTERS LISTS.

The Provincial voters' lists are now being published. Persons whose names have been improperly left off can have them inserted by the county judge, if the proper legal notice be given to the clerk of the municipality. Mr Meredith, aided by the Ottawa Tories, is making a great effort to secure an advantage over Reformers in the preparation of appeals to add names to these lists. A careful canvass in each polling sub-division, will reveal the names of Reformers that have been omitted. An appeal should be made to place the name of every qualified Reformer on the lists. A little activity will ensure another Reform triumph at the next Provincial elections. Polling subdivision committees should meet and go over the Provincial lists as soon as they can be procured. Now is the time to work!

WHO WILL IT BE?

The Tories of West Huron are in perplexity. They cannot get a candidate who has any chance of winning the riding in a contest with M. C. Cameron. There are plenty of would-be candidates—but those who want to run, are not acceptable to the wire-pullers, or any body else; and those whom the wire-pullers would like to run are too shrewd to enter and take the defeat that is stored up for the Tory candidate for the Commons in West Huron. The list of names canvassed so far in the Tory interest is large and varied. All sorts and conditions of men are included. The motley throng of suggested candidates is made up in part of the following persons:

- F. W. Johnston, Goderich.
- J. M. Roberts, Duncannon.
- Wm. Campbell, Goderich.
- P. Kelly, Blyth.
- T. Corbett, Clinton.
- Dr. Holmes, Goderich.
- W. McLenn, Goderich.
- E. Meredith, London.
- E. Woodcock, Goderich.
- Dr. Taylor, Goderich.
- R. Porter, (lost to sight.)
- John Butler, Goderich.

The chances are that F. W. Johnston will be the candidate chosen to oppose M. C. Cameron. The Conservative party is so disgruntled in this riding, that even the most sanguine Tory is not hopeful of victory. The Liberals are ready for a contest at any time, and led by M. C. Cameron they will sweep the riding by a tremendous majority.

Our watchful cotem, the Clinton News Era, on this topic says:—"Several parties have been approached by the Conservatives of West Huron, asking them to stand in opposition to the present member, Mr. M. C. Cameron. Mr. Porter was one of the number, but he thought the case was hopeless, and positively refused to stand for a second time; once was too many. In all probability it will be a local man, who will be so badly beaten that he will want to hide himself after the election is over."

LICENSING INSPECTOR YATES this week gives a brief sketch of the Scott Act in Huron. The veteran inspector generally knows what he is talking about when he gets on the matter of temperance legislation, and his conclusions fully sustain the SIGNAL in its statement last week to the position of the Ontario Government. The action of the Dominion Government in controlling the fines, is one that is calculated to cripple to a considerable extent the action both of the Ontario Government and its inspectors. Yet the Scott Act is doing excellent now in Goderich.

The initial letters of the following six peculiarities of the present administration furnish the key to the whole:—

- Blind Shares.
- Onderdonker.
- Ontario Boundary Deal.
- Derelict Dewdney.
- Land Grabbing.
- Evasion of Customs.

The shooting season for fowl will be fully opened on Wednesday. The partying will suffer next week.

TO AND FRO.

The Excursion to the Falls and Grimsby Camp.

The Trip Down—Seeing the Falls—Sunday at Grimsby Camp—Chaplain McCabe and De Witt Talmage.

Saturday last a large number of excursionists from this section and intermediate points between Goderich and Stratford availed themselves of the opportunity to visit Niagara Falls and the Methodist camping ground at Grimsby. As I had never attended the devotional exercises at the latter place, and as I had been informed that it was the most perfect concern of the kind in the wide Dominion, I determined to be one of the party.

THE TRIP DOWN
was of the kind usually found on excursions—a great crush for seats consequent upon a large turnout of people. At Stratford, however, extra coaches were put on, and everyone who wished to rest had an opportunity afforded of sitting down. After leaving Stratford but few stoppages were made and Clifton was reached about two o'clock. Here the excursionists debarked, and an eager crowd at once started to

which are about a mile from the railway station. A number of local millionaires—hackmen—were present with their equipages and prancing steeds, and took in as many of the excursionists as they possibly could. Their number is legion, their ways are devious, peculiar, unfathomable. At the Falls everything costs money—and lots of it—except the air we breathe. Ten cents has to be paid to cross a railway bridge to the American side; a ticket has to be purchased to cross the Cantilever bridge; ten cents has to be paid to test the inclined railway, and thereby run the risk of being hurled to the bottom with a pile of broken bones; fifty cents is the potent factor to cross the river in the "Maid of the Mist," and enable you to look from the deck of the steamer up at the frowning rocks, the misty vapors and the turbulent waters of the great cataract; 25 cents will admit you to the museum, and to the gardens; another levy will permit you to put on a water-proof suit and walk a few yards under the Falls; a street car fare will take you to the whirlpool rapids, to view which you descend free of cost, and are charged 50 cents to return. There are many other gaudy games to catch the unwary, which I had no personal experience of, but the above will be sufficient to show that the outside world is levied upon in many ways by the people whom kind Providence permits to reside in the vicinity of the Falls. And after you have succeeded in shrinking the contents of your wallet, by paying toll to the devices and desires of the money grabbers at the Falls, you find yourself weary and jaded, and if you have any lucres left, you are willing to surrender yourself to the tender mercies of the hackman, so that you be deposited at the railway station in time to catch the return train. You are conscious of the fact that you have been robbed, but, as the levying of toll upon strangers is about the only home industry of the section, and as it requires very little capital to run it, and consequently the residents are all engaged in the business, there is no possibility of getting legal or any other redress. I was going to give a vivid picture of the Falls, but as the guide books are on sale, and the two cataracts are therein much more glowingly described than my conscience would allow me to depict them, I will save paper and ink, and talk about other matters. The eight o'clock train for Grimsby left at some time between nine and ten o'clock, which looked to me as if the railway authorities were in collusion with the natives so that the strangers within their gates would have lots of time to be plucked. Many of the excursionists who had intended to stay over at Grimsby until Monday by this time found out that their money was all expended, and that they were in possession of little save the clothes they wore, an empty pocket book, and a feeling of hunger. As a consequence they were constrained to avail themselves of the opportunity to return home without tarrying with the brethren at Grimsby. On the train it was also announced by someone, with or without authority, that the camp was overcrowded, and there was not even a chance to get six feet of space in the tabernacle and a bunch of straw. So I hid me on to Grimsby vil-

lage, where, although the hotels were overcrowded, I succeeded in finding a large plate and a comfortable pillow at the residence of a good Samaritan of Scotch descent, who kindly provided for me and mine on the occasion. Next morning I took the bus to

THE CAMP
to engage in the devotional exercises in my usually unostentatious manner. I must confess, however, that I was much surprised on my arrival at the gate of the camp-ground to find that the silver-collection was taken at the gate, that is to say, if you had not 15 cts. amongst your available assets, you were not permitted to hear the gospel preached as it is preached at Grimsby camp. Vehicles were driving up to the gate by the hundreds, and worshippers and others flocked to the grounds by the thousands. There was a bustle, stir and business air throughout the whole camp ground, which to my mind seemed sadly out of place on what should be the quiet Sabbath, and what was supposed to be the sacred precincts of the meeting grounds. At the gates stood the constables in plain clothes to prevent obstructions and enforce order; in the office were the ticket sellers and money-changers. The vehicles with passengers drove through the large gate, each passenger showing his or her ticket, while those on foot passed in at the turnstile in one, two, three or four order. Inside the grounds a driveway with a plank walk at the side led to the centre of attraction—the auditorium—and as I arrived, the congregation was just gathering for worship. The singing of the choir led by the justly celebrated WHITE BROTHERS

rolled over all other sounds, and long before the auditorium was reached, I could feel that infectious feeling that tempts one to join in a chorus—secular or religious—when master voices lead. The auditorium is surrounded by cottages and the tabernacle, and a covered platform for speakers and singers is erected in full view of every portion of the circle. There is seating accommodation for several thousands of a congregation, and as the ground has a gradual fall toward the platform every tier of seats has an upward range as against the one in front, thus giving the entire congregation an opportunity of seeing all in front, without obstruction. There are a number of small streets radiating from the auditorium, something like those from the court house square at Goderich, and there is a gateway at the head of each street. A quarter of an hour before service opens a bell is rung, and the congregation flock in by every avenue and at every gate. At the end of the fifteen minutes, all the gates are closed, and no admittance can be obtained except by the main entrance; the choir strikes up and the service is begun.

CHAPLAIN McCABE.

of New York and Chicago, one of the foremost clergymen of the day, was the preacher in the morning. At one time he had been a chaplain in the American army, and had suffered for his country. He is one of the few who today can recount from personal experience the horrors endured by the Federal prisoners in Libby prison. He is a man of medium height, compactly built, of dark complexion, and apparently about fifty years of age. His eyes are large and luminous, his voice mellow and magnetic, his expression calm and contented, and his manner intensely earnest. And I said to myself as he rose to speak, I would like to hear that preacher, possessed of great powers as he undoubtedly is, read for his lesson Mark xi, wherein the casting out of the money changers is so graphically narrated, and that having done so, and given the necessary comment, the preacher, in resolute tones and fervent spirit, would take for his text Isaiah iv, 1: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and ye that have no money, come, ye, buy and eat. Yes, come buy wine and milk without money and without price." But my desire is not gratified. The preacher reads a chapter of his own choosing, and takes his seat while the Whyte Brothers come forward and raise a hymn of glorious tone, steady metre, and grand chorus. Again the preacher comes forward, and now he announces his text, Habakkuk, 14:—"The earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." For fully an hour the preacher held the congregation in rapt attention, and during that time there were moist eyes and throbbing hearts, which plainly showed that sympathetic chords had been awakened in many of those present. After service

THE LARGE AUDIENCE DISPERSED
over the grounds, some to the hotels, some to the cottages, some to the tents, some to tables on the ward—and all to partake of refreshments. The hotels did a thriving business in the eating line, and setting the tables six times over was not an uncommon sight. The booths also did a "roaring trade" in more senses than

one, and the crowd around the counter reminded me of the rush to the bar by the thirsty selectors when the successful candidate was "calling up" his friends in the olden time, and before the Bribery and Corruption Act was placed upon the statute book. And the vending of wares and the changing of money continued with unabated zeal at the "portals of the temple." At 2:30 p.m.

REV. DEWITT TALMAGE
occupied the platform. He read for the lesson the account of the incarceration of Paul and Silas and the subsequent conversion of the Philippian jailer; he took his text from Ruth:—"Entreat me not to leave thee, etc." The Brooklyn divine is a sturdily built man, with a strong face and massive form, thin hair with a tendency to baldness, shaven lip and chin, large mouth and light-colored side-whiskers. His voice is strident and unemphatic; his gestures are not graceful; his manner is, if anything, on the repellent side; but his matter gives evidence of deep thought, much research, sound Christian character, and thorough earnestness that convinces the mind even though it may not bring conviction to the heart. He appeals to the reasoning powers and not to the impulses. Whitfield, it is said, was gifted with a marvelous tone of voice—Talmage is endowed with a wonderful grade of convincing power. After the regular service a special meeting was held, where any seekers who felt constrained to remain were ministered unto. The many, however, betook themselves to the hotels, cottages and refreshment stands, and the air and hurry-kurry of the buyers, sellers and the money changers were resumed.

IN THE EVENING
the services were continued, Chaplain McCabe being the preacher, and after he had delivered the message to the people, the great congregation remained to a protracted meeting with Dr. Talmage as exhorter. To my mind, Talmage was in better form in the evening than he was in the afternoon, and created a more lasting impression. The meeting did not close until after 10 o'clock, and one of the most impressive that I have ever witnessed. The electric lights cast almost the brightness of day upon the scene; the auditorium, surrounded by the cottages, was brought out in strong relief; the expectant expression on many of the countenances of the great congregation was distinctly visible; the large platform loomed up upon which sat the choir and prominent clergymen; the eager look and fervid gestures of the exhorter showed to greater advantage than at the afternoon service, and, together with the earnest tones, riveted the attention of the hearers; while the giants of the forest stretched skyward with limbs extended, as if they, too, were receiving the Truth with open arms, solemnly, silently and reverently. The voices of bates and sale were hushed, the trafficker had left his booth, and the counter of the money changer was vacant; gold bills and bank bills were forgotten for the time being, and naught was heard save the chirping of the cricket or the rustling of the leaves, forming Nature's accompaniment to the earnest and fervid exhorter, who, as he earnestly impressed upon the people that now was the accepted time—NOW was the day of salvation.

RUNCIMAN BROS.

What our enterprising Foundrymen are Doing in the Milling Line.

The Messrs Runciman have been steadily pushing their business since the new firm took hold of the foundry, and general repairs have been completed the following roller mill work since April 1, 1886:

Two pair of their improved roller mills and other machinery for Messrs McKillop & Son, Birmingham.

Ten pair of rollers, a four reel bolting chest, a four reel scarping chest, centrifugal reel, a flour packer 16 set elevators, two purifiers, and completed a full roller mill for Mr. A. Drake, Danville.

Two pair rollers, a four reel scarping chest, a grading reel, a lot of elevators and machinery, changed Mr. John Culis's mill at Manchester into a full roller mill.

Ten pair rollers, five bolting reels, four scarping reels, one centrifugal reel, two purifiers, one bran duster, one separator, one flour packer, 17 set elevators, and a lot of machinery, a completed and full roller mill for Mr. Stephen Morley, Smithville.

They are now busy with six pair rollers, two centrifugal reels, four reel scarping, a lot of elevators, and machinery to make a full roller process, mill for Messrs McEwan, at Tiverton.

Ten pair rollers, four scarping reels, five bolting reels, a lot of elevators and machinery for Mr. John Harrison, of Parkhill, to make his mill into the full roller process.

The above mills are all first class and four at them are doing splendid work.

Scott Act Trials.

WALKERTON, Aug. 21.—There were five Scott Act cases tried before a bench of magistrates at Milmidy. The parties were: R. H. Middagh, of Hanover; K. R. Farquharson, G. G. Bobier, A. Shoemaker and W. Clark, of Walkerton. Farquharson and Bobier were each fined \$50 and costs. The other cases were dismissed with costs after a hard struggle by both sides. The counsel raised a new point in reference to searching for liquor, which was sustained by the bench.

WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

The Old Man Moralizes and Closes Short—The Light of Other Days.

—The harvest is past | is an announcement that will strike some with surprise, for the summer has flown on the wings of the wind, and as it were, and few there are who, looking back, can realize that the warm, sultry weather is on the wane, and that henceforward the linen duster will fall into disuse, and the heavy ulster become mere fashionable where men most do congregate. Many of my readers will think that I'm rushing the season in talking to them thusly, but I'm speaking words of soberness and truth, all the same. It is now many, many years ago since I first became impressed with the fact of the flight of the seasons, and watched each quarter of the year loom up in fullness and fade away in nothingness. And as each has passed in its turn, I have been sadly reminded of the saying, "Nothing on earth endures." The brightness of the sun, the glory of the moon, the glitter of the stars are ever changing and are alike on no two occasions; no two harvest crops are equal in fulness and flavor; no joys are equally ecstatic, and no sorrows cast a similarly deep shadow; no—but there, I've started moralizing again, and as I know the editor is averse to "solid matter," I will have to sidetrack myself on this occasion, and get out of the rut into which I was drifting. What I really wanted to say was that as we grow older, and our blood grows thinner, and the hair whitens and fades, and the cheeks blanch, and the temples become more prominent, and the top of the forehead recedes, and the limbs grow less supple, and the memory delights to dwell in the past, and we feel that we have passed the upward grade of dashing youth, and our sun is pointing toward the west, and the shadows are lengthening and the step is becoming less sturdy, and the back is daily becoming less able to bear the burden, and the ability to buffet one's way in the hurly-burly and turmoil of the crowd is becoming less to be depended upon, and the knowledge comes upon us, like Hezekiah of old, that, it is meet and proper that the house be put in order, then are we elderly ones more impressed with the flight of the seasons and the mighty onward rushing of time. Yes, there's a reminder in every breeze that blows, a suggestion for thought in every alternation of the sun, a warning voice in every funeral cortege that passes along the street. Some accept the lessons thus taught; others let them pass unheeded.

—This year I notice the leaves are prematurely turned owing to the heat of the sun and the lack of rain. In like manner I have known many of my old acquaintances to become badly warped by being influenced by the heat of passion without having it tempered by the soothing influence of calm reflection. And when I speak thus, I except present company, and refer solely to those whom I knew in "Auld Lang Syne." Looking at the withered trees and the parched grass somehow set me a-thinking. A drought is mighty hard upon man, beast and vegetation.

Duncan Cameron, of Brucefield, has left for Winnipeg, Man., where he takes charge of a station not far from there; we learn that he is doing well and likes the place so far.

A Varna correspondent of the New Era, says:—The pulpits at Bayfield Road and Berne, formerly occupied by Rev. Mr. Danby, were declared vacant last Sabbath, by Rev. Mr. Acheson, of Kippin. Mr. Danby's many friends in this vicinity, will be very sorry to have him leave the village. He has labored faithfully for upwards of thirteen years, amongst the people here, and we hope that the Master may guide him into still wider fields of usefulness in the future.

A JOKE THAT WON'T BE REPEATED.—One day last week a young man near Brussels was employed to take the flax-pickers home to the village, and he got a lot of hay that was as dry as the hot sun and dry weather could make it on his new rack. He thought he would like to see how quick about 25 men could get off his wagon, so he dropped a lighted match into the dry hay. Every man jumped for his life, the young man included, and but for a neighbor, who took in the position, crossing the field and stopped the team, they would have run, the horses were detached from the wagon, and only got a little singeing. He had to buy a new hay rack, and have some repairs done to his wagon, but he is a wiser man than he was.

THE SCOTT ACT.

A Review of Its Operations in West Huron.

A Secret and Careful Statement by an Acknowledged Authority—How the Ontario Government is Shopped.

To the Editors of the Signal.

I notice in your last issue a few remarks on this subject, and as it is cropping out in some papers by way of structure and complaint to the Provincial Government, I thought it might be well to look over the matter and see if the blame lies there. What are the facts? The Scott Act came in force on the 1st of May, 1885. Now as the order of this, all the Provincial commissioners and inspectors that had been for eight years under that government enforcing the Scott Act, were discharged, the Scott Act being a Dominion act; and the Dominion Government, under the now deceased McCarthy Act, appointed new commissioners and inspectors (it was supposed) to enforce the Scott Act. To what extent this was done is quite within the memory of all. It may be that the first mistake as to enforcement comes in right here. When it was found that the law was not being so enforced, the friends of the Act should then have put their shoulders to the work themselves; but it was not thought wise at the time to allow any want of confidence in the new inspectors, but give them ample time to get fully prepared for their work. Then it will be in the mind of all the action, or rather the want of action, of the warden in not carrying out the order of the county council. Then, too, the licenses given by the new commissioners and inspectors were in this county nearly all given to hotelkeepers, and not to druggists as the Act clearly intends. This had the effect of bringing the Scott Act into disrepute, and especially so when the conduct of some medical men is taken into the account. Then, when the Scott Act Association realized that the Act was not enforced, and employed a private prosecutor paid by them, large wares, they unfortunately did not get a suitable person, and the less said about him the better. Then, near the end of the year the decision of the Privy Council was given, taking from the Dominion Government the power to license at all; and by a fair inference the power to regulate—the last not as clearly stated as it might have been. This, of course, for some time confused the matter of enforcement, as the Dominion Government withdrew their commissioners and inspectors, but not the licenses issued by them. Perhaps it ought to be mentioned in this connection that these licenses never were paid for, nor was anything ever asked for them. The Provincial Government then had to make new appointments of commissioners and inspectors, which necessarily took some time, but was done as soon as it could be, I presume. After the appointment of these was made, they, on attempting to enforce the act, were met with the difficulty of getting local J. P.'s to take these cases. The fact is, the traffic had during the year of non-enforcement, taken the bit in its mouth, and was running away with the Scott Act altogether. And it is not to be wondered at that the magistrates did not feel like taking hold of cases that would perhaps, in consequence of the opposition, take two or three days to get through with one case. It was then thought best by the Scott Act convention to make another appeal to the county council at its last June session, which appeal was made by deputation appointed for that purpose. It was in brief as follows: That we respectfully ask the county council to ask the Provincial Government to appoint a Police Magistrate, with salary for one year; and if we cannot in that year make the Scott Act a success, then the deputation and association promise to resign their office. That we assure with it at the end of the year. This assurance was further guaranteed by a letter from the Hon. Provincial Secretary, to cancel such an appointment at the end of the term if so desired to do by the county council. This request to the friends of the Act seemed so reasonable and fair that denial was hardly anticipated. The request was, however, refused. It will be remembered, of course, that before that request we had, for a short time a police magistrate, without salary, who, even before we had got right at work in prosecuting, found out that he could not possibly do the work without salary, and resigned his office. This brings us to the month of June last. And in July we commenced with our local J. P.'s, who deserve the commendation of all good citizens for their willingness to take these cases, making such a trespass upon their time that they can hardly afford to lose. Now what has been done by the Provincial Government.

1st. They at once appointed commissioners and inspectors, and gave them instructions to enforce the Act.
2nd. They appropriated the whole of the fines to the license fund, claiming none of it; also by statute provided that the country should pay two thirds and the Province one third of the balance.
3rd. By act of parliament enacted that any county in which the Scott Act had become the law, on the request of the county council, a police magistrate at a fixed salary according to the population, should be appointed. But with the request the appointment cannot be made. This is a by the Scott Act. S. P.

& Co

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