

The HURON SIGNAL

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

FOURTIH YEAR. WHOLE NUMBER 282. GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, JAN. 14, 1887. MCGILLICUDDY BROS. PUBLISHERS \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

THE HURON SIGNAL
Published every Friday Morning, by Mc
GILLICUDDY BROS., at their Office, North
GODERICH, ONTARIO.

FRIDAY, JAN. 14th, 1887.

Our Ticket.

For Dominion Premier,
HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

West Huron in the Commons,
M. C. CAMERON, Q. C.

"The Boodle Brigade Must Go."

THEY DISAGREE TO AGREE.

Much speculation has been indulged in by Grits and Tories alike in this section concerning the upshot of the present disclaimer of the *Mail* as a party organ. The general impression is that although apparently the wires are down and the rails have been raised between the *Mail* and the Tory party, there is still an undercurrent of sympathy between the parties concerned, and that an "under-ground railway" is the interest of each continues to exist. To a dissolution of partnership there must always be attached the signatures of the parties to the contract, but in the case of the *Mail* no such precedent has been followed. It simply says in effect, in its issue of Saturday last:

"Notice is hereby given that on and after this date the partnership heretofore subsisting between the *Mail*, of the first part, and the Tory party of the second part, has been dissolved by mutual consent, and the old business will, as heretofore, be conducted by both parties, although in separate establishments, so far as outward appearance is concerned."

And the document is subscribed to by one of the contracting parties, but a sign manual of the other partner—the great Conservative party—is lacking. In law, as we remarked before, a dissolution of partnership notice must be subscribed to by all partners or the announcement will not stand. In fact, as well as in law, the same principle holds good. The "dissolution of partnership notice" of the *Mail* is not worth the paper it is written upon, unless the Tory party also subscribes to it; and if the Tory party withdraws from the *Mail* as thoroughly as the *Mail* avows to have withdrawn from the Tory party, two calamities will happen: The Tory party will be without an organ, and the organ will be without a constituency. Such a condition of affairs would be a hardship to the Conservative party, and would be sudden death to the *Mail*. Until we notice that Torydom pines for an organ, or the *Mail* gives up the ghost, we will hold to the opinion that the relations between the two are not at all strained—that "Things are not what they seem."

The position of the *Mail* reminds us of the old story told of the German Jew firm on Broadway that wished to do business on both sides of the street, and so that end rented a vacant store across the way from the old stand. The same lines of goods were displayed in both shops, the family feature were noticeable in the salesmen on both sides of the street, the same characteristics obtained in the transaction of business at both stands, but so that the public would not be of opinion that the receipts were pooled, each of the establishments had displayed in brilliant lettering, "We had no piessness mit dot schiniffint oder de way." The *Mail* and the Tories may run up the old sign, but the intention is to pool heavier receipts when the election returns come in.

HENRI GEORGE, the well-known writer on the labor question, has started a journal called *The Standard*, in New York city. It will be published at the rate of \$2.50 a year, and will be devoted to the disseminating of "Laws and opinions relating to the great movement, now beginning, for the emancipation of labor by restoration of natural rights." If Mr. George cannot make such a journal a success, it were needless for any other man in America to attempt the task.

The question of a paid police magistrate will be discussed by the temperance people of Huron in convention at Clinton on Friday next, January 21st. It is to be hoped that Goderich will be more largely represented than usual. The sacrifice of a day and railway fare to Clinton is not a trying one, yet it is too much for many who claim a deep interest in the temperance question. The Clinton convention will likely arrange a plan for approaching the new bounty on this question.

HALF AND HALF.

The *Star* last week devoted a column of personal abuse to one of the editors of this paper. At the start the angry editor of the *Star* proceeded to annihilate his adversary in the following characteristic sentence:

"For misrepresentation, downright falsehood and hypocrisy, it is equal to, if not ahead of, anything which has heretofore emanated from the gentleman whose initials attest it."

Nice language, that. Mr. Mitchell, who uses it, follows it up by attempting to hide behind the personnel of the committee. Of the private character or business ability of Mr. Mitchell's associates on the committee, we have nothing to say. They are gentlemen whom we esteem as men and fellow citizens. But as a temperance committee they botched the matter woefully. What did they do? What did they leave undone? Somebody blundered! We repeat, that as a committee, it displayed "incapacity or worse." And the cause is not far to seek.

Mr. Mitchell had been a loud champion of the Scott Act when it was a popular thing to speak for. But when the day of trial came his ardor cooled. At first he started to back down gently. He qualified his statements as to what he would do by voice and pen. It was "if," "but," "however," "on the other hand," etc. On one occasion Rev. T. M. Campbell, who followed the wavering editor in a manly and courageous speech, endeavored to stiffen the backbone of the "nevertheless" orator. From that day Mr. Mitchell bore Mr. Campbell a grudge; and he has also become "as dumb as an oyster, and as silent as a clam" on behalf of temperance. He was on the committee that waited upon the McCarthy Act commissioners, and was asked to speak, but he shook his head and remained dumb. Even at the temperance meeting which chose the "committee of inaction" a month ago, he could not be provoked to say how he stood upon the question of a Scott Act county council. In his paper he has scrupulously dodged the question of late; whatever he wrote a year or two ago was against municipal action by the temperance people. He had in a most slavish and contemptible fashion apologized for and championed Warden Kelly for burking the expressed will of the county council on the question of a paid police magistrate. He did so in a manner that proved him to be a political sycophant rather than a courageous advocate of temperance.

Mr. Mitchell, out of his own mouth, is proven to be half-hearted and a "dodger" in the work he was appointed to do. He writes:

"At the meeting of that committee held next day Mr. Mitchell was present for only a short time, but he stated in language that was not understood that he was opposed to Mr. Thompson being brought out as a candidate at all, and further, that he was not in favor of that late day of bringing out temperance candidates for either the mayoralty or reeve-ships. T. McQ. can verify these statements by interviewing any other member of the committee, or that there was a contest at all, Mr. Mitchell had no knowledge, until informed by Mr. Thompson, in answer to enquiries, after that gentleman had been at *The Signal* office and informed T. McQ. that he was a candidate for deputy-reeve. This was on the Thursday morning previous to the nominations."

Why didn't Mr. Mitchell speak out like a man at the public meeting, and say he was not in favor of a committee being appointed or any work being done? Because he had previously spiked his guns. He is now bound hand and foot to F. W. Johnston and P. Kelly. He dodged the committee work, and this discussion has forced him to acknowledge his shirking habit.

Now that the municipal election is over we hope our friends who have for weeks past indulged heavily in railway agitation will not slacken their efforts. The railway excitement should not be spasmodic, but should be kept up right along until the first sod is turned. That's the way to bring about the building of railroads.

At a political meeting held in the Township hall, Howick, a few weeks ago, according to the local Tory journal, "Mr. Farrow spoke one hour and dealt with extravagance of the Mowat Government in expending money so lavishly on employees of the Government, pointing to the maintenance of the Agricultural College at Guelph at a sum in the neighborhood of \$30,000 for the benefit of its staff and foreign boys." And yet Mr. Farrow claims to be an advocate of agricultural interests. What has Mr. Farrow to say about the Dominion experimental farms to be formed on the model of the one at Guelph? Mr. Farrow's egg speech puts him out of court as an expert on agricultural matters.

THE TORY CONVENTION.

The Tories of West Huron will meet in convention at Smith's Hill today (Friday), to endeavor to bring out a candidate for the Commons in the riding. They have no anticipation of getting any man to accept the nomination who is sufficiently strong to reduce M. C. Cameron's majority below three figures, but we understand instructions have been received from headquarters to not let Cameron's election go by default, as he is considered to be a dangerous man to roam at large in oldtime Tory preserves, and if he were not opposed he might materially injure the Tory cause in outside constituencies. Who the victim for the sacrifice will be has not yet transpired, but it is believed that the ex-deputy reeve of Goderich township—who was believed to be first choice when Dr. Taylor got the nomination for the Local—will on this occasion not stand a chance. Mr. Porter, of West Simcoe, was at one time thought to be a likely man, but since the recent election his name is not heard. Wm. Doherty, of Clinton, is still an aspirant, and so also are, we understand, F. W. Johnston and E. Campion, of our town. The name of Joseph Kidd, sr., of Dublin, has also come up during the past week or two, but we question whether that gentleman would accept the nomination were it tendered. On the whole, our Tory friends will have some sifting to find a man who is willing to be sacrificed merely for the purpose of endeavoring to keep Cameron busy in West Huron during the coming election.

A TORY TRICK.

The elections for the Canadian House of Commons may be expected shortly. We would not be surprised to hear the announcement of dissolution before our next issue.

But before the elections come off the party is to make a formal repudiation of the *Mail*. He will make a desperate bid for the Catholic vote. The whole thing has been cut and dried.

The *Montreal Gazette*, Hon. Thos. White's organ, has already paved the way. The *Toronto World* professes to take the thing seriously. It says:—"The *Gazette's* article has manifestly been seriously considered, and speaks with authority. It is undoubtedly intended to sever the last link connecting the party with the *Mail*, and can hardly fail of its purpose. In no other quarter will this be better understood than in the *Mail* building. Matters have reached that point where the Government are compelled to make their choice, and that choice is to the effect that the *Mail's* opposition will be less damaging than its support. Events not far distant will demonstrate that we have read the *Gazette's* article aright. The *Mail* and Sir John have finally dissolved partnership."

We warn our friends everywhere against this trick. The *Mail* is dead against the Liberal party. It opposes Hon. Edward Blake relentlessly. It is vigorously supporting Sir John A. Macdonald, and will continue to advocate his interests in the face of any so-called "repudiation." Macdonaldism has played a desperate game against the Local Government of Ontario. The *Mail's* and its sectarian cry was the instrument. The Tory party cannot hark back within a single month. Macdonaldism and the *Mail* are identical.

The *Montreal Post* (Catholic) says that the *Mail's* dissolution of partnership with the Conservative party is "Too thin and too late."

Our advice from all parts of the riding warrant us in saying that Mr. Cameron's majority in West Huron will be so substantially increased that the Tory party in this riding will feel as if a cyclone followed by a thunder bolt had struck it. Cameron's strength increases daily.

The *Seaford Sun*, "Conservative," says in all seriousness:—"It is generally believed amongst Conservatives that the *Mail* has been bought up root and branch by the Grits, and was made to 'ride the Protestant horse' to defeat the Conservatives." The *Sun*, be it remembered, is a Tory paper, circulating largely among the Catholics of McKillop.

The past fortnight has been very cold and stormy. An immense amount of fuel has been used over and above the regular allowance for the fortnight. The senselessness, nay, the criminality of the coal tax, must be apparent even to the most bigotted Tory. About four tons of coal will be used in each coal store this winter. On that four tons the Government demands as its share \$2. It is a shame, a sin, to tax coal,

WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

An Old Fashioned Canadian Winter—The Duty of Giving—Charity Should Begin at Home.

—Well, for a first-class, unadorned, all-around, square-toed, flat-footed, up-and-up, no discount, 100-per-cent., wood-pile-lowering, coal-bin-emptying, ear-punching, nose-biting, fannel using, ear-cap-and-mits Canadian winter, I cheerfully yield the palm to that which now prevails in and around the neighborhood which I inhabit. Jerusha Jane! did you ever see the like. Now, I know that I'm going to start some of the old heads lying about the cold winters that used to be up here before the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway was built, but if they were to produce declarations in support of their statements made in accordance with the act providing for the suppression of voluntary and extra-judicial oaths, I wouldn't believe them. Mind you, I don't say the mercury has dropped away down out of sight, as I have known it to do on many occasions in the years away back, but what I do claim is that the uniform severity of the past five or six weeks has been unparalleled in my experience, and I want you to understand I ain't a spring chicken, and that I existed, as the scientists would say, anterior to the last thaw. Yes, sirree! it's an old-time Canadian winter, and anyone who wants to improve on it should betake himself to the North Pole—this white man's country of ours is no place for him. But, maybe you think I don't admire our good, old-fashioned Canadian winter. If you think so, you're mightily mistaken, and don't you forget it. I was raised north of the 49th parallel, and am Canuck from the word "Go." Years and years ago, I coasted down hill on bob-sleighs before tobogganing became a popular amusement; I have skated on the glassy surface of Canada's great lakes, and congealed rivers, when roller skating was undreamt of, and the exhilaration of poetic motion gave warmth to the body and vigor to the mind, and stoves, hot-air appliances and brass bands were not necessary to draw the crowd; I have gazed upon the old-time carnival, where old and young, rich and poor, great and small, gentle and simple, met once a year, and brushed aside the cobweb of set and sed, and made jollity and good-feeling reign supreme; I have helped to reap the ice crop from the lake's clear bosom, and have worked to put the glittering crystal blocks in place; I have taken interest in the ice boat races, when the winged boats passed and repassed, tacked and veered, and moved on runners with the speed of locomotives and the gracefulness of Venetian gondolas. Oh, yes I've seen a heap of Canadian winter life, and I hope I'll never live to forget the enjoyment it has given me, but that fact doesn't hinder me from stating openly and above-board that the present winter is a mighty hard one upon any one who is not properly prepared to meet it.

—And this brings me down to hard pan, and where I want to stand face to face with the gentle reader. You agree with me that we are having a real severe winter, and that for some time past most of us have found it tax our powers to the utmost to withstand the inclemency of the weather. So far, so good. Now, you've a number of neighbors around you, and some of them may be well off, but there are also a number of poor ones. How do you think the latter are enjoying the bracing air and the low temperatures? Have you done anything to help them to withstand the biting blast, or check the winter's severity? You haven't. Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here you are, with enough and to spare, and you can rejoice with your family in a comfortable dining-room, or library, heated by a costly coal range or an improved furnace, oblivious to the raging of Boreas without, or to the other fact that almost within earshot some shivering fellow-winter is suffering from pangs of hunger and cold. You are a Christian, too, and your voice is heard in the sanctuary Sabbath after Sabbath. Your pew is not in the "far amen corner," but your place is with the foremost in your church. When a call is asked for a large contribution for the promotion of the good of the blackamoors of Timbuctoo, your signature in a good, bold hand, is

found well to the top of the first page of the mission list, and your gift holds its own with the brightest and best. But you, at any rate, have given out of the fulness of a kind and loving heart, and not "to be seen of men." The blackamoors of Timbuctoo is your brother—a brother in black it may be, yet your brother still—and it is a service you owe the Master to aid, as far as in you lies, the lowlies; and most down-trodden of those for whom He died that they might live. I endorse your action—I applaud your practical Christianity towards your brother the blackamoors in Timbuctoo. But be not puffed up with praise from me and others of the neighbors on this score, for there is yet other work to engage in. There is another brother who requires assistance at your hands. He is not on the other side of an ocean—in far off Timbuctoo—he is within earshot. He is the wretch who shivers and is hungered within sight of your comfortable home—perhaps within sound of the hilarious voices of your loved children. His may have been the prodigal's part, yet he is your brother or still; his poverty may have come upon him through vice or improvidence,—he is your brother still, although an erring one; disease or infirmity may be his portion, nevertheless he is your brother, although one in misfortune, for God "hath made of one blood all nations of men." A kindness to this brother will not bring you the praise of men that the donation to the Timbuctoo blackamoors subscription list gave you; the amount given in relief will not be published in the denominational organ of the sect with which you are allied; the preacher may not look up his thanks into your eyes as he stands in the pulpit, and duly acknowledge the gifts of the brethren. No; this is a case in which the right hand will not know what the left hand giveth. But your charitable act will not go without reward, although hope of reward caused not the charity. Human hearts will well forth words of thankfulness; a desolate home made glad will smile upon the donor; a gentle voice will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto Me."

I have spoken.

POOL, BILLIARDS, BAGATELLE.

The *Toronto Telegram* of Wednesday contained the following:—"An act framed by A. F. Wood, of North Hastings, prohibiting boys under sixteen from frequenting pool, billiard or bagatelle rooms without the written consent of parents or guardians, was passed at the last session of the local House. Originally Mr. Wood intended to provide for the corporal punishment of offending youths, but the majority suppressed this feature in the statute. The bill went into effect on January, and Mayor Howland proposes to see that it is strictly enforced in the city. "The Police Commissioners have issued orders," said the mayor, "and I am hopeful that enforcement of the law will lead to the closing up of many of the small dens that depend for existence on the custom of boys. The proprietors are liable to a heavy fine for allowing boys under sixteen to frequent their rooms, and I am confident that the police will be able to save the boys from the temptations of the pool rooms."

It will be seen that bagatelle is classed with pool and billiards. In fact bagatelle bears the same relation to billiards that a reed organ does to a piano. Rev. G. R. Turk informs us that he was not aware that bagatelle was so generally played in hotels and billiard rooms in the cities, else he would have put the practice of the game in a less favorable light than he did on Sunday evening. To the mind of laymen, like ourselves, billiards and bagatelle are on all fours; billiards, however, requiring more skill. The billiard room is a bad place for a youth to frequent, and the introduction of a billiard table into the Young Liberal club, while it has much to commend it, is, after all, of doubtful propriety, from a social and political standpoint.

TORYISM IN CANADA today is a "Disorganized Hypocrisy."

The Conservatives in West Huron were so certain of a Tory victory all over the province that they had actually divided the offices among themselves in advance!

The more freely sympathy and affection are extended, and the more gladly they are welcomed, the more they "less mask." Their very life depends upon a generous atmosphere of both giving and taking. Coldness, reserve, suspicion, pride, kill them as the biting frost kills the tender plant.

OUR TOWN FATHERS.

The Last Meeting of the Old Council—Complimentary Resolutions to the Retiring Mayor.

The Council met on Friday evening, his Worship Mayor Horton presiding, and members all present.

On motion of Butler, seconded by Colborne, it was resolved to ask the Dominion Government to send an engineer to examine and report on the best means of keeping the mouth of the harbor from filling up.

On motion of the reeve, seconded by Murney, the Council resolved to petition the Government to put up a proper building for customs and post office purposes.

The special committee reported that after considering the advice of Mr. Cameron, they would recommend that for the next ten years Messrs. Ogilvie and Hutchison pay a tax of \$500 per annum on their real property, and that the taxes be paid in full for the present year.

Moved by Acheson, seconded by Colborne, that the report be adopted—Carried.

A number of accounts were read.

The Finance Committee report recommending the payment of the following accounts was adopted:

D. C. Strachan	\$ 21 87
Mrs. Mitchell	3 00
R. W. Johnston	3 00
R. W. McKenzie	10 71
A. M. Palky	49 50
The Treasurer presented the following statement for December:	
Bl. for November	\$ 5989 97
By taxes	5194 45
Non resident lands	10 70
Mayor's fines	5 00
Maitland cemetery	18 50
Market	8 50
Interest	78 00
Public Schools	150 00
	\$11455 12

Paid sinking fund, H.S.	\$ 500 00
Paid sinking fund, park	300 00
Bills payable	1721 03
Public works	68 07
Fire department	293 46
Relief	75 50
Municipal loan fund	2433 33
" " interest	1013 20
Sundries	36 33
Public Schools	592 32
Special grants	125 00
C. C. expenses	2 00
Watering streets	47 55
Printing	12 00
Salaries	264 42
Balance	4049 10
	\$11455 12

The sexton's report for December showed the interment of 5 adults, and for the past three years: 1884, 88; 1885, 71; 1886, 66.

A circular from the clerk of the County of Hastings was laid on the table.

The following relief reports were presented: St. George's, \$7.75; St. Andrew's, \$3.50.

Reeve Johnston was then moved to the chair, and the following resolution to Mayor Horton was submitted and carried unanimously:

Moved by Jordan, seconded by M. G. Cameron, and resolved that this Council desires to place on record its appreciation of the valuable services you have given to the town as its chief magistrate, and to the various councils you have presided over for the last five years. We have great pleasure in testifying to the kind impartiality with which you have presided over our deliberations, and to your zeal in trying to promote the best interests of the town. Without at all reflecting on your successor, we do not hesitate to say we shall miss your guidance and counsel. Your long services as councillor and mayor in years previous to these named, have given you an experience in municipal matters that is peculiarly valuable just now when the town is contemplating large and expensive improvements; but while losing your services as chief executive officer, we are confident the new council will receive all the assistance you can give them, as a citizen, in carrying out any scheme to benefit the town. We wish you a very happy New Year and a year's enjoyable rest from the more active duties of municipal work.

Speeches, expressive of esteem and confidence in Mayor Horton, were made by the mover and seconder and by Reeve Johnston and councillor Humber.

A suitable reply was made to the resolution and speeches by the mayor, who thanked the council for the assistance they had given him in conducting the business of the town during the past year.

The council for 1886 then dissolved.

Goderich Township.

CREAMERY.—Arrangements are being made by the residents in the section of the township in the vicinity of the Orange hall, on the 4th con., to establish a creamery. It is understood the business, when established, will be conducted by R. E. Jamieson, of Belgrave. It is the intention to have the Professor of Dairying in connection with the Agricultural College come up at an early date and deliver a lecture upon the benefits to be derived from the establishing of a creamery. John Hanna, the well-known conductor of the Seaford creamery, was in town Monday last, and intended to attend the meeting of promoters of the scheme, but was unable to present owing to the snow blockade.

BOOKS
Schools
COOL
TORE
Editions.
ed at the
p.
ILL
TOWN
E.
I can and will sell.
Give me a call and
I will
Ewing
Machine.
HAPPY
E
ON'S
Goods
counter.
Linery!
L. KELD
S & STYLES
MILLINERY
Presents
Goderich.