

THE HURON SIGNAL

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.
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THE HURON SIGNAL

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FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1885.

MR. FARROW'S FIB.

A perusal of the copy of the *Commons Debates* bearing date of June 12th will reveal to our readers the manner and untruthfulness of Thomas Farrow, the representative of East Huron in the House. Mr. Cameron, member for West Huron, was showing the injustice done to settlers in South-western Manitoba, many of whom were from this county, and among other things he read a letter from Mr. George Mackenzie, formerly of Goderich, but now of Winnipeg, in which that gentleman shows up the ill-treatment of the settlers by the government inspectors, grinding up with the assertion that there is not a settler now there who will not feel like cursing the government and leaving the country.

Mr. Cameron introduced the question of the letter in the following way:—
I hold in my hand a letter written by a resident of the county of Huron, who with his two sons, emigrated to the North West, and located upon land, a portion of which was located upon on the faith of this Order in Council.

Mr. Farrow—What year did he locate there?
Mr. Cameron—Three years ago. I think my son, friend opposite here, is interested in this matter, too, and I hope he will give his honest convictions upon this subject.

Mr. Farrow—I will.
Mr. Cameron—This gentleman writes me a letter. I will give his name; it is no secret. It is a communication addressed to me as a member of Parliament, and if time had permitted, I intended to call attention to it in another way. He is Mr. George Mackenzie, lately a resident of the town of Winnipeg.

Mr. Farrow—I know him.
Mr. Cameron—And formerly a resident in my town.

Mr. Bowell—Was that letter written by George Mackenzie?
Mr. Cameron—Yes. The letter says he has left Manitoba, and he intends to let his farm grow up to weeds, as Mr. Robertson was allowed to do. More than that; he says he is prepared to prove before a committee every statement that he has made.

Mr. Farrow had the effrontery to utter the following notorious falsehood:—
I know Mr. Geo. Mackenzie very well. The hon. member for West Huron (Mr. Cameron) is almost equal to any task. I have met him on political platforms, and some times he thought it convenient to keep away, but he is equal to any occasion; he can make black appear white or white black. Did he not say that George Mackenzie had left the country?

Mr. White—Yes, and never returned.
Mr. Farrow—George Mackenzie has a very fine property in southern Manitoba and he has erected on it a fine building, and has returned to his business in Goderich, as a hardware merchant.

A more contemptible falsehood was never uttered. Mr. Farrow does not know Mr. George Mackenzie. He lives near that gentleman, and knows he is not in business in Winnipeg and not in Goderich when he left for Manitoba, and returned to Winnipeg and not to Goderich after he came back to Ontario disgusted with the maladministration of that country by the corrupt Macdonald administration. We say that Mr. T. Farrow knows George Mackenzie, and that he knows W. R. Mackenzie, of Goderich, too, and there was no need for him to confound the two. We therefore give these extracts from the official records of the debates to let the people of Huron, who know all the persons named, see how shamelessly Mr. Farrow can misrepresent his antagonists, and how he will falsify facts for party advantage. Mr. Cameron comes out of the discussion vindicated; Mr. Farrow appears as an untruthful party hack earning his timber limita.

Mr. W. G. SMITH has knocked out the jelly-fish journalist in the first round. Mr. Smith now feels convinced that it is somebody besides the nominal editor who controls the *Star*. He thinks that last article was a sick one, indeed.

THE NEW SCOTT ACT.

The Scott Act has of late been the subject of so many amendments and counter amendments, that even many of its best supporters are in a maze as to how the law now stands on the question.

After all the hubbub created by the liquor men, the scheming of the Senate, and the cunning of the lobbyists in the Commons in the whisky interest, under the cover of the "wine and beer clause," the Act stands in a more workable and satisfactory condition today than it did when we in Huron pronounced upon it last October.

It is true that larger powers are given to physicians and druggists, but the restrictions that apply to the present special vendors will also apply to druggists and doctors selling under a medical certificate, (and they can sell no other way) in every case a receipt of sale of any liquor must be kept.

As the hon. member for Leeds (Mr. Ferguson), very justly and aptly remarked, is chemists and druggists choose to descend to the retail sale of liquors, it is just and right that the same restrictions should be imposed on them as are imposed on hotel keepers or other vendors.

When they sell liquor made up in prescriptions with other drugs, neither this amendment nor the Scott Act interferes with their sale; but if medical practitioners or druggists choose to engage in the retail sale of liquor, it is proper and consistent with the Scott Act, to restrict the sale.

In order that doctors may not abuse their privileges, the following clause, struck out by the Senate has been restored:—

"And any medical man who gives such a certificate for any other than strictly medicinal purposes shall, for the first offence, be liable on summary conviction before any one or more justices of the peace under the Act thirty-two and thirty-three Victoria, chapter thirty-one, to a penalty of twenty dollars, and for a second or any subsequent offence shall be liable, on summary conviction, to a penalty of forty dollars."

In pressing for the re-adoption of this very salutary law, Mr. Jamieson said:—
Hon. gentlemen who have experience of the working of the Canada Temperance Act, more especially in Halton, have found that it was absolutely necessary that an amendment of this kind should be made to the original Act. This clause is not intended for liquor, but for medicinal, medical practitioners. In fact I know that many respectable medical men are in favor of this clause, on the ground that it is a protection to them. Where a penal clause of this kind is hanging over the head of a man who is required to do a certain thing, he is not so liable to be importuned, at all hours of the day and night, to give certificates when they are not absolutely necessary. It is only proposed to punish a medical man when he gives a certificate colorably. No honest man would do anything of the kind.

Sir John A. Macdonald agreed with Mr. Jamieson. He said, and we hope certain doctors in Goderich will take the warning:—
We have given very considerable powers to medical men, we have enlarged their powers under the Canada Temperance Act in order that they may more freely exercise their profession for the public good, but, as we have given them very large powers compared with those given to them in the original Act, I think it is quite right that we should see that there shall be no abuse of those powers. We know that, while it is a most respectable profession, yet there are black sheep in it, and if a medical man to whom these powers are given for medicinal purposes, should use alcohol to a considerable extent and basely betray the provisions of the law, he should be signally punished. I think the clause is a very good one, because there ought to be some punishment provided for those who deliberately break the law.

The wine and beer clause was thrown out by the Commons by a majority of 8, the vote standing 86 to 78 against the impudent proposal of the Senate. Five Reformers and 73 Conservatives voted for this limitation, and 55 Reformers and 31 Conservatives voted against it, and in favor of retaining the Temperance Act, in this respect, as it now is. All the members of the Government voted in favor of relaxing the Temperance Act, with the exception of Mr. Bowell and Mr. McLellan, who voted on the temperance side. When the question came up for final consideration as to whether the Temperance Act should be upheld or not, the House carried the affirmative proposition without any division. The majority would have been larger had the vote been taken on the actual amendment, instead of on a catch vote. However, the fact that the liquor party did not risk a vote on the original amendment is proof sufficient that they were hopelessly knocked out.

All the Huron members voted soundly.

THE COMING MAN.

The Toronto *World* has not been over friendly towards Mr. Blake, but it gives an important place in its column to the following from a contributor whose opinion it appears to value:—

Mr. Blake must be acknowledged leader of the house of commons at Ottawa. His untiring industry, his mastery of parliamentary practice and detail, his vigor, his ability to disentangle the complications as they arise, and most of all the fact that Sir John Macdonald nearly always acquiesces in his course (when the issue is not a party matter) have made for him that position. Sir John is still possessed of wonderful vitality, but he has not the vigor of Mr. Blake, and every day sees the sceptre passing gradually from the old war-horse to his more youthful rival. Certainly it is not going from Sir John to any one on his own side. The succession is just as sure to Mr. Blake as summer is to winter, and there is no one dares to stand up and say him nay.

RUBBISH ABOUT "BOYCOTTING."

A lot of twaddle is being talked about on the streets just now about the poor doctors being "boycotted." Some are stupid enough to charge that all the medical men who voted against the act are being persecuted. This is all rubbish. No doctor is being boycotted because he voted against the Act. Some of our most respected physicians voted against the Act, and no one has ever reproached them for it in any way. But these respectable doctors are too generous to meanly violate the act by giving certificates to any whiskey soaked loafer who will apply for it. These are not "boycotted." The temperance people merely protest against those who are prostituting their privileges.

THE BLUE RIBBON BEER TEST CASE WILL BE ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT YET TRIED UNDER THE SCOTT ACT.

MIDDLESEX carried the Scott Act on Thursday last by 3,290 majority; Lincoln by 509; and Perth defeated it by 168. Middlesex leads the van now, next comes Kent, then Prince county, P. E. I., and then our own old Huron, so far as big majorities for the Act go.

THE RESCUE OF THE PRISONERS WITH BEAR, AND THEIR IMMUNITY FROM INSULT AND OUTRAGE WHILE IN THE CAMP OF THE REDSKINS, ARE MATTERS FOR CONGRATULATION.

The war is now practically ended, and the troops will be on the homeward march by the time this reaches our readers.

THOS. FARROW, THE TORY MEMBER FOR EAST HURON, HAS JUST UTTERED A STATEMENT TO EQUAL HIS OLD TIME YARN ABOUT THE HENS LAYING BIGGERS EGGS AND THE COWS GIVING MORE MILK AND BUTTER BECAUSE OF THE N. P. I.

Mr. Farrow this time says that some of the Manitoba farmers have raised 140 bushels of spring wheat to the acre! Mr. Farrow ought to be appointed emigration agent. What does the *Star* man think of this 140 bushels to an acre!

SOMETHING WAS HEARD TO DROP IN THE LONDON FREE PRESS OFFICE ON THURSDAY NIGHT LAST WEEK.

For months past that paper has been bristling with so-called arguments against the Scott Act, but the splendid majority of 3,290 for the Act in Middlesex would make it seem as if the influence of the *Free Press* was gone. A gentleman who has been in London for the past few weeks, says the Scott Act would pass there tomorrow if there was a vote upon the question.

THE VERY STUPID ARTICLE UPON THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER WHICH APPEARED IN LAST WEEK'S *STAR* SHOWS THAT THE SILLY SEASON HAS SET IN UPON OUR WEST STREET CONFERENCE.

We do not care to play fishwife with the *Star* man; for his opinion of us is too much colored by jealousy to give us a care. "I have a contemptible opinion of you," said a violent opponent to Rev. Dr. ———, "Oh, all your opinions are contemptible," returned the Doctor. And so say we to the *Star*. No opponent was ever refused space in *The Signal*. The *Star* cowardly bars out what it cannot reply to.

LOCHLASH.

Fall wheat is not looking well hereabouts, except on low land or gravelly soil. Spring crops promise well, however, and there is a good show of fruit. The hay crop will be a large one, owing to the June rains. On the whole the season is a fair one for general farm produce.

ON THE WING.

A Rural Footstoper Expends a World-witty Drammer.

Every town and village has its local post—every four corners is similarly afflicted—but it isn't every day of the week that one of these doggerel builders is seized of a notion to travel on a railway train, and sets himself out to paralyze the passengers with impromptu passages of shockingly bad jingle. I met such an one on my rambles the other day, and so that the readers of *The Signal* will share my sorrow and weep while I weep. I will endeavor to sketch the mournful event.

He wasn't one of these ad-eyed poets, of whom we read in story books, with "a face sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought," (and hairy and lank, with dark locks of raven-black hair, eyes that rivaled the glister of the diamond; nor was he dressed in a threadbare suit of black, with hat and slippers to match. Not he, but a large majority. He was anything but emaciated, stood 6 ft. 2 in. in his stockings, and would not kick the beam at less than two hundred and twenty in the shade. He was dressed in a pepper-and-salt suit of fustian, the coat being long and the breeches short enough to display the red forefront of his long boots. His large head, which had recently been "sandpapered" by the village barber, was surmounted by a hat of the kind commonly known as "straw stack," and in his right hand, which was almost as large as a dressed ham, he carried a variegated carpet bag of the hairloom species.

On entering the coach he surveyed the inmates with his small grey eyes, and a smile played over his countenance, as he took in the situation. The grocery man next to me, nudged the ready-made clothing man, and said:

"Joe, there's one of your models for summer suits just come in. What do you carry your dummy around with you for?"

The clothing man glanced over his left shoulder, and a look of dismay overcame his countenance, as he exclaimed, "Good gracious! Is he here? I must leave this train at the next station."

"Don't be alarmed, Joe," responded the grocery man; "I'll protect you."

"You can't do it. That fellow is no dummy. He's a poet—a real, live, flesh and blood poet; and he'll be on to us in less than a minute, grinding out execrable verses, and asking five cents a piece for them. I've been paralyzed by him before." And he shuddered as he spoke.

One would imagine the new passenger heard what was being said, for he arose from his seat near the door and came towards the double seat in which we three were seated. There were other vacant seats, but he dropped carelessly into the seat in which sat the clothing man, remarking:

I see by your face that you're here three of a kind. How's business? I fear you're not well inclined. I am a poet. So please do not treat me unkind. The grocery man said, "Excuse me, sir, but we're engaged at present, when we want your company we'll ask you to join us."

The answer came,—"Young fellow, you seem to think some of yourself. But this car is a public conveyance. You may deal, if you like, in dry goods or dirt. But you cannot hold me in abeyance. The grocery man turned red with rage, and said, "We don't wish your company, sir, and we want to talk among ourselves."

The poet replied,—"I see you're one of these here coons that go for 'loshum. You'd like to see me bounce at once. By the humane conductor I've paid my fare, my ticket punched young man, I ain't no duffer."

The clothing man had kept silent thus far evidently waiting to see the grocery man freeze out the poet, but as the former dropped in his corner, before the minutes was up, and gave evident signs of being worried, he said to the poet:

"For heaven's sake give us a rest. Don't talk that man to death with poetry."

The reply was instantaneous. If that young man gets up an' dies They'll put him in the coffin. On his stone will be 'Here lies'— In life he has lied often. His friends will think the thing too plain If they do hap to pass it. They'll scratch 'Here lies' from off the stone. An' substitute, 'He jacked'.

The grocery man was breathing heavily, but gathered himself for a final shot at the poet's fiend, and roared:

"If you stop your infernal jingle I'll

SERVANTS' DAY.

"Feeling Friday" in the old Town of Elgin.

An interesting custom—the Scott's Weakness for Whiskey—A sad Eviction after a Merry Morning.

From our own Correspondent.

Yesterday was "Feeling Friday" in Elgin, and a rare day it was. Early in the morning the servants from the surrounding neighborhood began to assemble on the banks of the Lossie. Many came by train, others drove in waggonettes, rigs or cafts, engaged for the day, while the greater number adopted the good old system of travelling on foot. Nor did the little groups appear wearied as they entered the town from all sides and made their way to the market. All seemed happy, and how could they be otherwise.

IF A SERVANT HAD MONEY any day in the year, it is on the morning of "Feeling Friday," and he soon lets you see that he has a sixpence or two when an opportunity presents itself to step up to the bar and call for a dram, like his master. Before twelve o'clock, High street was densely crowded, principally with "lads and lasses." There were representatives, too, of an older grade, while "lummies and quinces" were not wanting. All, however, were on a similar errand, all were there for hire. There was no auctioneer, but if a farmer wanted a man, boy, or girl, or all three, he elbowed his way through the great mass, looked at one, then at another, until he found such an one or ones as he thought would meet his requirements. There were some hundreds ready to be engaged, while many of their friends and relatives already bargained for; remained to swell the crowd and participate in the fun. Look down with me upon the youthful gathering from a neighboring window.

LADS AND LASSES, LUMMIES AND QUINCES, are happy as can be. They have thrown off their corduroys and striped dress, and are all dressed in their Sunday gear. Many of them are particularly active and tricky under the influence of a glass or two of the real "Glenlivet." There go the farmers, a rule splendid looking men, and those in search of servants. How cunningly they eye this laborer. A question or two is asked as to his age, his former place of occupation, time of service under last master, and such like. If an engagement is completed the servant receives a shilling and announces his name in return. This bond money, however, is not sufficient at times, for individuals have been known to forfeit the shilling if a more desirable wage can be procured. Others less honorable make three or four engagements during the day for the sake of

THE ACCOMPANYING SHILLING. Towards 4 p.m., the crowd began to diminish. Many anxious to leave the grand stand, left the town for their respective homes. The majority, however, remained to carry on the fun, and empty the bottles, and drain the kegs tapped in the earlier part of the day. Rum shops lined both sides of the street, as is common in every Scottish town. No poor, thirsty individual had far to go to quench his burning appetite. His only difficulty would be to decide which one of the score of dens within sight should receive his hard earned shilling. Not satisfied with a dram, frequently a bottle was purchased which was placed in an inside pocket in the earlier part of the day, but in a more exposed position towards the evening. While in their proper senses, they were ashamed to be seen with

THE POISONOUS FLASK but as all sense of respect and shame became drowned, they considered that the sight of a black bottle was quite in keeping with their blackened characters and vile language. About 8 p.m., a saunter along High street revealed many a painful sight. All, or nearly all, the respectable servants had left the town for their new country homes, and to serve their new masters until the next "Feeling Friday," some six months hence. The unfortunate in securing a position, the semi-drunken, the drunken were still to be seen. Police walked the streets, too, but

THE POOR VICTIMS, men and women, to the terrible draughts were so numerous that had the authorities considered a Canadian authority charge, every cell and dungeon about the town would be overflowing. Old residents speak of the reform that has taken place within the last few years. They require to tell Canadians this fact, for no one could scarcely imagine such scenes in a town like Elgin as those witnessed towards yesterday evening. It far eclipsed anything ever seen in the backwoods of Canada even on a 15th of July. N. G.

RIEL'S DEFENCE.

Ottawa, June 20.—It now appears that before Riel's trial will take place the government will cause a preliminary investigation and an examination of the witnesses for the prosecution, to see what evidence they can furnish before the regular trial is held. There has been considerable delay on the part of the crown counsel in preparing their case, and it is now understood that the trial has been postponed until the latter part of July. Messrs. Lemieux and Fitzpatrick, Riel's counsel, arrived in this city this afternoon to interview the government as to the character of the indictment they intended bringing against Riel. In this they were not successful. They represented to the minister of justice, Sir Alex. Campbell, that when Riel surrendered to Gen. Middleton it was promised that the rebel leader should have a fair and impartial trial. To insure this it was necessary that a large number of witnesses should be heard for the defence, and as this would involve an expenditure far beyond the power of their client, they held that it was the duty of the government, in consideration of the terms of surrender, to meet the expense that would hereby be incurred. A half promise that his request would be granted was obtained.

A WHOLESALE POISONER.

CHICAGO, June 20.—Mary Klemm, a girl in jail here, has confessed that she is guilty not only of an attempt upon the lives of the family of Mrs. Freer, her sister, by administering poison, but of causing the deaths of her mother, father, and another sister in Dubuque, Iowa. Her mother died in July last year, her sister Lena in August, and her father Michael in March of this year. She assigns no motive for her crimes other than that she was impelled to commit them.

Mary Klemm is less than 22 years old, slender, rather pretty, proposing in manner, and an invalid, having part partial use of her lower limbs and feet. She has an innocent expression, and looks even more youthful than she

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