The Huron Signal

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

FORTIETH YEAR. WHOLE NUMBER 2066.

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THE HURON SIGNAL

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GODERICH, ONTARIO,

FRIDAY, APRIL 2r9H, 1887.

OWING to advertising pressure upon our columns we have been forced to crowd out a large quantity of town and country local matter.

FROM the manner in which the Scott Act is being enforced in Huron one would almost think it was a prohibitory law that prohibited.

THE Tories are endeavoring to welcome the Rielite bolters back to their ranks. From the manner in which they abused the Nationalists during the campaign we had imagined our Tory friends had hauled in the drawbridge.

THE *Star* last week had a well-written article on the protest in the West Huron election. It was copied from THE SIGNAL of four years ago. We congratulate our contemporary upon its good judgment if not upon its originality.

WALTON people are moving in the C. P. R. matter. We learn from an esteemed correspondent that at a meeting held in that village recently a large and influential committee was appointed to take steps to foster the construction of the line in that vicinity.

ROBERT PORTER M.P., for West Huron, voted for the two amendments to the Home Rule resolution in the Commons, and when the main motion was submitted finally voted in favor of it. The old gentleman would like to satisfy Goderich township and Ashfield, but taking a slap at both will not do it.

THE Ontario Legislature prorogued Saturday last, and the sapient legislators have settled down to the ordinary humdrum realities of life. Yesterday they talked to the Province from the Legislative chamber—to day they hollow "Haw, Buck," "Gee, Bright," from the stilts of the plow. Twas ever thus, and Cincinnatus dieth not.

OUR old friend James Gay, the Guelph poet, has sent us some spring and winter poetry for our inspection, and for insertion in our columns. We have inspected it, and we must confess that it stands inspection. After Tennyson's jubilee ode anything labelled "poetry" will stand inspection. One of the pieces, "The Elephant and the Flea," embraces the extremes of poetry of motion, and if set to suitable music would be in great demand on the musical market. When the pressure upon our advertising slackens to a sufficient extent to enable us to publish the poems, as requested, we will inform the talented Guelph poet of the fact. At present we are loaded up the other way. The poetry, too, will not suffer for not being published at present.

Lake Notes.

Capt. Jas. Parsons left Monday last to take the position of mate on the Winslow, of Buffalo.

Capt. James Bogie this year will sail as mate of the Unadillo, of Port Huron. He left Friday last to join the craft.

Capt. Andrew Bogie again takes command of his old craft, the steam barge Belle Wilson of Picton. He left town Monday last to fit her out. He intends to call at Goderich during the season.

Mr James Inkster will be captain of the new tug W. H. Siebold. A good appointment.

Captain Dancy is thoroughly repairing his schooner the Jane McLeod.

Captain F. Traunch, who has been appointed mate of the steam barge Hull, left on Monday to take up his duties.

Three thousand five hundred dollars was the price said for the Sligo by her present owners.

The whole of the Goderich fishing boats are now resting on the beach preparatory to launching.

The life boat-house, now nearly completed, is a great improvment to the harbor, the contractor, Mr D. McLaren, having put up a very respectable structure.

Captain Babb has neatly finished a building fifty feet long, put up expressly for the accommodation of excursionists who want to enjoy the lake breezes. Mr Babb having noticed that summer visitors complained of the want of boats for rowing purposes, has, during the winter, built ten very nice ones, which he will keep for hire in front of the "visitors rest."

BORN.

In Goderich, on Friday, April 22nd, the wife of W. T. Welsh, of a son.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's mother, Kingston, Wednesday, April 20th, by the Rev. Dr. Mowat, of Queen's College, Rev. John Young, of Drummondville, to Lizzie, only daughter of the late D. Cooper, of Kington.

TORONTO LETTER.

The Queen City as Re-viewed by a Former Resident.

An Era of Rapid Progress—The Saloon Supensions — Cockney Immigrants — Belles and Beaux—The Military Rage—Knocked into a Cocked Hat—"Daniel Quorum" Talks to a Toronto Audience.

TORONTO, April 26, 1887.

Few, if any, cities in the world have made more genuine advancement during the past fifteen years than Toronto. The census returns show an immense percentage on the increase of the population, and in the matter of street improvement, public buildings, business blocks and private residences the progress has been equally marked. Toronto has one thing in its favor contrasted with other growing cities on this side of the Atlantic, and that is its moral status has not decreased in inverse ratio to its enlargement of population. There is a rough class in Toronto, but it is well kept in check. Then again the liquor influence is weakening, and with the loosening of the grip of the whisky ring the more legitimate business interests get more voice and control in matters of a municipal and public nature generally. In a week or so seventy-four saloons will be closed in Toronto, and never was there a piece of temperance legislation that gave more general satisfaction. To my mind the only hope for the death of the liquor traffic in the cities is by a process of slow strangulation in the shape of less licenses and higher fees.

I have spoken of Toronto's remarkable increase in population. All the newcomers are not desirable. Many excellent mechanics have come from across the sea, and are decently and industriously winning their bread; but among the additions of the past few years are a lot from the purlieus of London—those fellows who always catch hold of the latest American slang, and repeat the newest Yankee guys with an aggravating cockney accent. The language of a cowboy, or the quaint sayings of the New Englanders become dreadful when given with all the peculiarities of an undisguisable London harticulation.

In my occasional saunterings down the favorite promenades of the city I have been struck with this peculiarity, that the Toronto belles are, as a rule, decidedly taller than their cousins west. Tall and willowy, the ladies move grace fully along, while the older generation of beaux appear, by contrast, as if they had lived high and drank hard in decades past. The old chop-house and restaurant-saloon has helped to redden the nose and widen the waist of many a Toronto gallant of the forties and fifties. The lunch counters and tables of Nasmith, McConkey, Coleman, the Shaftesbury hall coffee house, and a score or two of cheap and popular refreshment resorts of a temperance character have done a great deal to foster better habits so far as dining is concerned, and the drinking habits of the business community has consequently improved.

If the young cavaliers of Toronto do not carry a sword, they are none the less of a decidedly military beat. The pomp and circumstance of war always pleased the fancy of Torontonians. After the red coated "regulars" left, the Ridgeway affair, commemorated in marble in the park, made the volunteers the darlings of the populace. The exploits of the Grenadiers and the Queen's Own at Batoche and Fish Creek have given a fresh impetus to military matters, and the parades and "march outs" of the red-coated Grenadiers, or the Queen's Own in rifle green, moving to martial music from brass and reed, fife and drum and bugle bands, never fail to draw an immense concourse of admirers. The military drill fever has reached the public schools, and boys in knickerbockers with wooden guns go proudly through manual and platoon exercises, each longing for the day when he can shoulder his real rifle in the ranks of the real militia, and pop over a rebel or a Fenian, as his big brother or uncle did within the memory of the past generation.

I was in the reporter's gallery the night the member for East-Hastings rattled the sword and belt of the Sergent-at-arms and the cocked hat of the Speaker. The House and the galleries were in roars as Mr Wood, pointing to the Sergeant-at-arms said: "Look at that gentleman, there, with his sword and belt, what does he need a sword for? To maintain order: To maintain order, indeed. Why, if there was any disorder, in the House, you would find the Speaker rushing out of one door and the Sergeant-at-arms out of the other. Glackmeyer looked serious, and was the only man who didn't see where the fun came in. The member from Hastings continued: "And what do we want with all the flummery and tinsel and gold lace at the opening of this Legislature? There is the booming of cannon, and gentlemen with their gold spurs trip over the carpet of this chamber." This speech of Wood's was one of the most amusing of the session, although he was in dead earnest.

I heard the author of "Daniel Quorum" in the Metropolitan church on Monday evening. He was pointed and practical. He hit the "respectable" Christians right and left. His address took the form of a lecture, a Bible reading and a sermon combined, and he spoke in a way that could be copied with advantage by some of the preachers of Goderich and Toronto. Occasionally he grew colliquial, and talked as bluntly as old Daniel Quorum himself would. Said he: "Class-leaders, don't ask members of your class how they are feeling. Don't get them looking at themselves. Often they say they feel low in spiritual matters, when the trouble is with their indigestion or their liver! Let them look out to see what good they can do. Get them to see what they have got in Christ, and what Christ has got in them." And again. "Give us a consecrated church, and we will conquer the world speedily, Do I believe in society, and respectability? Well let we answer that by this question: Shouldn't our fellowship in Christ be the greatest claim upon us for friendly intercourse? I won't argue that question, though. Please don't ask me to. I will leave it with you. But let me say that there are many who are not saved, and who are tripping into hell over the stumbling block of church respectability." He will be here again on May 16th, and I shall hear him then, if possible.

A Protest.

To the Editor of The Signal.

SIR,—Please allow me to pass a few remarks on the Show held in Goderich on the 14th inst. I showed a colt in the class of road and carriage horses, three years old and under. My colt was foaled on the 17th of May, 1884, and, being a valuable animal, I gave instructions to my hired man to feed him as he should be fed, that is to say, for growing purposes only. Perhaps he was not fat enough for a show, but that does not signify. Prize or no prize, I have the colt still, and I mean to keep him, as he broke in the cutter in first rate style. When he met a loaded sleigh he put off in deep snow without any trouble. As the snow was going away, in driving up the hill opposite Mr Gledhill's woollen factory, the last time he was driven, notwithstanding the fact that the ground was bare, he pulled my two hired men in the cutter without any trouble, which shows there is no balk in him. Why he was not awarded a prize I am at a loss to know, as he was fairly shown, trotted around the ring, and showed good action. Of course, it is of little consequence to me, as I do not want to use him much this season, and as he cost me $200 I do not want to spoil him; but I believe the object of some parties was that on account of my being lame they would endeavor to depreciate the value of the colt, so that they could buy him at their own price. Well, perhaps they may or may not, but one of the judges I know, and he has not the means that would be required to buy the colt, as it would require thousands of dollars to get it from me. The pedigree of the colt speaks for itself. It is as follows:

(True copy of an old bill.)

The imported son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian will make the season of 1884, travelling the route taken by Albion in 1883. He is a black-brown, with tan color on muzzle and flanks, stands 15 hands 3 in. high, with beautiful high action, and although he was never handled for speed, he shows a very fast rapid gait for a horse of his years. He made a short season last year at the Western Hotel stables, and nearly all the mares bred to him proved to be in foal.

PEDIGREE.

Middlesex, sired by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; dam by Fiddler, son of Monmouth Eclipse; 2nd dam Col. Foster's mare, Newburgh, New York, by a son of Messenger. Monmouth Eclipse's 2nd dam, was by Imported Messenger, giving Middlesex two direct crosses of Imported Messenger through his first and second dams, and a blood that has always blended well when united with that of Hambletonian.

Rysdyk's Hambletonian, the sire of Middlesex, was the greatest sire of trotting stallions the world ever produced, and hundreds of poor men have been made rich by raising one colt from that noble sire, and he has transmitted to his numerous sons that wonderful power of getting horses of great speed, and it was this aim I had in view when I purchased Middlesex

J. D. HODGENS, Proprietor.

I received a letter from Mr J. A. Wickett, the man who raised my colt, and he says in one part of his letter: "Middlesex jr's—(that is the colt I bought from him, having been entered in no race I was at liberty to rename him to suit myself, and so called him Huron Chief)—His dam is by a beautiful brown horse named Buckshot Eclipse, her dam by Grey Messenger, by Toronto Chief. I hope you were as lucky with your colt as we were in showing our colt. We took first prize here." Then his letter goes into business matters between us. Well, I wish, Mr Editor, that those judges who knew so much in Goderich the other day would name me any horse with a better pedigree. I also find fault with the directors for classifying the horses as they did by calling for colts three years old and under, when it should have been three years and over. Had the horses been classed in the last mentioned manner it would have stopped me from exhibiting, as my colt was only thirty-five months old, and I would thus have been saved the time and expense connected with showing him. However, I suppose the directors thought the judges would allow for age. I do not say I will not exhibit any more, for there were a number of respectable farmers present, and I prefer to have my stock judged by them rather than by the designing persons whom the directors selected instead of honest farmers. I beg to remain,

Yours truly, JOHN ROISSIER.

"THE THREE LINKS."

Eloquent Anniversary Sermon by Rev. R. Kerr, of Mitchell.

The Saviour Taught Kindness, Love and Truth—Unfaithfulness in Priests and Levites Calls for Good Samaritans Outside of the Church.

Sunday morning last Rev. R. Kerr, of Mitchell, preached the anniversary sermon to the members of Huron Lodge No. 62, I O O. F. The brethren met at the lodge room, North street, at 10.30 o'clock, and from thence proceeded to St. George's church. There was a large attendance outside of the members of the order. The regular service was performed by Rev. W. Young, rector of the church, and special music was rendered by the choir led by Prof. Foot. The sermon was an appropriate one, and was well delivered, and clearly thought out as the following report will show:—

In the 10th chapter of Luke, verses 36 and 37 were found the following words:—"Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, he that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus, Go and do thou likewise." Very often in looking at some old paintings, as we contemplate the works of some of the masters, we almost believe that the figures represented on the canvass could speak to us, but the picture here drawn by the Divine Draughtsman in the chapter quoted from, speaks words to move and thoughts to inspire us with the belief that "He spake as never man spake." The first scene—that of the man who had fallen among thieves—was a painful one. Stripped, wounded and left for dead, with a hot sun beating continuously upon him, suffering with thirst and physical pain, his case was indeed pitiable. But someone approaches, and hope flutters in the breast of the distressed stranger. It is a priest who comes—an exponent of the law, a professional helper of the suffering and the afflicted. What a blessing that the newcomer is a priest, for surely he will bind up the wounds and care for the sufferer? And the priest came up and looked at the afflicted one, and passed on. No help or assistance was given by him, the priestly garment must not be soiled with works of kindness! His business was to conduct worship in the temple, and not to minister to the suffering human being who lay by the wayside. Next comes a Levite—not a priest, but yet one from whom kindness was expected. He, also, looks at the sufferer, and possibly gives some thought to the afflicted one, but his regular vocation is that of assisting at religious ordinances, not in caring for the sick or ministering to the distressed, and he, too, passes on. How religion has fallen when it becomes a mere travesty! and it is sorrowful to contemplate that the priest and Levite of the illustration drawn by the Saviour are by no means extinct species in the world today. But another figure comes in view. It is a Samaritan—an outcast, heterodox in religion, outside the pale of Jewish communion, a Cushite—and surely he will not compromise his hated character by doing a kindly act? But although probably often anathematized in the temple where the sick man had worshipped, the Samaritan stops by the way, examines the condition of the sufferer, pours oil and wine upon his wounds, raises him gently from the earth, places him upon his own beast, and then trudges alongside until the inn is reached. And his help to the wounded man did not end in bringing him to the place of succor, for we read that he gave of his means so that the sufferer would be cared for in the time to come. That was true compassion, which was felt by the heart and by the pocket. There was a spurious kind of compassion which often found expression in words, but which found the pocket always hermetically sealed. The compassion of the Samaritan had the true ring. This was the picture before us this morning, "Which now of these three thinkest thou was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?" And the answer was, "He that had mercy on him." And Jesus said unto him, "Go and do thou likewise." In this connection the first thing he would notice was the formation of religious life. Many prayed and prayed earnestly, and many talked and talked earnestly, but their religious life consisted altogether of prayer and talk, and was utterly devoid of earnest work or kindly act so far a shumanity was concerned. There was too much isolation about it—like a mountain clothed in everlasting snows—a cold, dreary, chilling sight. Men were often seen sitting apparently devout in front pews who, like the Pharisee of old, fervently thanked God that they were better than their less fortunate brethren, who sat in the back pews, and such formalism had made religion almost a hissing and a byword. Then there were the fair-weather Christians, who never failed of attendance on sunshiny days, and never presented an appearance when foul weather prevailed. These latter were never a source of strength to the church when adversity came. A second thought which the picture suggested was the recognition of a brotherhood in humanity. You tell me that if the fraternity too often seen in our churches is a pure thing it is a poor commodity; and I have to confess with shame that your contention is right. But I am also glad to state that the true brotherhood of humanity, as taught by the Saviour, still exists, and shows in perfection beside the spurious article. The religion of Christ was the true liberty, the true fraternity, the true equality. Not a liberty like that of the French revolution which degenerated into license; not a fraternity that led to murder and excess; not an equality that fostered wrongdoing; but a blending of hearts and an abasement of self, each giving way to the other in love, and each in kindness recognizing the position of his fellow. We often pray, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," but how frequently does it happen that the prayer is more honored in the breach than in the observance? From these scenes three principles arise: Kindness, love and truth. They are fully illustrated in the picture presented. They are the principles that influence the society to which I particularly address myself this morning, and in whose interest I speak. I think I hear some disciple of Balak call to me to go up to their lodge room, see their secret working, and curse them, but after seeing, I am of opinion that my words would change to blessing. If the society puts to shame the laxity of the church in the welfare of humanity so much the better, for it has acted indeed like the Good Samaritan. Of the lodge before me this morning I may say that I find since 1882 that nearly $1,000 have been expended in sick benefits, $200 have been paid toward funerals, $300 have been given in aid of widows and orphans—God's own poor and His special charge; while others objects of relief outside of those enumerated have footed up some $218, or a total of over $1,600 within the time specified. I should like to know the church in this town that has expended on such charities the sum of $1,600 in the same period. I know of none anywhere. Think you not there is something Christlike in this good work. Jesus talked and talked only, He argued and argued only, think you? Nay, indeed for we are informed "He went about doing good." Just in proportion as we do likewise, so also do we fulfil the will of the Master. Our good works will come back to us a sweet incense, as a benediction falling upon the tents of Israel, and the helping of the widow, the caring for the fatherless, the consoling of the distressed the assisting of the needy is an aspect of religion that is not a poor commodity or unworthy of the best Christian effort. In the mediaeval ages an old monk was accustomed each day at noon to visit with alms the widow, the orphan, and the hungry ones in the vicinity of the monastery in which he abode. One day he was preparing to sally forth on his accustomed round when, as the bell chimed the noon hour, a flood of light was cast in the doorway and the figure of an angel stood before him. So overjoyed was the monk at the angelic appearance that he fain would relinquish his mission to the widow, the orphan, the sick and hungered, but a voice within said, "Duty, Duty!" and, taking a longing look at the ecstatic vision, he went forth to his work of almsgiving and spiritual consolation. When he returned, great was his joy to find the beautiful vision still there, and, if anything, more bright and radiant than before. The lesson to be learned was that when we had an appointed mission for the benefit of humanity and the glory of God, nothing should deter us from its accomplishment, and we will always find Christ with us to help and sustain us. The true sentiment of the Christian should be,

Here I sit forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

All around are the dead and the dying, and you should see to it to help the afflicted, relieve the distressed, care for the helpless, and cast the benediction of your kindness over all suffering humanity within your reach. Thus will you best follow in the footsteps of the Great Exempler. Look at the last scene: "I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison and ye visited me not." Then shall the modern religionist say, "Lord when saw we Thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not visit Thee?" "Then shall he answer them, saying, verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto Me." With your broad phylacteries and garments cut in the most religious fashion ye passed Him by, and great will be the condemnation. But Kindness, Love and Truth will live and flourish forever and aye.

Three links amid the golden fetters
That heart to heart entwine,
Upon Life's scroll, three mystic letters,
Placed there by hand divine:
Three blossoms from the land of flowers
To cheer the fainting soul:
Three rays of beauty from the bowers
Beyond Life's utmost goal;
Three strains of rapturous music swelling
Around the burial sod,
Three pillars in the holy dwelling,
The Temple of our God.

Which, think ye, is the better plan? And the answer comes: There is work for you to do in helping the afflicted, in cheering the distressed in aiding the widow, in assisting the orphan, and in taking advantage of all the God-given opportunities that devolve upon you in the interest of humanity and for the exercise of kindness, love and truth; and in God's name do it. "Let your light so shine that others seeing your good works shall glorify your Father which is in Heaven." And when Jesus shall appear in that last ecstatic vision, His words to you will be, "Well done good and faithful servant enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

The Horrors of House-Cleaning—No Place to Rest Your Weary Foot—Contrasting Ancient and Modern Athletic Sports—The Myrtle Chaplet Contrasted With Modern Prize Money.

—That old reliable standby, the snow-shovel, has been sheathed in its silken sheath, as it were, and has been placed as an ornament upon the parlor wall; the coal-stove has been given a vacation; the shelter windows have been taken off and the blinds put in their places; the kalsominer rules the roost, and decoration day is at hand; instructions have been given to whitewash the coal bin, so as to make it look less gloomy during the season of bird-singing, sunshine, and fresh garden sass; and—well—everything betokens that bright, happy, joyous spring has come, with its house-cleaning, wall papering, ceiling-frescoing, uncomfortable domestic surrounding and scrap dinners. The vim with which the ordinary woman goes into a house-cleaning campaign is only equalled by the anxiety to get through; and the pleasure which an ordinary man takes in the performance could not be of a sorrier kind if he were sentenced to be hanged, and were put on scheduled time to fil the contract. I'm old, and tough and seasoned, and you'd almost think that I would have become accustomed to the annual seismatic disturbances in my household, but I feel the shock today just as severely as if I were the veriest untamed "colt" that ever had the horrors of spring housecleaning sprung upon him. But I'm old enough and sufficiently acquainted with the business to bow to the inevitable, and my only anxiety now is to see with what little wear and tear, and with what saving of perspiration I can get through the trying ordeal. But nobody who wore sidewhiskers ever became altogether reconciled to spring housecleaning, and the older I get the harder the medicine appears to be to take. But what's the use of my going into particulars when every man in town who rejoices in a healthy wife is going through the same course of sprouts? It's a mighty common thing nowadays to see one of the children come up street and tell *pater-familias* not to go home for dinner, but to take in the hotel luncheon board for the occasion. Otherwise they will have to eat standing up, or feed from the business end of a cracker box. And in this manner does the head of the house suffer when the housekeeping craze takes possession of the feminine gender of the domestic circle. But we have to bear it and we may as well grin. That's why I'm smiling so widely, don't you see?

—I observe that an effort is to be made to establish a regular Caledonian society in town. The object, as I understand it, is to foster the love of athletic sports, and to ensure the annual holding of a series of games in Goderich. I don't pretend to be much posted on your Scotch games, pibrochs, gillie-callum, and such devices and desires of the Caledonian heart, but I know something about the Greco-Roman styles, and the Olympic games, and the fleet-footed ones at the races in days of yore, when the myrtle chaplet was the victor's prize. I tell you the old games of Greece were well worth seeing, and differed considerably from those of today. Just imagine Alcibiades in his youth and beauty sending for a prize list to the getters up of the great annual competition, and toting up the dollar columns to see if the society was lying to the extent of $500 in the bulk sum announced; or just imagine him taking stock of the competitors billed to take part, and figuring upon some scheme whereby he could get the biggest pull at the cash prizes, leaving the pewter medals and tin cups, veneered with silver and chased with gold—a long, stern chase by the way—for the more ambitious contestants who ignored filthy lucre and were satisfied with gilt-edged souvenirs and the plaudits of the multitude. In the old Grecian days the competitors didn't get up side shows and put up "fakes" on the multitude, for the purpose of increasing their bank account, by means of boodle. Mebbe when I get as well acquainted with the Caledonian games as I am with the Olympics I may find heroes in the victors, as in the olden time. Muscle and manliness should go together, but they are not always found combined. In that respect things are changed during the last two thousand years.

AJAX.