

The HURON SIGNAL

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.
WHOLE NUMBER 200.

GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, AUG. 13, 1886.

McGILLICUDDY BROS. PUBLISHERS
\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

THE HURON SIGNAL

Published every Friday Morning, by McGILLICUDDY BROS., at their Office, North of Goderich, Ontario.
And is despatched to all parts of the surrounding country by the earliest mails and trains.
Terms.—\$1.50 in advance, postage pre-paid by publishers; \$1.75 paid before six months elapse if not so paid. The rate will be strictly enforced.
Rates of Advertising.—Eight cents per line for first insertion; three cents per line for subsequent insertions. Yearly, half-yearly and quarterly contracts at reduced rates.
Job Printing.—We have also first-class job printing department in connection, and possessing the most complete outfit and best facilities for turning out work in Goderich, are prepared to do business in this line at prices that cannot be beaten, and of a quality that cannot be surpassed.—*Thomas Cook*
FRIDAY, AUG. 13TH, 1886.

WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

About Religious Disputations—More Semantics—Open Air Preaching Hard on the Tongue.

—I observe that the court house square is fast becoming a resort for contentious amateur theologians, and almost every Sunday afternoon some solemn disputant can be heard holding forth on what he considers to be purer revelation than we are in the habit of getting from ministerial preachers. Some people are opposed to these zealous ones, but I must confess that I can stand by and listen to them (although it wears me) for I'd sooner hear a man trying to preach than to listen to the same individual trying to swear. Nevertheless, although I can stand this kind of thing without asking for the interposition of the police, I can't say that I'm partial to it as a means of spreading the gospel of peace on earth and good will to men. Maybe I'm not an authority on these religious rackets, for I've never made it a business to indulge in them, and for that reason it is quite possible that I am so unregenerate that I can't see where the good comes in; but be that as it may, there's nothing makes me so sick, and tired, and weary and heavy laden as to hear a man claiming to be prophet of divine revelation, and arrogating to himself the powers of a special ambassador from on high, and twisting scriptural texts to suit the twirlings of his own brain, and yet at the same time so densely ignorant of matters and things that he couldn't tell you the names of the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, or the Governor-General, or define the boundaries of the county in which he lives. I recollect years ago when I lived in Toronto, I made it a point to take in the Queen's Park religious discussions on Sundays, although looking back upon it now, I verily believe I could easily have better employed my time. Every man in the city who couldn't hire a hall, but who was anxious to be heard of men, used to go to the park in these days to air his eloquence. They used to gather at first and gather a crowd around them; then a brotherly difference would take place regarding the meaning of a particular passage; then the pious fervor of the disputants would wax warmer; and before the religious controversy ended, some of the self-constituted disciples would be lying prostrate, while their successful co-workers in the good cause of religious disputation would be threatening to thrash the best man in the crowd, until the policeman with the big baton came along and made the law reign supreme instead of the gospel. Now, I've seen that time and again, where good, intended men went into the religious disputing business; and I must further say that I never yet saw a religious controversy where the parties to the contention parted on as amicable relations as before the discussion began. Of course, I'm not going to say that men should not be allowed to preach in the parks, and in the highways and byways, for I believe that this is a free country, and every man who has an "ism," and who pretends he hasn't, should be allowed to talk till his head aches; but I do think that when men undertake to be religious teachers they should possess the necessary qualifications before they go into the business. If a man who had not studied the science of mathematics undertook to teach that branch, or a man who couldn't whitewash a fence put himself up as an art expert, or a paralytic announced himself to be a marvelous sprint runner, or any other square plug got into a round hole, and imagined he filled the gap, very little stock would be taken in him by the people. You can't be a success in any trade or calling, unless you give your time and deepest attention to it and have had the necessary natural aptitude and acquired aid. No man was ever a successful preacher, who was not thoroughly equipped, and Luther, Calvin, John Knox, Whitfield, the Wesleyes, Robert Hall, and in our own day John N. Darby and H. T. Crossley would never have made the impression upon thinking people which they undoubtedly did had it not been that they devoted their time, their talents, and their all exclusively to the word. Why I have in my mind now a dear friend of mine who is a capital tradesman in his own line, but who also believes he has

call to preach the Word. He avails himself of every opportunity, to raise his voice where men most do congregate, but although he has been indefatigable in his religious exhortation during all these years, he has as yet had no seals to his ministry unless it be a lousy voice and touch of ecstacy. Open air preaching is, as a rule, like unto a two-edged sword: It is hard upon the audience, and isn't easy on the preacher. My son, when you grow up and learn a trade, let the preachers do the preaching.
A. V. A. X.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

As he is Described by Mr. Yeace, Ottawa's M. P.

From *La Minerve*.
Father O'Donohue, of Carleton, held on 29th June, a most successful picnic for the benefit of a Catholic work, the building of a church, and the day was the presence of Sir John Macdonald, who had been invited by the reverend Father and eagerly availed himself of the opportunity. The premier delivered on this occasion, an address which we have already spoken of, and which has attracted much attention.
To the enthusiastic hypocrite who represents him as the personification of religious fanaticism Sir John replied by saying that "he never in his life set foot in an Orange lodge."
"I am, excuse me," said Sir John, "of being a Protestant, and of being a bad Protestant. In like manner I am accused of being an Orangeman, although I have never set foot in a lodge."
They (our Rouspe Nationalists) will continue to circulate through our country pamphlets the form of oath by which an Orangeman swears never to marry a Catholic nor allow his children to be instructed in the Catholic faith.
Here are some facts on this subject relating to Sir John Macdonald: "My father, the premier, has an only son, now widowed, who had married a Catholic lady. This lady died some years ago, leaving a little daughter. Who has taken care of the orphan girl? Sir John Macdonald, her grandfather. Who has kept her for two years in his own home, and has begun her education? Lady Macdonald, wife of the premier, who has taught her carefully the Roman catechism and the Catholic prayers, in order to bring her up in her mother's religion, and this under the very roof of Sir John, this fanatical Protestant, to quote our Rouspe and Nationalists."
Sir John has but one son, and let him marry a Catholic. Sir John has but one grand daughter, and has caused her to be brought up in the Catholic faith, in his own home, under his own eyes.
Can the "Nationalists" say that Mr. Blake would allow his grand children to be instructed in the Catholic faith under his own roof?
For the rest, who does not know at Ottawa that Lady Macdonald is an intimate friend of the nuns of the Capital?

TEMPERANCE CAMP.

A Glorious Time at the Hamilton Prohibition Camp.

A Beautiful Park—"Tasting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground"—Grand Singing and Glorious Speaking.

LANDEDOWN PARK, Aug. 10, '86.
Although one of the youngest temperance associations, the Royal Templars of Temperance is perhaps the most active and energetic institution working along the line of total abstinence and prohibition. And of all the "councils" those of Hamilton are perhaps the most pushing.

The first international temperance camp held in Hamilton under their auspices is in progress as I write. And here am I, sitting under the shadows of a grove of white birch trees, with a plank of the amphitheatre for a writing desk, knocking off a few impressions before the crowd comes, and the band strikes up, and the voice of the prohibition orator is heard in the land.
LANDEDOWN PARK
is one of the prettiest places in which it has been my good fortune to lodge. This beautiful spot of nature was leased and opened as a summer resort last year by Edward O. Kennard, who is making it a model pleasure ground. It is situated a mile and a quarter from the centre of the city of Hamilton, in a north-easterly direction, and can be easily and cheaply reached by boat or rail. Oak and birch trees grow in profusion, affording a most unobtrusive shelter from the midsummer sun. White canvas tents like ripe dandelions in early summer studding a meadow, dot the camp ground in irregular rows, and one of these tents, carpeted with fresh hay, is my dormitory and reception room (on shares).
SENTINELS IN UNIFORM
parade before our tents, keeping away prowlers and nocturnal visitors. The tawful moquette, however, the first night eluded the most watchful sentry, but there are not many of these "biting buzzers" here, and last night the only one that winged his way into our tent died from solitary confinement. He had been decoyed into the tent by what he thought to be a chorus of mosquitoes at a sort of garden party, but it was only the musical snore of one of our men that he heard, and hence his disappointment and subsequent decease.
ROW BOATING
is a favorite pastime between the programme. Fleets of handsome boats, of almost every description, are to be seen during the day moving over the bay, coming to or from the camp. The water here is pretty well land-locked, and makes a splendid stretch for a row. The camp ground is half-encircled by water, and a plunge bath into the bay, stripped to the buff, is a treat that some of us who are early risers (perforce) indulge in. It is just glorious—after you get what the small boy calls the "first duck."

A NATURAL AMPHITHEATRE
is formed by a gentle slope of perhaps 100 feet, upon which seats have been placed capable of seating perhaps 2,000 people directly facing the speakers, while another thousand or two can find accommodation at the sides of the platform, where, if they cannot see, they can hear all that is said. The acoustic properties are excellent for outside speaking, and as the order is good owing to the absence of intoxicants, the vast audiences which have thronged the park during the past two or three days have been delighted with the eloquent, witty and incisive speeches which have been delivered since the camp opened.
MUSIC IN THE AIR.
Yesterday two bands discoursed music during the day. One of these was Myer's band, of Buffalo, which accompanied an encampment of Knights Templar from the Bison City; and the other was the Royal Templar's band, of Hamilton, a band comprised of members of the order in the Ambitious City. When the two bands combined, they made the walk in ring.
THE WHITE BROS.
are also here. These charming vocalists have sung their way into the hearts of the temperance and religious people of Canada. Indeed they have become a popular name across the lines. They sing not with the voice alone, but with the spirit and the understanding, and the whole body as well as the soul. No fervent orator ever swayed his body, waved his hands, moved his head in emphasis, or smiled or frowned, or hushed

or thundered his words with more undisciplined eloquence than do these sweet singers of Christian holiness and temperance. Their songs charm the ear, but they do more. They stir the soul, and make the heart beat in sympathy and pray in symphony with the vocalist. Every nerve in these men appears to sing.
W. W. BUCHANAN,
national president for Canada of the R. T. of T., is the general manager of the camp, and he is cut out for the work. He has made a record for himself as an active and fearless temperance worker. In the county of Lambton, in Winnipeg and in Hamilton he has been in the forefront of temperance and prohibitory work, and his journalistic experience has enabled him to advertise and "boom" the camp in a manner that few who have not straddled the editorial tripod and canvassed for advertisements would think of. He is a tall and handsome young man, not much over thirty years of age, and works just about half as much again as is good for him. His wife, a cultivated and kind hearted little lady, is a help-meet indeed. Mr. Buchanan has been ably assisted by such able officers as Capt. J. H. Land; H. F. Witherby, quartermaster, and J. C. Y. H. Burkholder, quartermaster-sergeant, of the Knight Templar's encampment.

WE ARE WELL CARED FOR.
A free reading room under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., a barber's tent (how I enjoyed that shave this morning!) are on the ground, and refreshment booths meet you at every hand. I am the guest of the knights, and a generous and genial set of fellows they are. Joseph Barker, J. P., the fearless magistrate of Kincairdine, and I share blankets in one of the tents of the encampment, and the boys show us every consideration, and "count us in" for all that is going. I never heard or made so many bad puns since I was in Meakles last summer. Immense audiences numbering from three to four thousand, have greeted the speakers every afternoon and evening so far.

SUNDAY MORNING
religious exercises were held. Whyte Bros. led in the singing, and Principal Austin preached a powerful temperance sermon, the clear ring of which seemed to be the keynote of the speeches which have followed.
SUNDAY AFTERNOON
it looked as if the city of Hamilton had emptied half of its adult population into the park. Mrs. Phoebe B. Whitfield, of Grand Rapids, Mich., grand councillor of the State of Michigan, a typical American, held the attention of the vast audience in a rousing prohibition speech. Rev. Mr. Pearce, a Pennsylvania preacher, followed in an out-and-out prohibition address. J. H. Flagg, of Mitchell, and Hon. B. B. Johnson, Mayor of Waltham, Mass., also made pointed and appropriate addresses. I. E. Dudley, of Boston, the leader of the "Law and Order" movement, was the last speaker, and said his sentiments were accurately summed up in the following stanza:
"Mental caution for the man who thinks:
Moral caution for the man who drinks,
Legal caution for the drunkard maker,
Prison caution for the statute breaker."
I never read sounder political economy, nor has it ever been put in a more epigrammatic style.
SUNDAY EVENING
found an immense throng seated before the platform. W. W. Buchanan also conducted this meeting. Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop, of Jackson, Mich., delivered a most eloquent and stirring address, at the conclusion of which the audience gave vent to a spontaneous burst of applause.
MONDAY MORNING
was devoted to the welcoming of visitors. Mayor McKay, on behalf of the city, delivered a cordial address of welcome. Mayor Stevenson, of Guelph, replied. Uniformed Knights of Hamilton greeted their visiting friends in military style.
MONDAY AFTERNOON
the park was thronged again. Whyte Bros. led the musical exercises, in solos, duets and choruses. A chorus of children's voices lent additional melody to the proceedings. Rev. W. W. Kettlewell, of Woodstock, Dominion councillor, supported by Mayor McKay, of Hamilton, welcomed the Buffalo contingent and their brethren in pithy speeches. These addresses of welcome were ably responded to by Grand Councillor Elmora, of Buffalo, and Hon. Cyrus K. Porter, Buffalo, the founder of the order. Prof. A. A. Hopkins, of New York, then gave a pointed, witty and pleasing address on the great question of the hour, and left a pleasing impression. The American

visitors expressed themselves as delighted with their reception and treatment in Canada.

MONDAY EVENING.
A vast concourse of about 4,000 took in the proceedings on this occasion. W. W. Buchanan presided, and introduced, Master Charles Roper, a lad of about eight years of age, who gave two stirring temperance recitations. The speaker of the evening, Lou J. Beachamp, of Hamilton, Ohio, was then introduced. He is a tall, raw-boned westerner, full of humor, natural and acquired, and can run the gamut from the lowest tones of buffoonery to the highest pitch of pathetic eloquence. His style is vigorous, not always refined, but he can keep the attention of his audience for a couple of hours easily, and move them at will from laughter to tears. He is a reformed drunkard, and carries near his lungs an ounce bullet fired into his body on one occasion by himself in a fit of drunken despair.
The camp is half way through, but I may not have an opportunity of writing more before the latest mail will reach you. If, indeed, this off-hand sketch reaches you in time for publication I shall be content.
T. McG.

TUESDAY MORNING.
After a pleasant night's rest, and a plunge into the bay before breakfast, the forenoon was spent in sauntering around the park, or in writing, or in reading the papers. Among the gentlemen with whom I came in contact while on my rounds were police magistrates Young and Monroe and Rev. James Lawson—men who had been tried by vituperation, or dynamite or brute force.
TUESDAY AFTERNOON
We had sold addresses of a most practical sort from Hon. B. B. Johnson, mayor of Waltham, Mass.; Axel Gustafson, a handsome and scholarly Swede, and an author, and Col. L. Edwin Dudley, of Boston, secretary of the National Law and Order League. All these speeches were full of "meat," and were well received.
At the close a brief and impromptu Scott Act convention was held, when addresses were delivered by Joseph Barker, J. P.; Rev. J. Lawson, and A. J. Syer, J. P., of Wyoming. The laymen were practical, but the preacher martyr was so long in coming to the point that the effect of his speech was discounted.
TUESDAY EVENING.
The most finished address yet heard on the grounds was given during this session. The orator on the occasion was Hon. C. C. Bonney, of Chicago, President of the National Law and Order League, and the delivery of the address created a profound impression. The argument was masterly, the conclusions were logical, the treatment of the theme was most philosophical and rational, and the delivery was easy and pleasant. He was followed by J. J. McLaren, Q. C. of Toronto, a famous temperance lawyer. Mr. McLaren's speech was full of fact and fire, and roused the temperance workers to better hopes. The Whyte Brothers assisted at every session by their singing, and we never tire of them.
WEDNESDAY MORNING.
The boys of the encampment were as lively as kittens last night. I got initiated. All were in undress uniform, and the ritual was a marvel of simplicity. Then the other victims of a mischievous spirit suffered, and two o'clock found us just turned in for good. The boys think so much of their neighbors here that they often burn in consequence at the tent doors of their friends. The smoke coming from moistened hay, burned in an iron kettle, is not the most fragrant in the world. Tonight a number of men new to the camp are to be keel-hauled. Some of them don't know of it, or they would take to the woods.
When any man says to me that you can't have fun while camping unless you have whiskey with the party, I am ready to asseverate, and I hereby affirm and attach my seal in witness thereof, that such a groggy notion is false and misleading.
T. McG.

Magistrates' Court.
Before Mayor Horton.
Monday, Aug. 2.—The mayor gave decision against John McBride for violating the Canada Temperance Act, and he was fined \$50 and costs.
Friday, Aug. 6.—In the case of Yates v. Cox for infraction of Canada Temperance Act, the defendant admitted the infraction, and had the usual penalty exacted.
Saturday, Aug. 7.—John Scobie pleaded guilty to using abusive language on the street, and was fined \$1.50 and costs.

Hon. J. A. CHAPLEAU, Secretary of State, made the recent election in Chamblay a personal affair. He declared that if Mr. Jodoin was defeated he (Chapleau) would look upon the matter as a personal defeat, and would feel constrained to step down and out from the Government. Mr. Jodoin was defeated, but Mr. Chapleau still clings to office like a leech to a porpoise. Nothing will remove him but a writ of ejectment by the electors at the next general election.

In another column will be found an editorial correspondence dealing with the great prohibition camp at Landedown Park, Hamilton. From all over Canada and almost from end to end of the United States prominent prohibition workers are gathered to strengthen each other's hands in the work of lessening the evils of intemperance, and it is believed that much good will ultimately result from the gathering. The Hamilton daily newspapers, although not pronouncedly wed to temperance sentiments, are devoting large space and kind words to the record of the meeting.

The incendiary speeches of that rascally Tory politician, Lord Randolph Churchill, during his Ulster campaign, are now bearing fruit, and of all places in the world the "loyalist" city of Belfast is the theatre of bloody riots that would disgrace any city in any country in any land. Thus far the bulk of the blame appears to rest with the Orange Tory element, and the perpetration of the outrages by that body does not augur well for the success of those called "loyalists" in the time to come. When the blatant blatherings and bloodthirsty counsellings of Lord Churchill, Ballykilbeg Johnson, Major Sanderson, and others of that ilk are contrasted with the prudent utterances and pacific exhortations of Messrs. Sexton, Davitt, Justin McCarthy and Parnell, we are led to believe that for once, at any rate, the champions of Erin have gained for the cause which they espouse the goodwill and best wishes of the thinking men throughout the world. The conduct of Sexton, Davitt and their colleagues under existing circumstances has raised them and their cause in the public estimation, and never did triumph of Ireland's cause stand nearer realization than it does at the present time. The world has learned that Irish patriots can become peacefully loyal to unjust legal enactments, when their chiefs bid them wait; and it has also been proved that the line of demarcation between a rabid "loyalist" and a bloodthirsty rebel is neither broad nor deep. But let Ulster beware, lest the Irish chiefs slip the leash and let loose the dogs of war. In that event all the oratory of the English lordling or his satellites Johnston and Sanderson would not save the rioters of the north. Then would be fulfilled the words of the poet:
Come rise ye sons of Erin, from the mountain and the glen,
Each battleside light shall call to fight full twice five hundred men,
O rise ye sons of Erin, rise, make free your native soil,
From Slieve Donard Bay to Dingle—from Dublin to Lough Foyle.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.—The following are the names of the successful candidates for this section at the recent examinations: Second class—Williams, F.; Rolph, E. Third class—Aikenhead, K.; Ballows, A.; Allen, J.; McLeod, M.; McKay, A.; Becroft, T.; Wilson, J. L.; McLeod, H. B.; Ferguson, M. J.; Ruak, M.; Wiggins, E.; Robertson, W. H.; Struthers, W.; Williams, Q. H.; Whitley, R.

H. W. C. Meyer, Esq., has received another letter from the President of the Ontario and Quebec Railway Co., to the effect that the C. P. R. Company are very anxious to build their road to Wingham, but owing to the Directors being in England nothing can be done until the end of this month. The President states that he will use all his influence to have the road brought here at once.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY
ALL WORK WARRANTED AND NOTHING BUT FIRST-CLASS WORK MADE.
Call and examine Stock. Opposite Colborne Hotel.

WOOD.
Call at the store daily for hand, a lot of cheap wood, laths, edgings, etc. All the night at the mill or delivered. Promptness guaranteed.

BAEGLER.
Falls Reserve Mills,
200-217

GI
HI
TICE
LAC.

Only
RDS,
take a BIG MISTAKE IN
IN PRICE
LADIES' WATERPROOFS
ARDS, Carlton
IVES
BLINS
LITIES
THEM
& Co.
BROS.,
FEHS
CAR 4
AY
OC. TEA.
SOAP
LL BROS.
A Large Stock of First-Class Top Buggies on hand.
Canopy-Top Phaetons, the Best in the Market.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY
ALL WORK WARRANTED AND NOTHING BUT FIRST-CLASS WORK MADE.
Call and examine Stock. Opposite Colborne Hotel.