

# The Huron Signal

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, NOV. 18, 1887.

Fortieth Year. Whole Number 2125.

D. McGUIRE, Proprietor. \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

## The Huron Signal

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

AT THE OFFICE: NORTH-STREET, GODERICH. It is a wide-awake local newspaper, devoted to county news and the dissemination of useful knowledge.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.50 a year; 75c for six months; 40c for three months. If the subscription is not paid in advance, subscription will be charged at the rate of \$2.00 a year.

ADVERTISING RATES: Legal and other casual advertisements, 5c per line for first insertion, and 3c per line for each subsequent insertion. Measured by a newspaper scale.

Local notices in non-paral type 5c per line. Local notices in ordinary reading type 10c per word.

Business cards of six lines and under \$5 per year. Advertisements of Lost, Found, Strayed, Situations Vacant, Situations Wanted and Business Chances Wanted, not exceeding 8 lines non-paral \$1 per month.

Houses on Sale and Farms on Sale, not to exceed 8 lines, \$1 for first month, 50c per subsequent month. Larger ads in proportion.

Any special notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement and charged accordingly.

These terms will in all cases be strictly adhered to. Special rates for larger advertisements, or advertisements for extended periods made known at the office of publication.

JOBBER DEPARTMENT. A fully equipped Jobbing Office is carried on in connection with the ordinary newspaper business, where first-class work is turned out at reasonable rates. Everything in the printing line can be done on the premises from an illuminated poster to a visiting card.

All communications must be addressed to D. McGUIRE, Editor of THE SIGNAL, Goderich, Ont.

The Windsor Clarion is out fatfooted. The Clarion and the Clarion is not a naughty girl either. If it only waits long enough its heart's desire may be gratified.

Now that the citizens' committee has the backing of the public, let the members go to work with a will, and leave no stone unturned to head the road this way at the earliest possible date.

Wingham public men did not weary in wall-doing until they got the road into town; London, also, forced the line into that city; and Goderich will have to fight hard to maintain its prestige of today, when so many outsiders are striving for the terminus. We have the inside track now, and let our business men keep to it.

FRIDAY last four of the condemned anarchists, Spies, Fischer, Parsons and Engel, suffered the death penalty in Chicago jail for their part in connection with the Haymarket massacre of a year and a half ago.

Ingiss, who was also to have been hanged at the same time, cheated the gallows committed suicide by holding a bomb in his mouth after the fuse was lit.

Fielden and Schwab, who were supposed to be less guilty than their associates, had their sentences commuted to a life period in Joliet State's prison. And so closes the last dark chapter in the Haymarket holocaust.

The British lion has roared and shaken his mane, and great has been the result. Some time ago William O'Brien, editor of United Ireland, was placed in Tullamore jail to serve a term of imprisonment for alleged seditious language.

When the editor was jailed he stated that he would not submit to the indignity of being robbed in prison, and although force was used on more than one occasion to array him in the gawdy habiliments of the Tullamore Bastille, the efforts to make him doff the civil garments for the prison suit proved unavailing, and O'Brien's jail plan of the combined forces of the British Government and its minions, the jail officials of Tullamore. But where might could not avail strategy and low cunning have been successful, and O'Brien, like Samson of old was despoiled of his strength while he slept, and now the Government rejoices that they have been able to steal the raiment of a defenceless prisoner.

Send forth far and wide the news that the British Government has been vindicated by the stealing of O'Brien's breeches, and let the world know that when the loyal Tories set their hearts upon anything belonging to an Irishman, on a baronial hall to a pair of unmentionables, nothing from brute force to petty larceny will stand in the way.

## WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

Something About the Withdrawal of the Petition—More about J. C. C.—John Brown's \$10,000 Suit Lies Mouldering in the Grave—Tell the Assessor.

—Well, I must admit that when I read THE SIGNAL's statement last week that the protest was withdrawn against Robert Porter, I was flabbergasted, or words to that effect. It took us all by surprise, and don't you forget it, to learn that after \$1,000 had been deposited and the evidence had been collected, that the able-bodied committee which was entrusted with the conduct of the case had sold out to our friends the enemy for \$400. I don't pretend to know who is responsible for this thing, but whoever he is, he is not deserving of honorary mention. If the case was dropped because the evidence against the sitting member was not deemed sufficiently strong to unseat him, I am perfectly satisfied that it was withdrawn; but if, on the other hand, it can be shown that there was no question as to the weight of the testimony against Mr. Porter, but that the withdrawal of the petition was brought about through the agency of any individual or individuals with axes to grind, then it is a crying shame and a lasting disgrace. I'm in favor of having every member of the committee brought before the convention, and forced to give an account of his stewardship. If they did right we'll pat them on the back with a gentle hand; if they didn't act square they should be severely and solidly admonished by the convention's big boot. I must confess, on the evidence of the transaction that has come to my knowledge I'm ashamed of the whole box and die of the men who were instrumental in the withdrawal of the petition.

—I saw J. D. Stewart, the manager of the Goderich Caledonian games, the other day, and he reminded me that in the biographical sketch of John C. Carrie, I omitted to state that amongst his other achievements, he once captured a tug of war for Horon against Bruce. In this line I might state that J. C. C. in the early days, before rheumatism put its clammy hand upon him, was as limber as an eel and as agile as a panther. He and his brother Dugald were the terrors of the concession line in wrestling either at catch-as-catch-can or side-holds. I didn't know the boys down in Perth knew old J. C. C., however, until the talented historian of Russdale, J.D.S., gave me a pointer to that effect.

—I noticed in THE SIGNAL last week that John Brown—not the hero of Harper's Ferry—but the silver-tongued falsifier from Toronto, has quit trying to get rich at the expense of THE SIGNAL, and has withdrawn the \$10,000 suit, for the alleged injury to his alleged reputation. You let him down a great deal more easily than he deserves, and perhaps you thought that by doing so you might inspire him with the laudable desire to pay your costs incurred in the suit. You don't know his nibs as well as I do if you harbor the idea that he'd be capable of doing anything so honorable. He'll be about as honest and manly with you as he was with Jim Bailey in the matter of his boardbill.

—I understand that property is booming in Goderich with a vengeance, and that money is cheaper than dirt down at the dock. The other day the town council wanted a site near the lake upon which to sink a well and erect a pump house, and you'd hardly believe it, but the way values jumped up in that locality was a caution to sinners, and saints, too, for that matter—if there are any on the council board. Now, I have no objection to anybody placing full values upon real estate, but I don't want to see the inflations and shrinkages come too closely together, and I hope our town assessor has been duly instructed to make a note of the value attached to each piece of property enquired after by the council, with the view of having a just figure placed upon the next assessment roll. If there are any "goldmine" localities down at the harbor flats, it's only right that the neighbors who have struck luck should get full benefit in the town records—and pay full taxes, too.

—A.J.A.X.

Some of our Tory exchanges rejoiced greatly a few months ago because a fellow called Brown threatened THE SIGNAL with a libel suit for \$10,000. We have

watched in vain to find that any of those Tory journals that harped so loudly at that time have discovered that the suit has been withdrawn and that Brown's last state is worse than his first. THE SIGNAL stood to its guns, and still stands there, but the \$10,000 suit has gone where the woodbine twined. Brax's a good dog, but Holdfast is a better. Some of the Tory editors ought to pass around the hat and enable the fellow to pay the costs in connection with the suit. True to his old instincts Brown has thus far failed to do so.

A REPORT of the proceedings of the inter-Provincial conference, recently held at Quebec, is unavoidably crowded out this week.

ANY man is good enough for a council member, but any man is not qualified to sit on the railway committee and intelligently discuss the plan of the proposed road.

DR. MONTAGUE, the Tory candidate, was elected for Haldimand by 19 majority last Saturday. The Indian vote favored him—the red man did it with his little hatchet.

The word "bomb" is in very general use just at present. There is a great variety in the different pronunciations given to the word which is wholly unnecessary. One man speaks of the "boom" thrown at the hymn-rail riot. Another calls it a "buhm." Still another—and he is right, according to the New York Herald—refers to it as a "bam." "Bomb" should be pronounced "bum," with the short sound of the "u."

P. Percell, M. P. for Glenora, called on the Minister of Justice today and expressed a desire that Mr. Stilwell, of the Glenora, who is now undergoing imprisonment for libelling Mr. Percell, should be released. Mr. Thompson intimated that the fine and costs in the case will have to be paid by Stilwell, but as both Mr. Percell and his counsel had asked to have the imprisonment dispensed with, Stilwell could be released. He has now been in goal for over two weeks.

The Windsor, Detroit River & Lake Erie railroad—Mr. J. Patterson's favorite—will probably start this year or next. The line through which it runs do not seem to be as anxious to grant bonuses as Mr. Patterson thought they would be, and the landowners want pay for the land, and do not see the benefits of the road in the glowing colors that the projector hoped they would. To make the matter worse, Engineer McAfee, the only man who knows the route, died suddenly on Saturday, and the whole survey will have to be done over again.

A leading French Liberal gives it as his opinion that the report of Hon. Edward Blake's entry into the Imperial Parliament would prove a correct one, and he believed that it would be a "great day for Ireland" and Canada as well when the ex-leader of the Canadian Liberals crossed the threshold of Westminster. "We will then," said he, "have some one to look after the resolutions which will be placed before the Home Government by the several Provinces and the proposed changes in our Federal constitution. Ireland will then have a worthy, eloquent friend, and Mr. Blake will also meet worthy of his great power as a debater and a statesman."—Montreal Witness.

A London cable says: Journals discussing the Inter-Provincial Conference emphasize the importance of the fact that Commercial Union will not lead to political separation from England. The Echo says: "Could anything be stronger than the recommendation adopted by the Conference, coming, as it does, from the whole people of Canada? The Full Herald says: "What a more unfortunate than that, at a time when a North American Zollverein is coming into being, England should be represented by a man who has repeatedly declared that he regards such arrangement as fatal to the unity of the Empire!" The St. James Gazette says it is evident the feeling in favor of a Customs Union is growing.

The Irish Canadian: Mr. Blake saw for himself the misery of the people, and though in feeble health and at the risk of imprisonment in an Irish dungeon, he advised them to combine against the landlords. Many are the past services he has rendered the cause of truth and justice, but this service by Edward Blake to the Irish people is the "crowning of the edifice." He has placed the children of the Irish nation the world over under a deep debt of gratitude, and we in Canada can only repay him in one way. Hereafter, let our people give to him in political action a reciprocity hearty and full. He is of us and with us in this work—the grand work of Ireland's redemption. Never let it be said of the Irishmen of Canada that they are ungrateful to him or unmindful of his great services; and, when opportunity offers, let us rally like one man in favor of the great Irish Canadian, Edward Blake, whose voice and action have stamped him "the noblest Roman of them all."—Irish Canadian.

## DOWN BY THE BRINY

Notes by the Way and Incidents of the Trip.

Crossing the Bay of Fundy, From Boston to New York—Bartholdi's Statue—The Central Park—Big Brook—Erie Bridge—An Ocean Palace.

No. 6. The Bay of Fundy did not exhibit its proverbial roughness on this occasion. The night was fine with a moderate breeze, and no sea to speak of; but just enough of an old swell to give the boat a little rolling motion. While seated at the table one day in the hotel in Halifax, I noticed an old gentleman accompanied by his wife, at the same table, with an immensely tall water air about him. I set him down at a glance for a retired sea captain. I had also caught a glimpse of him on the train before reaching Annapolis. While on the upper dock in the evening, I saw him come out of the cabin and cast his eye aloft and to windward, scanning the look of the weather with an unmistakably professional air. I thought to myself, if you're not an old Atlantic bird, I'm greatly mistaken. Later on a chance remark, concerning the probable seaworthy qualities of the boat in the event of a blow, brought us into conversation, and I found it was he.

A RETIRED UNLAD LINE OFFICER, who had been many years in the service. He had been chief officer of the Russia, when she was the crack ship of the line some years ago, and had since commanded another boat in the Company's service. Of course we got into a "yarn," and I found that he was well acquainted with two of the captains I had sailed with while at sea. It was refreshing to meet a genuine old salt of the old school, and I quite enjoyed the meeting. Wednesday afternoon we were off Cape Ann, the great headquarters for fishermen, and I saw a whole lot of fishing schooners cruising around. Some of these schooners are remarkably handsome crafts, as graceful as yachts and very fast.

ENTERING BOSTON BAY we met a tremendous fleet of coasting schooners bound north, many of them large three-masted, and fine looking vessels. As there was a customs officer on board, the baggage was all examined before arrival, thus preventing any landing. As it was near six o'clock when we landed, "Uncle," "New York" and myself captured our grips and hurried ashore in hope of catching the train for Fall River. Before going further, I would say that, although I have indulged in a little occasional "chaff" of the literary "pahy" and "candy" sort of the various papers, it is amusing enough. I made the acquaintance of one gentleman, who might be said to be the literary man of the party, and whom I am glad to have met. This gentleman was the Rev. Julius H. Ward, of the editorial staff of the Boston Herald. We met frequently in the smoking room on the Miramichi, and on the train afterward, and had several interesting conversations. He was very desirous of learning the feeling in Canada toward the United States especially on

THE MATTER OF COMMERCIAL UNION, and I gave him such information as I possessed. He gave us a very kind invitation to call on him at his office in Boston, which invitation we should certainly have accepted had time permitted of our doing so. Hailing the first cab we saw, we drove to the station just in time to catch the Fall River train. The travel over this route must be something immense as we had to walk through nearly a dozen coaches before getting a seat. As it was rapidly getting dark we were unable to see much of the country as the train was going about 40 miles an hour. When nearing Fall River, "New York," who had been here before, advised us to stand by for a jump the minute the train stopped, which we did and ran across the dock on board the boat; but although we were almost first on board we were

TOO LATE TO GET A STATEROOM, and had to take a lower cabin berth. When I got time to look about me, I was both surprised and delighted at the splendid fittings of the boat. I had thought the Quebec, of the Richelieu line, by which we travelled from Montreal to Quebec, rather a fine article of river steamer; but she was a mere Beatty liner in comparison with the superbly appointed boats of the Fall River Line.

The decorations of the saloons are beyond my feeble powers of description, so good deal must be left to the vivid imagination of the reader. The difference between this boat and the last was like—well, like the difference between Purgatory and Paradise. After partaking of an excellent supper, which was doubly enjoyable, as it was the first decent meal we had since leaving Halifax, we adjourned to the upper promenade deck when we puffed our post prandial cigars to the soothing strains of

A FINE MILITARY BAND.

IF I were asked for a definition of soul comfort, I should say this was about the comfort. After touching Newport, of which as the night was dark, we could see nothing but the electric lights, the string band began an instrumental

concert in the upper saloon, which lasted till ten o'clock. Some of the solos were beautifully rendered and drew forth well merited applause. As this is essentially a night route, we could see nothing of the scenery (if there was any) of the Sound. Next morning in coming on deck we found ourselves approaching New York, and passed through Hell Gate into the East River. Passing Ward's and Blackwell's islands, we soon came in sight of

EAST RIVER BRIDGE, probably the greatest engineering work of modern times. I don't know its exact height from the water, but it is high enough to allow the largest vessels to pass under. Rounding the Battery to North River, we were soon at the pier, when the bustle of leaving began. Our friend "New York" here left us for his home in Jersey City, and we parted from him with regret. He was a jolly, sociable fellow, and we felt quite lonesome when we lost him. After a somewhat late breakfast at the hotel, we started for a cruise down Broadway, and soon found ourselves at Battery Park. Seeing

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY in the distance, we determined to pay it a visit, and boarding the ferry boat had a pleasant sail down the harbor to Bedloe's Island. When seen from a distance the statue appears comparatively small, and does not give an idea of its real size, and it is only when close to it that you begin to realize its colossal proportions. Standing at the base of the massive granite pedestal with its concrete base, it will occur to you that this alone is a splendid piece of masonry. I am not able to state the exact proportions of the whole affair, but I understand that the height of the figure alone from the foot to the top of the torch is over 150 feet, and the height of the torch from the water including the pedestal is over 300 feet. We entered the pedestal and after clambering a considerable number of stairs, found the exact proportions of the whole affair, but I understand that the height of the figure alone from the foot to the top of the torch is over 150 feet, and the height of the torch from the water including the pedestal is over 300 feet. We entered the pedestal and after clambering a considerable number of stairs, found the exact proportions of the whole affair, but I understand that the height of the figure alone from the foot to the top of the torch is over 150 feet, and the height of the torch from the water including the pedestal is over 300 feet.

THE VIEW OF THE CITY, or harbor from here is a fine and comprehensive one. We found to our disappointment that we could go no higher, as visitors were not admitted into the statue, for what reason we are unable to say, unless it be that the authorities are afraid that some ingenious crank might take it into his head to inaugurate a new departure in suicide by jumping from the torch. After returning to the city, we concluded to put in the rest of the afternoon on a visit to

CENTRAL PARK, and taking the elevated road, were soon whirled up there. This place is justly regarded with pride by the citizens; we were unable to judge of its extent, which is a fairly considerable, but called attention to in the laying out, art had been brought to the assistance of nature in an ingenious manner. Strolling around the lake, we visited the menagerie, which is quite a large and pretty complete collection of animals. Among the rest is a chimpanzee, "Crowley," who bears such a striking likeness to humanity that an old woman is said to have exclaimed, on seeing him: "Be the powers' there's Maginnis of the fourth ward; what's he in for?"—I don't vouch for this. After doing the lions and other curiosities to our satisfaction, we left the park by the 5th Avenue entrance, and decided to walk down street a little way, just to admire the buildings before taking a street car down town. We saw so much to admire and become so absorbed in admiration of the numerous palatial residences of New York's merchant princes that

WE LOST TRACK OF TIME AND DISTANCE and walked to the bottom of the avenue, and then supposing ourselves within a few minutes walk of home we thought it best to walk home by the rest. After walking another mile or two we came to Union Square, and were then sure that we were just there—but we weren't. In short, from the time we left the Park until we arrived at the hotel, we walked just 24 hours and must have covered six or seven miles. These elevated roads are a terrible nuisance, and the people who build the remainder of the evening. On Friday morning we started on a tour of inspection along the North River. We wanted to see one of the modern Atlantic greyhounds, and hearing that the Etruria, the crack boat of the Cunard line, was in port, we determined to pay her a visit. The ocean steamer of my time twelve years ago, and some of them were considered a good size, were canoes alongside this monster of the deep. I never before saw such

A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE and cannot imagine a greater triumph of human ingenuity and skill. We went all over her with the exception of the engine room, where visitors were not admitted, which rather disappointed me as I particularly wanted to see them. Our next departure was for the Brooklyn Bridge, and to see it to advantage we decided to walk across one way and ride back, for the small sum of one cent each we were admitted to the promenade. At the centre of the bridge we stopped awhile to take in the prospect, from here we had a grand view of the twin cities of New York and Brooklyn, the East River and the harbor with the Liberty Statue in the distance. G. B. C.

A quantity of gasoline reached town last week, hence the churches were lighted properly on Sunday. For some time past only a "dim religious light" has been shed in the sanctuaries.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence from all Parts.

Ship Items of Interest for People Who Want the News, a Merry Entertainment Held Down to Salt Our Members Time.

Jan. Gouldie, of Guelph, last week received a cabinet of Mitozo wheat which is being unloaded and it weighs 64 lbs. to the bushel.

Rev. Dr. McCosh, who has for many years been the backbone of Princeton College, N. J., has resigned the presidency of that institution.

The court at Paris in which the Gaffarel trial has been proceeding has ordered the provisional release of General Gaffarel, M. Lamonin and M. Lavants, pending the result of the Government inquiry into the allegations against Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Childers, in an address at Killmarnock Saturday evening, said that Mr. Balfour's recent speech seemed to indicate that a new and stronger Coercion Act was wanted to prevent persons convicted by magistrates from obtaining bail.

In re-opening the Stonewood (Aberdeen) recently church bazaar. Dr. Hutchinson, Moderator of the general assembly, said that whatever might be said to business in connection with religious objects they were certainly a most effectual means of awakening a widespread sympathy among all ranks and classes.

Edward Hanlan is rapidly getting into condition for his championship race with William Beach, which will be rowed on the Nepean River, N. S. W., November 25th. Betting is now \$3 to 1 on Beach. George Parkin, ex-champion of England, who has been here for some time, is looking after Hanlan's training.

David Schuyler and Abraham Bowles were taken to London Friday night from Ouida by Detective Nihnam, charged with making and passing counterfeit silver coins in Ouida village. Dies for making spurious quarters and half dollars were found on the premises lately occupied by the prisoners, who also had some of the bogus money in their possession.

A remarkable imitation of black walnut has lately been made from poor pine, the quality and appearance of the article being such as almost to defy detection. To accomplish this, one part of walnut peel extract is mixed with six parts of water, and with this solution the wood is coated. When the material is half dry a solution of bichromate of potash with water is rubbed on it, and the made walnut is ready for use.

At the Walkerton Assize Court Judge Rose, in addressing the grand jury, gave the following as his opinion of the working of the Scott Act:—I am in the habit of observing the working of the Scott Act. It was not working well when I was here before. Although it may be a crude piece of legislation, I am of opinion that it is putting a stop to the miserable senseless habit of open treating in public bars. I was shocked lately at one place in which I held court, to find every officer in the court in a shameful condition from the use of liquor. If men desire to use liquor in their own house, I am not prepared to say that the law has a right to prevent them. It is doubtful if any person has a right to interfere with men's liberty in this respect. But every good citizen condemns the drinking in open bars. You may exercise your own judgment in whatever you may desire to say on the subject, irrespective of my views or opinions.

Tuesday evening at Orangeville the house of Thomas Anderson, Scott Act Inspector, was shattered with dynamite, which had been placed in the verandah. Mr. Anderson had left the house a few yards from the house at the time of the explosion. Mrs. Anderson was the only occupant of the house, and she was terribly shocked, her screams being heard several blocks off. There is no clue to the preparators of the outrage. A note was found attached to the fence, warning the Inspector, who has lately had several Orangeville hotelkeepers before the magistrates for violations of the Scott Act, to desist in his course if he did not wish to be sent to kingdom come, and stating that he might congratulate himself that he had been spared so long. There is great excitement in town.

On Thursday, the 10th inst., in Toronto, Francis George Jefferson, compositor, and Miss Elizabeth Beamish, deaf and dumb mutes, were married at the bride's sister's residence on Mill street. Charles Elliott acted as groomsmen and Laura Elliott as bridesmaid and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Smith, of Spadina avenue, Toronto, in the English language. Mr. Newsmith, baker, of Toronto, with about fifty mutes were present, also many of the bride's relations and friends. Miss Beamish, now Mrs. Jefferson, was educated in the Belleville Deaf and Dumb school, and in a few minutes after the wedding a telegram was received from Mr. and Mrs. Mathison, of the above school, wishing the bride and bridegroom much joy and happiness. All the mutes of Toronto were present and gave presents, and after the supper many games were resorted to till a late hour, when all parted after giving the bride many congratulations.