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2051
A Large Stock of First-Class Top Buggies on hand.
Canopy-Top Phaetons, the Best in the Market.
Double-Seated Carriages of all Styles.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
All Work Warranted, and nothing but FIRST-CLASS WORK Made.
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Call and Examine Stock. Opposite Colborne Hotel
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will call at the store daily for
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The HURON SIGNAL
DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.
WHOLE NUMBER 2059.

GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, AUG. 6, 1886.

McGILLICUDDY BROS PUBLISHERS
$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

THE HURON SIGNAL

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GODERICH, ONTARIO,

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JOB PRINTING.—We have also a first-class jobbing department in connection, and possessing the most complete outfit and best facilities for turning out work in Goderich, are prepared to do business in that line at prices that cannot be beaten, and of a quality that cannot be surpassed.—*Terms Cash*

FRIDAY, AUG. 6TH, 1886.

M. C. CAMERON'S EXPOSURES.

On our second page this week we give the full text of the speech made by Mr. M. C. Cameron, M. P., on Tory corruption and the maintenance of the present Dominion Administration by the policy of plunder. This speech is taken from the corrected official report of the House, and is a magazine of information so far as the exposure of the corrupt methods of the Government is concerned. We would advise our readers—Grit and Tory—to read it. When, last fall, Mr. Cameron, at Brucefield, Wingham and other points, took up this phase of the political situation, the Tory press all over the country denied his assertions, and dared him to formulate his charges on the floor of Parliament. They stated then that it was all very good for Mr. Cameron to go from platform to platform slandering better men behind their backs, but he would not dare to meet the men he had traduced face to face in the House and repeat his foul calumnies. When, however, the members for West Huron arose in his place in Parliament and not only formulated the charges of venality, exposed the policy of plunder, and drove home the shafts of truth in regard to Governmental rascalities in the matter of parcelling out the public domain and treasure to hangers on, political leeches, partisan blood suckers, papfeeders, members of Parliament who bartered their privileges, and needy relatives of ministers and members, there was a commotion in the camp, and for a time consternation reigned. So much were the guilty parties taken aback that none of them had the courage to reply; and it was not until Mr. Cameron had left Ottawa for home, that Sir John Macdonald, John Haggart, M. P., and some others of the gang, mustered sufficient courage to try and "let themselves down" in an easy fashion. Notwithstanding the denials of these gentry, the statements of Mr. Cameron have in no degree been shaken, and today Cameron's exposures of their rascalities are looked upon as being an unanswerable indictment against the Administration.

"The Montreal *Witness* abuses Mr. Chapleau because he was offered a bribe to desert his party, his principles and his honors. The pharisaical organ, of the Reform party is too blinded by politics to see that the person who offered the bribe was the w.ong-doer."—Mail, Friday July 30.

It is not so long ago that the leading Toronto organ claimed that the briber was not the guilty party in a bribing transaction. But at that time Christopher Bunting, the managing director of the *Mail*, was the head and front of the "brawling brood of bribers." The *Mail* now swallows its formers contentions.

We have been informed that our course in publishing the evidence last week and the general strictures which were printed in regard to other matters pertaining to Scott Act trials, was likely to prove inimical to the interests of the political party with which we are allied, as it is stated that the "wet souls" who have heretofore voted with us, will throw up their political allegiance if the Reform party determines to stand by the principles of temperance. We have no desire to do injury to the party, but we do not hesitate to state that if we have any men in the Reform ranks who will remain with it only so long as they are allowed to sponge at the breaking of the law, the sooner they are permitted to step down and out, and to depart in peace to the enemy's camp the better. It is better to allow them to go in that way than to give them the opportunity to scuttle the old Reform ship with corkscrews. And for every one of that class we lose, we feel assured that a number of old-time Conservatives, of clean lips and good intentions, will cross from our opponents and fill the gaps in our ranks. If the upholding of temperance is to be the issue at the poll, so let it be.

THE election of Ald. Prefontaine in the Tory stronghold of Chambly, looks like the handwriting on the wall so far as Dominion elections in Quebec are concerned. Exit, Chapleau!

WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

He Still Lives—Plain Talking on Straight Issues—"The Mind's the Measure of the Man."

—"All alive, fresh and still alive," as the fisherman said of his Labrador herring, is my condition nothwithstanding the breathings of threatening and slaughter that have been hurled at the devoted head of yours truly during the past week. And it gives me infinite pleasure to be able to chronicle the fact that my esteemed associate in the upholding of law and order (the editor) still lives, and moves, and has his being, and preserves his scalp lock intact. An attempt has been made to elevate the apple of discord in our midst, to raise aloft the death's head and cross-bones, and to make us all believe that Goderich is no abiding place for the good, the true and the beautiful, of whom I have endeavored to be the advocate for some time past. What I mean to say is that there's agitation in the air, agony in the breezes that blow, and blood on the face of the moon, owing to the description I gave last week of a few specimens of witnesses who testify in liquor cases. Now, it isn't necessary for me to reproduce the article, but if this explanation of mine doesn't settle the matter, I'll reproduce it for the benefit of my readers and take a vote on the question as to whether any personal application was made. In the first place, I have to write my article early in the week, or it runs a chance of being crowded out, and to save my readers from bitter disappointment I am particular about placing the manuscript in the printer's hands while the week is yet young. Last week I wrote the article Monday evening, and I have been informed by the foreman of the newsroom, that it was in type on Tuesday—that is to say, while the witnesses on the second McBride case were dodging around to avoid giving testimony at the first calling of the case. The article mentioned only the first case of McBride's, and said regarding it, "The neighbors have informed me the evidence was straight as a string." Yet in the face of that, I understand one of the witnesses in the Wednesday case, named Scobie, is satisfied that his testimony fills the bill, as I presented it, and howls for gore with a big G. in consequence. As I said before, the prototype of a witness in an article written on Monday can hardly have been taken from a case tried the following Wednesday; still if this man Scobie is satisfied that he is the kind of a man delineated (notwithstanding a denial by the editors, as I am verily led to believe) why I for one am not going to put my *ipsi dixit* up against his. This man Scobie either told the truth or lied when he was in the witness-box. If he told the truth he has nothing to find fault with; if he didn't, well, he's to be pitied; but he has no business to put on a cap that was never intended for him. My screed has drawn attention to an unfortunate condition of affairs that has existed since the first Scott Act case was heard in Canada, and if it will have the effect of making witnesses in Huron less flippant, I'll be satisfied to listen to a little occasional wheezing from self-convicted kickers.

—And I've been informed by several of the neighbors that the aforesaid Scobie is going to "punch the head" of the editor of THE SIGNAL, or words to that effect, for allowing my article to be inserted. Well, I wouldn't advise Mister Scobie to try that on. There are two parties to a fight—the man who licks the other chap, and the man who gets licked. I am pretty well acquainted with the editor, and was acquainted with him years ago when I lived in the back townships, and I know he can't run worth a cent, although he has had men rise in their wrath at various times and threaten to smite him. He graduated in a pretty hot corner of the vineyard, and although "slow to anger, is quick to act," and if he undertook to go into the "knocking" business, I verily believe he would turn right sight up with care. Of Scobie's pugilistic proclivities I know nothing personally, and have no overwhelming anxiety to have my friend the editor test his prowess; but I do know that he abused one of his workman a short time ago and was knocked down for his pains, after which he was satisfied with his experience as a fighter, and was constrained to call in the majesty of the law to punish the man who had downed him. Now, that isn't a good fighting record, and I don't think the editor will climb a tree or leave the limits just at present. To use a homely expression we used to have on the farm, "He's lived too long in the woods to be scared by the hooting of an owl."

And this reminds me that this fighting business is a bad line. I've known in the olden times a heap of trouble to emanate from it. The most brawny blackguard is not always the "best man," and I question very much if Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, is not a far "better man," so far as the interests and well-being of his country are concerned, than John L. Sullivan, the famous Boston professor of pugilism, although the latter could take the former up with one hand and stand him on his head without the slightest trouble. No, siree; this "best man" business tested by brute force is no good, and no decent man will go into it to right his supposed grievances. It's of more consequence now-a-days that a man should have a level head than that his hand should be as large and as heavy as a smoked ham. Do you catch on?

AJAX.

Literary Notices.

Canadian Methodist Magazine for August, 1886.—Price $2 a year; $1 for six months; 20 cents per number. For sale at all bookstores.

This number contains four illustrated articles and about thirty high class engravings. "Picturesque Canada" describes a visit to all the Conferences from Quebec to Goderich, with numerous cuts of Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, and quaint old Quebec. Another Canadian article describes and portrays the magnificent scenery of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rocky Mountains. "Saunterings in England and Scotland" illustrates with pen and pencil the romantic scenery and historic castles of those lands. "Our Indian Empire" is the first of three of the most sumptuously illustrated articles ever published in Canada on the cities, temples, palaces, and peoples of that remarkable country. The quaint Irish story of "The Schoolhouse on the Hill" reaches a happy conclusion. The intense interest of "Jan Vedder's Wife" approaches its culmination. Dr. Dewart contributes an able philosophical article on the question, "Does Scientific Materialism furnish a satisfactory explanation of the Universe?" The Editor gives a second paper, reviewing Lecky's Philosophical History of England, on "Methodism and the 18th Century." No question of greater importance will come before the General Conferenrance than that of University Federation. On this subject Dr. Sutherland contributes an able paper, to which the Editor replies, presenting also the views of Dr. Dewart and Dr. Nelles on this topic. All members of the General Conference should follow this discussion.

A Strange Affair.

The Clinton *New Era* tells the following strange story:—On Saturday night last a little girl, about 13 years of age, giving her name as Moss, arrived from Goderich, and secured accomodations at the Rattenbury House. During the night she acted so strangely that Mr. Rattenbury thought it would be better for her if one of the girls employed in the house slept in the same room, which was done. On Sunday morning, in answer to inquiries as to where she was going, etc; she said that a young man had persuaded her and another little girl to start for Rochester, and he would meet them there. The other girl failed to come, and so she started alone, having with her directions as to where she was to go. The girl did not seem to realize her danger in thus placing herself at the disposal of a stranger, and Mr. R. Rattenbury very naturally concluded that everything was not all right, so he wisely sent for Mr. Paisley, who kept her pretty much under his notice during the day. The child did not seem to be all right in her mind, for during the day she went to the Commercial Hotel and engaged board for six weeks, saying her mother would pay for it. Whether her story about the young man persuading her to leave Goderich was true, or the result of an unbalanced mind is not known, but she gave very minute descriptions of him, and had the address of a certain house in Rochester written on a card, which she claimed he gave her. The matter was telephoned to the girl's mother, and she came down here on Monday morning, and took her home.

The Best Fountain Pen in the World.

The "Wirt" fountain pen is the best thing yet invented in the way of a self-feeding pen. It has a gold nib, shades just as a dipping pen does, and never fails. It is a writing wonder. A sample can be seen at this office. Every lawyer, doctor, clergyman, school-teacher and business man should have one. Thos. McGillicuddy is the local agent.

TRURO, N. S., July 30.—Forepaugh's circus train broke into three sections on a heavy grade near Londonderry about 3 o'clock this morning. A collision occurred, throwing three flat cars off the track and overturning several cages filled with wild animals. Forepaugh's private sleeping car was badly injured.

THE I.O.O.F EXCURSION.

The Ups and Downs of a Trip to Port Huron—A Lively Little Yankee City.

Tuesday morning last some 500 passengers boarded the United Empire at this port to proceed on the I.O.O.F. excursion to Port Huron. The boat was late in arriving, and was nearly two hours after the advertised time in leaving Goderich. This and the further fact that the wind was high and the lake lumpy militated somewhat against the number of the excursionists. The trip down occupied about six hours, and many of the excursionists rejoiced when they got in sight of Point Edward, and could see Port Huron facing the Canadian town of Sarnia. The Empire was high out of water, and as a consequence rolled heavily on the down trip, the result being that a large number of the excursionists fell victims to the influence of

SEA SICKNESS.

If there had not been so many in the same predicament, and if the victims had not exhibited so pitiable a condition, the way in which some of the stricken ones gave themselves up to the horrors of despair, would have looked very ludicrous. Sea-sickness is a great leveller, and will take the dignity out of a person quicker than anything else we know of.

PORT HURON

was reached about 3:15 p.m., and the large majority of the passengers disembarked, and proceeded up town for lun cheon. Port Huron is pretty well spread out and has a population of about 9,000. There are a number of fine public buildings, and the various religious denominations are represented by good places of worship. The main streets are paved with blocks, but the side streets do not show to advantage to anyone accustomed to the magnificent gravel roads of Goderich. Amongst the attractions of Port Huron is the celebrated

"99 CENT STORE,"

conducted by Barrett & Goulding, whose special line seems to be to monopolise all excursions from Canada despite the revenue tariff and other obstructions to trade relations between the inhabitants of the land of the beaver and the eagle. During the afternoon this business place was crowded with Canucks, and seemed to do a rushing trade. The advertising manager of this establishment, Mr. T. J. Jones, very kindly devoted the afternoon to showing a number of the visitors the sights of the town.

THE NEW POST OFFICE

is the building of which every Port Huronite feels proud, and strangers are invited to inspect it immediately after an introduction takes place. It is a magnificent building and cost nearly a quarter of a million of dollars to complete it. In addition to the postal accommodation, the customs office, and a hall for the administration of justice are also found in this building. From the tower at the top can be seen a magnificent view of the city and from five to fifteen miles in all directions. Any of the excursionists who did not visit the tall tower of the post office and view the land missed a sight. The business blocks on the main street are also putting forth pretensions to architectural effect. We were pleased to meet and become acquainted with a number of the residents of the place, and amongst them with

MR. ASA LARNED,

formerly of the customs' department. Mr. Larned is one of the old residents, having first seen the section some thirty-five years ago. At that time one could walk up the Black River for fifty miles on sawlogs, but now all this is changed and the thriving city of Port Huron is no longer a sawlog town.

PRINTING OFFICES

appear to flourish, in this section, as there are five weeklies and two dailies in the town. We dropped into the office of the *Daily Times*, and were kindly received. We also called upon the proprietors of the *Sunday Chronicle*, and were cordially greeted.

THE RETURN TRIP

of the excursionists was not begun until about midnight, although 8.30 had been announced as the time for departure. As a result there was great dissatisfaction amongst those who had made calculations for an earlier start. However, when they got on board they calmed down, and everyone endeavored to make himself or herself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

THE LAKE WAS SMOOTH

and anticipations of a good return trip were indulged in. Hardly were we out of the river, however, when there was heard a midnight cry from some of the voyagers, who had been attacked by their old acquaintance of the morning, and from that time until daybreak many visited the ship's sides, gazing upon the mighty deep, and casting "reflections" behind them as the boat sped onward. The trip was completed in something less than 6 hours, and about 6 a. m. our party reached *terra firma*, some hungry, and all tired. Fortunately there was a perfect freedom from accident to the excursionists during the trip save save that one young man of our town in his anxiety to reach shore, took a plunge bath between the boat and the wharf. Fortunately willling hands were extended when he came to the surface, and he was assisted on to the dock. The prevailing opinion is that another lake excursion on a stormy day would not be largely attended.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

Mrs. W. Stewart and Daughter, Formerly of Stanley, Burned to Death in Dakota.

When death results from natural causes it is sad enough, but when it is the result of accident it becomes much more lamentable. A letter was received from Vivian, Dak., under date of the 21st inst., which conveys the sad intelligent that Mrs. W. Stewart and her daughter Lu, aged about five years, were so terribly burned that they have died from their injuries. It seems that the little girl attempted to start the kitchen fire, but as it did not burn very well, Mrs. Stewart took the coal oil can and was pouring oil on the flames, when the oil caught fire, exploding the burning oil on both mother and daughter, setting their clothes on fire. As there was not one else around the house at the time, no assistance could be rendered them until they were both terribly burned, their clothing being reduced to ashes. As soon as their condition was discovered, a doctor was called in, but nothing whatever could be done to save them, and they both died after seven hours' terrible suffering, the daughter dying about five minutes before her mother, who was not aware of the death of her child. The son, who wrote the particulars of this sad affair to a friend here, states that his father is nearly heart-broken, and the neighbors have been exceedingly kind, doing everything possible to ameliorate his circumstances.

Mr. W. Stewart was for years a tenant on one of Mr. Waldron's farms, London road, Stanley, and only removed to Dakota last spring, having the most cheering prospects ahead of him. His wife was about 45 years of age, and was loved as a neighbor and friend. She had any number of acquaintances here who will regret very deeply to learn of the lamentable death of herself and daughter, and there are no bounds to the sympathy that will be expressed for Mr. Stewart.

Belfast.

Will McCrostie left last week to learn the drug business with his uncle in Reynolds, Illinois.

Mr Theobald, of Teeswater, returned home last week from a few weeks' holidays spent at Jas Mullin's, of this place.

John and Miss Annie Mullin took in the Listowel sports on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie have returned from a trip on the lakes. They went the round trip on the Saginaw Valley.

Jas. Hackett is laid up with a sore hand. We hope soon to see him able to attend to his work again.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Cameron took part in the excursion to Port Huron on Tuesday last.

Goderich Township.

OBITUARY.—At the residence of her son, William Morgan, Goderich township, on Monday, July 26, Mrs. Elizabeth Morgan, died in her 93rd year. She came to the county over 40 years ago, and settled in Goderich township at that time. Her aged partner died about ten years ago. Her family survive her, and consist of: John Morgan, clerk of division court No 7, Huron; William Morgan, of Goderich township; Mrs. Sterling, of Colborne; and Mrs. Clark, of Detroit. All were present at the obsequies. She preserved her faculties up to the last with the exception of her eyesight, which became much affected through fretting after the decease of her partner in life. Deceased was highly respected by a large circle of acquaintances.

Saltford.

There was a large turnout from this section on the excursions to Port Huron and Toronto last Tuesday.

Miss J. Morley, of Woodstock, Miss Emma Howell, of Buffalo, and Miss Sarah Harris, of Dungannon, are visiting at Mrs. A. Beck's.

Miss Effie and Sarah Martin are visiting at Port Elgin.

Miss Ida Story, of Bothwell is visiting friends here.

Mrs. A. Inglis, of Wingham, is visiting at the old homestead.

Mr. Thos. Morrow is doing the first threshing in this section for Mr. H. Y. Attrill.

Paramount.

Miss Bella Summerville, of Belfast, spent a few days last week with her friend, Miss Lizzie Murdoch, of this place.

H. Horton, accompanied by his niece, Miss Nellie Hillier, of Goderich, enjoyed a few days' visit among our residents last week.

A new bridge is being erected over the river on Main street; also several rods of breastwork. F. Cook has the contract, and we have no doubt the job will look well when completed.

A number from this place started for Goderich on Monday, where they expect to take the boat for a pleasure trip to Sarnia, (by the way, the wind is blowing a good nor-wester), and we hope to be able to give a better account of the pleasure seekers on their return.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie returned to their home on Monday last, after spending a few days with the old folks at home.

The Murdoch Bros. are busily engaged in laying the brick on the new church here.

WHAT AILS SCOBIE?

"Oh He's all Right, Only He Labors under a Delusion."

As D. McGillicuddy, of THE SIGNAL, was on his way home Friday evening last, he stopped at the corner of South street and the Square to converse with Geo. B. Cox, of the British Exchange hotel, about some general topics. Shortly after that, John Scobie, one of the witnesses in a recent whisky case, came up and joined the party uninvited. Quoth he to the editor:

"Mr. McGillicuddy, are you the man that runs the d—— d, dirty sheet that's printed on North street?"

To which the reply was coolly made: "I'm the editor of THE HURON SIGNAL."

Scobie—"What made you print in it that I didn't tell the truth—that I perjured myself—that I didn't know what good liquor was—that I couldn't give straight evidence—that—"

McGillicuddy—"I didn't print anything of the kind about you."

Scobie—"It's a d——d lie."

McGillicuddy—"It's nothing of the kind, and you don't know what you're talking about."

Scobie—"You give the names of witnesses in your paper, and you publish a pack of d——d lies."

McGillicuddy—"If you mean the second McBride case, we published what you swore to; for the evidence and witnesses' names are taken from the clerk's records."

Scobie—"What clerk's?"

McGillicuddy—"The magistrate's clerk's—William Campbell's."

Scobie—"Well, what have you got in the 'Town Happenings,' on the front page?"

McGillicuddy—"Nothing about you, although you appear anxious to take it to yourself."

Scobie—"You're a d——d liar, and I can lick you d——d quick."

McGillicuddy—"You can do nothing of the kind, and you know it."

Scobie then raised his left arm as if to strike, but McGillicuddy merely put his arms in front of his breast and stood out from the wall, so that he would not receive a recoil blow from the brickwork in case of a sudden onslaught by Scobie. At this juncture Geo. B. Cox stepped between the men, and said "Gentlemen, don't quarrel about the matter here."

McGillicuddy said, "I don't want any quarrel, but I won't be bullied by this fellow."

Scobie then became howlingly brave, and swore he was going to "smash" his opponent, and began to call out the vilest and most abominable epithets that a low blackguard could utter.

McGillicuddy, who had been standing between Cox and the wall, now stepped around beside him on the centre of the sidewalk and said to Scobie, "You are a nice man to pretend to be the respectable head of a family, to be using filthy language of that kind. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Scobie came forward, and facing McGillicuddy said, "None of your d——d sanctimonious talk to me."

McGillicuddy replied, "I am not giving sanctimonious talk, but know what is right and decent. You'll hear from me tomorrow."

Scobie—"I can hear from you any time. Come down to the barn and I'll settle it d——d quick."

McGillicuddy—"No; I'm no low blackguard, and I'll not make one of myself by going down to the barn with you. I'm surprised at a man like you, who ought to occupy a reputable position in society, becoming a catspaw for a man who is too cowardly to do his own fighting on this whiskey business."

Scobie—"I'm no d——d low sucker, and I pay for all the whiskey I drink."

McGillicuddy—Perhaps you're not, but it's mighty strange you can't swear to the last fact when you're placed in the witness box."

This reply seemed to daze Scobie, for he leaned back against the wall and failed to retort, and McGillicuddy, seeing that he had touched a weak spot in the fellow, after waiting in vain for any further exhibition of bile, quietly turned on his heel and walked off.

And so ended the first meeting.

Mr. McGillicuddy has not yet taken to the woods.

Port Albert.

Mrs. J. O'Connor and child returned to her home in Detroit last week.

Mrs. W. J. Given spent last week in Dunlop, the guest of Mrs. Allen.

Miss E. McMillan has returned from a visit to friends in Goderich.

Miss J. Carrick, of Kintail, is the guest of Miss M. McMillan.

The Gordon arrived in port with a load of stone for the bridge, but the stone, not being of suitable quality, had to be returned.

Mr. Mahaffy has shipped several loads of lumber by his schooner Enterprise to Goderich recently.

The grist mill is idle at present, the water having to be lowered during the building of the abutments.

Mr. Mahaffy is, we understand, in a position to oblige customers by exchanging flour or feed for grists.

Our pathmaster should have the culvert on London road near the school house repaired, or direct the attention of the representative of this ward to it. It is in a very dangerous state, and being right on the public road, it is a wonder that some accident has not occurred there before this.