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The Huron Signal

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

FORTIETH YEAR. WHOLE NUMBER 2122. | GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, OCT. 28, 1887. | D. McGILLICUDDY, PUBLISHER. $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

The Huron Signal

IS PUBLISHED

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.

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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. McGILLICUDDY,
Editor of THE SIGNAL,
Goderich Ont.

THE report recently made by Judge Macdougall on the Toronto waterworks investigation goes far to show that Mayor Howland was right and did a good public service when he undertook to "tighten up the loose strings" in connection with the matter. It took a good deal of hard work and considerable length of time, but the report submitted justifies the time and expense given to the thorough sifting of the case.

NOT only has the Tory Government in England sought to smother the Nationalist cause in Ireland by proclaiming the meetings, but it has also undertaken to deprive Englishmen of the freedom of utterance at public gatherings in Ireland. If the English Government undertook to give a blow like that to Canadian liberty, the English Government would receive blow for blow, with interest added. Magna Charta must not be trampled under foot by any Tory Government.

CALAMITY AT MITCHELL.

A Falling Brick Wall Buries a House and Three Inmates.

Sunday night last a two story brick building was blown down in Mitchell by the wind storm. It belonged to Mr James. Adjoining the building to the east were some frame structures, the one next being occupied by Noel Green, his wife, and an adopted girl aged about 18, named Snow. Next was the saddlery shop of Mr Broderick, and next that again the office of Drs Hodge & Wood. About 11 o'clock some boys warned Mr Green that a portion of the south wall of Mr James' building had collapsed, and that there was danger of the end wall also succumbing, and advised Mr Green that he had better get out. He did not heed the warning, coming as it did from boys. Mr Broderick and Dr Woods were also informed of the occurence.

Mrs Green, who had been an invalid for many years, felt much alarmed, and earnestly advised her husband to quit the house till the storm had abated, but he refused. She was pacing up and down the shop and peering through the darkness while trembling at the violence of the storm. All at once the crash came, the wall toppled over on to Mr Green's frame house; and carried the roof and all into the cellar. Green and the girl Snow were instantly killed. The wife, being near the door, miraculously escaped the fate of the others, but not, however, without sustaining some injuries which, it is feared, may yet prove fatal.

The body of Green was found in the front room. He was lying upon his back with planks over his bare head, which was badly crushed. Emily Snow, the domestic employed by the Green family, was also found in the front room. The girl had evidently been eating a lunch before retiring, as, when her body was found, she was lying upon her side with her mouth full of bread. Her body was badly mangled.

Last week Hugh Chambers, of Ashfield, shipped about six hundred pounds of clothing, etc., to the Indians in the Northwest, the gift of the Women's Mission Society in connection with the Ashfield Presbyterian church.

WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

The People Who Visit the Court—His Lordship the Judge—A Brace of Criminal Lawyers—Dan Mackay's Novel Landmark.

—The court has been in session during the week, and I and a number of the neighbors who have quite a little time on our own hands, have sat through several sittings. It's marvellous how court cases interest people who are not parties of the first, second or third part, who aren't county officials, who aren't witnesses and don't want to be, who aren't "good and true jurymen," or words to that effect, and who have no earthly reason for roosting in the courthouse, other than to gratify a morbid curiosity, which is a common heritage from Adam and Eve.

—Of course, the docket at the present assize court was a large one, and brought to the court room a large number of persons directly concerned, but the grist of visitors without immediate interest was a good average, and don't you forget it.

—This is the first time I set my eagle eye upon his lordship Judge Rose, and I must say that I wasn't unfavorably impressed with his appearance and mode of procedure. He has a clean shaven lip and chin, and the shape of his mouth indicates that he early learned that there was a necessity in going through life to say "yes,' and "no," firmly and decisively. He is a younger man than the late Chief Justice Cameron—the old war-horse whom we used to call "Matt Crooks" in the wayback—but somehow there is a style about him and a deliberation that reminds me of the clear cut features and sentences of the departed jurist. Justice Rose means business every time, and when he wants to let a tedious witness or a repeating cross-examiner know that "life is short and time is fleeting," he does it in a way that shows there is only one side to the matter. If he wasn't a judge I believe he wouldn't be out of place in a pulpit, and would be as hard on human depravity and innate "cassedness" in the latter as in the former position.

—Then there's B. B. Osler, from Toronto, who is quite an observable man upon any case he is employed upon. He is cool, calculating, incisive, and demoniacally sarcastic in his dealing with a witness, and possessed of the faculty of turning the most recalcitrant and muley witholder of evidence inside out and exhibiting the interior as if under the searching glare of an electric light. Another Toronto celebrity was in court this session in the shape of the redoubtable Nicholas Murphy, who won his spurs at the police court in the Queen city. Nick is an old Wellington boy, and when I lived in that county he was growing up with the country in the North riding, near the village of Arthur, I think. His father before him was a noted man in his day and generation. Nick ran for parliament in Wellington North in 1882, and it was in that election that the idea of paying electors of the opposite party and then swearing them as to bribery, was first initiated by Craigie Boyd, of Simcoe, I believe, Nicholas didn't get elected, all the same, and mebbe lost an opportunity of being Minister of Justice through absence from the House at the meeting of the faithful Commons. He is a pretty shrewd Irishman, with a knowledge of criminal law and any amount of working power in him. There were other lawyers present besides our own local men, but as I am reminded of a good joke, and as the name of one of our County Court officials brings it to my recollection, I'll branch off and tell it to you.

—At the corner of West and Waterloo st. you may have observed an iron arrangement, not unlike a hydrant, growing up from the ground about a foot and a half or two feet. The other day some of the jurors were in town, and one of them noticed the metal protuberance on West street, and asked one of the neighbors what it was. The neighbor who knew as little about the subject under discussion as the enquirer, replied, "Oh, yes; that's a waterworks thingumbob that you fasten a hose to, and the water flows out fast enough to drown out a fire. It's one of the new style of what-do-you-call-'ems that the Goderich town council has put in for fire protection." That was what was told to the juryman, but like a good many yarns that they hear from witnesses, it wasn't true.

—The facts of the case are these:—The supposed hydrant is a cannon belonging to the late Capt Brown, that most of the old timers will remember, and was brought here in 1834, after the captain left the merchant marine. After the rebellion its usefulness was gone, and it lay unnoticed at the dock for many years. In 1876 Dan. Mackay, now county high constable, went to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and there noticed a number of old army guns buried at street corners, muzzles downward, in token of peace. He was so struck with the idea that on his return to Goderich he brought Capt. Brown's old naval gun from its retirement, had it repainted, and after placing within it a copy of the local newspapers, a card containing the names of the then municipal legislators, a 20c, a 10c, a 5c and a 1c piece, and a statement in effect that the gun had been placed there by "D. C. Mackay, who was born on that lot on the 7th of Feb., 1834," and requesting whoever resurrected the cannon to take the specie and drink Dan's health, the gun was plugged and buried muzzle downwards. That's the true story of the old land mark, and don't you forget it.

AJAX.

VOX POPULI.

Matters of Moment Taken up and Discussed.

Anybody Who Has Anything to Say on Public Questions, or Who Desires to Reply Can Do So in this Column.

About Horses and Stock.

To the Editor of the Signal,

SIR,—Allow me to make some remarks on the Northwestern Exhibition. It is stated in the prize list, page 5, "Roadster horses—three years old and over to be shown in harness," "Stallion, 4 years old and upwards, not less than 15½ hands high," "Stallion 3 years old (prize by C Seager, Goderich,) $5, 2d $3. In the last named there was no mention of the size of the animal. Well, it is not expected 3-year olds will be quite as tall as 4-year olds, as they have not yet attained full growth. However, there is no size mentioned, as I have before stated. Now mine was the only three year old that was shown in harness, while his two competitors were shown on the line, which is quite unfair, and altogether contrary to the wording of the prize list. Besides, it is stated further on, "Fifty or gelding 3 years old, to be shown in harness, speed and style considered," so you see there is no mention of size at all, as said animals have not attained their full growth at that age. Again, the man who drove my colt, James White, proposed to Colborne Emerson, who handled the Elliott colt, to bet him $10 for twice around the course, but whether the latter heard the challenge or not, he forbore to reply.

Another cause of complaint I have is against the herd-book man—not Mr Wade. Two cows and their progeny were registered, but all at once they were taken from the herdbook and sent their way—not to be even grades—to make room for cattle imported from England, where the herdbook is four crosses of one thoroughbred bull. Well, I am satisfied with what I have; they may not have the qualifications, but they were a long time on the herdbook even before I got them, and I don't think it is very honest to take them off without indemnifying me for the loss to me on that account. The only way I can account for one of my cows is that she was left too much to memory, but was accepted finally. For all that, it seems one has to run all the risk, and the other party being the stronger can carry their point. They may shove on you four crosses and call them thoroughbred, and there you are and you can't help it. Well, I gave up the idea of belonging to that infernal club; of course it reduces the price of my cattle, but I am satisfied with what I have, and I will sail on my own hook. At best these cows are not good, and I would just as well be rid of them.

Now, I will pass to my colt again. I do not wish it be understood that I should have had a prize, as it is the size that is objected to, and he is not fully grown; but I had two of his colts in the carriage class, and I got 1st and 2d prize for them, the largest being the tallest colt on the ground, and was foaled on the 13th of May last. The other, which was very near as tall, was awarded first prize on account of being more of the color of the horse. As for the pedigree of the horse, I believe him to be the best bred carriage stallion in the Dominion, and in that opinion I will be backed up by John Knox, of Goderich, and other well-known horsemen in this section and London, who know the man who raised the colt and the stud from which he was bred. Mr Elliott's colt will not be on the line all the time, and I will yet have an opportunity of testing the mettle of the two colts. Yours respectfully,

JOHN ROISSIER.

A TRIP TO CHICAGO.

A Record of a Run to Chicago and Return.

Bowling Along the Boulevards—In Washington Park—Welcoming the President—Goderich Folk—A Chinese Sunday School.

No. 2.

Nine o'clock Tuesday morning found us driven in Mr Allen's carriage to view the parks and boulevards with which Chicago abounds, and the drive was one of the pleasantest its has ever been our privilege to participate in. We started south on the Grand boulevard which leads to the northwest angle of

WASHINGTON PARK,

through the centre of which extends a broad lawn, richly ornamented by the gardener's art. Here are "The Mound," in which are displayed the most elaborate and exquisite designs and contrasts of floral coloring; the "Sphinxes" and "Monument," wrought in fine detail from growing cacti; the Sun-dial, a large dial and gnomon of the same plant, which shows the correct solar time; the calendar, showing the days of the month; the giraffe, leopard, little girl in swing, also wrought from cacti; the American flag, in correct colors of *coleus* and other foliage plants; with many other unique and tasteful arrangements. On either side of this lawn are the broad driveways, and at

DREXEL AVENUE

stands the famous fountain presented by the Messrs. Drexel Brothers, the Philadelphia bankers, in memory of their father, after whom also the boulevard was named. Here, at Drexel avenue, the boulevard turns directly north on that avenue, entering Oakwood boulevard at the junction of Thirty-ninth street and Cottage Grove avenue. The boulevard is laid out on the plan of the *Avenue l'Imperatrice*, in Paris, and has two broad drives, one on each side of a central space, finely awarded, and filled with various species of trees, and ornamented with flower beds, among which wind the well gravelled promenades, with bowers and rustic seats. The entire boulevard is 200 feet wide, and is bordered by rows of well-grown elms. The tasteful villas along this boulevard are one of its principal attractions.

OAKWOOD BOULEVARD

is the connecting link between the boulevard last named and Grand boulevard. It is a fine drive, 100 feet wide, and half half a mile long, and enters Grand boulevard in at Thirty-ninth st, "The Cottage" stands at its junction with Drexel boulevard, whence the phaetons start for the tour of the park.

GRAND BOULEVARD,

entering Washington Park at its northwesthern angle, extends northward two miles to Thirty-fifth street, where it connects with a short boulevard on that street. It is 198 feet wide, a broad driveway bordered by strips of lawn, with double colonades of elms, outside of which are roadways thirty-three feet wide, the one on the west for equestrians, and the other for traffic. Still outside of these are ribbons of turf with single rows of trees separating the roadways from the footways, which have yet another line of trees on their outer borders.

We returned by the Drexel boulevard and then west to Michigan avenue in time to partake of dinner, which was thoroughly enjoyed after the exhilarating drive. These wonderful (to a Canadian), avenues, boulevards and parks must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. The same evening we drove around to see the

COURT HOUSE AND CITY HALL.

This magnificent twin-building, the largest and most imposing of the public edifices of Chicago, is one of the finest structures devoted to county and municipal purposes in the world. It occupies an entire square, bounded east and west by Clark and La Salle streets, and north and south by Randolph and Washington streets. In style a free treatment of the French renaissance, it is built of Upper Silurian limestone, quarried mainly along the Desplaines rivers in Illinois State, and adorned with massive columns of the finest granite. The length of each of two facades is 340 feet, the width of the entire building 280 feet, and its height from the ground line 124 feet. The eastern half, fronting on Clarke street, is occupied by the various officials of Cook county, who are located in spacious and elegant apartments; the rooms devoted to the administration of justice being models of court-room conveniences. The completion of the western half, or City hall, has been much hindered by the fact that the legal limit of taxation, 2 per cent., is too low to admit of any considerable amount of money being devoted to building purposes. It is, however, probable that, either by special legislation or in some other way, the means necessary to its completion will very shortly be made available. The amount required to make the building ready for occupation is about $570,000, the expenditure of which will raise the cost of the entire edifice to about $4,400,000. In the evening we drove to view the arches and house decorations that had been erected in honor of the President's visit, (which was to take place on the following day). Apparently no expense had been spared to make the demonstration an unqualified success. Wednesday opened bright but bracing, and everybody was early astir to

WELCOME THE PRESIDENT

to the Phœnix City. We were anxious to see the choice of the Republic and his beautiful and accomplished wife, but knowing that the street upon which our host's residence stood was on the proposed route of the procession, and knowing also that it would be next to impossible to see anything if we went out and attempted to jostle with the crowd, we decided to stay in the house, and view the procession from the windows. Future events proved that we had adopted the wiser course. About 10 o'clock the procession came along, and the concourse of people that accompanied the pageant was one of the largest we ever witnessed. The doorsteps were crowded with sightseers, the tops of the houses swarmed with spectators, windows were lined with eager ones enterprising speculators put up temporary seats on the scaffolding in connection with new buildings, enthusiastic boys climbed up telegraph and telephone poles and shouted loud "Hurrahs!" from their exalted perches. The street cars were brought to a standstill, and the procession itself was brought to a halt just when the carriage containing the President, Mrs Cleveland, Mayor Roche, and Mr Bissett, was directly in front of our post of observation. The halt lasted until the police opened up a way through the people who had thronged the streets in front of the procession, and thus afforded us an opportunity of obtaining an excellent view of the distinguished personages. The procession was taken part in by military battalions, corporation officials, police, trades' unionists, benevolent societies, and last, but by no means least, a band of veterans of the war—men who had fought and bled for the preservation of the Republic, and maintenance of the Union—who proudly carried aloft the remnant of a battle flag, which, tattered and torn as it was, yet drew loud applause from the assembled thousands as it passed before them in the line of march. Fully one hour and forty minutes was occupied by the procession in passing our post of observation. What was done and said at the place of reception before the 100,000 spectators is now matter of history, and our time and the patience of Canadian readers. In the afternoon we drove to the Palmer House to

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE PRESIDENT,

but, owing to the immense crowd, and the amount of physical force necessary to get sufficiently close to the Man of the People, we postponed that international courtesy until a more convenient season would offer itself. The American people may not be deferential to kings and queens, but they dearly love place-worships and titled personages for all that; and what I saw over in the most democratic city of the States leads me more firmly to cherish the belief, that for true democracy of feeling the average Canadian is far ahead of his cousin across the line. Thursday we drove to various points of interest, and in the evening visited

THE INTER-STATE EXPOSITION BUILDING.

There is probably no other building in Chicago with whose name strangers are so familiar as with that of the structure popularly known as the Chicago Exposition. The largest building in the world whose roof is unsupported by pillars; occupying a commanding position on the Lake front; built after the model of the famous exposition building at Vienna, in the short space of ninety-six days; it has been rendered still more remarkable by the many important purposes for which it has been used. The place of meeting of the memorable Republican Convention of 1880, the assembly hall of the Musical Festival of 1882, and, above all, the home of those exhibitions of the industrial, scientific and artistic productions of the Northwest which annually attract so many thousands of visitors of this great city, its name has become a household word throughout the West, even with thousands who have never seen it. Nearly 800 feet in length by 240 feet in width, 110 feet high, and with three lofty towers, its magnificent proportions excite universal admiration. These, however, are far less worthy of attention than is its remarkable adaptation to those great purposes for which it was erected, the facilities afforded for the advantageous display of every class of exhibits being almost unequaled. Friday and Saturday we spent in continuing our visit to

BUSINESS PLACES OF INTEREST

such as Marshall Field & Co's. wholesale house, a mammoth establishment six storeys high, with a complete department on each floor; Butler's Notion Store, a wonderful retail emporium; and other objective points to visitors to Chicago. We met a number of Goderich people, past and present, and, besides those enumerated, saw Geo. and James Cox, (sons of the late W. T. Cox, a former editor of THE SIGNAL), and their sister Florence, who all appeared to be doing exceedingly well. We also came across J. J. Wright, of the Point Farm, who was in the city visiting his aged mother. Sunday afternoon we attended

A CHINESE SUNDAY SCHOOL

in a basement of one of the Methodist churches, and were much struck with the pupils, for we had never before gazed upon the Sons of the Flowery Land. Each pupil had a special teacher, which is a somewhat different method from that adopted in ordinary Sunday schools. One Celestial was industriously but laboriously reading aloud a portion of the Sermon on the Mount, with quaint, but not unmusical accent; and before the close of the session we had the privilege of hearing a free translation in Chinese of that grand old camp-meeting song, "Shall we gather at the River?" sung to the old air, the tune and time being marvellously well kept, despite the change of language. In the evening we heard

AN EXCELLENT DISCOURSE

from the Rev Dr Lorimer, in one of the Baptist churches. This eminent divine is related to a number of well-known theatrical performers, and was at one period of his life destined for honors on the stage, but has been constrained to turn his talents and the histrionic ability of which he is undoubtedly possessed to the service of the pulpit and the reclaiming of fallen brethren. Sunday night on returning from church we met Robert Whitely, for the past twenty-six years a resident of Chicago, but an old Goderich boy, and well-known to many of the older readers of THE SIGNAL. He is still as lively as a cricket, and although full fifty summers and winters must have passed over his head, seems, like "Master Simon" in Washington Irving's *Sketch-Book*, to still maintain his youthful bloom. He has a warm corner in his heart for Goderich and Goderich folk.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Monday was spent in preparation for the home coming, and we must confess that much as we had enjoyed the visit to the great Western city, and much as we had been favored and attended to by our kind hosts and hostesses Mr and Mrs Allen and Mr and Mrs E.F. Moore, we were yet willing to turn our face toward the land of the Maple Leaf, and to leave the City of Turmoil and return to the Town of Quiet. There may be those who prefer the hurly-burly and the strife incident to the progressive and enterprising cities of the great West, but as for us, having experienced the sights and scenes of both, we must confess we prefer to live where seventy years are not crowded into forty, and where, although toil doesn't bring great gain, yet everyone has it within his power, by care and thrift, to establish for himself a place dearer than all earth beside—"Home Sweet Home."

G. C.

WHERE IS MAGNA CHARTA?

English Members of Parliament Denied Liberty of Speech.

Dublin, October 23.—Placards were posted in Woodford, County Galway, Ireland, this morning, summoning an indignation meeting under the auspices of the British Home Rule Union. Sir Wilfred Blunt, who was formerly a Conservative, but is now a Home Ruler, was announced to preside, supported by Mr Rowlands and other English members of Parliament. The meeting was proclaimed by the Government, and reinforcements of police and troops armed in the morning and paraded the streets. Thousands of persons flocked into the town. A platform was erected in a field behind the main street. When the speakers mounted the platform Divisional Magistrate Byrne forbade Blunt to hold the meeting. Blunt defied the magistrate, and the police were ordered to clear the platform. Blunt returned to the platform, and was again thrown off. Then, pale and breathless, he shouted:—"Are you such damned cowards that you dare not arrest me?" The District Inspector replied:—"I arrest you!" whereupon Blunt was seized and marched off under arrest, his wife following. The police charged upon the crowd that followed, and injured many persons. Mr Rowlands asked for three cheers for Blunt, which were given heartily. The crowd was kept back by Fusiliers. Blunt was brought before two magistrates, and on refusing to promise to refrain from participating in meetings he was retained in custody. Blunt and another prisoner were conveyed to Loughrea jail this evening. During the row Constable Connor refused to obey the order to charge the crowd and threw down his baton. He was arrested. Two meetings were afterwards held on the outskirts of the town, at which the arrest of Blunt was denounced. This morning before the meeting Blunt handed to Magistrate Bryne a written protest against the Government's action in proclaiming the meeting. Later Inspector Murphy visited Blunt and informed him that no meeting would be allowed. After the struggle on the platform Lady Blunt fainted, and lay on the grass unconscious for some time. Mr Rowlands and several reporters also suffered in the scuffle. Rev. Mr Fagan was arrested, but afterwards released. Mr Roach, a Poor Law Guardian, was arrested for assaulting the police. Lady Blunt clung to her husband's arm, and refused to leave him. Blunt, when asked if he would give bail, replied that as an Englishman he believed that the whole action of the police was illegal, and he would rather be imprisoned than give a pledge to representatives of the Tory Government.

Colborne.

TEMPERANCE.—Rev D. G. Cameron of Dungannon, will address a temperance meeting at Carlow this (Friday) evening, and on Tuesday evening Rev. I. B. Wallwin, of Goderich, will hold a meeting at Benmiller (not Bethel, as stated on bills).