enders,
s,
ollars,
&c., &c.,
&c., &c.
RICES
arge
ot of
Sundries,
&c., &c.
Y.
ORING
CCESS.
nd keen competition, I
ed on the 24th March,
sing rapidly.
NG WEEKLY
iving Profit.
REE OF CHARGE.
Cormac.
BROS.,
FFEES
ONT.
UGAR 4
WAY
50c. TEA.
elebrated
SOAP
Dc.
5c.
Goods.
HALL BROS.
2051
A Large Stock of First-Class Top Buggies on hand.
Canopy-Top Phætons, the Best in the Market.
Double-Seated Carriages of all Styles.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
All Work Warranted, and nothing but FIRST-CLASS WORK Made.
Call and Examine Stock. Opposite Colborne Hotel

The Huron Signal

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

THIRTY-NINTH YEAR. WHOLE NUMBER 2026. | GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1886. | McGILLICUDDY BROS PUBLISHERS $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

THE HURON SIGNAL

Is published every Friday Morning, by McGILLICUDDY BROS., at their Office, North st.,

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 if paid before six months $2.00 if not so paid. This rule will be strictly enforced.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—Eight cents per line for first insertion; three cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Yearly, half-yearly and quarterly contracts at reduced rates.

JOB PRINTING.—We have also a first-class jobbing department in connection, and possessing the most complete out-fit 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, JULY 16TH, 1886.

THE result of the British elections shows that, for the timebeing Home Rule for Ireland has been deferred, but it has also shown that nearly one-half of the English vote, two-thirds of the Scotch vote and five sixths of the Irish vote is in favor of the measure. During the months that Home Rule has been under the consideration of Gladstone in Parliament, Ireland has been more tranquil than at any other period during the past 86 years, since the barter and sale of Castlereagh was accomplished, and serfdom with the appellation of Union was foisted upon Ireland. During the past few months the only disloyal utterances and overt acts have been perpetrated by the sons of aliens who aforetime professed to be the "truly Loil" led by Ballykilbeg Johnston, "Major" Sanderson, and demagogues of that ilk. The risings have been almost invariably confined to the so-called "loyalists," or incited by them. These facts have been noted by the world at large, and the civilization of the nineteenth century that sympathises with despoiled Hungary and downtrodden Poland, will not hold back sympathy from mis-governed Ireland. Gladstone's scheme for the present has been defeated, but the great heart of Britain has felt the first touch of education on this question, and the scheme is destined to go on to triumph. Home Rule is not dead—it is only resting to gather strength for the final effort.

THE following patriotic words were uttered by Mr. Mercier, leader of the Quebec Liberals, at the recent Montreal banquet. They are words that must fire the heart of every Liberal and lover of political liberty :—

"The principles of the Liberal party are sufficiently broad and generous to allow of all men of all nationalities to stand up in its defence. As an example Gladstone was now engaged in one of the greatest struggles in the world's history to grant justice to a whole people. The Liberal party was the natural protector of the weak and oppressed in all countries, no matter whether they were inhabitants of the Green Isle or of the Northwest Territories. (Cheers.) The great Canadian leader had been the first to rise in Parliament to ask that justice be given to Ireland. (Applause.) The Canadian people had a right to feel proud of Papineau, Baldwins, Lafontaines and Hume Blakes, who had laid the foundations of constitutional government in this country."

THE Kincardine *Review* is honest enough to make the following admission regarding the question of railroad extension :—

"We fear the influence of the big mills in Goderich will be felt in settling the terminus of the Canada Pacific on this coast. The Messrs. Ontwin, as we understand the matter, have a chain of mills stretching from Manitoba to Montreal. Goderich, backed by a lever of this description and such shrewd men as M. C. Cameron, and numerous others, will prove no mean competitor of Kincardine with the Canadian Pacific people. The extension from Wingham to Goderich would unquestionably at least delay the extension from Teeswater to Kincardine."

The C. P. R. extension is coming hither. The trees are now ready for the axes that will turn them into ties for the extension from Wingham to Goderich. We shall see to it that the *Review* editor gets a press badge and a gilt-edged invitation to the demonstration at the formal opening of the road.

THE London *Free Press* has gone back on its Home Rule advocacy, and is now as maudlin as the rest of the Tory dailies of Canada. It winds up a ranting editorial with the following language :—

"That which has been won by the sword must be maintained by it; or else there will come about such a dissolution of the Empire as will mark the last part of the 19th century as that when the deeds of the forefathers were sacrificed to the maudlin sentimentality and cowardice of the sons."

The *Free Press's* shriek about "the sword" is silly. The Irish had a parliament one hundred years ago, which was taken away by treachery and English gold, and the sword had nothing to do with the "paper union." It was the sword, however, that *forced* the American colonies into independence, and "the sword policy" may yet accomplish for Ireland what it did for the United States.

THE *Orange Sentinel* has been enlarged, and now presents a handsome appearance. It is one of the bulwarks of Toryism in Canada.

WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

New Potatoes—The "Glorious Twelfth"—Something About Secret Societies—How a Sewing Society Collapsed.

—It's always counted a good year for Irishmen when a mess of new potatoes can be had on the 12th of July, and when it's a good year for Irishmen, it isn't a bad year for men from other countries. This year I, myself, rejoiced in a fine spread of murphies—the "craythurs" as my friend Mulcahy calls them—before the 12th. This was an early year for planting, and many of us took advantage of the opportunity. The result was early garden sass this season.

—Speaking of the 12th of July it reminds me that things are rapidly changing from the bitterness that prevailed years ago when I was a boy, and today, although in some places the Orangemen continue to walk, there is comparatively little of the turmoil and fighting that was incident to the old-time processions. I remember when, as a youngster, I used to listen with eyes wide open, mouth agape, and ears extended to the recounting of the thrilling incidents of the "Twelfth": How a procession was set on by the mob and stoned, and how in retaliation firearms were used by the processionists with deadly effect, after which the fight became general, murder was the result, and the police and military had to be called out to separate the combatants, and take charge of the corpses. And the two parties were the victims of religious zeal, and misguided fanaticism, and gave vent to their embittered feelings by

"Fighting like devils for conciliation,
And hating one another for the love of God,"

as Lover has so aptly put it. And the preachers in the old days fanned the flames of bigotry, and preached the perpetuation of the old feuds, and the upholding of Protestantism by the open Bible and the drawn sword. Thanks to our later civilization and the growth of intelligence, the old style is rapidly dying out, and a few more years will see an era of peace and goodwill established. The spread of education is fast clearing away the mists of bigotry, from religious denominationalism and the dawn of "Peace on earth, good will to men," seems nearer and nearer as each year rolls by. The Orange body is now looked upon with complacency by the Roman Catholic element, and except amongst the most illiterate and ignorant of the Orange order, insults are not now publicly hurled at Rome and Romanists. In this free Canada of ours Orangeism is of no real necessity, for the causes which brought it into existence never obtained here. In Canada every man has the privilege of worshipping in the manner that best pleases him, and no man dare attempt to thwart him in his mode of devotions. For my own part, if one of the neighbors likes to put on purple and fine linen on the 12th of July, and walk so jauntily that he imagines his spinal column is one of the pillars of the British constitution, I have no objection; and if one of my R. C. neighbors believes that green is the finest color in the world, and bedecks himself with it, I won't ask that a writ be issued to restrain him from so doing; and if I shovel snow on the 17th of March, or hoe potatoes on the 12th of July, I don't want Orange Billy or Catholic Teddy to bring force to bear so that I be made to observe either of the above days as a holiday. The neighbors have their whims and I have mine, and so long as they are not to the injury of one or the other we ought to be allowed to exercise them, but just as soon as our said whims become a nuisance to any of the parties concerned, then the majesty of the law should drop on the delinquent like a trip-hammer. Now, boys, you understand me, and if any of you have hobnailed brogues don't step on the toes of the others who have bared feet.

—Speaking of societies in general, I'm not particularly in favor of them. And I mean all societies, male and female, gentle and simple. In my young and callow days, I belonged to a number of so-called secret societies, and I know whereof I speak. I've known men to spend more time and money in society business than they gave to the maintenance of their family; I've known sober and upright men to become drunken and dissolute from the associations formed at and after "lodge"; I've known what were once happy homes to be broken up because the husband was absent from his home nearly every evening of the week, and the wife whom he had sworn to cherish and protect was left nightly to brood over her loneliness, and weep over her wretched condition. Of course, this isn't orthodox preaching, but it's the truth—the straight, unadulterated truth. I remember when the jar of whiskey was as frequent in the lodge room as the chairman's gavel, and so will many of the old society men who read this,—and perhaps some not so old, too; and I have known when men who had forfeited their places in reputable society were aided and abetted because of the sign of former brotherhood. Of course, latterly the benevolent features in societies have made their appearance, and many profess to be purely benevolent in their provisions. To the benevolent part I don't pretend to take exception, but I decidedly object to the action of the man who is so anxious that his family shall be kindly cared for after he is dead, that he allows his every evening to be so taken up with regular and special society meetings, that he is barely on speaking terms with his wife, and is merely a casual acquaintance of his children. If a man's heart is bound up in his family let him endeavor to see that they are as kindly cared for while he is living as they will be after he is dead. The man who cares more for a lodge room than he does for his home should never have bound himself with the sacred influences of the family circle. I may have something further to say on this question at another time.

—And right here I might observe that this gregarious business is not confined to the men. I well recollect when I was a piccaninny, as old Aunt Chloe used to say, that some of the women of our town, egged on by the fervid oratory to of a returned missionary from Fiji, or some other outlandish place, (where well-fed white people were received with eager hands and open mouths by the cannibal aborigines,) formed a society for sending shirts to the shirtless Old Heathen, knickerbockers to Young Heathen, and overskirts to Mrs Heathen. The object of the Society was considered a laudable one, as the climate was represented to be of such a nature that by exposure to it the complexion of the aborigines had been somewhat affected. The Society was eager for the good work, and bales of factory cotton and spools of thread by the gross were ordered for the work, and then members for sewing purposes were solicited to join. And every ancient maiden who wanted to help her fellow in the islands of the Southern Seas, and every matron who wanted an excuse for neglecting her household duties, and every young woman who wanted to learn the tittle-tattle of the neighborhood, joined "The Society to Provide Shirts for the Shirtless in the Southern Seas." For the first few weeks, between biting off endthreads and hemming the side issues, the willing workers confined themselves to discussing the spoiled complexions of the Fijians, but that subject soon wore threadbare, and then conversation turned upon some of the heathen nearer home. The outside public, male and female, alike came in for adverse criticism, and, as invariably happens, after a while the nature of the discussions leaked out, and the outsiders arose in their wrath against the garment-builders for Fiji. A merry old wag, who enjoyed the racket, said "The Society to Provide Shirts for the Shirtless in the Southern Seas" should have its name changed to "The Cackling Hen Society," and, *presto*, change!—it was done by the outside barbarians. For a time the Society endeavored to fight down the new appellation, but the big battalion was against them, and although a gallant stand was made, the members were eventually borne down by force of numbers. They had henceforth either to be known as "The Cackling Hens" or succumb—and they succumbed.

—Of course, we have no society like the one mentioned in Goderich, and I merely relate the historic fact to show that female as well as male societies can run themselves into the ground.

AJAX.

WE observe that at the final court of revision for Wentworth county, a vote of thanks was tendered the revising officer, Judge Sinclair, formerly of Goderich, by both political parties, for his fairness and impartiality in administering the law during the holding of the revising courts. The motion was moved by Col. Gwyn, the Tory counsel, and seconded by Mr. Begue, the Reform solicitor. It gives us pleasure to know that from the tatting of the tenders for the printing of the lists to the last decision in the final court, our old townsman has reaped the respect of those with whom he had to deal.

ORANGE SERMON.

Rev. G. R. Turk Delivers an Eloquent Discourse.

"What Hast Thou to do with Peace?"—The Necessity for Upholding Right—Good Counsel to the Brethren.

Sunday last North street Methodist church was largely attended to hear Rev. G. R. Turk preach the anniversary sermon to the members of the Orange society of Goderich. The discourse was an eloquent one and well-delivered, and was listened to with interest and marked attention by the large congregation.

The preacher took for his text, II Kings ix—18: "What hast thou to do with Peace?" After referring to the condition of the Israelites at the period with which the text dealt, and dwelling on the miraculous interposition of Providence in the raising up of Jehu as a deliverer of the people from the worship of Baal, he said: "What hast thou to do with Peace?" is an ancient question, but it is one for modern ears. We might propound the question to the man who sacrifices public weal on the altar of private interest, who in his blind attachment to party winks at the corruptions of State; to the worldling, who, in the mad rush for wealth starves and stultifies his soul, which can be satisfied with nothing but God; to the unsaved who, with the wrath of God upon them cry, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace;" or to the seeker after salvation who stands with the legions of the world and hell arrayed against him to bar his passage to the Cross. To each of these the question comes, "What hast thou to do with peace?" This morning we address these words to professing Christians many of whom have settled down in dreamy apathy, saying, "Peace, peace!" when they should be standing sword in hand and with armor on, "battling for the Lord." Brethren, what have we to do with peace when the enemy is in our midst. By the enemy, of course I refer to sin as it exists. We may not speak of any form of vice, but behind every manifestation there is a personality—the Evil One himself. There lives a monster in the mighty deep which is the object of universal dread. Planting itself at the bottom, it throws out its network of feelers, hundreds in number and many feet in length, and woe to the thing of life which comes within reach, for it is drawn to the bottom and drowned. The sailors call it the devil-fish, no doubt, because of the manner in which it takes its prey. How fitting the name? From the regions beneath, Satan sends up his influences, whose name is Legion, to ensnare men and drag them down to death. This is the enemy. We as Christians sometimes speak of being in an enemy's country. This morning we change the expression, and say the enemy has invaded our country. Some speak as though this world belonged to the devil, and Christians had no right to it save that of conquest. We protest against such an idea. The more I read the Bible the more I am convinced that the devil has no right to this world. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." In the beginning the Lord created the earth—created it for His children. In the light of these facts Satan is a trespasser. We impeach him as the originator and perpetrator of all that is evil. What have we to do with peace so long as he is in the midst? What have we to do with peace when war has been declared by God against the enemy? The declaration was made in Eden after the fall. Speaking to Satan, God said, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman; between her seed and thy seed. It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." For two thousand years the conflict raged; then Christ came. He came to war. I know before He came Isaiah heralded Him as the "Prince of Peace," and at His birth the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men." His own words were equally true, "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." His coming meant peace to those who should accept Him, but war to the empire of sin. After further drawing an analogy between the times of Jehu and our modern days, and showing the necessity for earnest battle on the side of right principle, the preacher specially referred to the anniversary feature of the sermon as follows :—

To my mind the propriety of celebrating anniversaries of great events is beyond a question. We are living in the golden present. Life—natural, physical, intellectual, scientific, spiritual—pulsates and moves as never before. The future stretches away before us big with promise. But behind us lies the historic past, of which we cannot afford to be ignorant. There were giants in those days. They rose up like beautiful islands amid the dreary waste of waters. They are to be reverenced all the more because of the times in which they lived, the corruptions they battled, the reforms they enacted. The drama is gone, "all gone like an unsubstantial pageant faded." But their work survives the wreck of centuries and tells for ages, tells for God. We cannot in right spirit review their lives and work without being strengthened and inspired "to better act our part in life." The Negroes of this continent on the first of August celebrate the anniversary of their emancipation. Year after year they go back and speak the praises of Grant and Sherman and other heroes of the battle field, and the no less illustrious heroes of the platform, William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. It must do them good and make them prize that which was bought so dear, "a freedom bought with blood." The same may be said of the annual Orange celebration. Some say these celebrations are born and fostered by a sectional party spirit, and are a standing insult to Catholicism. If I believed such a spirit animated you I would not be a party to it even by speaking to you today. But I do not so interpret these anniversaries. No insult is intended to conscientious Roman Catholics, nor to the form of religion they believe. To support this I quote the following extract from the constitution of the Orange Association :

"The Orange Association lays no claim to exclusive loyalty, or exclusive Protestantism; but it admits no man within its pale whose principles are not loyal, or whose creed is not Protestant.

"Disclaiming an intolerant spirit, the Association demands as an indispensable qualification, without which the greatest and the wealthiest may seek admission in vain, that the candidate shall be deemed incapable of persecuting or injuring any one on account of his religious opinions; the duty of every Orangeman being to aid and defend all loyal subjects, of every religious persuasion, in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights."

You meet, not so much to speak of the victories of Enniskellin, Aughrim, Londonderry and the Boyne, nor out of memory of the illustrious William III., though that of itself would be sufficient reason for meeting. But you meet to commemorate the triumph of those principles which made the revolution of 1688-90 forever memorable. As you are aware, I am not a member of your order. Still as it seemed proper to you to come here, there are a few things which I feel it my duty to say to you as regards what appear to me, to be the needs of Orangeism today. I. Study well the history of your organization. Your founder, the man from whom you take your name was a great man. You may well revere his memory. When we think of the abuses he battled against, and the reforms he enacted, we may well accept the verdict of Macaulay, "In the role of fame there is no more illustrious hero than William III., Prince of Orange." We can say more. No man crowned or uncrowned ever did more to lay the foundation of England's greatness and buttress the superstructure as it rose than King William III. He was a modern Jehu, being a vindicator of justice. He came from his own land, to England, at the united call of the nobles and commons. He came not as conqueror but as emancipator, and well did he perform his mission. And he was as good as great, his private life being above suspicion. It is to be feared there are many who call themselves after this great man who do not really know him or the place he fills in history, and who do not follow him in principle and life. II. There is another thought closely allied to this. The great need of your order is *to carry out in practice the principles of your constitution.*

The preacher here read the following "Qualifications Essential for Membership," and practically applied each clause :—

"An applicant for admission should have a sincere love and veneration for his Almighty Maker, productive of those lively and happy fruits—righteousness and obedience to His commands; a firm and steadfast faith in the Saviour of the world, convinced that He as the only Mediator between a sinful creature and an offended Creator. His disposition should be humane and compassionate, and his behaviour kind and conciliatory; he should be an enemy to savage brutality and every species of unchristian conduct; a lover of rational and improving society; faithfully regarding the Protestant religion, and sincerely desirous of propagating its receipts, *i.e.*, charity and goodwill to all men. Zealous in promoting the honor, happiness and prosperity of his Queen and country; heartily desirous of success in those pursuits, yet convinced that God alone can grant them. He should have a hatred of cursing and swearing, and of taking the name of God in vain; he should use all opportunities of discouraging them among his brethren, and shun the society of all persons addicted to those shameful practices. Prudence should guide all his actions; temperance, sobriety and honesty direct his conduct; and the laudable objects of the Association be the motives of his endeavors."

III. Another need is—adopt the conciliatory spirit. Because fathers quarrelled there is no reason children should perpetuate the feud. The whole tendency of society in these days should be the recognition of all that is good in each other. Remember, I would not have you foster a false peace policy. A righteous war is better than an unrighteous peace. Where principle is involved be as ready to fight as your fathers were. Never swerve one hairsbreadth from the loyal Protestant faith. You may do all this and still possess a conciliatory spirit. Witness the changed attitude of the Christian churches toward one another. There was a time when Calvanist fought Arminian and Arminian hurled anathema against Calvanist. Today they stand on the same platform of Christian endeavor. I can remember when a minister of the Church of England would not be found associated with a Methodist. Two years ago in the city of London I saw a number of the highest officials in the church coming from the synod as a fraternal delegation to the Methodist conference. A few weeks ago the Venerable Archdeacon Elwood, of this town, stood up in this very church and spoke words of counsel and cheer to a body of Methodist preachers. And on the same occasion Rev. Dr. Ure, of Knox church also expressed words of kindliness and Christian love. What does all this mean? It means that men are coming to understand each other, and therefore are recognizing each other. Be firm in Protestant principles, but at the same time remember others are your brethren. They may be wrong. They are your brethren still. IV. Lastly, I would say, unite with all Christians in extending Christianity throughout the world. As I have shewn, an Orangeman who abides by his constitution must be a Christian. If a Christian he will be animated by the spirit of Christian endeavor. Christ is the world's Saviour and the world's hope. Calvary was the Fort Sumpter of this world's emancipation from the slavery of sin. Sin may abound, but grace shall much more abound. This world's Armageddon has not yet been fought, but it will be fought, and the Church of Christ shall rise triumphant. Then shall peal forth the anthem of universal peace. Old ocean shall roll it up to every shore in symphony grand. Every streamlet and river shall ripple it. The hills shall rejoice; the mountains shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Then will our homes be safe, our schools free to all, our churches filled with regenerated and devout worshippers; the great public sentiment of the land right; our parliaments true representatives of the people; our public men afraid to do wrong; our broad provinces prove an asylum to the oppressed of every clime; and from fertile Ontario to the far north, from the surge swept Atlantic to the sun kissed ripples of the Pacific, God's cornucopia shall be poured out, His sceptre of righteousness swayed, His benison of peace rest, till the millenium morn shall dawn, and He whose right it is to reign shall ride forth on the white horse of victory proclaiming universal emancipation.

A Growl from Brussels.

Our Goderich friends, through THE SIGNAL, chose to speak very lightly of our beautiful park (a place of which we are so justly proud) as being unfit for cricket playing, and also for our lack of hospitality, attributing their defeat here in a measure to hunger. This may be true, in part, and some of them may have been hungry before they left home, but a better opportunity for retaliation is seldom afforded than our Goderich experience gives us, though we will not take full advantage of it. In regard to refreshments, they had lunch on our grounds and free supper at night. This is in accordance with the recognized rules of visiting hospitality. We got the lunch and paid for our suppers. So much for treatment. Their grounds, of which we expected so much, no Celtic clan was ever more secure amid their own native cliffs and glens than were our Goderich friends among the "Tootly heights" of their boasted grounds. Truly if the ball passed a prescribed limit it was hop, step and jump from the top of one hillock to another, the intervening ruts being so deep that some of them were used as receptacles for worn out whiskey stills and other rubbish, as being the most unfrequented place around town. On such grounds as these it is easy to see our "Base Ball sluggers" had but a poor show. The game, however, passed off amicably enough, no dispute at all, except, perhaps, a word or two through Mr. Drummond's inclination to hide his wickets with his legs. Messrs. Drummond and Stark are truly the backbone of the Goderich team. The reputation of the "Base Ball sluggers" would have suffered a great deal more were it not for the well watched wickets of Seaman Laird. The umpiring by lawyers Elliott, of Blyth, and Dickenson, of Wingham, was very satisfactory and the scoring was attended to by F. S. Scott, of Brussels, and Hilton Holmes, of Goderich. A goodly number of visitors witnessed the proceedings.—[Brussels Post.

We are charitable enough to suppose that the writer of the above anonymous letter, which was inserted in the *Post* at the foot of the score, does not represent the Brussels cricket club. That part of the letter touching THE SIGNAL's report of the first match is an invention. We now reproduce what appeared in THE SIGNAL regarding the grounds, hospitality, etc., of the Brussels cricketers. It will be seen that there is no "excuse" made for defeat. We quote :

"The Goderich team, with a number of friends, visited Brussels on the 24th, to play the first of the county matches with the home team. The Brussels ground is rather small, but quite a large square is nicely rolled in the centre, allowing a change of crease for each match."

. . . . . .

"The match was a very pleasant one, and the visitors were very kindly treated by the Brussels players and their friends. Dominion Day will see a return match on the Goderich grounds. The following is the score :—

Our cricketers have declined to enter into any newspaper controversy with their Brussels friends. In cricket, it is not good form to be too much elated over winning, or to grow sour over defeat. The correspondent of the *Post*, if he be a gentleman, will make an apology.

Every Sunday School teacher and superintendent should get a copy of the "Proceedings of the 19th and 20th Provincial S. S. Conventions, held respectively in Brockville and Stratford." It is a fine volume of over 250 pages, containing verbatim reports of the speeches delivered at these conventions. It is a cheap book at the price—only 25c.

WHISKY CASE.—The former case against Mr. Fulton of Winthrope having been dismissed, another information was laid against him for a violation of the Scott Act. The case was heard on Saturday July 3rd before John McMillan and Andrew Govenlock, J. P.'s, at the Temperance Hall, Winthrop. The witnesses were nearly the same as in the former case, but the evidence must have been straighter, as the magistrates made a conviction and inflicted a fine of $50 and costs. Mr. Dancey, who appeared for the defendant, gave notice of appeal. —[Expositor.