

THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 8, 1886.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Two more Orangeville hotelkeepers have been fined \$100 each for violations of the Scott Act.

The Scott Act is now in operation in sixty-three of the counties and cities of the Dominion.

The license commissioners for Toronto have listed their names for the year. Upon it are 120 names, being six less than the number last year.

Ten convictions of \$50 each and costs have been secured against violators of the Scott Act in the town of Peterborough. There was intense excitement in the town during the progress of the trials.

The sale of intoxicants of every kind is prohibited upon the Island this summer. The Island now will be a safe resort for ladies and a genuine boon to all respectable persons at sunny summer afternoons and evenings.—*Toronto Truth*.

The street car strike in Toronto continues. The cars are running regularly, and the strikers have now a regularly organized bus company, with shares of \$5 each; no person being allowed to hold more than \$10 worth of stock, and only one vote to be allowed to any stockholder.

By an Act of last session of the Ontario Legislature each county in the Province is entitled to have one student in attendance at the college without the requirement of any entrance or tuition fee. The nomination of a student is made by the County Council. The student must be the son of a practical farmer, residing in the county, and must have lived on his parent's farm at least two years prior to his admission to the college.

The first appropriation for the expenses incurred in working the franchise act to the amount of \$200,000 has been included in the supplementary estimates just laid before parliament. What the total will be when the revising barristers have finished their work and sent their bill in and the party organs have received their pay for printing the completed lists, can only be guessed at. Probably it will not fall much, if any, short of half a million.

The Detroit Free Press says that Canadian saloon-keepers, fleeing from the Scott Act, are investing that city and are buying gin-mills at high prices. Thus at length Canada has been enabled to pay the large debt she has long been owing to Uncle Sam. A saloon-keeper is as good a man as an American bank cashier, and Canada thinks she will be able to square accounts by exporting one of the former for every one of the latter imported.—*Berlin News*.

The Fun at Milton.

The Waterloo Chronicle, referring to the recent publication in the Sun and Champion of the private letter stolen from Rev. Dr. Parker, of St. Thomas, says—

They had more fun in Milton the last week or two than an edition of Peck's Sun and Grip put together could carry in a month. Fatty Geoghegan's adventures are not a beginning to it. They have the Scott Act in Milton. They have also an Anti-Council. The Antis thought it would be a smart thing to get up a petition to the Government saying there was more whiskey than ever drunk in Milton, and as the Scott Act was compelling many temperate sober people to get drunk, it would be better to license half a dozen people to sell the stuff legally so as to diminish the traffic or something to that effect. The resolution passed the Council and the whiskey press copied it all and told the Mayor and Council they were sensible fellows. Then the Rev. Dr. Parker, of St. Thomas, wrote to the Rev. A. E. Russ, M. A., of Milton, asking him how these things could be. Mr. Russ explained the composition of the Council, showing how one member had been fined for selling liquor, how others were related to liquor dealers or were connected with the business in various ways. He took up the seven who voted for the resolution one by one, giving a vivid portrait of each, and finishing up with a couple of ministers who had opposed temperance all along, whom he characterized as "blind leaders of the blind," and hoped they would not tumble into the "big ditch" at last. This letter was marked confidential, and was written in the reserved style of a private communication. But the Antis got hold of it somehow, and of all things in the world, men could do, they did the very unluckiest. Notwithstanding a lawyer's letter forbidding it, they published their own pen portraits in their town papers. The job was a good one on Russ, but it was better on his victims. For every man of them is fairly plodded in that letter in all his nakedness, and everybody recognizes that they did the deed themselves. Russ has the best of it. If he had put up the job on them purposely they could not have dropped into the trap more stupidly. For they have no legal redress against him, since they, not he, did the publication.

A Skirmish with Indians.

Medicine Hat, N. W. T., May 30.—On Thursday an outpost in the Cypress Hills, in charge of Corporal Ritchie, discovered a band of American Indians camped a few miles from the outpost. The corporal and a squad went to the Indians and asked their business. Being answered by a shower of bullets, which fell wide of the mark, the squad returned the fire, dropping one Indian. The Indians escaped.

High Price.

Mr. John Neelands, writing from the Methodist Parsonage, Adelaisa, Ont., says: "I have used Haggard's Pectoral Balsam in our family for years. For heavy colds, sore throat, and distressing coughs no other medicine so soon relieves."

If you have pain and pectorification of the heart it indicates a congestive condition of the system, especially of the kidneys and liver, which can be removed only by Warner's safe cure.

Notes From Goderich.

GODERICH, Ind. June 8.—We arrived here safely yesterday afternoon, and are now comfortably settled in this flourishing town, with its church spires, public edifices, stirring business places, and pretty private residences. The cordial reception accorded the letters from the pen of the editor when absent on former occasions induces us to write a few lines concerning this place and the object of our visit here, which we trust will prove interesting to the many readers of the Free Press.

Goderich is pleasantly situated on the banks of the River Maitland, where it empties into Lake Huron. It lies in the centre of a large area of the coast, which forms an excellent harbor, the most important along the east shore of the lake, and enriched with a background of bright green foliage of abundant trees, it has an air of quiet and almost sleepy beauty. It was founded some half a century ago by John Galt and Dr. Dunlop, and was for some time the capital of the Huron District, subsequently divided into the Buffalo & Goderich branch of the G.T.R., and is exactly 100 miles from Acton. The principal industry is its salt works, the establishment of which a few years ago brought the place into especial prominence. The new industry paid so well at first that almost every man of means in the place invested, but the Canadian demand proved too limited for the extent of the manufacturers, and as the United States market was "projected" a large number of wells were obliged to suspend operations, and now only a comparatively few large establishments are being operated, while many smokeless chimneys and idle derricks tell the tale of the "boom" of by-gone days. But the town has other businesses of some magnitude, notably the large flouring mills, and it is the centre of extensive and valuable fisheries. It has boiler and machine works, soap works, wooden factories, etc. There are Methodists, Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Catholic churches, good schools (with between 800 and 900 pupils in attendance), two weekly newspapers (*The Signal* and the *Sun*), Mechanics Institute, banks a number of good stores, a pleasant park, etc., and the business of the town appears to be in a prosperous and satisfactory condition.

A broad waterway shields the harbor from the wash of the lake, and the entrance is protected by two long piers of crib-work, while the large lighthouse, situated on a high projecting bluff, sheds its welcome rays far over the dark waters for the safety of belated vessels. It is a principal shipping port for lumber and grain, and has daily communication by steamers with Sarnia and Detroit, and the ports on the south coast of Lake Huron. So much for the good town which is to be our home for the week.

The majority of the 300 ministers and laymen who compose the Guelph Conference of the Methodist Church arrived in town last evening, and are made to feel that they are cordially welcome by the kind people here. The first session was opened this morning at nine o'clock; Rev. D. C. McDowell, of Wingham, the esteemed President, in the chair. Thus far routine business only has been transacted, but we hope to have some matter of interest for next issue. Interesting services are anticipated for Sunday, and of those the day of the love feast and ordination services will no doubt be the most attractive.

H. P. M.
About Annexation.

That level-headed leader in the ranks of journalism in the south referring to the dissatisfaction at present existing in Nova Scotia and one or more of the maritime Provinces, very sensibly remarks—

Those American papers which are jumping to the conclusion that the end of it will be annexation to the United States are hasty in a double sense. In the first place, what the people of those provinces want is a return to the system of independence which they practically had previous to confederation, and in the second place, confederation takes no backward steps, but on the contrary marches right on to nationality. The present dissatisfaction cannot interfere with the development of the young Canadian nation, any more than the race feeling in Quebec can. Call it fate, or destiny, or what ever name you choose; there is no escape from the course of events.

The men in the north are in a fever of anxiety. The present dissatisfaction cannot interfere with the development of the young Canadian nation, any more than the race feeling in Quebec can. Call it fate, or destiny, or what ever name you choose; there is no escape from the course of events. The men in the north are in a fever of anxiety. The present dissatisfaction cannot interfere with the development of the young Canadian nation, any more than the race feeling in Quebec can. Call it fate, or destiny, or what ever name you choose; there is no escape from the course of events.

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