

Last Thursday there was a little row between Joe Allen, a prosperous farmer, and J. B. Honeyman, blacksmith at Sherbrooke. The Pioneer has it in this wise. Mr. Allen went into Honeyman's shop to pay a 'smith debt, some dispute arose and Honeyman called Allen a d—d liar and at the same time struck at him with a slate he happened to have in his hand. This angered Allen, and to defend himself, struck Honeyman square in the face, knocking out a couple teeth, and otherwise disfiguring him. Mr. Allen informs us that, owing to the old age of Mr. H., he is very sorry for striking him so hard—at least—and wishes no trouble had arose. Still he does not like to be called a provaricator and have a man rub his nose with a slate. We are taking no sides in the matter whatever, but we have personally known Mr. Allen since '35, and never before heard of him being quarrelsome.

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