See That You Get
"GOLDEN RULE" or
"WHITE EAGLE"
FLOUR
FROM YOUR GROCER
AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Miramichi and the North Shore, etc.

THE "ADVANCE" is for sale at Johnson's Bookstore, and the Circulating Library, Desmond building, next door to the Telephone Exchange.

PRESBYTERY MEETING :—The Presbytery of Miramichi will meet in quarterly session in St. Luke's Hall, Bathurst, on Tuesday Sept. 29th. at 10 o'clock standard time.

N. McKAY, Clerk.

MIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS :—If you are looking for the right kind of cemetery work, we are quoting prices that will draw the order from your inside vest pocket.

J & H LAWLOR & Co.

PURE BRED STOCK :—Farmer Joseph L. Tweedie became the proud possessor of a pure bred young Jersey cow last Friday, which arrived by train and was duly added to that enterprising young ranchman's range. Gilt-edged butter will now command a high price in a certain limited local market.

PERSONAL :—News has been received of the marriage in California of A. Kortright Neales formerly of Chatham, and Miss Isabel McCord. Mr. Neales is a graduate of the N. B. University and was obliged to leave Chatham and remove to California a few years ago owing to ill health. He has since practiced his profession successfully in his new home. Mr. Neales is a brother of Rev. Canon Neales of Woodstock and of J. DeVeber Neales of Newcastle.

JOHN SULLIVAN, the man suspected of murdering Mrs. Dutcher and her son, of Meadow Brook, Westmoreland County and burning her house to conceal the crime, and who ran away, was captured in Washington County, Maine, where he was sojourning under an assumed name. He has been brought back to the scene of the crime.

Mrs. Dutcher is said to have originally belonged to the parish of Hardwick in this county.

GAME :—The moose caribou and deer season opened on 15th inst.

The partridge, woodcock and snipe season opened on the 21st inst.

The season for black ducks and other wild ducks opened on 1st inst.

The shooting of partridges for sale, or the selling of partridges is prohibited.

Residents of the province are under a penalty for hunting moose, caribou or deer without obtaining a license therefor, cost of which is $2. Non-residents must obtain license for similar hunting, price $20.

R. B. S :—Mr. Thomas Flanagan, Chatham, and Mr. E. Lee Street, Newcastle, have just received a new supply of the great remedy, Holloway's Red Blood Syrup. This wonderful preparation for pale, weak, nervous persons or those run down by overwork, disease or other causes, cannot be excelled. From information gained through the press, it is having a larger sale than any other preparation of its kind on the market, and in places in which it has been extensively sold, has been the means of decreasing the death rate and improving the health of the community.

WHY DISAPPEARED? The World appears to always have its little hatchet ready for Provincial Secretary Tweedie. At the opening of the exhibition at St. John, Premier Mitchell asked Mr Tweedie to deliver the address, as he had been ordered by his physician not to speak at any length at any time. Mr. Tweedie did so, the address being his own. Yet the World goes out of its way to say "Mr. Mitchell's address was read by Hon. Mr. Tweedie." It looks like a small business on the part of the World.

THE DIRECTORS of the Fredericton Deaf and Dumb Institution are desirous of warning the subscribers against handing their subscriptions to any but the authorized collectors of the Institution, Mr. Geo. E. Powers and Mr. S. Sheldon Fride, who have with them letters of authority signed by the Principal and Secretary.

Both these gentlemen can hear and speak, and information regarding the deaf mute who lately used the annual report of the Institution and solicited subscriptions in St. John and other places will be gladly received by the secretary, the Rev. Canon Roberts, Fredericton.

AN ATTRACTION to buyers of family groceries, provisions, dry goods and general household supplies is offered by Mr. Roger Flanagan at his well known store on St. John Street, Chatham, in the form of silver knives and forks, silver spoons, silver cruet stands and boxes of tea. He issues tickets which are presented by customers every time they make purchases, and no matter how small the amount, it is punched off, and when the purchases aggregate either $15 or $30, as the case may be, one of the articles specified viz.—a cruet stand, or a dozen of silver knives or forks for a $30 ticket or a 5 lb. box of tea, or 1 doz. silver spoons for a $15 ticket is given free.

Burned to Death.

At St. Stephen on Thursday afternoon a young daughter of Frank Buzzell was accidentally burned to death, Gipsies had been camping opposite Mr. Buzzell's but left shortly after noon. The fire by which they cooked their dinner was not extinguished when they left, and the little girl crossed over from curiosity. While playing about the fire her clothes accidentally caught and before help arrived she was fatally burned.

A Dance that ended Badly.

NEWCASTLE, Sept. 19th.

We are a fighting people. There was a dance at Masonic Hall last night. All went merry as a marriage bell until one Mose Gorman, of Nelson, caused a fight at 1 a.m. The fair sex got frightened, and left. All hands took part, assisted by special policeman Stewart. After twenty minutes of warfare even were than that at the old school house on Wednesday evening, Moses was arrested. Mr. T. W. Butler induced His Honor, Mr. Justice Nevin, to go to the lockup at 3 a.m. and admit Gorman to bail. Mr. J. DeVeber Neales, of the "Justices' Civil Court" took upon himself to appear for the Crown. He "caused" His Honor and was threatened with a seat in the cell. Gorman was admitted to bail.

The parties retired to a place of refreshment and argued the points of law. Counsel for Crown used abusive language to counsel for defence and said bad words. Counsel for defence prepared for action, fired a broad side, missed and landed in the corner. Counsel for crown in the other corner, made apologies, which the other was induced to accept. Counsel for defence then put on his clothes. Counsel for crown waited around all day for something to turn up, and left for Ottawa at 11.30 p.m., where he is expected to receive the position of passenger agent I. C. R.

EX-GUNNER HAYFOOT.

Mr. C. Donnelly, wholesale liquor dealer, Alliston, Ont., was troubled for years with Bleeding Piles. He was persuaded by Jas. McGarvey, Alliston, livery man, to use Chase's Ointment, which he did, was cured, has had no return of them and highly recommends this Ointment as a sovereign cure for Piles.

Lower Gloucester.

INKERMAN, GLOUCESTER Co., N. B.
Sept. 21, 1896.

To the Editor of the Miramichi Advance

SIR :—The crops are nearly all housed, except potatoes and turnips ; hay a very light crop ; oats are considerably rusted ; wheat in general good ; potatoes in dry land reported small, in moist land good—the season is too dry for potatoes and turnips.

Recent rains have come in good time to soften the land for ploughing.

The church of the Immaculate Conception at upper Pokemouche is nearing completion on the outside, under the skilful management of Rev. Father Fitzgerald, pastor, and Mr. Connors of Chatham, foreman. In appearance it is a neat building and in its construction solid.

A good many are passing away to the silent majority in this parish. Recently Mrs. Thomas Rivers died, aged 93 years. On Friday of last week Jervais Landry of this place passed away also, in his 69th year. He was the sixth of the family ; his funeral was largely attended.

The season all through has been very unhealthy.

Two gentlemen living in this parish who are hale and hearty for their age, are worth noting—Joseph Sewell Esq., in his 97th year, and Merriam Robichaw, about the same age, —96 or 97 years, so that we have and had three very old people in our parish. Messrs. Sewell and Robichaw, will see 100 years or more, judging by appearances.

There are considerable of new buildings going up just now, and a good number of top buggies driving around—indications of good times, although money is reported scarce.

The R. R. Bridge across Pokemouche River is progressing well on the Gulf Shore Line. If better facilities for getting through the bridge with rafts and deeply laden scows were provided it would be in order. As it is, it will obstruct proper navigation and trade of the river very much. I understand application has been made for a fifty foot span. As yet there are no signs of it. It would be cheaper and better to have it now than later.

Yours &c.
INKERMAN.

MIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS :—No experiment in buying from us. We always send out the best stock and work that can be obtained. No order too small, none too large We are watching the mails for your correspondence on the subject of cemetery work.

J. H. LAWLOR & Co.

The Delineator.

The October number of The Delineator is called the autumn number, and its many colored Plates of Dress Modes and Millinery reflect the rich but subdued tints characterizing Autumnal Fashions. Mothers will find especially helpful the Directions for Fitting out the Family with Autumn and Winter Clothing. The literary matter shows a continuance of the high quality lately noted, two brilliant additions to the list of contributors being made in Frances Lynde and Viola Allen. The former is represented by a spirited story of the Tennessee Mountains, crisp and vivid as an etching. The latter brings her experience as leading lady at the Empire Theatre, New York City, to the discussion of The Stage as a Profession for Women. Both hostess and guest will enjoy what Mary Cadwalader Jones has to say about Hospitality. Maude C. Murray-Miller begins a series entitled 'Six Important Days in a Woman's Life" with "The Day She is Born." In A Ramona Luncheon Sharlot M. Hall describes an entertainment distinctively Spanish-American in its dishes and appointments. J. Harry Adams gives illustrated instructions for Relief Etching in Brass, Emma Haywood explains three designs for Embroidered Pin-Cushions and continues her exposition of ecclesiastical Embroidery, Mrs. A. B. Longstreet writes about some Notable Women in Business, Frances Leeds devotes her paper on interior Decoration to the Nursery, E. C. Vick rehearses the Floral Work for the month and there are the usual entertaining departments of Tea-Table Chat, New Books, Seasonable Cookery, Knitting, Tatting, Lace-Making, etc.

Address communications to The Delineator Publishing Co., of Toronto, Ltd., 33 Richmond St., West, Toronto, Ont., or the local agent for The Butterick Patterns.

Subscription price of The Delineator, $1.00 per year, or 15c. per single copy.

[Advocate.]

Newcastle Field Battery.

The 12th Newcastle Field Battery went into camp on Monday, under command of Captain R. L. Maltby, to perform their twelve days drill in camp. Their camp is pitched, as it was last year, on the property known as the Fortune property at the upper end of the town, and is known as Camp Fortune. This has for many years been the firing point for the gun practice, the target being moored on the Northwest branch, giving a range of one thousand yards.

The men marched into camp on Monday morning, pitched their tents and got dinner and in the afternoon brought down the guns.

There are in camp officers and men to the number of 63, and 29 horses.

The officers and men are as follows :—

Capt. R. L. Maltby.
Lieut. Charles Sargeant.
Lieut. M. H. Smith.
Surgeon Robert Nicholson.
Vet.-Surgeon John Morrissy.
Sergt.-Major Wm. J. Touchey.
Qtr. master Sargeant A. J. Russell.
Farrier " John W. Russell.
Orderly " S. M. Bishop.
Trumpeter Fredk. Copeland.
Cook John Kingston.

SUB-DIVISION No. 1.

Sergeant Thos. W. Lawlor.
Corporal John Russell.
Bombardier John Lamsden.
Gunners—F. W. Hogan, Albert McCormack, Sydney Morrison, Watson Touchie, Blackstock Matheson, Robert Hall, Donald Drummond, John Kirkpatrick.
Drivers—W. Crow, R. McAllister

SUB-DIVISION No. 2.

Sergeant Bert Gifford.
Corporal Chas. Deott.
Bombardier Joseph Ingram.
Gunners—George Russell, G. B. Anslow, Wm. Cooper, Wm. Jardine, Thos. McMahon, Benj. Williston, Osborne Matheson, Wm. Condron.
Drivers Wm. Gorman, H. Sheasgreen.

SUB-DIVISION No. 3.

Sergeant Wm. Black.
Corporal James McDonald.
Bombardier Edward Glitz.
Gunners—J. E. Baker, Joseph Doucett, B. Thibodeau, Milton Gremley, Thos. Stothart, Docite Thibideau, Moses Gorman, Michael Kingston.
Drivers—Clem. Ryan, John Irvine.

SUB-DIVISION No. 4.

Sergeant Mont Jones.
Corporal Howard Norton.
Bombardier Dan'l McKay.
Gunners—Perley Atkinson, Chas. Anslow, John Kenny, John Gallia, Perley Fleming, Wm. Kitchen, Max Aitken, George Gremley.
Drivers—Wm. Hambrook, Michael Cochrane.

"Ex-Gunner Hayfoot" sends the ADVANCE an account of the first day in Camp, which refers only to routine, and of the first night he says :—

All was silent during the night, save for an occasional challenge and reply, when some belated warrior stole into the camp, and failed to elude the vigilant sentinel.

About four o'clock on Tuesday morning, in the gray dawn, the sentinel, hearing the rumble of waggon wheels on the bridge, that spans the moat, cried "Halt!" The intruder, hearing as if he heard not, coolly drove on. Again the challenge rang out, now with the sternness of a Kosciusko, "Halt!" But even this did not daunt the bold stranger, nor arrest the flight of his chariot. The sentinel sounded the alarm, and the corporal's guard turned out and prepared for action. Mars looked down from on high, and seeing his camp invaded, and perhaps fearing an assault, aroused the captain from his martial couch. He recognised the stranger as Drill Sargeant McIntyre, of Montreal, invited him into his tent and gave him a warming reception, which turned his frowns into smiles. Silence again fell, and the warriors once more slept the sleep of the brave; but not for long. About an hour before morning reveille, a couple of officers disturbed the quiet by discussing politics, but on being sharply rebuked by a gunner of No. 2, were glad to beat a hasty retreat and hide their diminished heads in the blankets.

25 cents cures Catarrhal Headache
" " Incipient Catarrh
" " Hay Fever
" " Catarrhal Deafness
" " Cold in the head in 10 min.
" " Foul breath caused by Catarrh.

25 cents secures Chase's Catarrh Cure with perfect blower enclosed in each box. Sold by all dealers.

The Newcastle Post Office Irregularities.

The preliminary enquiry in the case of the Queen vs. Fish, was resumed at 10.30 a. m. last Thursday, before Police Magistrate Niven, at the Court House, Newcastle.

Meddie P. Smith, sworn, deposed :—My full name is Merideth P. Smith. I am commonly known by the name of Meddie P. Smith. I am manager of a barber shop in Newcastle. I have been engaged since the first of April. I used to be a clerk in the Newcastle post office. I became a post office clerk on the first of March 1894, and continued such until the aftern oon of the 9th of June, 1896. I left the post office employ that afternoon. Mr. John Fish, the accused, was postmaster in the Newcastle post office, when I was clerk there. There were no other clerks in the Newcastle office while I was there.

[Book shown to witness, which he identifies as the record book of Newcastle P. O., of registered letters for delivery. Witness' attention is drawn to an entry in the book of a letter purporting to have been mailed at St. Louis de Kent under date March 9th 1896, addressed to P. Hennessy, No. 523 with the words "err. en. on 19th and the name "P. Hennessy" in the column of "signature of person to whom delivered" and the initials "J. F." under the column of "initials of party by whom delivered."

Q. Do you remember any circumstances connected with the entry of that letter? (Objected to by Allan A. Davidson, Esq., counsel for defendant, but allowed.)

A. Mr. Fish was entering the registers in that book one day about the first of March last, and while entering that one to P. Hennessy he remarked that there was one for Hennessy and he thought he would not put the registration notice card into the box as the letter looked heavy, and no doubt contained considerable money. "If" said he "Mr. Hennessy asks for any registered letters, tell him that there are none for him; I am going to be short in my accounts to-day and will want some money, so I can quietly open this letter and hold it a day or two." That afternoon he called me over to his desk and said, "we will now see how much we are short in making up the post office report." He opened his drawer, took out what cash there was in it and said "I want fourteen dollars and fifty cents to make up the amount; now, I must see how much money there is in that letter of Hennessy's from St. Louis." He jumped off the stool and went to the safe, opened a small private drawer in the safe and took out Hennessy's letter.

Q. What letter was that? (Objected to by Mr. Davidson, but allowed).

A. The letter from St. Louis. He then came to his desk, took up a pen handle and opened the letter. In doing it he tore the envelope considerably. I said "you made a h—l of a mess of that, you must be nervous this morning. He took the money out of the envelope. looked over the money and said: "There are lots here." He counted out three five dollar bills and put them with the rest of the money that he had taken out of his drawer. He counted the money over and said, "That's enough, that makes up the amount, now then, like a good boy, run down to the bank with this and get the receipt." I did so. When I came back from the bank I gave him the receipt and, in return, he gave me a cigar and remarked, "you had better go out and have a run around town." I thanked him for the cigar and went out, and did not return till the afternoon mail came in.

[Mr. Davidson here objects to witness going further as he has by his own testimony shown himself to have been an accomplice. Objection overruled.]

Witness :—The circumstances which I have related took place shortly after two o'clock. I had further conversation with accused. He spoke twice in relation to this letter. He asked if any of the Hennessies had enquired about the letter. I said that they did not speak to me about it. The first time he said this was about two or three days after and the next time was two or three days after. that again, and I made the same reply, that they had not. "Well," he said, "let me know if you see any letters come from St. Louis for Hennessy." He said no more to me about the letter till one day Hennessy came in and spoke to Mr. Fish and said that there had been a registered letter sent to him from St. Louis de Kent and he had not received it. Mr. Fish said he would attend to it and make inquiries. Hennessy then went out and Mr. Fish came over to me and said "Hennessy is after that registered letter from St. Louis de Kent, how in the name of God am I going to fix it up? I have destroyed the envelope so that I cannot muciliage it up again." He asked me what he would do. I told him that it was none of my business and that it put no ice with me. I then went over to the delivery window and Mr. Fish walked over to his desk. This was in the morning.

In the afternoon he came over to me and said, "I wonder how I can fix this thing. I think I will tell Father Dixon all about it and get him to go up to Hennessy's and tell him about the letter. He said "If there is any one that can get around old Pat, Father Dixon is the man." He said "I have'at got the full amount which I took out of the letter. I have only got a couple of dollars, but there is a letter for Will Fish in the safe (objected to by Mr. Davidson but allowed) from down river, and as Will is away in the woods and won't be back for some time, I will be safe in opening it." I laughed and said, "You will have to make a better job of Will's than you did of Hennessy's, or there will be a crowd in the office some day and hang you." I was sitting in a chair when I said this. Mr. Fish made no reply, but walked over to the safe, opened the door, took out a letter and showed it to me. He said "Here is Will Fish's letter from Bay du Vin, I think, or somewhere down there," and he said "It is nice and heavy, I think there will be enough to help me out with Hennessy's letter." He had a pen handle in his hand and said "Perhaps you could open it, as I am very nervous to-day."

I said "no, not on your life."

He said, "God, I'll have to do it myself."

I said, "You'll not get me to do it" I then said, "You dirty old——, this is the second time you have come to me to get me to open registered letters for you." He said to me "you need not get your back up about it, even suppose you did open it, you would not be responsible, I am the post master." I said "That is too thin." During the time that we were talking, he was opening the letter and by the time he got through talking he had got the letter opened, he took out the contents looked through the money and said: "There is thirty-four dollars in it, that's not quite enough, but I can pay part of it now and pay the balance in instalments." He turned the envelope over and said, as he slowly turned and walked away towards his desk: "There, you can never tell that that letter had been opened." I was getting up from my chair, when I said: "Practice makes perfect." He made no reply.

The next day in the morning he came to me and said, "I saw Father Dixon and I think he can fix it all right. Some time during the day after that while Mr. Fish was talking to some man at the other side of the office, Father Dixon came inside of the private office and shut the door after him. I walked over towards him and had a conversation with him, Father Dixon. Two or three minutes afterwards the man went out, and Father Dixon and Mr. Fish had a conversation. Just after Father Dixon went out, Mr. Fish came towards me and said "Everything is all right, Hennessy will make no trouble about it. Now then I must hustle and make up the balance."

He remarked "I wonder how in the devil Hennessy got word of the letter, as I have been watching Hennessy's mail and did not notice anything going to him from St. Louis. Probably the man came up, the same way as brought the Neguac man up.

Not long after that, Mollie Hennessy came into the office. She came in again, and I was standing at the delivery window. Mr. Fish was there. She said,—"I wonder if old John has got any money, as we want to balance off the money that he took out of that letter that he got Father Dixon to come and fix up"—so that any one in the office could hear her. Mr. Fish was in the office.

I said, "Go to the door and I will let you in." I did so and she spoke to Mr. Fish, telling him that her father wanted the balance of that money, I was then called away to the delivery window. A few days after that Mr. Fish came into the office and said: "I met old Pat at Stothart's factory, and told him I had the balance of the money to give him, but that it would be a great obligement if he could wait for the next day or two. He then turned around and went away and remarked: "watch and see if you see any letters going from Hennessy to the Inspector or to the Post Master General at Ottawa." Mr. Fish went away then. This was about two or three weeks after the letter came into the office. It may have been more than three weeks. Some time after that Mr. Fish remarked that he did not think that Hennessy had taken any action. That is all the conversation I had with Fish about the letter.

Referring to the entry of the St. Louis de Kent letter, the whole entry is in Mr. Fish's handwriting. I will not swear the words "Error, en on 19th," are in Mr. Fish's handwriting. They are not in my handwriting.

Q. Do you know why these words are entered there? (Objected to by Mr. Davidson and allowed.)

Ans. No. I never saw these words before now.

[Witness, referring to the book, is asked to read an entry purporting to be made on the 9th March last. Witness reads," mailed at Neguac, 9th March 1896, addressed to P. Hennessy, No of letter, 990, signature of party to whom delivered, error. Initials of party by whom delivered J. F.

The whole entry is in John Fish's writing.

Q. Do you know anything of a registered letter of which that purports to be an entry? Ans. Yes, that letter came into the office. I remember that letter coming in one morning and was entered in record by Mr. Fish, and a card calling for a registered letter was put in P. Hennessy's box by Mr. Fish. Notices for registered letters are put into the boxes some time after the mail has been sorted. About half an hour afterwards he opened that letter in my presence, and took out the money, and told me to take the registration notice card out of Hennessy's box, and he would fix the letter in the afternoon and put the card in in the morning. He said he wanted to use some of the money to make up his bank account. The money was put with deposit slip and taken to the Bank.

To Mr. Davidson :—I took the registered letter card out of Hennessy's box after Mr. Fish had told me. He took three five dollar bills and put it with some money that he had. He took Hennessy's registered letter envelope and the letter; and the remainder of the money and put them into a private drawer in the safe and locked the drawer, shut the safe and went to the Bank. I cannot swear what the denominations of the bills in the letter were. I know he took three fives out of the letter. I saw no more of the letter till some time after that. Mr. Fish brought it to me—about two or three weeks after—and said "Hennessy's are raising h—l about that letter." He said, "When I opened it, I tore it badly," but that he thought he could fix it up, and it would do.

I said to him, "Anyone could tell that that letter had been opened."

He said "Oh, I tell them that is the way I received it." He put a notice into the box, and next day Mr. Hennessy came in and got the letter from Mr. Fish. I was standing not far away from them, where I could not be seen by Mr. Hennessy, and Mr. Fish delivered the letter to him. Mr. Hennessy said something but I did not hear what it was.

I find an entry of a registered letter mailed at Neguac. Date of entry is not entered, name of party to whom addressed, P. Hennessy. When delivered March 19th, No. of letter 990. Signature of party to whom delivered, P. Hennessy. Initials of party by whom delivered, M. S.

The entry, where mailed, name of party to whom addressed, and the No. of letter, 990, are in Mr. Fish's handwriting. The signature of party to whom delivered is signed P. Hennessy. The initials of party by whom delivered, M. S. I cannot tell in whose handwriting the M. S. is. I'll swear they are not my writing. I never saw that second entry before. I have no recollection of ever seeing it.

Q. Do you know, of your own knowledge, of Mr. Fish being short in his post office cash at the time you say he opened these letters? (Objected to by Mr. Davidson, but allowed.) He told me he was short. I did not see the cash account and I don't know of my own knowledge.

REV. P. W. DIXON, SWORN

deposed: I reside in Newcastle. I am a Catholic priest. I know the accused John Fish. I had a conversation with him in reference to a registered letter in which P. Hennessy was interested. I think it was sometime in March last. I went to the post office on ordinary business. Mr. Smith remarked that Mr. Fish wished to speak to me. Mr. Fish opened the door and requested me to come inside, and said that on looking over his letter entries he was surprised to see that a letter received some time ago from St. Louis de Kent, and addressed to Mr. Hennessy was not handed to Mr. Hennessy or at least not acknowledged. This letter, he said, had unaccountably disappeared and being a registered letter must have contained some money—how much he did not know—but that he was responsible for all such letters and their contents. He said that letters are now and then taken away by mistake and he illustrated this remark by an example.

Then he said that "although it for him personally meant financial loss, it would also be very injurious to his family who were quite innocent, as was he himself. He said he was willing and anxious to make good the amount and would accept Mr. Hennessy's word as to the sum contained in the letter, as he was anxious that Mr. Hennessy should make no official report as to the disappearance of the letter and the loss of the money. He requested me, as a special favour, to call on Mr. Hennessy and acquaint him with the loss of the letter of which he Mr. Hennessy as yet knew nothing. I did so. I saw Mr. Hennessy and he consented to make no report about it. This is all I had to do in the matter just then. Mr. Fish made the first payment through me, in a letter enclosed in an envelope. I dont know the amount. I think it was about $17. One other payment, being the balance of the amount, was made at my suggestion.

Cross-ex'd by Mr. Davidson.

I did see Mr. Hennessy about the letter. He knew nothing about such a letter for him as far as I knew.

Court adjourned for one week,

Nothing Hunts out Corns

Like tight boots. Corns are very small affairs, but apply to them a pair of tight boots and all other concerns of life sink into insignificance. Tight boots and Putnam's Corn Extractor (the great and only sure cure for corns) may go together, and comfort will be their partner; but don't fail to use Putnam's Corn Extractor. Fraud, cheap, poisonous, and dangerous substitutes, are in the market. Beware of them. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

The Great Tim-Johnny Fight.

Our "Jed" informs us that he missed attending the meeting of the Newcastle branch of the Pickings Club, which was held on Wednesday evening of last week in the old juvenile school building in that town. He says he is glad he was absent, because his cousin, Phelim McNoggerty, who attended the gathering, met him next day, having his face decorated with court plaster and his clothing somewhat torn. Phelim said there had been a big row, which prevented any business from being done, further than the tendering by the president of his resignation, on account of his having been appointed (by some gentlemen who met in Chatham not long ago) a member of one of the many committees that have been entrusted by certain individuals in the County with the task of representing Northumberland at Ottawa—a respon ibility for which the people of the County elected a gentleman in the usual way on 23rd of June last. "Jed" says his cousin Phelim gave him a rhythmical account of the meeting referred to, in the McNoggerty vernacular, which he sends to the ADVANCE, instead of a report of his own. He also says that Phelim wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the author of "The great McCloskey fight"—and also to Maggie Cline, whose singing made it famous—for the ground-work of the chorus he has introduced at the end of each stanza of his clever epic.--

'Twas at the little school house
By the side of Ragint strate,
There was to be a conclave,
And the Mitchellites did mate
To prepare to saize the plunder
And to set the parthy right,
But Timothy and Johnny s sides
Got up the usual fight.
No rules of London prize-ring
Did govern in the scrap,
But Johnny swore he'd knock out Tim
With one tremendous rap,
And the Mugwumps that were standin' back
Made bets both mane and small
For on Jack they put up tin to wan,
But on Tim 'twas none at all.

Throw him down Mat's Johnny!
It was the battle cry,
Throw him down me hayro!
You can bate him if you try
And future generations
Wid wonder and delight
Will rade on history's pages
Of the great Tim-Johnny fight.

The conclave, it was organized
At a quarter after eight,
But many dacint party min
Elsewhere did congregate,
For they'd tired of the twaddle
Oft listened to before
Whin the windy Mitchell orators
Got possission of the floor
There were disputatious elimints
In the school house on that night,
And the candidates for offices
Eyed aich other wid great spite—
Min for places on the Lightship,
The Post Office, and next flat,
And they hardly were on spakin' terms
Wid aich other over that.

Throw him down, etc.

The silence it was painful
As Pat moved to take the chair,
And opened the proceedin's
Wid a statement far from clear
Of the object of the conclave,
And what it was about,
Till he hinted at the patronage,
And then there was a shout!
In the garments of the pack—
The Mitchellites and Lib'rels
Who'd mingled in the scrap.
Of coorse they all looked sheapish,
As aich man tuck his sate
An glowered round as if to say:
D'ye think I'm aisy bate?
And many of the company,
Wid handkerchiefs and paws,
Did wipe the blood that trickled from
Their noses or their jaws.

Throw him down, etc.

Sors! the spictacle was illigint,
And we niver fought so hard
Since Gilmour's hosts from Douglastown
Mit those of Joe Cunard,
And sticks and stones danced merrilly
In every Chatham strate,
And hids were broke, and eyes punched out
As aich his man did bate.
But we all know that enjoymint
Must always have an end,
So the scrap up at the school house
Died out wid the parthy's wind,
And the mollifyin' influence
Of the Mugwumps—and the light,—
Put a damper on hostilities,
And indid up the fight.

Throw him down, etc.

But, even after all the row
Was brought unto a close,
Bowld Jack was far from mollified,
Wid the scratch upon his nose,
And he sid that all the Crocker crowd
Jumped on him in the dark,
And the bruises of their boots on him
Left many an ugly mark;
He'd give them all jue notice
He'd pay them for their fun,
And, if they would but come outside,
He'd down them, one by one;
But not a spalpeen of them
Tuk Johnny's challenge up,
But they sat in a dead silence,
For aich man had had enough.

Throw him down, etc.

Thin 'twas such a pleasint spictacle
To hear from truthful Tim
That he'd been shocked at what tuk place
Before they dcused the glim;
And he begged that Pat would overlook
The little row they'd had,
Nor lave the chair on that account,
Because it would look bad;
For lots outside had heard the row,
And were now forninst the dure,
And all the town would know they'd met
And wrangled as before.
But Patrick kicked and seemed annoyed
And said he would propose—
As all were such contentious min—
The meetin' now should close

Throw him down, etc.

Proceedin's were to be resumed
Next Wednesday night at eight,
And precautions would be taken
'Gainst a row upon that date,
For Captain Maltby's battery,
In position on the hill.
Would train their guns upon that spot
In rear all things to still;
And McNaughtons from Black River,
And Camerons, bold and sure,
Led by Mackenzie's number one,
In front would guard the door,
While the Birkie's special policemin
Would inside stand in state,
And try to kape good order
As they'd all deliberate.

Throw him down, etc.

Thin the conclave was adjourned a week,
And by the morrow's sun
For plasters at the drug stores
There was an early run,
While at the little school house
By the side of Ragint street
There were among the swaipin's
Many rilics of the mate.—
There were bits of skin from noses
Parts of coats, of hats and canes,
Of the minutes of the meetin',
And pieces of watch chains;—
And the applicants for offices
Filed sadly past the place
Wid a look of sad reflection
On aich mutilated face

Throw him down Mat's Johnny?
It was the battle cry,
Throw him down me hayro!
You can bate him if you try,
And future generations
Wid wonder and delight
Will rade on history's pages
Of the great Tim-Johnny fight!

Helpin' Pether shout protiction
And abuse Mackenzie's crew;
But, now, the situasion
Entirely was changed,
And the Tories being fired out
Of coorse it was arranged
That offices galore would come
And pickin's widout ind
And jobs of every sort and kind
For every parthy friend.

Throw him down, etc.

So the parthy was unanimous,
And every mother's son
Would fight beneath its banners
And look out for number one,
And he knew they'd be united,
Harmonious and fair
In the choice of his succissor
To the prisidintial chair.

Thin up rose Father Matthew,
Wid clinched fist and blazin' eyes,
And said—"Your matin's ain't called right!
Your mithids I despise!
For you work in holes and corners
Unbeknown to me and Jack,
And you don't give proper notice.
You're an underminin' pack!"

Throw him down, etc.

Thin up spoke truthful Timothy,
And he says, "You're lyin' bad;
Here's DeVeber's bill for notices
Of the matin's that we've had."—
"Oh, you shut up!" says Matthew,
For I'd have you just to know
That your printin' bill ain't worth a cint
To prove we've had a show."
Thin Timothy addressed the chair
Exprisin' his surprise
At Mat's attack on Pat, and said
He must apologise;
But Matthew interrupted him,
And shouted loud and clear,
And claimed it was irregular
That Pat was in the chair

Throw him down, etc.

He'd like to know, right here, sirs,
How, unbeknown to him,
They'd managed things and niver said
A word to better min,—
Had made thimselves committee min,
A month or two ago,
To parcel out the offices,
And not give Jack a show?

Whist! Like the cautious prairie wolf
A crapin' on his prey
Did Timothy reply to Mat,
Beginnin' far away,
He praised up Pat unstintedly,
And his service widout pelf,
And rather hinted at that same
He wasn't bad himself.

Throw him down, etc.

It was against the sacred cause
Of the parthy's greatest good;
'Gainst harmony and offices,
And contracts, too, for wood
That Matthew should assail the chair,
And try to spread it round
That Pat and other laiders had
Untrue to them been found;
'Twould bring discridit on them all,
'Twas mane, and not fair play
That Matthew should come down on Pat
In such a nasty way.—
At this Mat's eyes did blaze afresh,
As down his fist did whack,
It's "nasty" is it that ye say?
Begob ye'll take it back!

Throw him down, etc.

No nasty man am I, ye wolf,
And that I'll let ye know,
And you've got to take that "nasty" back,
Or down you'spot to go.
At this the Mugs and Lib'rals raised
A kind of timid shout,
And Tim called Mat an "animal"
Who should be fired out.
At this up rose the stalwart form
Of Matthew's Captain Jack,
And wid his fist upon Tim's jaw
He landed wid a smack,
But Tim raiched out as quick as cat,
And wid his sure right paw
He left a scratch on Johnny's nose—
So thus far 'twas a draw.

Throw him down, etc.

Thin Nid, who sat not far from Tim
Rushed in at Johnny's rear
And struck him wid a runnin' punch
Behind the starboard ear;
Thin up did jump an eager form,
Jakasidy was he,
Who mixed with Nid, and Jack, and Mat
In a scrimmage rare to see,
And W. J. and Joseyvoy,
And others tumbled in
And the way they punched, and gouged and yelled
It was an awful sin;
They had it rough and tumble,
Like hyenas they did fight
Round after round, twixt Jack and Tim,
While shrieks did wake the night.

Throw him down, etc.

Oh! the binches they were broken
As if they were but eggs,
And the table of the prisidint
Lost two of its four legs
And the glim it was extinguished
And the crowd wid out a light
Did kick and scratch aich other
My! but 'twas a lively fight.
And thim Mugwumps, in a corner,
Niver tuk a hand at all;
They just looked on delighted
At the entertainin' brawl;
But whin they were in darkness,
'Twas thin they got a fright
List they'd be somewhat hurted
In the miscellaneous fight.

Throw him down, etc.

Fur the people's Jack kept noddin'
Before the light wint out,
At all of his contingent
Not to middle in the bout,
And the doctor was disgusted
Whin Joseyvoy wint in,
And the people's Bye knew he must stop
If the doctor didn't grin;
So whin Lider brought a lanthern
And lighted up the place,
There was blood or consternation
On almost every face,
And the only rale exciptions
Were the counteninces calm
Of the raycint importations
Makin' up the Mugwump clan.

Throw him down, etc,

Oh! 'twas moighty interestin'
To look upon that flure,
And to see the bits of clothing,
And the little clots of gore,
And to twig the rints and tatters
In the garments of the pack—
The Mitchellites and Lib'rels
Who'd mingled in the scrap.
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