ON HAND. Saint John, N. B.

ARP. NSUMERS.

Warp to the fact that the

YARM

nerv on which to make it. ther varns in the market Twenty Years. r name on the label.

Limited).

e Court in Equity.

taken for purposes of the In-for Station grounds, at the i, in the City and County of Province of New Branswick:

of Mr. Harrison and having given by the Honorable the hd Canals in this matter to the le Court, and the sum of one ix dollars and sixty-five centsthis Honorable Court as comin be pub lahed in the WHELE of eight weeks, and during light weeks in the Datty Burs, as published in the Olty and the county in which the said

Judge in Equity.

e Court in Faulty.

THE JUDGE IN EQUITY: taken for purposes of the In-ay for Station grounds at the ho, in the City and County of Province of New Brunswick:

dministrators and Assigns of eccased, and to al others may concarn: n that a netice has been deen that a netice has been de-rued the Cirk of this Honor-said notice there was also de-ecrtified copy of the plan and and filed with the Registrar of Oity and County of Saint John, or taken for purposes of the 7 at the City of Saint John notice without the exhibits and form following, that is

COURT IN EQUITY: taken for purposes of the In-

by for Station grounds at the ohn, in the City and Coun'y of Province of New Brnnswick len, Clerk in Equity, and Administrators and Assigns of based, and to all others whom

that hereto annexed is a cran and description of lands the Intercolonial sailway for he City of Saiot John, in the hint John, in the Province of the provisions of "The Govert, 1881," and acts in amendaid plan and description was duly der the provisions of the said cts in the office of the Registrat the said city and County of ighth day of september, A. D. sation for all leavehold or other other than freehold, and for all t portion of which formerly in tin Burke, which said pertionuse" on the annexed plan, and ided as fellows, that is to say:—

a point on the Westerly side.

It street, at the South-easterly rington lot so-called, thence said Westerly side illne of Milite or less to the North-easterly lot so-called, thence Westerly Bouth-easterly or reer of the sense Northerly side line of milite or less to the North-easterly to the Southerly side line of the sense Northerly side line of militered to the Southerly side line of the southerly side lines for six months day of Novambr last past, to ereof and interest on the sum thirty dollars for six months day of the date hard, making housand and sighty-its dollars herewith paid into this Honor-provisions of the said "The Act, 1831," and acts in amendancy line of the Minister of Rail-ming it advisable so to do. O April, A. D. 1836,

L. R. MARRISON, and agent of the Honorable the are of Ratiways and Canals, nationed Executors, Administra-artin Burke, now deceased, and shold or personal interest other provements on that portion of aid premises described in the part thereof or representing or of any parties so entitled or present incumbrances thereon, e hereby netified and required the said compensation money that the Clerk of this Honorable thirty-first day of May next' as will be received and adjudg-sitting of this Court after the digital that the said proceedings-ts to the said compensation reof.

of April, A. D. 1886. T. CARLETON ALLEN, Clerk in Equity.

Mineral Lands

ED is prepared to Survey, Ex-on, and Market Timber, or Maritime Provinces of Canada ember, 1885. ADWARD JACK.

ieeklm



VOL. S.

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1886.

NO. 27

This beautiful poem, by a lady nigh eighty | fire, found him standing in the doorway reyears old, and a near relative of a member of garding her out of hollow, sunken eyes.
The Sun staff, cannot fail to touch the hearts. She had lighted a lamp, and Tom's revolver THE SUN staff, cannot fail to touch the hearts

(FOR THE SUN.) A REMIMISCENCE.

Across the threshold low and worn, Where oft his weary feet had passed In other days, till at the last The idol of my heart was borne.

I held his frezen hand in mine, I bent above his quiet face, And sought by many a fond embrace To win some answering word or sign.

Forth to his deaf, unconscious ear,
I poured wild words of love and pain;
I would not think he could not hear,
Would not believe 'twas all in vain.

The lcy features placid kept; At last no more vain words I said; But grown as silent as the dead, I only stood and gazed and wept. How pale and passionless he lay! The white and silent face expressed

An utter calm, a perfect rest,—
All trace of pain was swept away. And suddenly there came to me The memory of a prayer I prayed, When once, bewildered and dismayed, I learned how dark the world might be.

"Oh God," I cried, "my dear one spare, Nor lead him in these dreary ways; Let me the heavy burden bear, While health and gladness crown his days."

And lo, the answer! Hushed and still, I poured no more my wild lament;
But holding fast his fingers chill,
In reverent thanks my head I bent,— I thank Thee, God, tonight, though tears,-

The bitter, burning tears, will start;
Though I have known for weary years
The constant hunger of the heart. And if dear one, a word of mine Could reach thee in thy narrow bed, And break that blessed rest of thine,

It should forever be unsaid. And yet, to have thee as of old; To rest in thine embrace, to see There loving eyes shine down on me, With the sweet light they used to hold,

My heart no more unsatisfied, But every longing understood,
Would I not call thee to my side?
Thank God I cannot if I would. CHARLOTTE PALMER BARNES. Proctor, Vermont, May 2, 1886

ONE NIGHT.

There's the shotgun, Molly, and here's my revolver. Both loaded.' 'Yes, Tom.'

'Now, mind, child, there isn't one chance in ten thousand that there will be a soul near you. If I thought there was, Molly, I wouldn't leave you. You understand that?" 'Yes. Tom.'

'If any one does come, it will be a neighbor or a neighbor's boy. The bandits and desperadoes have all joined travelling shows. If you don't go scaring yourself to death, you will be all right.'

But there's so lot of moral support in a shooting-iron, and may be you'll feel a little safer with these.'
'Plucky little thing,' he said to himself, as he rode down the trail at a long, swinging

At fourteen Mary Allison's mother died.

Then her father, with broken health and spirits, gathered up the wreck of his fortune and went away to the green wilderness of a Kansas ranch, leaving the girl in an eastern school. Tom's college course being at an end, he went with his father, and presently found himself making a profitable business of sheep raising to the rhythm of Greek and Latin classics. When, four years later, Miss Allicon had been precally graduated with Allison had been properly graduated with much eeremony and white muslin, her father, too, had 'joined the majority,' and she found Tom living in a precarious fashion at the hands of a native housekeeper, and enthusiastically glad to welcome even this very inexperienced head to his small household.

That was in July, and on that radiant September afternoon, Tom found himself imperatively called to the nearest town imperatively called to the nearest town twenty miles away. The woman who ruled the kitchen had taken herself over the creek to 'visit her kinsfolks,' and the herders were all at the ends of the earth with their flocks, when Tom eark out of sight behind the low prairie swells. Miss Allison had the whole green world to herself as far as she could see.

The simply built house had the New England requisite of space within, and the southwestern necessity of deep porches without. Somehow the empty rooms had all kinds of echoes inhabiting them, now that the exerechoes inhabiting them, now that the exercising manly presence was removed. Miss Allison made her afternoon toilet, and took her sewing-chair and workbasket out to a shady corner. And before she knew it she

was fast asleep.
She awoke with a sudden start, broad awake after a most unaccustomed fashion. The whole wide heaven was aglow with sun-The whole wide heaven was aglow with sunset, and unbroken, unflecked arch of color fading down through every tender tint to the cool gray of the short twilight. She took it all in at a single glance, and against the glory a man's figure standing black and motionless. She was on her feet at once. Not a neighber nor a neighbor's boy; some-body coatless, bareheaded, with white drawn face, and a helpless arm swung in a blood-stained bandage.

'What do you want?' She came forward a step to say it, and tried not to let her heart choke her voice.

The figure put up one weak, appealing hand, uttered an inarticulate sound, and dropped forward down on the grass.

She went towards him over the grass. He neither spoke nor stirred. In an instant

neither spoke nor etirred. In an instant she was on her knees beside him, touching 'He has fainted!' she said aloud, quite

In two minutes camphor and ammonia had done their appointed work. The stranger lay gasping feebly, but with stored consciousness.
'What is the matter with you?' she asked

'I've eaten nothing for forty-eight hours, he said quietly.

'Can you get into the house?' with matter-

'Can you get into the house?' with matterof-fact colless; 'I will find you something to eat.'

He raised himself weakly as she turned away. Miss Allison looking up presently from her struggles with the cooking-stove ahallowed him up.

'Miss Allison sat and waited. The low rumble grew more and more distinct—the gloom with an awful unswerving certainty in its advance, She saw the pause of the franco-Prussian war he and Bismarck were intimate friends.

lay within reach.

'A faint smile crossed the man's pale lips.

Miss Allison saw it, and a little flash of temper sent color and light into her cheeks and eyes.
'I need accounting for?' answering the

flash.

'You do certainly,' sharply. 'There's bread and a glass of wine beside you. Drink it and lie down till this coffee boils.'

He obeyed her. When Miss Allison went to him presently with her coffee, she found him askep. And from the wounded arm a dark stream dripped slowly.

Miss Allison set down her tray, and turned faint and sick. Then she reused him gently.

'Look at your arm. What is the matter with it?'

'I have been shot,' drowelly. 'It is bleeding again. Can you—get——' fa'ling off into unconsciousness, half sleep, half

The apron that she had tied over her white dress was in strips, and she was bending over him, her hands not quite steady, her face pale. There was blood on her hand and gown before the work was done.

She poured his coffee and cut his food. A man with one hand is not expected to be expert with knife and fork; but he ate and drank with a refinement that made his evident eagerness more marked and touching. 'You are one of the horse-thieves?' she said slowly.

He laid down his knife and fork, and

looked at her ellently.
'They are after you,' she said, in a half-whisper. 'The whole community is search-

ing,'
'I know it,' despondently, 'I have been in the brush for two days. Somebody gave me this,' touching his arm. 'I was starved cut, worn out, and came her to surrender,'
'Finish your supper,' abruptly'
Then she went away, and on the porch paced steadily up and down for ten good minutes in the starlight.

He had finished his meal when she went back.

back. 'I don't know anything about you, 'she said severely. 'I don't want to, You are a young man, and you do not look as if you were entirely hardened in orime. I am were entirely hardened in crime. I am going to give you another chance. I don't know whether I am doing right or wrong,' breaking down in her moral tone. 'I don't care!' She stopped and caught her breath, Then she hurried on, forgetting everything, woman fashion, in the excitement of the moment. 'The castern train passes at four

woman fashion, in the excitement of the mement: The eastern train passes at four o'clock. It's only a signal-station, and there will be nobody there. I'll take you down in time for it, and that will give you six good hours of sleep, Tom isn't coming home, and you can have his clothes.'

She opened the door of a small room behind her—an orderly, half-filled storeroom. 'You can stay here. Nobody will come; and if they do, I—I am well armed! 'valiantly giving the information as a warning as well as an assurance.

He obeyed her speechlessly. He heard the lock click as he atretched himself en the couch that awalted him, and in two minutes he was ssleep. It did not seem much more than that time before he woke, to find her standing beside him.

her standing beside him.

'Here are Tom's clothes. You have ten minutes to get dressed. I've ripped the coat sleeve, you see; and there's a travelling-shawl. The horses are ready,'

There was more hot coffee.

'Come,' she said, curtly, as he put down

his cup.

He paused at the door.

'Who harnessed?'

'I did.' 'And are you going alone?' 'Quite alone.'
'And coming back alone?'

Yes.

She was whiter than ever, and her eyes filled with tears as she looked up at him. Anything less like a heroine never figured in an adventure.

'You poor child!' There was nothing but kindly pity in his voice. 'You will take your revolver?' glancing towards it as it lay

your revolver? glancing towards it as it lay on the table.

'Yes.'

'Hadn't you better, 'gently, 'let me load it?'

'It is loaded. Tom said so.'

'Tom was mistaken. See,' showing her he tempty chambers.

There was the faintest light in the room, carefully screened from outside observation. She bad sunk back in her chair at the discovery of Tom's blunder. His face was in strong relief as with one hand, he did his work slewly and awkwardly.

'You are sure you can use it?'

Somehow there seemed a curious change in their relations.

The swift poales knew the firm little hands holding the reins. The trail was smeeth as a floor, and the five miles vanished behind them. In the clear darkness of the west burned a low, red light.

'There's your train. The station is just ahead. I shall wait there till I see that you get away.' It was the first word that had been spoken.

'I hope,' forcing herself to improve the coasion, 'hat you won't do it again.'

'Get caught for a horse thieft' pleasantly. I certainly shall try to avoid ft.'

He alighted slowly and with difficulty, Then he turned towards her, and she saw his face pale in the shadow of Tom's slouched in the shadow of Tom's slouched in the shadow of Tom's slouched in the shadow of the that I do not

'I do not want you to think that I do not

know that you are saving my life, and that not one woman in a thousand would have had the nerve to do what you have done. There was no question of earnestness in his voice now.

'I hope you'll mend your ways then.'

'Will you tell me your name?' not heeding

her speech, Mary Allison. 'Thank you,' He turned and took a few steps away. 'Excuse me,' diffidently, for-getting his abandoned character. He was at her side again. 'Have you—have you—'

desperately—'any money?'
'Very little'—quietly. 'Take this, then,'
dropping a purse into his hand. 'And I
wish you'd tell me, with a sudden impulse, did you take the horse?' 'Upon my word, no,

She bent towards him.
'Good-by,' putting out a bare white hand.
He took it with frank carnestness, held
t a brief minute, and then the darkness

the signalling swing of the conductor's lantern as the scarce checked motion began again, and turned her horses' head towards

appearance.

'Molly Allison, you're responsible! If the country produced image-venders, I should say you had been making a trade!

She shook her head, but with the color

mounting in her face.

'Trampal' he said accusingly; and poor Molly shuddered to think how much, much worse it really was. 'You wouldn't like it, I dare say, if I should go encouraging pauperlam with your frocks and things,' he grambled, trying to reconcile himself to another carment.

He came back from the station that night with news.
'Visitors deming, Molly.'

platform.

'Rob McKenzie, You don't know Rob. How McNenzie, You don't know Rob.
He was a classmate of mine. He's coming
next week to spy out the land. I haven't
heard of him since I came out here.'
Rob McKenzie alighting at the small
sunny signal station one day in the next
week, found a stylish apparition in white
dress and pretty garden hat waiting on the
platform.

platform.

'You are Mr. McKenzle?' a pleasant voice said. 'I am Mary Allison, Tom sprained his ankle last night and couldn't come.'

Mr. McKenzle seemed rather a quiet young man. Miss Allison drove her ponies and chattered away in the unrestrained delight of having a stranger to talk with—or rather to—and some one fresh from the good times that seemed doubly good in reco good times that seemed doubly good in rec-

I suppose everybody here shoots more or less. Are you an expert with firearms, Miss Allison?' They were sitting within-doors in the sight chill of the October evening. Tom answered for her.

'Molly says she can, but I don't believe it. An awful little coward is Molly.

'Is she?' quietly 'I shouldn't think it.'

Somebody opened a door incautionaly, and in the strong draft the light went out. It was McKenzie who relighted it, and in the faint glow as he bent over the rekindled

lamp his face came out with an odd effect against the dark background.

'Oh, my!' in a gasp from Mollie's corner.
McKerzie turned towards her as the lamp flamed up. She was staring at him with wide eyes full of perplexity.

'Are you civilized beyond lynch law yet,' asked irrevelantly.

"Why? A private grudge against any one?"
'One likes to see all the peculiar institutions of the country. Do you hang hersetions of the country. Do you hang horse-thieves, for instance?

'We don't always catch them,' drily,
'Did you ever miss a coat and hat, Tom?'
'Molly gave them to a tramp,' in slow wonder at his companion's dofts. And then, catching his sister's blank face, 'What have you been telling. Mary Allison?'

Oh, Tom, I—I gave them to a horse-thief, and I believe that it was Mr. McKenzie,'

Tom sat staring.
'Truth, Allison.' And then came story. There were two of us taken to-gether. I don't know who they mistook us

gether. I don't know who they mistook us for. I dedged the mos and took to the timber. I never knew what became of the

'I brought it with me,' coolly.
'Upon my word, R-b McKenzie! And you took this for granted?'

body pays too much, or somebody pays too little.

The legend connected with the birth of the Prince Imperial is brought up again in Paris, with the rumor, mentioned in a cable dispatch, that a beautiful young girl bearing a striking resemblance to the ex-Empress Eugenie is about to bring legel proceedings in Paris, "to have herself recognized as the daughter and hele of that unhappy lady," There are many people who still believe that a Gilbertian change of babies was really effected at the Tuileries.

The samples of the grown in Jamaica which were forwarded to London to be reported upon are said to be quite astisfactory, the brokers rating them at from 60 to 64 cents a pound, being of good flavor and combining to a great extent the peculiar characteristics of a fine China black leaf and Ceylon Pel & Sanchong. They are of a kind peculiarly suitable to the London markets, Coffee and sugar being unprofitable, in all probability the Jamaics planters may turn their attention to planting tea.

It is related that when the first Maine railroad was started, about forty years ago, W.
C. Pitman, of Bangor, was a conductor. One
rainy morning he started from Waterville, and
on arriving at North Belgrade, a flag station,
not seeing any flag, rau by the station. Just
as the train had passed the red flag was run out
for some passengers to get on. Mr. Pitman
stopped his train and asked Stephen Richardson, the station agent, why he did not display
the flag before. Mr. Richardson replied, "Be
you a-goin' to run your train in rainy weather?
I didn't think you would."

Chewer Bangorft the historian and Brises

THE HAWTHORNE MYSTERY.

Efforts to Find Why Mrs. Fernandez Shot Her Husband.

Her Sister Tells what she Knews of the Family and the Double Tragedy. And Declares that the First Shot was Accidental.

(W. Y. Sun.)

Almost every farmer driving into Pater on by way of Hawthorne yesterday turned a little out of the way to get a look at the big ouse in which P. V. Fernandez, the wealthy Cuban, was shot dead on Saturday night by his wife, who afterward killed herself.

The place had lost yesterday the quiet appearance that it wore on Sunday, when the dead woman's young sister, Mrs. Saunders, was alone in the house, deserted by her neighbors, and with no company but that of the two dead bodies. Women were running in and out of the house, weeping, and road carriages were constantly passing to and from the depot. Hosts of curious country people filled the grounds around the house. Mrs. Saunders escaped the ordeal of passing a second night with the bodies by the arrival from Boston late on Sunday night of her sister, Mrs. Maguire. Mr. Nickerson, the dead woman's father, did not come. Mr. Maguire, the husband of the sister from Boston, who is a lawyer in that city, is expected to arrive today. pearance that it wore on Sunday, when the

to arrive today.

The dead husband and wife were seen lying side by side in the parlor on the ground floor. Both had been embalmed by an unfloor. Both had been embaimed by an undertaker from Paterson, and were lying them rude couches, called by the undertaker cooling boards, a sort of wooden imitation of the stone slabs upon which bodies lie in the Morgue. Nearly all traces of the dreadful tragedy had been removed, and nothing was left to tell of it but the blood stains in the blo the big room on the third floor and the parthe big room on the third floor and the par-tially concealed bulletholes. The dead man was dressed in a plain suit of underclothing, and looked a handsome man in spite of the stubby beard which he only recently allowed to grow. His wite's body was clothed in a night dress, with a low-out neck and no sleeves. She had been a remarkably hand-some woman. Her face was very beautiful, and her arms and neck were round and full. The good country people whe looked at her The good country people whe looked at her and held their breath wondered hew such a woman could possibly have any cause for band might be. For the belief held by all the neighbors from the first, and which they still cling to, is that a quarrel arose between

atill cling to, is that a quarrel arose between the couple concerning Mr. Fernandez's three days' absence from home, and that reproaches administered by Mrs. Fernandez ended in a fit of jealous passion, in which she killed her husband. After that they say nothing could be more natural than that remorse at killing the husband whom she really loved should cause her to take her own life.

But this theory of the cause of the tragedy the family utterly disbelieves in. Mrs. Fernandez, they say, never meant to shoot her husband; it was all an accident. Mrs. Saunders, who was present when her sister shot herself, was utterly prostrated yesterday, and she suffered so much from hysteria during the day that her relatives feared she might have brain fever and sent for a doctor.

other man.'

'I suspect he is the one I helped out of the State the night I left you alone. Melly.'

Some weeks later Rab McKenzle was going through the ceremony of fitting a diamond solltaire on Miss Allison's left-hand iadex finger.

'Oh, the beauty! Where did you get it?'
'I brought it with me,' coolly.

'Upon my word, Rab McKenzie! And 'Upon my word, Rab Mc

"Upon my word, R-b McKenziet And you took this for granted?"
I made up my mind, one night in September, between here and the Misaispipol River, that I would marry Molly Allibon if I could get her; and I did my best."—Frank Lesiic's Illustrated.

Anotary in Paris, France, was instructed to draw up a will, and contrived to date it October 14 instead of February 14. Whether this was pure negligence, or whether the notary had been bribed, is not stated, but the result was that a sum of £32,000 which was intended to go to Mr. A. went to Mr. B. Thereupon Mr. A. brought an action for negligence against the notary and he has just recevered judgment for the £32,000 which was intended to go to Mr. A. went to Mr. B. Thereupon Mr. A. brought an action for negligence and a sequent of the finance of Col. Trull of Botton, which was written 24 hours before the procession started, and was distributed in Boston hours before the time set for the services. This is enterprise with a vengence.

An odd thing about the electric light is the variation of price in various localities. Enfalopays 55 cents per light per night, Cawsop pays 40 cents, and Rochester 30 cents. Hamilton pays 45 cents, and at Dunnville, where taken power is used, the price in 122 cents. Some pays 43 cents, and at Dunnville, where taken power is used, the price in 22 cents. Some pays 45 cents, may be a cents, and some price in various localities. Enfalopays 55 cent per light per night, Cawsop pays 40 cents, and Rochester 30 cents. Hamilton pays 45 cents, and at Dunnville, where taken power is used, the price in various localities. Enfalopays 55 cent per light per night, Cawsop pays 45 cents, and at Dunnville, where taken power is used, the price in various localities. Enfalopays 55 cent per light per night, Cawsop pays 45 cents, and store the procession started, and was a started power in Jamaics which which he was delighted to see them prospering and increasing the price of the control of

sister had often said that she did not want to live longer than her husband, and when she found what an awful thing she had done she killed herself.

"And then when Belle saw my other sister come into the room she did not try to hide what she had done, but simply said, Oh, God! I've killed him! What else could one say of such an accident? After that she bent down over her husband, my sister says, saking, him to forgive her, and telling him that she had not done it on purpose. Her husband heard her and turned his face up to her's, but was too weak to speak."

The latter part of Mrs. Maguire's account was left out of the story which Mrs. Saun-

was left out of the story which Mrs. Saunders told to Chief Gaul. To him she said that her sister had only said, "I have killed him," and that she killed herself without him," and that she killed herself without saying apything more. In an interview on Sunday night an intimate friend of the dead man said that Mr. Fernandez had married only two years ago, and much against the will of his parents and all of his relatives. This, Mrs. Maguire said, was not true. Her sister had been married to Mr. Fernandez for thirteen years. There was no opposition to the match on the part of the family,

and nothing at all unusual about it except
that it was a case of love at first sight, and
that the marriage took place very soon after
the young people became acquainted.
No arrangements for the funeral will be
definitely made until the inquest is over,
nor until word shall have been received from Mr. Fernandez's relatives, all of whom are

"The young man had been a wine drinker, but, upon the advice of a doctor, had left off the habit, and drank whiskey. The Cubans thought a great deal of him for his courage add generosity. His firm was rated by Bradatreet's at \$250,000."

A despatch from Boston says :
"The parents of Belle Fernandez lives in this city. Belle Nickerson came to Boston from Moneton. N. B., her native place, about nine years ago, to earn her living. After her marriage to Fernandez her parents visited the couple, and the father states that they seemed devoted to each other. Belle frequently wrote to her folks, and slways aid that she was perfectly happy. So far as known, never a cross word marred their married life. No sign of jealousy was ever observed, and the relatives of the woman are as deeply in the dark as to the cause of the tragedy as are the people of Hawthorne.

The mother and fatter are convinced that Mr. Fernandez was accidentally shot by his wife while engaged in some playful scuffle, as they were frequently in the habit of doing, and that Belle, crazed with grief at having been the means of her husband's death, killed herself."

THE LABOR DEADLOCK.

and at the business meeting last evening 97 new members were initiated. Several more firms have signed the agreement. At last night's meeting the union men at work offered to support liberally those of the brothers who may be in need, as long as the strike continues. A plan of co-operation was intelligently discussed and drew forth much enthusiasm, and the general feeling was in favor of the union undertaking in the near future the construction of buildings.

The arbitration committees of the manufacturing tailors and of the operatives basters and pressers met in conference yesterday afternoon. A general discussion of the points of difference was had, and resulted in the employers offering an increase of 20 per cent. on all receiving under \$12 per week, and 10 per cent. on all receiving over \$12 per week, excepting in the case of pressers. They are willing to grant an increase of 25 per cent. per week to the pressmen. Last night the whole proposition was submitted to a largely attended meeting of the basters in Codman Hall and the terms unanimously rejected. The co.operative union shop is almost ready at 37 Beach street. Many of the machines have been put in and more will be placed in position today.

Many of the striking Boston bricklayers have left the city and gone to work in other places at the terms they demand.

A committee of the master plumbers met a committee of journeymen last night at the Revere House for the purpose of trying to come to some agreement on the eight-hour question. The journeymen infered to compromise on nine hours, but the bosses would accept not nine h

DEER ISLAND NOTES.

Last Friday Thodore Holmes, of Fair harbor, had the misfortune to lose his fine new dwelling house by fire. The fire took place during a rehearsal which was going on in the house, starting upstairs, and when discovered Mr. Fernandez's relatives, all of whom are in Caba. Telegrams were sent to them, and it was expected that a reply would be received late last night. The Paterson undertaker who embalmed the bodies said that he had been saked about a burial plot in Cedar Lawn Cemetery, and that the husband and wife would be buried together there.

Since the tragedy very little has been some content of the conte

Lawn Cemetery, and that the husband and wife would be buried together there.

Since the tragedy very little has been learned about the family of the dead man's wife, her relatives all being naturally anxious not to speak about themselves. It seems apparent, however, that the family of the wife was inferior financially to that of her husband, and that the husband was well known where the wife had not been heard of.

An intimate friend of Mr. Fernandez said:—

"Few of the young man's friends knew much about his domestic relations. The young woman may have been his wife, but she never entered the society where, as his wife, she was entitled to go; the tociety of which his own sister, Mrs. de Calvo, was a leader.

"His father, Lamberto Fernandez, is very rich. His Cuban estate yields between 5,500 and 6,000 hogsheads of sugar a year. Young Fernandez's commission on this alone would be \$35,000 a year, and he had other sources of income. He spent his money lavishly on his friends, and was always too ready to help the horde of dissolute parasites and impecunious Cubans that his wealth attracted to him.

"The young man had been a wine drinker, but, upon the advice of a doctor, had left off the hobit, and drank whiskey. The Cubans thought's great deal of him for his courses.

Methodist parsonage aid fund.

A concert is announced in aid of the Fair Haven Baptist church for Monday evening next, of which we cannot report of course beforehand, but from the preparations now being made by the friends, it is likely to prove very entertaining and profitable, as well as a grand success. We bespeak a large representation of friends from all parts of the island.

Fishing and lobstering are flourishing industries just now. Greet catches up-river and inshore are being made, and all the factories in Eastport are on full time.

The first rain-storm we have had for five-weeks is hailed by us today. The dry weather has been very favorable for planting and sowing, much of which have been done, and all were waiting for rain.

Varitas.

(FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.) Pocologan, Charlotte County, May 12 .-The schooner Thetis of about fifty tons, from Lockport, N. S., Captain Dean Lloyd, with a crew of ten men, was here digging clams for the banks. They had one hundred and eightyfive barrels of shelled clams on board and heuled out on the anchorage ground early on Monday morning, May 10, to lay there to Progress of the Local Building Trades
Strike.

Monday morning, May 10, to lay there to make out his trip, which would take nineteen more barrels. In the mean time, two of his crew, Snow Pierce and John Lleyd, went in a dory to pick up wood on an outside beach, and had got their dory loaded with wood and were on the return to the schooner when they got into the breakers of a flat ledge when their dory was upset and they were washed on the ledges and were badly bruised. When rescued by a boat from the vessel, Snow Pierce had two of his teeth broken out and his lip and chin split open, one hand badly injured and his hip broken, and John Lloyd had his hip badly bruised. The captain concluded that by the time he got a doctor there, he could be nearly home. So he left with a good breeze to the north-west.

Grand Manan.

A grand clam bake was had at Woodward's Cove, a few days ago, at which the officers and crew of the Storm King were pleasantly entertained. The guests numbered from 75 to 100, and dancing was kept up till about three o'clock in the morning. The supper was pro-vided by Mrs, Harrington in a style difficult

A considerable number of visitors have already registered at the Marble Ridge Hotel, but arrivals are not expected to count largely before the middle of June.

The steam mill at Tatton's corner is fully occupied in the production of fish boxes; and the fertilizer near by will be put in operation in July or August.

The Flushing, thoroughly refitted and repaired, will be put on the route between St. John and Grand Manan on the 19th inst. She will be commanded by Capt. Ingersoll, one of the most genisl of seamen, who is kindly remembered by summer travellers of the paat year. She will sail from Turnbull's wharf.

to surpass.

A considerable number of visitors have al-

Charlottetown. LOBSTER MEN MEET A WATERY GRAVE. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., May 12 -Four men, named Michael Delaney, Francis Coyle, Arthur O'Neill and Thomas Donova, went out yesterday evening to the harbor's mouth here in a small sail boat to take up lobster traps. In doing so the boat upset, throwing the four men into the water. Donovan and O'Neill clung to the boat until assistance resched them, but the latter died after being rescued. Coyle sank immediately and Dooley awan for the abore, but went under in a short-time. Donovan any wired and astarmed to the

c. M. Holmes will not negotiste with anstriking aboemakers.

The Boston Book-keepers' Association have organized.

It is rumored that the eight-hour movement is to be inaugurated in Portland.

The Packschoag carpet mill at Seuth Work ocster has shut down, because of a demand by the spinners for an increase of wages.

The stockholders of the Third-avenue street railway are losing money by the strike. The company has been ebliged to pass its last dividend.

Secretary Howard of the Fall River Spinners' Union has issued his monthly circular, in which he compratulates the members of their numerical, and financial strength, and states that everything is in readiness for joining the Ksights of Labor on Fridsy night.

There is a bread famine at Pittsburg, Pa, among those who depend upon the bakers. About 390 bakers are on a strike.

The L500 colliers employed in the pits along the Xoughiogheny river and also at the mines of Hon. W. L Scott at Scott Haven, Pa, resumed work yesterday morning at the advance in wages demanded.

The eight-hour movement has reached Troy, N, Y,, and Philadelphia, Pa.

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves." as aid Mrs. Snaggs to a clerk at a Fifth avenue store. "These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced. "Yee, madam," repilied the clerk, "we have had them in stock only two days," "I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says that black kids have tan sitches, we have had them in stock only two days," "I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says that black kids have tan sitches, we have hed them in stock only two days," "The clerk explained that vice versa." The clerk explained that vice versa. The clerk explained that vice versa. The clerk explained that vice versa. The clerk explained that vice versa as French for seven bustons, and Mrs. Snaggs bought the gloves.—Pittsbury Chronicle