

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Branch of Tea Plant.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Lovers of a cup of really dainty tea will be glad to know that T. WILLIAM BELL, 88 Prince Wm. Street, has recently imported an EXTRA CHOICE TEA, in fact the finest that has ever come to this market, and which he is offering in 50c. 12lb. and 20lb. caddies.

PUGSLEY BUILDING,

COR. PRINCE WM. & PRINCESS STS.

DIRECTORY.

Ground Floor—Entrance from Princess St.

Rooms 1, 2, 3.—D. R. Jack, Agt. North British & Mercantile Ins. Co., and Spanish Vice-Consul.

4, 5, 6.—O. A. Skelton, Barrister, etc.

7.—Herbert W. Moore, Attorney-at-Law, and Stanley Kirkland, Attorney-at-Law.

8.—R. G. Kaye, Barrister, etc., and J. Sidney Kaye, Agt. Royal Ins. Co.

9.—James & Kaye, Q. C., Barrister, etc.

10.—J. Charles Dorey, Barrister, etc., and Master in Equity.

11.—J. H. MacAlpine, Barrister, etc.

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IN PORT.

Safe, safe in port! Ah! blessed is that long expected hour, When, safe from all the cruel sea's dread power, From furied storms and tides and buffeting, The driven ship folds close its beaten wings, And o'er the peaceful waters of the bay Is heard the seaman's glad and joyous song— Safe, safe in port!

Safe, safe in port! Ah! blessed is that long expected hour, When, safe from all life's dread and hurtful power, From wear of waiting dear and doubt's deep sting, The breaking heart no longer sobs, but sings; And, harbored in love, consecrate and leal, Through homelike bliss the soul's true love songs steal— Safe, safe in port!

—Edgar L. Wakeman in Good Housekeeping.

THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

The two westernmost islands of the Sandwich group are known by various names. The English sailors call them "The Twins," the Americans call them "Punch and Judy." They are known on the English sailing charts as "The Big and Little Cannibals," with a note warning that all boats sent on shore should be armed, as the natives are a treacherous lot and eat human flesh.

In the year 1875 I took a first mate's berth out of San Francisco on the brig Harry Lee, she having been sold to parties in Honolulu, and the owners having engaged to deliver her there. We had no trouble in shipping a good crew, and better weather than I ever saw until we were within two days' run of our port. Then we got a gale which diminished us and swept two men overboard; and when we finally brought up it was under the lee of the Big Cannibal, in a sheltered bay, with masts and sails gone, bulwarks nearly all swept away, boards broken off, the brig leaking so that we had to take long spells at the pump to keep her afloat. We had not been able to secure any provisions for three days, and although quite certain that we had fallen in with one of the Sandwich group, none of us had ever seen this particular island before. But for the help of a very powerful current which caught the brig as she was being hurried upon the weather side of the island, not a man of us would have lived to tell the story. This current ran us along the shore and whirled us into a bay on the lee side, where our anchors found good holding ground and brought us up in safety.

It was two days before the storm blew itself away, and the sea went down to lay within half a mile of the shore, and had seen people on the beach every hour in the day. At night they had built up opposite our berth, as if to say that they were our friends and to encourage us to be stout heart. From this circumstance our captain argued that we had not been driven to the west as far as at first supposed, and that we had at least two islands between us and Big Cannibal. When the sea had gone down sufficient to warrant us in lowering a boat I was ordered to take the yawl and four men and pull for the beach to ascertain our whereabouts. The weather had continued dark and cloudy and no observation could be taken. I went off in the boat without the slightest misgivings, and without a dream of any description. We had settled it that there was nothing to fear, and I anticipated no trouble in engaging a native craft to run for us the services of a steam craft.

Almost opposite where the hull of the brig lay pitching at her anchor was the mouth of a creek, and although the sea was a bar and the surf was rolling pretty high, we entered the creek without alarm. Just as we were going over the bar it struck me as curious that none of the natives had been out to visit us. It wouldn't have been anything extra of a swim for a native while the little craft will live in a sea which would roll a man of war rails under. It was now 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and I remembered that we had not seen a native on the beach since soon after daylight. There was no one in sight now, and we ran up the creek about a cable's length and grounded. There were two native boats there, but not a person in sight. I reasoned that the village must be close at hand, and, leaving two of the men to care for the boat, I took two others with me and set out to follow a broad and well beaten path, which I believed led to the village. In this I was correct. We had not gone about half a mile when we came to the village. We had nearly caught sight of the first huts when we were ourselves discovered, and three minutes later we were surrounded by 100 dusky people. I anticipated a friendly welcome, and was a good deal put out at our reception. Most of the people were old men, women and children. There were no more than five or six middle aged men. A circle was at once formed about us, and as soon as they saw that we were armed, we were seized, bound down and tied hand and foot. I had served with Kanakas aboard islands pretty well. It was therefore with horror that I soon learned we were on Big Cannibal island, and that the natives were greatly rejoiced at the prospect of the feast before them. I attempted to say something, but the noise of their shouts drowned my words, and each of us was hustled off by himself to a different hut.

I was taken in hand by two stout fellows, and when thrust into an empty hut I turned on them and asked for an explanation. They were dumfounded to hear me using the dialect, and at once exhibited a more friendly demeanor. They had expected the brig to drive ashore, and when she did not they feared she had too large a crew for them to attack. They wanted to know where she was from, how many men she had aboard and what her captain proposed doing. I told them my object in coming ashore, but they at once gave me to understand they would do nothing. It would be far better for them if the brig was to drive ashore. I offered as high as \$500 in gold if they would get word of our condition to some civilized port, but the fellows were immovable. They were a set of outlaws, and held no intercourse except with the smaller island. A ship touched at the islands now and then for water or vegetables, but the natives kept out of sight and would do no trading with the sailors. When I asked after the rest of the villagers they replied that upward of forty men were at the smaller island, where a wreck had driven ashore about two weeks before, but were expected home next day.

"And what do you propose to do with us?" I finally inquired. "Roast and eat you," was the curt reply, as they fastened the door and left me alone. It seemed more than likely. Why they had not gone to the creek to attack and capture the sailors and the yawl I could not understand, but it seemed that our coming among them rather surprised and

rattled them. When they had secured us they formed a party of twenty of the best men and set off for the creek, and in half an hour this party returned shouting and singing. The sailors had expected nothing and were easily captured. One of them was put into the hut with me, and he told me they supposed they were invited to a feast of some sort, and that the natives had my permission to bring them to the village. To be honest with the reader, I did not think these islanders were eaters of human flesh. I had been told so by Kanakas and others, but the idea of a race of men living within a day's sail of civilization and given to such horrible practices was too absurd for even sailor Jack's belief. They might be pirates and wreckers, but they certainly could not be cannibals. I am writing of twelve years ago. If I could not believe it then, who can believe it now? And yet this dispatch lately been published all over the country.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 3.—Information is received that on one of the outlying islands of the Sandwich group a number of boatsmen belonging to the schooner Mary Anderson were lately made natives under exceptionally brutal treatment. The boatsmen were first severely wounded to render them helpless, and then taken to the island and traded for pigs. The purchasers then finished them and had a cannibal feast.

I neglected the fears of the sailor with me by affirming that the natives yet hoped to see the brig come ashore, and by holding out to them the prospect of a feast. I rendered the event more probable. Shortly after noon they gave us a very liberal meal, and from what outside we could catch up I gathered that messengers had been sent off to bring the villagers home to attack the brig. They came before sunset, and they had scarcely arrived when a couple of heads came and conducted me to the head man or chief, who, I saw at a glance that all the people seemed to fear him. He had been told, I suppose, that I could speak the dialect, and no sooner had I come into his presence than he shouted at me: "So you dare land on my island without my seeking permission. We shall see about that."

"But we are sailors in distress," I replied. "Bah! What is your distress to me? Am I responsible because you don't know how to sail your ship safely? Where does your canoe come from, and where is she bound to?"

"I told him truly," "What is your cargo?" "She is in the creek only." "How many men are left aboard?" "Seven, counting the cook." "Is he a negro?" "He is."

"Well, you needn't count him. We will eat him," said the chief. I ate soon after. He hit me the nail on the head when he said that. I stood about six feet, was long armed and long legged, and weighed only 140 pounds. I might have been hunted for a week without finding an ounce of fat. When I returned to the hut I had no hope. I felt certain that we had not only fallen among cannibals, but that some of us would surely be eaten within a day.

"Why not carry word for us to some of the ports and thus earn a large sum of money?" "He hit me the nail on the head when he said that. I stood about six feet, was long armed and long legged, and weighed only 140 pounds. I might have been hunted for a week without finding an ounce of fat. When I returned to the hut I had no hope. I felt certain that we had not only fallen among cannibals, but that some of us would surely be eaten within a day.

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programme was to kill and eat one of us about every third day, and the sailor and I made up our minds to eat no more food than would barely sustain life. I was, as I have told you, in very poor flesh, and, fortunately for the sailor, he was not much better off, while he had been running sore on his leg. He had no sooner informed me of this than I put with my knife and gashed the calf of my right leg, and then, by rubbing tobacco into the fresh wound, I got up an irritation which I knew would soon produce a sore.

The next day after the death of Philbrick our allowance of food was greatly increased, but we scarcely tasted a mouthful. They also gave us plenty of brandy, in bottles of English make, but we never touched it. I kept working at my wound and the sailor kept irritating his sore, and in a couple of days we both had fever, and really cared very little about food. I knew we should not be the next victims, but I could not see the hints of the articles, of course, but I had not learned it. He was an old sailor, blind of one eye, and when he had been brought off he probably suspected for the first time what was to follow. Wrenching himself from his guards, he seized a war club and laid about him with such fury as to hold the crowd at bay for four or five minutes. He had no show, however, and was soon knocked down and dragged off. When the men returned after the feast I heard them discussing the meat. It was not so good as the previous case, and they laid it to the fact that Sam had heated his blood. It was suggested that the next victim be made drunk before he was sent out, and it was that suggestion that saved my life.

That evening my companion and I were inspected by the chief and his councilors. They came to our hut and ordered us to strip. Our lean flesh disgusted them, and when they saw that we were not fat, they were furious for a time. The doctors were ordered to put us on a diet and give us something to purify our blood, and as they went away the chief, who seemed to have a personal spite against me, gave me a slap in the face and exclaimed: "Ah, you lean, long, weak devil! I'll roast you for my dogs if you don't fatten up!"

The visitors were to come again on the third day, but on the second a gale set in, and continued to blow and kick up such a heavy sea that they could not cross until the sixth day. During this interval the two of us turned over many plans of escape, but the guards never gave us the opportunity to carry them out. We were between two huts and the chief had taken a dislike to me, and I felt sure he would not allow me to live another week.

On the sixth day, as I have said, the people from Little Cannibal came over again, and everything was ready to feast on the third sailor's body. I was a powerful young fellow named Kilder. He must have realized the fate in store for him, and the reason which they put in with made him desperately furious instead of quietly drunk. When they led him out he broke away, backed into a space between two huts and there, armed with a lance he had wrested from one of the men, he held them at bay. There was immediate and great excitement on the part of the natives. As soon as I saw this I went to the far corner of the hut and kicked out enough of the poles to permit me to crawl through. My companion stood at the door to watch the boat when I was ready to call to him. He was crossing the hut when I slipped out into the grass and bushes and started off.

The sailor who was fighting for his life must have given them a terrible battle, for he held them fully ten minutes and drew the whole population around him. No one saw me as I glided away, and I had made a run of a quarter of a mile before I found that I was alone. I supposed the natives were close at my heels, but it seemed that he had taken a different direction. No hunt was made for us until after the feast. I crossed the island, found another fresh water creek, saw two or three sail in the distance, and then looked about for a hiding place. I went to the top of a very thick tree, and for the next three days and nights I did not set foot on the earth. A vigorous and persistent search was kept up by the natives for that time, and then they seemed to argue that I had flung myself into the sea.

For five days I lived on the wild oranges and berries growing in profusion around me, and then a small boat from a wreck came into the creek for a gask of water, and I was taken off. Unfortunately for me the schooner got hold of a wreck next day to the east of us, and this upset the captain's plan to put me aboard the first vessel bound for Honolulu. He needed my muscle aboard the craft, and it was exactly two months from the day of my capture that I landed at the capital of the Sandwich Islands. The brig had come in and reported the yawl and her crew lost. I went to the American consulate, but the consul himself was off on a junket, and his subordinate took no interest in the case. I went to the British consul, but as I could not assure him that any of the sailors were British subjects he would make no move. I went to the captain of an American man of war lying in the harbor, and he heard about half my story and brusquely dismissed me.—New York Sun.

A Very Pretty Fashion. The Broadway milliners have inaugurated a very pretty fashion. It is to deck their windows with natural flowers. The rule seems to be to display only a couple of bouquets and to attract attention to them by a superb basket of cut roses or whatever other flower happens to be the star for the day. Nothing could be finer than one of these windows thus arranged. Only a woman's taste could hit upon the idea. Indeed I have noticed that some other shops beside the milliners have commenced to adopt the practice, and I suppose we shall soon have it carried to the usual extreme that will rob it of all charm. It will be a flattering tribute to the inventor, but a pity for the inventor.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

A novelty in cane handles is of smoked ivory in the form of a serpent, the mouth of which springs open to the pressure of the finger and shoots out fiery fangs.

THE IDEAL MAGAZINE

For young people is what the people call St. Nicholas. Do you know about it—how good it is, how clean and pure and helpful? If there are any boys or girls in your house, will you not try a number, or try it for a year, and see if it isn't just the element you need in the household? The London Times has said, "We have nothing like it on this side." Here are some leading features of

ST. NICHOLAS

For 1886-87.

Stories by Louisa M. Alcott and Frank R. Stockton—several by each author.

A short Serial Story by Mrs. Burnett, whose charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great favorite in the past year of St. Nicholas. War Stories for Boys and Girls. Gen. Badeau, chief-of-staff, biographer and confidential friend of General Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture gallery of the grand and heroic events in which the parents of many a boy and girl took part.

The Serial Stories include "Juan and Juanita," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtenay Taylor, author of "On Both Sides" also, "Jenny's Boarding House," by Jas. Otis, a story of life in a great city.

Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore R. Davis, with profuse illustrations; "Winning a Commission" (Naval Academy), and "Recollections of the Naval Academy," "Boeing for Oil," and "Among the Gas Wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Child-Sketches from George Eliot," by Julia Magruder, "Victor Hugo's Tales to His Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historic Girls," by E. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Franklin Miller, H. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. Townbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, Josh Brooks, Grace Dennis Littlefield, Rose Hawthorn Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc.

The subscription price of St. Nicholas is \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a number. Subscriptions are received by booksellers and newsmen everywhere, or by the publishers. New volume begins with the November number. Send for our beautifully illustrated catalogue (free), containing full particulars, etc.

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Very little can be done to improve the surroundings of a woman who has not sense enough to use

MAGNET SOAP.

Its washing qualities are unsurpassed. Perhaps you have heard of it a thousand times, without using it once. If you will reverse the position and use it once, you will praise it to others a thousand times. We have spent hundreds of dollars in convincing women that their washing can be made easier by using MAGNET SOAP, but we have fallen short of our ambition if we have failed to convince you.

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THE PROTESTANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, ST. JOHN.

AD. 1860

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