

IOLANI, The Brave Samoan Girl.

THERE was intense tribulation among the steerage officers of the Vandalla as she lay at her moorings in the tranquil harbor of Apia on the occasion of our first visit to the Samoan islands in January, 1889, for scarcely had we let go her bow and stern anchors, as is customary in those treacherous latitudes, when it was discovered that our messman during the commotion at the time of our departure had unceremoniously slipped over the side and swam to an outward bound merchantman with a view to abruptly severing his relations with the naval service in general and the midship mess of our vessel in particular.

The mess "striker," as he is unofficially designated, of a man-of-war, is not withstanding his apparent inferiority, from a standpoint of relative rank, an important functionary, particularly when so thoroughly familiar with his duties as was our late incumbent, who, in spite of his characteristic, harum scarum propensities, which had from time to time called forth corrections in various degrees of severity from the members of our mess, was far above the average in his capacity. True, he had a penchant for thrashing every new cook that appeared for duty at the galley, but his sauciness and barking tones were in consequence always given the point of precedence, thus insuring us a hot cuisine at every meal, and if he did restrict himself to the best brands of tobacco he daily abstracted from our private stores he could be considered as a plucky fellow in his industry, our sword hilts and trappings invariably bore a luster which awakened undesignated envy in the eyes of our seniors. But he was gone now, and we had to console ourselves as best we could with blaming each other for his flight.

The carpenter, who alone appeared above-reproach in the affair, accused the sailmaker because of having reviled him for appropriating a bolt of canvas from the sail locker with which to manufacture deck cloths for our quarters, while the sailmaker in turn censured the boatswain for having gone still further in supporting him for creating some disturbance or other forward among the crew. The boatswain was equally convinced that the fault lay with the gunner, who had seen fit to impose extra duty upon him, for having slighted his ordnance duties as set forth in the ship's station bill, though the gunner argued that the pay clerk, our caterer, was responsible for the catastrophe in having held back the "striker's" ration money to cover an overdraft in his accounts. Finally all but myself, the commander's secretary, agreed that I was amenable to contributory negligence in not having manipulated the conduct records in such a manner as to secure first-class liberty for him in every port we had visited, from which privilege his turbulent deportment had always precluded him. However, such speculations were productive of no improvement in the situation, and after having endured the petty annoyance of being forced to administer to our individual wants for the space of three days, intensified by frequent criticisms on the part of the commanding officer during his rounds of inspection, we were not a little relieved to hear our caterer announce that he had secured another messman from the settlement on shore, the same being a native islander who had been recommended for the billet by one of the local missionaries.

We entertained more or less misgivings as to the suitability of this new acquisition, but under the circumstances were ready to accept any one in the form of an attendant, so that when subsequently he appeared on board and entered upon the discharge of his duties no disparaging comments were forthcoming. His name, in accordance with the customs of his people, was limited to one application. Wailoah, which, pronounced in his peculiar native accent, was strangely pleasing to the ear. In appearance he was a strikingly handsome fellow, the comeliness of his well proportioned frame accentuated by a regular cast of features, fine eyes and straight black hair. No doubt his splendid physique, together with his amiable disposition, went far towards reconciling us to his unsophisticated manners and inadaptability to his duties, for as time progressed it became evident that Wailoah would never make a brilliant success as a mess striker. His tastes, not unaturally for a Samoan, were more in harmony with the strictly nautical features of life on shipboard than with the mental requirements of his rating, and he would have accustomed himself with vastly greater facility to the use of a marten spike or serving mallet than the accoutrements of galley and mess-room.

Our stay at Apia on this occasion was brief, and less than a fortnight found us again under way, bound for the Hawaiian Islands away to the northeastward. It was while at Honolulu that a change became manifest in Wailoah's character, whether the outcome of his association with the unruly element of our crew or of an inborn thirst so prevalent among his race is problematic, but at all events when at the expiration of a month we were again headed for the Samoan group our messman had developed an insatiable appetite for intoxicating liquor. In the absence of ordinary stimulants, which it was impossible for him to procure at sea, he would seek to alleviate his thirst with anything, from the contents of the cook's yeast breaker to undiluted Worcester'shire sauce, and when these substitutes were placed beyond his

reach his craving was as intense as that of a confirmed toper. I pitied the poor fellow in his lamentable affliction and frequently took occasion to reason with him, in which instances he would invariably be seized with remorse, bemoaning his inability to overcome his failing and insisting upon his unfitness to live. One afternoon I entered the steerage unexpectedly and found him standing beside one of the deadlights in the vessel's side, abstractedly gazing at a photograph held in his hand. Upon perceiving me he hastily thrust it into the bosom of his shirt, but my interest was aroused, and I insisted upon its being shown me. I was obliged to repeat my demand, however, before he would produce it, and then in a shamefaced way he handed over to me the picture of a beautiful Samoan girl, whose features bore in softened curves a striking resemblance to his own. On the lower margin of the card, in characters evidently formed by an untrained hand, was the brief legend, "Iolani," but upon my appealing to him for an explanation he answered never a word, commands and entreaties alike being of no avail in drawing him out.

Ordinarily the incident would have seemed trivial enough, and had it not been for the sequel which transpired shortly after our return to Apia it probably would never have recurred to my memory. It came about in the early morning hours of the 16th day of February. Our ship was not alone in the little reef port harbor. Beside a multitude of smaller craft which had been driven to seek its scant protection from the storms that had been sweeping the surface of the surrounding ocean for a week past, a powerful fleet of war vessels, representing the navies of three great nations, was assembled therein. From the 12th to the 14th the weather had been equally and the barometer indicated an impending gale, but by the morning of the 15th the conditions had modified and in the afternoon a perfect calm prevailed. No leave of absence from the vessel was extended to the crew, but a few of the caterers and messmen, including Wailoah, had been allowed to go ashore for the night in the interest of their duties, with instructions to report at the landing should a signal of three guns be fired.

Until the hour of midnight was struck scarcely a breath of air had disturbed the tranquility of the waters, but the simultaneous clanging of the ship's bells seemed to awaken the storm god from his fitful sleep, the dying vibrations merging into a shivering sigh which arose from the deep to be lured back in a stifled moan from the fast lowering sky. So rapidly did the charge transpire that the bary centers were all but caught napping, their indicators shifting from one to another extreme with startling suddenness.

Without a moment's delay the recall guns were fired and boats dispatched to the shore for the absentees, while on board extra anchors were got out and everything made snug to meet the imminent tempest. By the time the boats had returned a fierce gale was raging about the island, the sea dashing in high-belling breakers over the coral reef, which, affording us no protection from the fury of the storm, were a constant menace to the ships lying near them. Never shall I forget that awful experience and the dire calamities which from the beginning were portended.

Enveloped alike in darkness and swirling waves, not knowing what moment our vessel might be dashed to pieces upon some treacherous rock or sent to the bottom in a collision with one of the many other ships in the bay, it was an ordeal to inspire the stoutest hearts with dread. All too late it was discovered that our anchors were dragging and we were drifting towards the reefs. The engines were set to work steaming in the opposite direction, and for a time we appeared to hold our own, but moment by moment the gale increased in violence, until it was no longer a gale, but a stupendous hurricane, and as the gray dawn crept in around us we were enabled to distinguish the reefs within a cable's length of our starboard quarter.

Something must be done instantly! If a line could be got to shore, we might be saved; otherwise we were doomed. But how was it to be accomplished? A small boat was out of the question in such a tremendous sea, and an attempt to swim it would be little short of madness. Yet it was the one remaining hope, and a volunteer was called for. There was a moment's hesitation—not of fear, but of diffidence—and a figure clad in oilskins glided from under the forecastle to the executive officer's side. The light was yet too uncertain to clearly distinguish faces, but I heard some one say "Wailoah" and surged forward with the rest to make sure. As I drew near and made out the bronze face under the sou'wester, I muttered vaguely to myself, "Yes, Wailoah,—but how small of stature he seems!" Scarcely had I spoken when the volunteer mounted the bulwarks close by the gun against which I was steadying myself. A moment later the oilskin coat and sou'wester were thrown aside, and I beheld above me, outlined against the white crested breakers, and with a small line passed around the waist—not Wailoah, but the graceful figure of a girl. I stood as if riveted to the deck! Where had her face appeared to me before? Suddenly there flashed into my recollection the remembrance of the picture an inscription which I had seen in Wailoah's possession, and involuntary my lips framed the syllables, "Iolani." The next instant she had vanished. Whence had she come I did not in that hour of peril seek to ascertain, but when the line was stood watching with mingled hope and fear ceased to pass over the side and we knew the effort had proved

fruitless, I felt a bitter pang at heart to think that the devoted girl had sacrificed her life in trying to save ours. Notwithstanding that she was but one of many, from our brave commander down, who failed to reach the shore on that fatal day, as I clung through its long painful hours, together with my fast diminishing shipmates, to the tangled rigging of our gallant ship while her life was being ground out upon the cruel rock, my thoughts constantly reverted to the inexplicable appearance of the Samoan girl among us and the sad consequence of her heroism. It was late in the afternoon before they at length succeeded in landing a line from one of the mortars on the Trenton across our fore and aft stays, on which we were enabled one by one to cross over to the comparative safety of that vessel; but even then our rescue was not complete, for the old flagship was hard and fast aground and rapidly breaking up. But the natives on shore gallantly came to our relief, and, linked arm in arm, they formed a living chain, reaching through the breakers to the side of the stranded war vessel, and through the exertions of these brave fellows the entire ship's company and those of us who were saved from the Vandalla were eventually landed on the beach. As I climbed down the side in my turn to leave the wreck I was grasped by the strong arms of the foremost islander, who seemed to peer anxiously in my face as he passed me on down the line, and though I had caught but a fleeting glimpse of his features, it had been sufficient to convince me that it was Wailoah. Later on I again observed him moving restlessly in and out among the tangle of shipwrecked masts and rigging, and as he came near I called him to me. I can see him yet as he stood before me with haggard face and questioning eyes, and when I told him of the fate of her for whom he sought he appeared as if turned to stone.

In another instant an agony of grief seized upon him and smiting his forehead with his clenched hand he uttered a cry of anguish and sprang to the edge of the bulwark. I was too overcome with exhaustion to detain him but two of his fellows who stood near and listened to my words divined his purpose and dashed forward, barely in time to prevent him from leaping into the sea. He struggled fiercely to free himself, but finally permitted his retainers to lead him back to where I stood, and there on the surf lashed strand, with the hurricane still raging about us, he revealed to me in half articulate sobs the mystery surrounding the fate of Iolani. She was his wife, and on the night the steam arose he lay in a drunken stupor, from which, at the booming of the recall guns, she had vainly striven to arouse him. At length, in her fearfulness of his being put in his uniform and reporting on board in his stead, she had, in her oilskins, she had entered the boat at the landing, and it was not strange that later, amid the confusion about the decks of the ship, she should have escaped notice.

What became of Wailoah after we left the island I have never learned, and doubtless were it not for the memory of his little wife he would long since have passed from my recollection, but when in my reveries I again live through the appalling scenes at Simons and view the familiar faces who perished in our battle with the elements, there is always one which lingers in my fancy when all others have fled. That one—to which my thoughts must ever cling in tenderest admiration—is the face of Iolani, the brave Samoan girl.

THOUSANDS CELEBRATE with thankfulness their restoration to health by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I took of the vast army who have been cured by this medicine—Men, women and children, who have suffered the consequences of impure blood, who have been the victims of scurfy sores, eruptions, dyspepsia, nervousness, sleeplessness. They have tried other medicines and have failed to obtain relief. They have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it did them good. They recovered in its use and it accomplished permanent cures. Do you wonder that they praise it and recommend it to you?"

CHURCH MARRIAGE CONTRACT. From the Spoken H. Mass. Register.

A curious document was filed recently in the Hampden County Registry of Deeds at Northampton, being an agreement between Edward Whitmarsh of Easthampton and A. Minerva Cleveland of Franklin, which records some pre-nuptial arrangements concerning the rights of ownership of property after marriage. The conditions of the instrument are as follows:—All real and personal estate shall remain the separate property of the party owning the same, to the same extent as when married. Property acquired by either party shall remain the property of the person acquiring the same. Each party can manage or dispose of his property without consulting the other. The said Whitmarsh will pay the said Cleveland during the first five years of their marriage 50 cents per week for her personal use. Five years from the date of their marriage he will pay to his wife the sum of \$500, or, in case of the death of either party, it will be payable from or to the estate of the deceased. After five years the husband is to pay his wife \$1 50 per week. Mr. Whitmarsh is an old resident of Easthampton. He is fully seventy years old, and has always lived a quiet life. He is Deacon of the First Church and a man of considerable property, owing to frugal habits and long years of economy. He has been twice married, his second wife having been dead about two years.

AGONIZING PAINS. Endured by Those who Suffer from Sciatica—A Victim Tells How to Obtain Relief.

Probably no trouble that alicits mankind causes more intense agony than sciatica. Frequently the victim is utterly helpless, the least movement causing the most agonizing pains. Those who are suffering from this malady the following statement from Mr. John Hayes, of Hayesville, York Co., N.B. will point the road to relief and cure. Mr. Hayes says: "For upward of twenty years I have suffered from weakness and pain in the back. Some four years ago my trouble was intensified by Sciatica setting in my right leg. What I suffered seems almost beyond description. I employed in ce doctors, but all to no purpose: I had to give up work entirely, and almost despair of life. This continued for two years—years filled with misery. At this time I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using six boxes both the sciatica and the weakness in the back which had troubled me so long, were gone. I was again a well man and feeling fifteen years younger than before I began the pills. Nearly two years has passed since I discontinued the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in that time no symptom of the trouble has shown itself. Under God I thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for what they have done for me." Mr. Hayes voluntarily testifies to the truth of the above statement before Edward Waosend, Esq., J.P., and his statements are further vouched for by Rev. J. N. Barnes, of Stanley, N.B.

DANGER OF BEING BURIED ALIVE. We recently read in a medical paper an article by a well known physician, in which he shows that public confidence in the ability of doctors to note the inexorable signs of dissolution does not insure security against the danger of being buried alive. There is reason to believe that many persons have been buried alive. The case of the late Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Guibert, occurs to our mind. When the infidel rulers of France brought in a bill to enforce quick and speedy burial of the dead the cardinal opposed it with all his eloquence. In his speech he told the story of a young student who sickened, apparently died, and was brought to the church for the last sad rites. He told how the young man heard his own funeral dirge and awoke to consciousness when the organ pealed forth the Dies irae. The French Senate

was worked up to a high pitch of excitement by Cardinal Guibert's address; but when he said, "I am that young man," and produced the certificate of his death, issued thirty years before, his hearers were convinced and the bill defeated. The case of the French Cardinal illustrates the danger of being buried alive, and shows the wisdom of the custom of waking the dead.—Sunday Democrat, N. Y.

PATENTS. Messrs. Marion & Marion, solicitors and experts, New York Life Building, Montreal, report that on July 12th the United States Patent Office had issued 410 patents, 39 design patents, 17 trade marks, 2 labels, and 1 re-issue. Out of this number 395 were granted to citizens of the United States, 20 to citizens of England and 7 to Canadian inventors, as follows:—

- CANADIAN PATENTS. 607,337—John R. Brown, Harrison Hot Springs, Can., rock drill. 607,165—Francis J. Freese, Montreal, Can., sole cutting machine. 607,385—William E. Hunt, Montreal, Can., bicycle support. 607,122—William H. Murray, Tavistock, Can., combined door holder and lock. 607,236—James F. Neilson, New Westminster, Can., can end crimping machine. 607,070—Addison Norman et al, Toronto, Can., electric cable for driving conveyances. 29,013—George H. Fenison, Toronto, Can., badge (design).

THOUSANDS CELEBRATE with thankfulness their restoration to health by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I took of the vast army who have been cured by this medicine—Men, women and children, who have suffered the consequences of impure blood, who have been the victims of scurfy sores, eruptions, dyspepsia, nervousness, sleeplessness. They have tried other medicines and have failed to obtain relief. They have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it did them good. They recovered in its use and it accomplished permanent cures. Do you wonder that they praise it and recommend it to you?"

CHURCH MARRIAGE CONTRACT. From the Spoken H. Mass. Register.

A curious document was filed recently in the Hampden County Registry of Deeds at Northampton, being an agreement between Edward Whitmarsh of Easthampton and A. Minerva Cleveland of Franklin, which records some pre-nuptial arrangements concerning the rights of ownership of property after marriage. The conditions of the instrument are as follows:—All real and personal estate shall remain the separate property of the party owning the same, to the same extent as when married. Property acquired by either party shall remain the property of the person acquiring the same. Each party can manage or dispose of his property without consulting the other. The said Whitmarsh will pay the said Cleveland during the first five years of their marriage 50 cents per week for her personal use. Five years from the date of their marriage he will pay to his wife the sum of \$500, or, in case of the death of either party, it will be payable from or to the estate of the deceased. After five years the husband is to pay his wife \$1 50 per week. Mr. Whitmarsh is an old resident of Easthampton. He is fully seventy years old, and has always lived a quiet life. He is Deacon of the First Church and a man of considerable property, owing to frugal habits and long years of economy. He has been twice married, his second wife having been dead about two years.

AGONIZING PAINS. Endured by Those who Suffer from Sciatica—A Victim Tells How to Obtain Relief.

Probably no trouble that alicits mankind causes more intense agony than sciatica. Frequently the victim is utterly helpless, the least movement causing the most agonizing pains. Those who are suffering from this malady the following statement from Mr. John Hayes, of Hayesville, York Co., N.B. will point the road to relief and cure. Mr. Hayes says: "For upward of twenty years I have suffered from weakness and pain in the back. Some four years ago my trouble was intensified by Sciatica setting in my right leg. What I suffered seems almost beyond description. I employed in ce doctors, but all to no purpose: I had to give up work entirely, and almost despair of life. This continued for two years—years filled with misery. At this time I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using six boxes both the sciatica and the weakness in the back which had troubled me so long, were gone. I was again a well man and feeling fifteen years younger than before I began the pills. Nearly two years has passed since I discontinued the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in that time no symptom of the trouble has shown itself. Under God I thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for what they have done for me." Mr. Hayes voluntarily testifies to the truth of the above statement before Edward Waosend, Esq., J.P., and his statements are further vouched for by Rev. J. N. Barnes, of Stanley, N.B.

DANGER OF BEING BURIED ALIVE. We recently read in a medical paper an article by a well known physician, in which he shows that public confidence in the ability of doctors to note the inexorable signs of dissolution does not insure security against the danger of being buried alive. There is reason to believe that many persons have been buried alive. The case of the late Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Guibert, occurs to our mind. When the infidel rulers of France brought in a bill to enforce quick and speedy burial of the dead the cardinal opposed it with all his eloquence. In his speech he told the story of a young student who sickened, apparently died, and was brought to the church for the last sad rites. He told how the young man heard his own funeral dirge and awoke to consciousness when the organ pealed forth the Dies irae. The French Senate

EASY QUICK WORK SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES. SURPRISE SOAP MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

Business Cards. TELEPHONE 8393. THOMAS O'CONNELL, Dealer in general Household Hardware, Paints and Oils, 137 McCORD STREET, Cor. Ottawa

J. P. CONROY, 228 Centre Street, Practical Plumber, Gas and Steam-Fitter, ELECTRIC and MECHANICAL BELLS, Etc.

CARROLL BROS., Registered Practical Sanitarians, Plumbers, Steam Fitters, Metal and Slate Roofers, 795 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine.

M. HICKS & Co. AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, 1821 & 1823 Notre Dame St. MONTREAL

C. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter, Plain and Decorative Paper Hanger, White-washing and Tinting.

LORCE & CO., HATTER - AND - FURRIER, 31 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL.

SURGEON-DENTISTS DR. BROSEAU, L.D.S. SURGICAL DENTIST, No. 75 St. Lawrence Street MONTREAL

HOME WORK FOR FAMILIES. We want the services of a number of families to do work for us at home, whole or spare time.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN TOURS, Allan, Dominion and Beaver Lines, Quebec Steamship Co., ALL LINES FROM NEW YORK

COOK'S TOURS, W. H. CLANCY, AGENT, GRAND TRUNK TICKET OFFICE, 137 ST. JAMES STREET

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM, The Quickest, Most Direct and Popular Route to the KLONDYKE -AND- YUKON GOLD FIELDS.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 137 ST. JAMES STREET, And Bonaventure Station.

Society Meetings. Young Men's Societies. Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association, 114 St. Ann's Street, Montreal, Que., Dec. 19th, 1894.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society, Organized 1855, 114 St. Ann's Street, Montreal, Que.

Ancient Order of Hibernians, DIVISION NO. 2, 114 St. Ann's Street, Montreal, Que.

A.O.U. Division No. 3, 114 St. Ann's Street, Montreal, Que.

A.O.U. Division No. 4, 114 St. Ann's Street, Montreal, Que.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 74, 114 St. Ann's Street, Montreal, Que.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26, 114 St. Ann's Street, Montreal, Que.

C.M.B.A. of Quebec, GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC, Affiliated with the C.M.B.A. of the United States.

Catholic Benevolent Legion, Shamrock Council, No. 920, C.B.L., 157 Ottawa Street, Montreal, Que.

Catholic Order of Foresters, St. Gabriel's Court, 195, 195 St. Gabriel's Street, Montreal, Que.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F., 157 Ottawa Street, Montreal, Que.

Total Abstinence Societies, ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, Established 1841.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society, Established 1865, 114 St. Ann's Street, Montreal, Que.

BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST

BE SURE you get what you want when you ask for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Unequaled in Merit, Sales, Cures. There's no substitute for HOOD'S.