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PROGRESS.

VOL VI., NO. 294. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1893. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FOLLOWERS OF MORONI.

HOW THE MORMON CHURCH WAS ESTABLISHED HERE.

An Unknown Tongue—Mrs. Jos. Smith, Jr., as a Ventriloquist—Strange Doings at the Dead of Night—James Russell, M. P. P., to the Rescue.

Early in May, about four years since, a man and woman, well dressed and rather respectable looking, stepped from the steamer to one of the wharves at Grand Manan, and their coming ushered in a new phase of the religious question in New Brunswick, and added another to the many denominations of Charlotte County.

The new comers were Joseph Smith jr., and wife, Mormon apostles.

After a few days on the island they formed the acquaintance of a Mr. Griffin and soon had gained his favor. If he did not accept their ideal of a religious life he at least aided them in securing a foothold. Mr. Griffin was a trader in fish and generally sold his stock to Joseph Lakeman, who at that time, was the most extensive fish merchant on Grand Manan.

Some years previously there had been a small church building erected near Mr. Lakeman's by the Baptists but for several reasons the congregation had seen fit to leave it and at the time the Mormons visited the island the church was deserted and had become Mr. Lakeman's property.

In the interest of Mr. Smith and wife, Mr. Griffin visited Mr. Lakeman and told him of the arrivals. He described in glowing terms their good qualities and insinuated successfully that Mr. Lakeman should hear them The conversation ended by Mr. Lakeman extending a very social welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Smith to pay him a visit and hold a service in the old church.

They came, duly heralded, and held a service. They set forth the tenets of Mormon in a very easy and graceful style, saying nothing to offend, and dealing altogether with public morals, as inculcated by the followers of Moroni.

After the meeting Mr and Mrs. Smith were invited to spend the night at Lakeman's and they cheerfully assented.

That was a strange wierd night at the Lakeman domicile.

At the witching hour, Mrs. Lakeman heard a solemn voice, resounding through the room. She awoke her husband who also heard the startling sound. He arose and after dressing, proceeded to examine the house, outside and in, for the intruder who had destroyed their slumber. He went to the bedroom, occupied by the Mormon elder and wife and asked them if they had been talking or had heard a strange voice. To each of these inquiries they returned a decided negative. He returned to bed greatly perplexed. Once more the voice rang out, clear and distinct, "Prepare to aid a great work!"

The merchant and wife were greatly alarmed, and Mr. Lakeman again searched the house with the same fruitless result.

He had hardly got into bed again when the piano began to play and a very sweet voice was heard singing in a strange language.

Mr Lakeman was appalled. His hitherto quiet cottage had suddenly become a gruesome and haunted place; for surely, he thought, ghosts had taken possession of it. He examined the piano. It was locked; still the music resounded through the house. When he was at the piano the music was apparently from a bookcase on the other side of the room.

Mr. Lakeman retired once more and notwithstanding the voices and music continued at intervals throughout the night, he remained in bed.

At the breakfast table the matter was necessarily discussed and the Mormons took it as a matter of course. They told the merchant and wife that such things often occurred, that it was a message from the Spirit world, and that they would do well to obey its mandates.

Mr. Lakeman, convinced that he had received a special call, repaired the church for the elder and fed him and wife at his own house without any recompense.

They held services nightly and as they were particular as to the theories advanced there was a steady growth of converts, till about thirty had embraced the new doctrine. When asked about polygamy, which they did not mention in their discourses, the Mormons would invariably reply that there were secrets in the system which could only be unfolded to those who had been fully initiated. Everything was flourishing with them, till one evening, in an unguarded moment, Mrs. Smith said that she was a ventriloquist, and gave the audience a sample of her skill.

It was ruination. The whole structure they had worked so hard to raise had collapsed in a single moment.

Mrs. Lakeman always had suspicions that the mysterious voices and her guests were very closely connected, and as she studied the subject more carefully she was almost convinced. When she heard the lady declare herself a ventriloquist she was assured. She refused to attend the meetings any longer and in a few weeks the attendance had largely fallen off. Then one night the church edifice was destroyed by fire.

Next day Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Smith, jr., left the village for parts unknown.

But Mr. Lakeman was fully imbued with the beauties of the doctrine taught by the followers of Brigham Young. He determined to carry on the work of proselyting himself and determined that as the island had proved unprolific he would go to the mainland and endeavor to propagate Mormonism there.

James Russell, M. P. P., for Charlotte county, had always been a warm friend of his and was the owner of a public hall at St. Andrews. He accordingly wrote Mr. Russell and arrangements were made that he would speak at the hall on a certain date.

The hall was crowded and Mr. Lakeman made a very good impression, at least so he thought. At the close of his address he invited any one to speak who felt so inclined, and triumphantly looked round for a response.

A gentleman, present, named Berry, accepted the challenge and asked Mr. Lakeman to read a certain verse from Scripture; to read the whole verse and the one following it.

Mr. Lakeman did so. Mr. Berry had taken the trouble to note each text of scripture used by Mr. Lakeman in his address and in the foregoing way attacked each and entirely destroyed Mr. Lakeman's rendering of it.

When the latter became aware of the fact and saw that the audience was against him he fainted, or at least appeared to do so, calling on Mr. Russell to protect him. A copious supply of water restored him. Mr. Russell then took him under his protection and got an escort of constables to guard the discomfited lecturer from the hall.

Mr. Lakeman, not yet convinced that he had not received a call, then went to the United States where he is at present lecturing in favor of Mormonism.

Another of Mr. Smith, junior's converts, S. Flagg continues the proselyting although his work is apparently barren. Two women are the strongest apostles of the Mormon creed on Grand Manan at present. They hold cottage meetings at which they harangue their hearers in a peculiar gibberish, called by them "The unknown tongue." Perhaps on the next night of meeting they will explain what the message of the evening before meant. They pretend that they cannot refrain from expressing this nonsense, that they are possessed for the time being by the spirit of Moroni, and repeat just the syllables which he whispers to them.

The whole affair has now become more of the nature of a minstrel show than anything in the form of religion and there is no danger to be apprehended from it.

Had Mrs. Smith refrained from boasting about her ventriloquial powers, there is little doubt that Mormonism would have won the greater portion of the population of the island, but it is rapidly dying out, its embers only being left among the lowest of the population of Grand Manan.

Its an Incubator.

They had just arrived by train and were going up King street when the ferris wheel in the window of Geo. H. McKay's establishment attracted their attention.

"What de ye ca' yon, Johnny?" asked the elder.

"I dinna ken," said Johnny, "bit it's vera loike a whummelich I saw up by Apohok."

"Its no a new contrivance fur the wemmin to wear?" enquire the elder, who was quite close fisted.

"Na, Na, said Johnny, as the wheel started, "it maun be one of these inkeybaters that they pit eggs intil an' tak' oot chickens. I've seen 'em to Apohok."

Useful and Necessary.

The American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte street, have the sole agency for St. John, for the New Pure Gum ladies rubber. This rubber is indeed a wonderful invention, as it is made with a deep heel and it cannot possibly slip off at the heel They are made without any lining and are the same inside and out, and whenever soiled can be cleaned and look like new. They claim for them that they will wear longer than three pairs of ordinary so they are the cheapest rubber made. Then ladies and childrens overshoes, rubber boots, boys' rubber coats, and gentlemens' best mackintoshes make a very sensible and useful Christmas present, which will give thorough satisfaction and be appreciated.

Something All Must Have.

The advertisements of Mr. Chas. K. Cameron are always attractive, but at this season he aims to have them particularly so, and the goods that he supplies are in keeping with the time of the year. In the line of useful holiday gifts Mr Cameron can compete with anyone, for ladies must have hats, and the kind of hat depends upon the taste of those who visit such stores as Mr. Cameron's

Colgate's Sachet Powders, Heliotrope and other odors. W. S. Barker, Druggist, 35 King street.

IS THIS PERSECUTION?

THE CASE OF DR. DAY LOOKS MUCH LIKE IT.

A Question That Had Been Settled for Eighteen Months Revived, and Charges Made on Which Dr. Day is Found Guilty and Deposed From the Ministry.

There has been a good deal of discussion in the newspapers about the case of Dr. Day, formerly a minister of the Baptist church, but recently deposed by a council of that body that assembled at Yarmouth on account of some alleged irregularities, the charges of which were sustained by that body.

PROGRESS has hitherto refrained from making any comment upon the case, because it was not at liberty to print the facts in its possession. It is hardly necessary to state that Dr. Day has for many years been a leading member of the baptist body in the maritime provinces. He put his whole mind and energy to the work and was the treasurer of the Home Mission board. During the early days of that board it was not in such affluent circumstances as it has been of late, and the treasurer, Dr. Day, being a man of considerable means, many times found that if the missionaries were to be paid the amount would have to come from his own pocket. He lent it again and again, said nothing about it, and when the funds came into his possession repaid himself. This fact was known to very many in the denomination, and it was considered fortunate that the board should have such a treasurer, who was able and willing in times of emergency to assist in this particular manner.

But the time came, about two years ago, when Dr. Day himself needed assistance. He had plenty of property, valuable property too, as well as assets in the shape of abundance of farm produce, cordwood, etc., that would bring him cash as soon as navigation opened. He had the assurance of men who lent money that within a few weeks—three weeks was the time named—they would be able to raise him more than he needed upon the property that he desired to mortgage.

But he wanted the money immediately. He had a sick son in Philadelphia in charge of an expensive physician and nurse, and it was absolutely necessary that he should have funds to send to them. The money of the baptist mission board was in his hands. Feeling that he would be in a position to pay it, he used a portion of it for the purposes named above, and another family need.

There is no one who will say that this was not wrong, but under the circumstances there are many who will excuse the act. At any rate, when the time came that Dr. Day expected to realize upon the property he found to his surprise that the capitalists were unable to do as they said they would. Instead of endeavoring to hide the fact that he had used the money of the board he immediately notified the chairmen of the boards of the state of his finances, and offered them all the security that was in his power; security that was more than ample for the sum he had used, as well as the notes of himself and friends, to ensure that the denomination should suffer no loss.

There was a meeting of the chairmen of the boards and the explanations and offers of Dr. Day laid before it, and while there was much regret that he should have used, even for so short a time, any of the denominational funds, his offers and explanations were accepted and the matter closed up. Payments were being made regularly, and nothing was said about it, the fact even did not get out to the public.

Some fifteen months afterwards, when Dr. Day had practically left the ministry and was practising his medical profession at St. Martins, a letter was received by him from the last church he had filled at Yarmouth, notifying him to appear before the council of the Baptist church to answer to a charge of appropriating denominational funds to his own use.

To make a somewhat long story short he went to Yarmouth and met the council and found that the charges made against him were all part and parcel of the one old affair that he had thought settled, and which was settled from a business standpoint, over eighteen months ago. PROGRESS does not attempt to excuse the act of Dr. Day in appropriating for his own use, even for a few days, any money that did not belong to him, but the act of his old church in refusing him his letter of dismission, and following him eighteen months after he had practically left the pulpit, finding him guilty of the charges that had been explained and settled to the satisfaction of the chairman of the boards interested, publishing the result of that finding, and exposing a matter that must reflect upon him and those related to him, seems to it to savor very much of persecution.

MACKASSEY WILL NOT PROSECUTE.

As Many of the Halifax People Wish Him To.

HALIFAX, 14.—The office holders in Halifax are many. They are enrolled in the service of the Imperial, Dominion, Local and city governments. None of them are worked very hard, and, unlike the policeman's their lot is a "happy one." There is one office holder in the city, who not only has an easy time of it, who really does nothing positive to earn the $1,000 salary which Halifax tax-payers give him, but who actually does much to defeat the object for which, ostensibly, he was appointed. The man, above all others in Halifax, who makes his office and position a farce, is the city inspector of liquor licenses, John A. Mackassey. His oath of office, which he took with all due solemnity, binds him to see the liquor law of the city carried out, but that oath John A. Mackassey violates many times in the year, and it appears as if he knowingly violates it.

That is a rather hard thing to say, but the charge is proved many times in the year, and can be proved by anyone who looks around him. It is a fact that is known in Halifax. The public know it quite well; the police know it better,—and John A. Mackassey is not regarded highly by the force. PROGRESS has before this paid some attention to Mr. Mackassey, but another glance at him is quite reasonable for he is a very fruitful subject of remark.

A few instances of the mode of operation pursued by the inspector will convince those who have not looked into the matter that he is just as described above.

The police and private individuals like C. B. Burns and his friend Mr. Crane, for instance, obtain evidence of law violations, and it is handed in to the inspector, who is supposed to take action as soon as possible.

The police report cases as fast as half a dozen a week, but that is not the rate at which Mackassey prosecutes. No, the city council put him there not to enforce the law, keep him there for that purpose, and looks on and see him ignore these reports; delay proceedings as long as possible, and when he does act, shape his course so as to give a chance of escape to the offender against the law.

Mackassey refuses to retain counsel to prosecute, insisting on appearing himself, when a case does come up, and one can imagine what kind of a cross-examination a defendant receives from John A. Mackassey. Many a case has been dismissed because of his refusal to employ counsel.

There is a license fund of some $30,000 from which counsel's fees can be drawn, so it is not because money is lacking for the purpose that counsel is not employed. The Slade and Donaghal cases are the most recent instances of the success of the defendant, whom the police have reported on ample evidence, because Mackassey persists in refusing to engage counsel, to prosecute.

It is notorious that he does not appear himself, even when a case is called, without repeated urgings from the police to do so. Figuratively speaking, he has to be dragged from his office to the court room, and he seems to come as prosecutor with more unwillingness than the prisoner himself. It is almost equally well known that the inspector of licenses holds close counsel oftener, and is more of a bosom companion with those engaged in the liquor business than with the police, under its present management, who are trying to secure a measure of observance for the law.

The Thomas Keating case was reported, it will be remembered, by Messrs. Burns and Crane. After putting the trial off as long as he could, Mackassey fixed Ryan's case for November 30th, a civic holiday, on which day court is not held. Ryan was called subsequently but when the time came for trial it was proved that the summons, though marked "served" had not been served. A third time was the Ryan case called and then the point was taken that the case having been fixed for the holiday, it could not again be called; that it was then virtually dismissed, the court not having met on the day appointed.

The Keating case is more interesting on account of the source from which the information came. The story has been made familiar to PROGRESS. Mackassey fixed the trial for St. Andrew's day. But had he fixed it for any other day the case would have been dismissed because he had refused to subpœna Burns and Crane, the two who had laid the information, and the only men who could give evidence. These gentlemen it is said, had urged Mackassey to refrain from issuing subpœnas to them, and they had prevailed on Mayor Keefe also, to use his influence to keep them out. They succeeded, and probably the last has been heard of Keating and his two gentlemen informers.

The Queen hotel was reported by the police, a couple of weeks ago for selling on Sunday. No action has been taken and the chances are none will be. Woolhough is in the same position. Mrs. Watson is another instance.—and there are scores of others.

The case of John Mullane is a noted instance of the peculiar methods of Mackassey, and other prominent officials also have a finger in this pie. Mullane had been convicted twice. A third time was an action brought, and a third conviction came into the police court. Three convictions cancel a license. So it was a serious matter with Mullane. He appealed to the county court. The case was dismissed there because neither Mackassey nor MacCoy appeared to prosecute. The case was taken to the supreme court. Now, it is said Recorder MacCoy has been quietly instructed to allow the case to go by default, in the same way adopted in the county court. Thus Mullane's license will be saved to him, and the third conviction in the police court rendered nil.

Mayor Keefe is accused of knowing something of this. It is to be hoped he is misrepresented. His Worship intends to be one of the liberal candidates at the provincial elections next spring, and he had better look out, for it is not so easy after all, to run with temperance hare, and hunt with the liquor hounds.

WHAT ARE ASHES WORTH

THE LATEST QUOTATION IS HIGH, VERY HIGH.

How a North end Citizen got Fifty Dollars out of his Ash Heap—The way it was done—Perhaps a Pointer for Other Worthy Citizens.

Ashes are not generally considered to have a very high commercial value, they are not noticed in the market reports, nor quoted upon the stock exchange; indeed it would be hard to mention any part of the world except St. John where they are taken into account as a source of revenue to those who are so fortunate as to possess them in unlimited quantities, and even in St. John the circumstances under which the ash market takes a sudden jump must be something very much out of the common.

It is probably safe to make the assertion that for the first time in the history of the city an ash pile, pure and simple, has proved a source of wealth to a citizen.

Charles Dickens immortalized dust as a source of wealth, and made his Golden Dustman a figure which stands out prominent amongst the many familiar figures which the master of fiction has made real to us by the magic of his pen.

It would surprise a good many of the citizens of St. John to learn that they have a sort of a Golden Dustman in their very midst, an ashpile king, so to speak, who has made quite a tidy little sum of money out of materials which less thrifty mortals are in the habit of paying liberally to have removed from their premises. "Ashpile Jimmy," as he delights being called, is well known as a shining light in Salvation Army circles, and St. John has a gentleman who is as fully entitled to the name, as the original "Jimmy" but his modesty has prevented him from assuming the title, and so far he has remained incognito; but as it would be useless to wait for another Dickens to do justice to the subject, a less worthy hand must undertake the task, and rescue the second Golden Dustman from the shades of oblivion.

Not very long ago, the firm of Messrs. Michael and David Corkery were well known on Mill street. The death of Mr. Michael which took place some five or six weeks ago dissolved the firm, and the surviving partner has retired from business and settled down upon his large farm on Military Road, at the back of Fort Howe. A deserving citizen of the name of Damery was employed by the brothers as a truckman, and though a worthy man in many respects he was at times slightly, very slightly, "disguised in liquor," and not as competent to discharge his duties as his employers would have wished.

One of these duties was the collecting of ashes from the different residences in Portland, and transporting them out to the farm, there to act as fertilizers. It is needless to say that the inhabitants of the houses at which Mr. Damery made periodical calls for the purpose of emptying the ash barrel were not in the habit of objecting to his visits. They were only too glad to have such lumber removed free of charge, so he was in a certain sense a welcome guest, and always treated with consideration.

But these halcyon days were not to last and one memorable morning Mr. Damery made a slight mistake, which was fraught with dire consequences for all concerned.

One fine morning, Mr. Damery had partaken of just enough mountain dew to keep out the cold, and started on his rounds in the best of spirits. Now it so happened that on Mr. Damery's regular beat there was a double house occupied jointly by a Mr. Morrison and Dr. J. M. Smith, dentist. The former was a regular client of Mr. Damery's, who waited on him once or twice a year, and removed the ashes in bulk. Quite a large-sized heap had accumulated, in fact a much larger one than Mr. Damery expected, considering the amount he had removed on his last trip, but he set manfully to work, and removed two loads, before transferring his attention to his next patron, and proceeded peacefully on his way little recking of the storm which was then gathering over his head, soon to break and darken the surrounding landscape with a shower of ashes which would suggest an eruption of Mount Vesuvius to the poetical mind. A few weeks after the events described in the last chapter the Messrs. Corkery received a communication from a well-known St. John lawyer, demanding on behalf of his client, Dr. J. M. Smith, of Portland, the sum of $50 in compensation for property removed from his premises on a certain day noted therein.

It goes without saying that this letter was a complete surprise to the Corkery brothers who were ignorant of any trespass committed either by themselves or their minions on the property of Dr. Smith. Inquiries were instituted and the information elicited that on the memorable morning referred to Mr. Damery had made the mistake, quite natural to a gentleman who took something to keep out the cold, of going into the wrong back yard, and consequently he had removed the wrong ash pile.

Mr. Michael Corkery, being a man of spirit, very properly declined to honor the draft; in fact he took no notice of the latter, one way or the other, and before there were any further developments he was taken ill and died. After his death David, the only remaining member of the firm, became the object of the lawyer's attentions, and being cast in a milder mould than his brother, he took the matter into consideration, and finally consulted a friend who, being better versed in legal quibbles than himself, advised him to settle the matter at once and save further costs and trouble. This, Mr. Corkery did, and whether Dr. Smith and his legal adviser divided the profits of this corner in ashes, between them, or the legal gentlemen only obtained a fair percentage, is not generally known, but the question naturally arises, was it possible for a man to enter Dr. Smith's back yard twice and remove a load of ashes each time without either the doctor himself, or some of his family observing what was going on, and if they did observe it why was not the intruder ordered off the premises at once, instead of being allowed to continue his innocent depredations, unmolested, and apparently unnoticed? It looks very much like a deliberate intention to let matters take their course and then establish a case and demand compensation.

Be that as it may, twenty-five dollars a load is a high price for ordinary coal ashes; if this case is to establish a precedent, it will pay the inhabitants of Portland to invest their spare cash in coal, and devote their time to burning, and preparing it for the market.

Meanwhile, until this point of precedent is settled, the North Enders are saving up their ashes with religious care, and having their ash piles guarded at night, in the hope of amassing a rapid fortune in the ash trade.

THE BOYS WERE NOT IN IT.

Halifax Reporters Did Not Dine With the Ministers.

HALIFAX, Dec. 13.—The liberal conservative banquet to Sir John Thompson and Sir C. H. Tupper on Monday evening was a success in many respects. The people who managed it, however, would be able to do much better with more experience. And yet the mistakes they made have been made by others before them, and they might have known. The big banquet in New York some years ago will be remembered, where the parsimony of its promoters was so great that the representatives of the press were not furnished with tickets to the dinner, but were seated at a table by themselves. While the brilliant company ate and drank the reporters feasted their eyes looking on at the good-things spread so liberally on the distant tables. It was an important occasion and the public were looking for full reports of the interesting speeches. When the feast had concluded and the first orator was about beginning his effort the reporters marched out in a body. Not a New York paper the next morning noticed the banquet, and great was the disgust of the people who had organized the affair, to find that none but the hundred guests or so who were at the dinner, ever heard a word of the important utterances which were made.

A somewhat similar incident occurred in Ottawa a couple of years ago. Lord Aberdeen, the present governor-general, was banquetted. The Ottawa people were as mean as the New Yorkers. The press was not furnished with invitations. Lord Aberdeen had carefully prepared a speech which not only he but the banquet-holders wanted the public to read. That a hundred or so at the banquet heard it was not what they desired most; but that was all they got, for not a Canadian paper noticed the affair next day, and Lord Aberdeen, whose speech had practically been wasted, was one of the maddest men in the Dominion.

The third instance of the kind was the Ministers' banquet in Halifax on Tuesday evening. It was a partial instance only. The Herald, the government organ, was represented at the tables in the person of its editors, but there were no other press invitations.

A bare table was placed away in a corner, far out of sight and out of hearing where any reporter who liked to creep in after dinner was over, might sit down and "take notes". It was not very fully availed of, as might be expected: and except in the conservative paper the reports were in keeping with the scant courtesy and mean accommodation provided. The managers of the banquet, therefore, instead of having full reports in the opposition press, and putting the views of the ministers and other speakers before the whole country, as they might to a large extent have done, got only a garbled report in all except the one government organ.

The banquet was mismanaged in other respects. In these days of industrial development and tariff discussion, nothing more important than such subjects as "trade and commerce," and "Canadian labor and industry," could have furnished topics for speech-making. These subjects were on the toast list, it is true. But they were the two subjects which were given the go-by, owing to the slight of time, and a half dozen speeches prepared upon them, and much-bottled eloquence remained confined, because there was no time. Disgust was apparent on the faces of not a few. Experience is a good teacher, and the next time the ministers are banquetted in Halifax, in years to come, the lesson may have been learned how to make the most of such an occasion.