

# PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## A LAWYER IN THE CASE.

### MORE FACTS ABOUT THE MORMONS OF GRAND MANAN.

Hearing a Midnight Message—It Came by Packet—Scripture Texts Memorized—Rousing the Initiates with Powder—Salt Lake Apostles.

The Mormon church which existed at Grand Manan for four years past and which was described in PROGRESS last week has now about died out, had a strange and somewhat startling interest, as it was an attempt to overthrow all the established religions on the island and a substitution in their place of a system of theology that is allowed by all to be of the lowest order. Some of the experiences of the movement are amusing while there are others that have a sorrowful aspect.

As an example of their manner of proselytizing the following may be taken. In the baptist church there was a certain deacon who was possessed of a comfortable home, some money and comparatively large influence. It was quietly decided that the deacon and his wife must be brought over to the Mormon idea of religion.

One night, at midnight, the deacon and his family were awakened by a loud knock at the door. It was opened by Mr. Brown himself. What was his surprise to see a woman, one of his neighbors, standing there. He asked her what she had come for.

She said she had been visited by an angel who told her to lose no time but to come to the deacon Brown's and warn him and his wife to leave the church of mockery they were now in and become Mormons.

The old deacon started very badly and said, "If the angel came by p—p—packet he took a great deal of p—p—pains to go down to your house, over a mile away. Why didn't he—s—s—stop here?"

The agent saw that she could make no impression on the deacon, so after some scolding she went away. But she did not despair, however. She visited the house when the deacon was absent, time and again, and in three months from her midnight visit Mrs. Brown announced that she would attend the meetings.

On the evening she first attended, the speaker, Joseph Smith jr., addressed the people, taking as the subject of his discourse, Philip and the Eunuch. His particular text was where Philip said, "if thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." And he answered said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God," Mr. Smith stopped at the word believe, he did not use the last phrase at all.

He explained this passage by saying that if the people believed that Joseph Smith was a prophet, and would say so, "with all their heart," they were fit to be initiated into the further mysteries of Mormonism.

Mrs. Brown accepted the teaching and a day was set apart for her baptism. It did not differ from the ordinary mode of immersion except in the important particular that the name of the Saviour was omitted entirely.

After the ceremony a night was set apart for the initiation which consisted in the placing of hands. The candidate Mrs. Brown, was placed in the middle of the room. Mr. Smith first placed his hands upon her head, then the audience followed his example till there was not "standing room" so to speak, for another hand. The apostle recited something in the "unknown tongue." It sounded like this: au—au—ha—ha—laun—laun, with a constantly rising inflection. Then the candidate was taken to a separate room where only the highest officers of the church were allowed to enter, where she received the "secrets" of the mysterious religion.

What these were is not known to common humanity but the fact remains that they were too much for Mrs. Brown and she made a hurried exit from the room and at once gave up all thought of becoming a Mormon.

After their church had burned down, they had recourse to cottage meetings. These they carried on with much success and many converts were received into the fold. Whether it was the attractive manner in which the tenets of Mormonism were placed before them by Joseph Smith, jr., that induced them to join is questioned. Some say that it was from an altogether different cause, viz: Two men were conducting a store as partners. One of them became a member of the church and all converts had unbonded credit at the store.

The senior partner saw the shelves getting empty and the till remaining at ebb tide and began to investigate. He found the entries in the day book very numerous but they showed nothing but credit, some of it of the very worst character. The firm was dissolved. The junior partner carried the business on for a while longer till his better half, who was really his better half, saw that the credit system was being done to death, and she at once "put her foot on it."

It is peculiarly true that with the stoppage of the pork, molasses and tea supply, the supply of converts also ceased.

Then the boys decided that it was about

time for them to get in their work, and accordingly decided to give the next cottage meeting a rousing send off. They got several bottles and filled them with powder and placed them beneath the cottage that held the illustrious Joseph and his satellites. But a mistake was made in loading and the powder refused to explode. The bottles were found and some of the youthful culprits were caught.

A trial was at once begun and the boys were defended by Lawyer Grimmer of St. Andrews. He saw at once the state of things and decided that there was not much in the affair only a chance to advertise the Mormons and so he "squashed the proceedings, styling the case a 'tempest in a teapot.'"

In their prayers they always used the name Joseph Smith sr., as the mediator between the Most High and themselves.

For a time they carried on strongly in Grand Manan. The first apostle was strengthened by three others who came from Salt Lake, Utah; whether specially sent to aid Joseph in his ministrations is not known, but it was thought that these arrivals would be fully able to overcome the resident clergy of the Methodist, Episcopal and Baptist churches.

As soon as these new disciples got settled meetings were held every night. They at once denounced the other ministers and said that they had no authority to baptize or perform the sacrament of marriage. Every married couple taken into the Mormon church there had to undergo a second marriage ceremony by these new converts or the reverend Joseph. Even grandmothers and grandfathers, who had dozens of grandchildren looking on, went through this mockery with the greatest assurance that they were doing right.

But the last trace of the huge imposition is fast disappearing and a few years more and it will not be known in the island.

Joseph Smith, jr., was asked why they had chosen Grand Manan, an out of the way place like that, to lay the foundation of their religious venture in the east of America. He, in answer, had responded that the island afforded to him its isolation immunity from all interference that might be expected had they chosen a larger and more readily accessible place. There they were not apt to meet with learned ministers, those who could readily discuss with and confound them, the people were likely to be more easily influenced because they did not come so much in contact with strangers and the island in many ways would prove a good centre from which evangelists could be sent out to other and larger localities.

## THE CITY WILL PROVIDE IT.

A Private Telephone for Magistrate Ritchie's Residence.

The police magistrate has got his telephone and the city will pay the bill. It was not secured except by a hard and windy battle and a close vote and the exchange of the compliments of the season being indulged in by the aldermen over the affair.

Precedent is what the wise ones are afraid of. If the police magistrate has a telephone at home that is paid for from the city treasury every city official may want the same. Any or all of them can advance good or apparently good reasons why they should be thus favored, and having granted an instrument in this case why refuse them? This will be the valid argument that will be put forward. Perhaps it will occur to the average citizen that considering the very comfortable stipend Magistrate Ritchie receives from the city that he might have paid for a telephone himself. It is simply absurd to say that the civic business transacted over it will bear any proportion to the private messages.

The principle is all wrong and those aldermen who opposed the resolution will be found right in the end. There may be times indeed when it is necessary to communicate with the magistrate in a hurry but with plenty of messengers about in the persons of policemen he should be reached in ample time.

Next to the absurdity of the request perhaps is the statement that the telephone will be used a good deal by some of the aldermen who are friends of Mr. Ritchie's. What nonsense that is. If the instrument was paid for by Mr. Ritchie it could carry all the private messages possible, but as it is a city telephone, presumably it will not work except when city officials talk.

A Choice Collection of Art Photographs.

Mr. W. A. Peterson, of King street, is showing a very choice collection of art photographs in large sizes, and mounted on the new chocolate cardboard mats. These pictures are all reproductions from the best artists, and all as fine works of art as have ever been shown in the city; they comprise copies from the best French, English and German schools. These photographs would make very handsome Christmas presents, and many are reproduced in cabinet and panel sizes, suitable for less expensive gifts. Mr. Peterson's shop is well worth a visit, to all lovers of the beautiful and artistic.

## THEY LOVE EACH OTHER.

### ALDERMEN MOSHER AND DENNIS EXCHANGE COMPLIMENTS.

The Funny Part of the Affair—The Size of the Intelligent Aldermen—What It Was All About—Oil on the Troubled Waters—Now All is Peace.

HALIFAX, Dec. 21.—Our aldermen some times try to keep quiet little scenes between themselves, though very often they are only too glad to tell all abroad any little sensational occurrence. There seems to have been an effort at suppression of an incident at a meeting of the board of works this week, but it has got out at last. The difficulty was between Chairman Mosher and Alderman Dennis, and the cause the refusal of some information asked for by Dennis, in the possession of Mosher. It must have been fun to watch the scene.

Only five pairs of eyes witnessed it—three members of the board, besides the principals, and two reporters. Details of the encounter are meagre. Imagine the scene. Chairman Mosher at the head of the table, nearly six feet tall, rather thin, and wiry in appearance, with a paucity of hair which would come in good stead in case of a "clinch." Several times Mosher has been re-elected to the council from ward 6. He is worth \$80,000, and he bears those honors, and his fifty years, with becoming modesty. The only way in which he shows how highly he appreciates his qualities is by insisting on making long speeches to the council on every question that comes up. His speech is sure to be long, rambling, verbose, and somewhat egotistical, no matter how trivial the question is on which he addresses his worship. In most respects, though Alderman Mosher is a sensible man, if he could only get himself to say what he has got to say, and then be done with it. Progress, once before, remarked of him that he could talk longer and say less than any man in the council. That characteristic still holds true, and there is not much hope for an alderman on the shady side of fifty reforming himself. His constituents will have to take Mosher in hand at last as the only way to give the council relief. His opponent, on this occasion is not perfect, either, by any means, but has an unfortunate habit of speaking too often and too plainly. He jumps at a conclusion, and to the distress of the council, they must submit to the "benefits" of his impression yet they thank their stars Dennis does not talk long. He quickly gets to this point, makes the council see it, and takes his seat. In stature he is fully a foot less than Mosher, is more than fifteen years his junior, and resembles him only in the pitiful absence of hair that fails to adorn the crown of his head.

These were the men who faced each other at a board of works meeting the other day. It is only known they dressed down each other in their own characteristic style. Alderman Hamilton's great, burly form loomed up between them as a sort of umpire, to prevent foul play and see that the war of words did not develop into a test of physical prowess. Mosher defied Dennis to do his worst, and Dennis defied Mosher to be as good as his word. They each snapped their fingers in the air at the other, so it is said, and made little short of anathematizing one another. Alternately they became white and red, and, oh, they were so mad. Umpire Hamilton was not called upon to interfere, and at last Dennis and Mosher, finding neither could accomplish his purpose by high-handed abuse, or by mutual passionate defiance, calmed down. Better counsels prevailed, and when the storm cleared away it is said that Dennis was in possession of his information and Mosher was only too glad to give it. It was one of those storms which clear the atmosphere and now for some time to come it may be expected that the long-winded chairman, and the hasty, aggravating, impetuous alderman from Ward 2 who wants to have his fingers in every pie, will be the best of friends. Those who saw them emerge together from that meeting of the board of works would have thought that both had tempers whose placidity never is other than that of a millpond; but it is not so.

## "OH, HE SELLS CAOWLS"

He Ke all other Cities the Snobbery Set exists in this City by the sea.

HALIFAX, December 21.—A spicy story is being told of a lawyer in this city, who, though not exactly briefless, has not so much to do but that he can devote a great deal of time to the vocal interests of the political party with which he is connected. The follower of Blackstone lives in the suburbs, and he hovers closely on the outskirts of what is known as "high-toned society" in Halifax. It is not very easy work for a man to keep an establishment of any pretension without considerable expenditure, but some people manage it in a kind of way, and others succeed by overwhelming themselves in debt. This lawyer is only partially successful, but probably he obtains as much pleasure out of it as those

## WHO REACH THE CENTRE OF THE INNER CIRCLE.

### WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING ABOUT THE SUBJECT OF THIS PARAGRAPH IS THAT THE LAWYER INVITED ADMIRAL AND LADY HOPKINS TO HIS HOUSE SHORTLY AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL HERE. THEIR EXCELLENCIES HAD NO RECOLLECTION OF MEETING THE LAWYER AND HIS WIFE; THEY ASKED "WHO IS SO AND SO?" AND THE UPSHOT OF THE QUESTION WAS, THAT THE INVITATION WAS DECLINED WITH MANY REGRETS.

Ever since, the lawyer has not hesitated to remark when occasion arose, that Admiral and Lady Hopkins are not at all popular, and that they were quite different in the estimation of society from their predecessors. They, by the way, had visited the mansion in question. That made the whole difference of their excellencies, popularity in the case of our friend. So the story goes. The fact is Admiral and Lady Hopkins are very popular.

Snobbery exists in Halifax, no city is free of it. The great object in life of too many people is to "get into society." They would sacrifice almost anything to obtain an entrance into the portals of "society" so called, and they would give up anything to stay there. The struggle must bring to them after all, anything but happiness. The military are the acknowledged creme de la creme, and those who are on best terms with the "officers" are the envy of less successful rivals for the intimacy. "Snobbery" reigns supreme in a certain proportion of the population of this city. Because a man made money as a "tradesman" or "upper tenor" here would say, should make that money all the more valuable because honestly secured. But there are sons, and especially daughters, of successful fathers, who would be ashamed of their parents were they now alive, because they were hard working business men, while they themselves are now in the swim of "society." An instance of this silliness came to light some time ago.

The daughter of a West India merchant of this city was in the company of a military officer, Ex-Alderman Boak, one of our most popular citizens was the subject of their remark. The officer asked: "Who is this Mr. Boak?" "Oh, he sells caowls," the lady replied. "She meant that Mr. Boak is a coal merchant, and he is indeed a successful one. She forgot that anyone it asked who the lady herself was, might have answered, 'Oh, her father sells fish,' as he did, and sold money at it."

The trouble is that these "society" people are constantly masquerading in borrowed plumes; they are pretending to be what they are not and endeavoring to create a condition of society not suited to this latitude and longitude. And it must be admitted they are fairly successful. People "not in it" think so, for it is the aim of their existence, fourteen hours out of their twenty-four, to "get into society," and of those who are on its outskirts to get nearer the centre of the circle. They do not know that the really sensible and the genuinely happy members of the community, look at them with undisguised amusement and even contempt. A few are foolish enough, no doubt, to be envious.

## SHE IS COMING HOME AGAIN.

HALIFAX, Dec. 21.—A sad story of domestic infelicity comes from the West Indies, where the Leicester regiment went after its withdrawal from this garrison. A marriage took place not long before the departure of the regiment in which one of the officers was groomsmen. Now the news comes that after one year of married life the family is to be divided and the young wife is to return to Halifax alone. The name of the groomsmen officer is unpleasantly mentioned in connection with his conduct at the war office, it is indeed, he has not already done so.

## THE LAWYER HELPED HIM OUT.

The Constable Was Left Waiting Without the Door.

Constable Beckett of this city was a very angry man on Thursday. He had for some time pursued a quiet and unoffending citizen with a request from the city court to pay up. This being the holiday season, many people do not think the city court should issue requests of this sort, or, at any rate, it might put a stop to the peremptory summons that does not permit an individual to pursue the even tenor of his way, but asks him to wish the deputy sheriff a Merry Christmas.

Constable Beckett did not think of this perhaps and he went at his duty in the usual style. He collared his man and for fear that he would persuade him to take some life insurance hurried him along until they reached one of the buildings filled with the legal profession.

There a halt was made and the constable more willing to take the cash than the man allowed the latter to enter the office of one of the lawyers—a friend of his—who he said would help him out.

So he did, he helped him out of a back window upon the roof of the adjacent building in less time than it takes to write this, and the constable waited and waited in vain for his companion. He did not come that hour or the next.

The constable had learned a lesson and lost some reputation for keenness at the same time.

## CREPT UNDER A WHARF.

### IDLE BOYS WHO WATCH SPOONEY PEOPLE ON THE PIER.

A Gentleman Relates an Experience Not Presented in an Affidavit—A Snug Little Place in a Lumber Pile—Sheltered From Wind and Public Gaze.

When Mrs. Shattford and her friends had followed the rabble into Judge Tuck's court room on Monday a gentleman who was standing near PROGRESS representative remarked that there was one circumstance in the business that had not come out, the features of which had come under his own observation.

He then related how in the summer season after office hours he usually takes his walk toward the ballast wharf. In this way he became casually acquainted with several of the boys who loiter around there most of their time.

"One afternoon," said he, as I went down I saw half a dozen of them closer together than usual and with their eyes fixed in a certain direction. They seemed to be enjoying something and as I passed them I saw that nothing but a pile of lumber on the wharf served to amuse them. Passing this I looked at it carelessly and to my surprise caught sight of a lady seated snugly in an alcove sheltered from the wind and almost entirely from the gaze of anyone who passed. Beside her was a gentleman and they seemed to be enjoying themselves and their own society.

"A full rigged ship was sailing into the harbor and I stood on the wharf for some time watching it, then passed along. The couple still remained.

After a time I came around to the spot where the boys were. Two of them were missing and as I knew them by name I asked for them. To my surprise I found that they had crawled under and along the wharf until they were directly under the couple in the lumber pile. Of course the latter did not imagine that what they said would be heard by eager ears under the wharf but such was the fact.

"That was not the first time the boys had enjoyed this sort of diversion. Some of them had nothing else to do than to watch for such cases, and the one in question amused them immensely."

Since PROGRESS printed portions of the affidavits that reflected on Mrs. Shattford and her friends, it is only fair to say that they were denied by counter affidavits this week, both on Mr. Campbell's part and by Mrs. Shattford. But little, if any new facts were presented, and the case stands over until after Christmas.

## HE LOOKS LIKE JOHNY.

A Prominent City Editor Visited by His Double.

It has been fully demonstrated by those versed in the science of physiognomy that each of us have our "double;" that somewhere on the face of this mundane sphere, there is a person whose features so closely resemble ours that he may be styled in the words of the song, "The Fellow Who Looks Like Me." Though such things are allowed to be possible yet it is not often that a counterpart visits a counterpart in a friendly manner as was the case in this city last week. In fact in all former cases that have come to our knowledge the meeting was generally attended with far from pleasant circumstances.

But to our story. John V. Ellis, the popular proprietor of the Globe, was sitting in his office writing out a stirring leader for the Saturday issue when a man entered the office.

The usual formalities were exchanged and the very customary question of the office was asked:

"What can we do for you?" "Pardon me," the visitor said, "are you Mr. Ellis? If so I came to have a look at you."

Mr. Ellis smiled and replied that, that was his name.

"You will not think me impertinent, nor judge that I have escaped from a lunatic asylum if I say that I came here to look at you and to see myself."

Whether Mr. Ellis rose, at this point, to get a mirror for his visitor or a revolver, deponent sayeth not.

"Beg pardon," said Mr. Durban, the visitor, but strange as it may appear to you, I really came to look at myself, to view myself in another form, to, as it were, gaze upon my own features as depicted in the face of another."

At this Mr. Ellis looked a little alarmed, but said nothing.

"Don't be alarmed, sir! I came in as I said before to see myself, I do so in seeing yourself, you mustn't think it impertinent in me, but I was forced to come. Hear, my story and then judge for yourself whether I did right to visit you or not. I came to St. John a few days since to see the sights and I was annoyed somewhat by being repeatedly spoken to as Mr. Ellis. I received many recognitions from people whom I never knew and whom I am certain never knew me. This morning I was passing a shop when a young man named Thorne said: Good morning Mr.

Ellis." I said to him, excuse me, young man, but why did you call me that?

Beg your pardon, said the young man, but I see that I am mistaken. I really thought you were Mr. Ellis.

Can you tell me where this Mr. Ellis lives, I said, I have been mistaken for him so often that I must see him before I go away. He escorted me here and here I am. You see it was not out of idle curiosity that I wanted to see you but really to see myself.

Mr. Ellis very much enjoyed the story and showed the visitor through the establishment and gave him a very cordial invitation to return.

## WHAT A LITTLE BIRD SAYS.

A Plea for the Sparrow from Chirp Sparrow, Jr.

MR. EDITOR:—I am only a little sparrow, picking up a crumb here and there, and sleeping wherever I can find a corner. I am often cold and hungry. On Saturday while perched on a window sill I heard some one reading from PROGRESS a piece which said that we were quarrelsome, greedy, thievish and I know not what else. Now Mr. Editor I want you to please tell my story in next week's PROGRESS.

Years ago my grandmother came here from England with a number of others because our home was over-crowded and she had heard from the sea-spread and the stormy-petrel that across the ocean there was a great beautiful country with room for all that came.

At first they did not like the country very much but after a time they found some friends, the robin and snow-birds, and by the time I was hatched they were quite at home. The winters were terrible for us, as the snow covered all the little seeds we liked, but often kind friends would scatter a few crumbs for us, then if we were fortunate enough to escape the sharp claws of the cats, we had a good time till the pigeons came.

Dear Mr. Editor did you ever see a pigeon? It is a great bird about six times larger than we are, with a small head with a big place to hold things! I have seen one pigeon eat enough to last me for several days. One thing about pigeons is that the more they eat, the hungrier they seem to get; they never stop eating as long as there is anything in sight to eat and such great bites as they take! I have seen a pigeon gobble up pieces bigger than my head without chewing them!

A kind lady with soft brown eyes, often throws crumbs from her window, and a merry party of us used to chatter and sing to her as she stood watching us.

Near by there were two birds owned by rich men and in the lot of each barn was kept a flock of a dozen or more pigeons. These birds were well fed three times a day, and besides they knew the way to the corn bin!

In spite of this, no sooner were the crumbs thrown out, than these greedy creatures swooped down and grabbed every crumb they could find. After a time the lady gave up scattering crumbs. I knew she meant us to have them because I heard her say: "I will not put out any more crumbs as those greedy pigeons are always on the watch and they steal all I put out."

Now Mr. Editor if some kind friend would give us nice homes in warm barns and feed us three times a day I do not think we would steal little crumbs that were scattered out to feed little starving homeless birds. CHIRP SPARROW, JR.

## ASHES MORE VALUABLE AS A TERRACE.

The friends of Dr. Smith claim that the story about the price of ashes in last Saturday's PROGRESS was calculated to do him an injustice since while it was true that he received \$50 for the stuff that was taken from his yard by Mr. Corkery's man that amount did not represent in the least the value of the ashes but of a part of a terrace or mound that the doctor had been building for some time. To give their side of the story, the land at the rear of Dr. Smith's residence slopes away and he has been trying to build it up by having such refuse as ashes left there and that Mr. Corkery's man was just as busy taking the same away. Four loads, they say, do not represent the quantity taken away and when it was suggested to Mr. Corkery to replace the material or pay \$50 he concluded to pay the cost. On the other hand the Corkery party claim that it was all a mistake and that only four loads were taken for which \$50 were paid.

## REV. MR. TITCOMBE WENT BACK.

Rev. J. C. Titcombe did not return to this city last Saturday as was expected. Rev. Mr. Dickens brings the latest word from him to the effect that he was on board the Vancouver when it started but was disposed before the steamer reached Ireland. He made up his mind then to return to England and landed at Ireland with that intention. He told Mr. Dick that it would probably be spring before he started again. Mr. Titcombe is evidently not a good sailor.

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