

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

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SPIKE ON DECK

Still Hustling After "Progress."

MR. GOLDING'S ARREST.

One of "Progress" Hustling Young Men Jailed

FOR FEAR HE WOULD LEAVE TOWN IN A HURRY.

His Bail Fixed at \$2,000—Mr. Spike and the Newsboys—An Interesting Affidavit—What an Insurance Inspector Has to Say About the Matter—He Did Not Hesitate to Speak Freely.

When Mr. John N. Golding, one of the hustling young men of Progress, started for Halifax last week he was upon such a peaceful business mission that he did not anticipate for a moment that he would be involved with. Like all newspaper men he had no objection to a new and rare experience, but he was not looking for or expecting that which found him quite early one morning during his sojourn in that city by the sea, made him acquainted with two or three excellent and good natured officials, and gave him an insight, as well, into the mysteries of the sheriff's office of the county of Halifax.

In other words Mr. Golding was served with that exceedingly common article of daily use in Halifax now—a libel writ—and the performance was extended and varied by the presentation of a capias that asked him in a polite, yet forcible way, to miss a train before he left the city.

But this is ahead of the story. It is necessary, to understand the affair, to make a note of the fact that Mr. Clarence J. Spike, a citizen of Halifax, was still in that city last Saturday. Perhaps this will be news to many of the readers of Progress but it was a fact nevertheless that at that particular time. Whether the same fact still obtains this morning Progress is not able to state but there was no reason to doubt his presence last Saturday. Perhaps it is of equal consequence to note that Progress newspaper was in town also. From Mr. Spike's actions against the newsdealers the week before the inference could fairly be drawn that some people thought there would not be room enough in that city for both Progress and him but there was and Mr. Spike soon found it out.

The newsdealers were not in it. The majority of them considered discretion the better part of valor and stood aside, watching and enjoying the fun. And there was plenty of it.

Mr. Golding found out Friday that if Progress was to reach its patrons in Halifax Saturday that he must make arrangements to sell it. He had a telegram in his pocket that there were a couple of thousand extra copies on the train and it did not take him long to make up his mind that he and the newsboys would have a regular field day of it.

The boys soon grasped the situation and when the day broke Saturday morning, they were on hand. But though Golding had the papers he had no place to sell them. The street would have answered, upon a pinch, but he hit upon a better plan than that. Taking a number of the best boys with him he carried the papers from the post office to his hotel and stored them in his room. Then he filled his orders and before the clock struck six Saturday morning scores of newsboys were shouting "Progress" "Progress" upon the streets.

This was a surprise to many people, knowing of the action against the newsdealers, could not imagine how the papers were distributed. In less than half an hour the boys had exhausted the supply. Bundles of 50 each went out and were sold before the lad had gone a block. By this time the dealers' supply began to go in to Mr. Golding and thus he was able to keep the ball rolling, but at nine o'clock he wired Progress: "Not a paper left. Are any more coming?"

To this the answer was, "Another thousand on the second train."

But in the meantime what was Mr. Spike doing? He was not idle by any means. Whether he is an early riser or not regularly, Progress is not prepared to state but this morning he was around before the dew was off—figuratively speaking. He met the newsboys and the newsboys met him, but he made an airline for the book store on the corner of George and Granville streets where the

boys usually obtain their supply and he entered in a bit of a rush.

"Ab, Mr. Hoare, got a paper this morning?"

"Not this morning, Mr. Spike," was the courteous reply, "the boys have them though."

A little fellow of perhaps eight years was standing near with a number of Progresses under his arm, and Mr. Spike hastened to invest to the extent of five cents. Then, eyeing the boy with a stony glance he drew forth a pencil from his pocket and demanded, "What is your name?"

The boy looked somewhat alarmed and hesitated.

"Don't yer tell him," was the terse advice given by a bigger lad.

Still Mr. Spike was anxious for his name, and the boy, being of an obliging disposition, was about to comply when a gentleman standing near said, "No need to tell him, Johnny."

But Mr. Spike succeeded in getting the boy's name, and, flushed with victory, he started out after more papers and more names. He had no difficulty in getting the papers, but the terse replies he received



JOHN N. GOLDING, JR.

when he demanded names were so vigorous that they would not look well in ink.

The lads had a great time selling the papers. Never in the history of Progress in Halifax had there been such a demand. They made the most of it but the supply ran short long before the arrival of the Quebec express, upon which the second supply was.

But that came at two o'clock and then there was some fun about the post office. The mail driver did not look for such a reception. The mob of small boys thronged about him at the post office and would hardly give him time to take the bags off in the usual way. But finally he did and the lads obtained the second supply.

It was about this time that Mr. Lear put in an appearance. He was anxious to know who was selling Progress and a boy who purchased five came in with him and pointed out the young man whom he supposed was doing the selling. That satisfied Mr. Lear and he departed. Another thousand copies disposed of and Mr. Golding's work was done. He then attended to his other business and spent the Sunday as a good young man should.

But Mr. Spike was not idle and, Saturday afternoon, he had a writ made out for the young man, because that he made such an affidavit that a judge was persuaded that Mr. Golding was not a permanent resident of Halifax and he secured a capias and placed it in the hands of the sheriff. The affidavit is an interesting document—interesting enough to publish. Here it is:

A. N. 693.
IN THE SUPREME COURT,
Between
CLARENCE J. SPIKE, Plaintiff,
and
J. N. GOLDING, Defendant.

I, Clarence J. Spike, of Halifax, in the county of Halifax, Insurance agent, make oath and say as follows:

1. That on the 16th day of November, 1894, there was published in a certain newspaper called Progress, purporting to be printed in St. John, in the province of New Brunswick, and which was sold by a large number of newsdealers in the city of Halifax to various purchasers, a libel on this defendant in which it was stated that this defendant had been guilty of wrongfully obtaining money from a Mr. Short, also from Doctor Walker, and further alleged that "rents had not been remitted, and since premiums not paid, mortgage returns not made, alleged making of post office keys, wrongful opening of letters, and over-drawing of account."

2. The said article further stated that the latter (referring to an accountant) disclosed a whole series of transactions which were calculated to prove financially profitable to Mr. Spike (meaning this defendant), all sorts of loans of juggling had been performed with insurance premiums, rents, mortgages, bank accounts, etc. Mr. Short reported the matter to the head office at Montreal, and correspondence bore on the parties followed.

3. That correspondence was seen by a St. John insurance man, and in a letter of Mr. Spike's (meaning defendant) written last week to the head office, he confessed his guilt, but even then he did not stop his speculations (peculations). He seemed to be afflicted with a mania, for shortly after that it was found that he had performed another crooked piece of work which brought a couple of hundred dollars to his coffers."

The said article further stated that "The company, it is stated, hoped to be able to get back through the efforts of Mr. Spike (meaning this defendant) and his friends, some of the money which they had lost."

The said article alleged further libellous state-

ments concerning this defendant. "That this defendant on the 13th day of November, instant, commenced action for libel against a number of newsdealers in the city of Halifax, and caused the same to be served with process at this defendant's suit."

4. That the issue of said Progress, bearing date the 17th day of November instant, contains the following statements among others, referring to this defendant and his conduct, and the said article previously published in said Progress:

"In the meantime, gaining a hint of what was likely to happen, Progress wrote to each of the newsdealers asking that the matter referred to in this report and which was prepared to prove all the publisher had stated and a good deal more."

5. That the defendant falsely and maliciously published said Progress of the date of 17th November, 1894, in the city of Halifax, on the said 17th November, which said paper contained the late and malicious statements set out in the next preceding paragraph of this affidavit and the said defendant falsely and maliciously published and concerning the plaintiff that the publisher of Progress was "preparing to prove all that the paper had stated and a good deal more."

6. That I am informed and do verily believe the said defendant, J. N. Golding, junior, was aware of the libellous character of the articles contained in the edition of Progress on the 10th day of November, instant, and of the 17th day of November, instant, before and during the time of his publication of the libel set out above.

7. That I do not know the proper name of the said J. N. Golding, junior, and I asked a man whom I verily believe to be the said J. N. Golding, junior, what his name was, and he refused to give me the same, and I have made further diligent enquiry and could not get his name other than is here set out.

8. That for eighteen years last past I have been engaged as an insurance agent in the city of Halifax, and, have held many positions of trust in the said city, and have also been engaged as a real estate agent in connection therewith, and have been in receipt of a large income therefrom annually; that I have no other means of making a livelihood for myself and family, except through my said business. I say that the publication of the said libellous article; has greatly injured my credit, reputation, character and business standing, and prevented me from carrying on my said business and supporting myself and family.

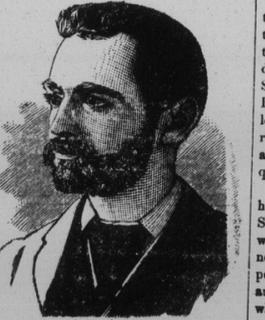
9. That I have a good cause of action against said defendant to the amount of two thousand dollars in respect of the publication of the libel herein set forth and complained of.

10. I have probable cause for believing and do believe that the said defendant, J. N. Golding, junior, is about to leave the province of Nova Scotia, unless he is arrested, and I believe the said debt will be lost unless said defendant be forthwith arrested.

11. That I have caused a writ of summons to be sued out of the Honorable court in this action against the above named defendant at my suit endorsed for the sum of two thousand dollars damages.

CLARENCE J. SPIKE,
Sworn to at Halifax, in the County of Halifax, the 17th day of November, A. D. 1894, before me,
A. H. HOLMES,
A Commissioner of the Supreme Court in and for the County of Halifax.

Mr. Golding was informed by those who appeared to know what was going on that he would be arrested before he left town. Still he was not worried over the matter and did not hasten. It would have been a simple matter, for him to have left town Sunday, but he did not. Therefore, Monday morning, at an early hour, when deputy Archibald, the son of the sheriff, rapped at his door in the hotel, he had a pretty good idea what such an early call meant. So while he dressed, the deputy told him what his errand was. The libel writ was followed by the capias based on the affidavit printed above. It is a funny document, though it reads nicely and has an apparent frankness about it that is refreshing.



CLARENCE J. SPIKE.

Progress has much pleasure in adding to the interest of this article by printing engravings of the plaintiff and defendant.

Deputy Archibald found that he had a willing companion. He showed his confidence in him in many ways and allowed Mr. Golding every courtesy that was possible.

The C. P. R. telegraph wires were soon set at work and the publisher of Progress gained an idea of the situation and began to arrange for bail. This would have been easier in St. John than in Halifax but even the natural difficulties surrounding that were overcome. Mr. C. Sydney Harrington was retained to look after Mr. Golding's interest and when the conditions of the bail bond of \$2,000, were known in this city, the necessary security to Halifax bondsmen was telegraphed at once by one of the most prominent merchants in this city with large business connections in Halifax, and Mr. W. G. Scovill and Mr. George Flawn presented themselves as security for the appearance, etc., of Mr. Golding.

In the meantime that gentleman had many offers of assistance. He had no idea Progress had so many friends in Halifax. Newspaper men called to chat a while, and many others, learning the exact situation,

dropped into the sheriff's office and congratulated him upon the distinction shown him by Mr. Spike. St. John men in Halifax came and offered to go bail, but the sheriff, while not doubting their ability, could not take non-residents as security. This it was that the kind offers of D. McLellan were declined. But Mr. Golding was released in time for supper and to finish the business that took him to Halifax. The next morning he started for home.

AN INSURANCE OFFICIAL TALKS.

He says "Progress" Statements Were Undoubtedly True.

Despite Mr. Spike's protestations and despite his suit for libel Progress asserts that everything it has said about that erring gentleman is correct. It is prepared to back up the statements with positive proof, and men who know all about Mr. Spike state that this paper did not go a whit too far in what was written.

What better authority could there be than that of a man who has investigated the whole affair and knows the facts from first to last? There was a gentleman engaged in this task for the last couple of weeks. On Thursday he passed through this city on his way home. He was seen at the Royal Hotel by a representative of Progress and the information which he gave corroborates even to the details the story which this paper told. From such a source who can doubt the reliability of the facts as previously furnished?

The staff of this paper did not need the words of this gentleman to assure them that the facts which they gave were correct. The sources from whence they had already received them were sufficiently authentic to render their publication justifiable and if Mr. Spike continues his prosecution it will be a surprise to all who have inside information.

The gentleman interviewed thinks that Spike will drop his suits against the newsdealers and against Progress' representative. He said there was no doubt about this and everyone who knew the facts believed that he was merely working a bluff.

He did not make any objection to giving his interview for the benefit of his endorsement, merely stipulating that he did not want to appear too prominently in the matter. He said that the story in Progress two weeks ago was in the main correct. There were only one or two errors, and they were mistakes of a trifling order.

Messrs. Short and Spike, he said, were partners in the agency of the Standard Life until two years ago. Mr. Short was agent for the fire companies and Mr. Spike was his clerk. Two years ago Mr. Spike received a set back. He lost his position as associate agent for the life company and became a clerk under Mr. Short, but all along Mr. Short had really been the head man in the partnership and he was the one to whom the companies looked and whom they held responsible. When the partnership was concluded Mr. Short took in as partner, Mr. Magee, a stranger to Halifax.

Mr. Spike pursued his way as clerk in the office of Mr. Short until the incident of the mortgage came out and along with it the other developments. Then he was discharged and his connection with Mr. Short has been dissolved now some time. But he still held the fort. He had the lease of the office, which was owned by a relative, and he remained there. Mr. Short at length had to move out and seek new quarters.

The companies have not lost anything, he said, on account of the fact that Mr. Short is responsible to them and his loss would not be their loss. The trouble as it now stands is that Mr. Spike has lost his position and that legal complications have arisen between him and Mr. Short. There will likely be two or three law cases arising out of the difficulties and Mr. Spike appears to be in for blood. He is summoning to his aid a regular battalion of writs, and besides those that he has issued against the newsdealers and Progress' representative, he has also issued a writ against Mr. Short for defamation of character.

Where Mr. Spike spent the money no one can conjecture. He had no vices, would not drink a drop of liquor and was considered a good fellow. He was a prominent Mason and in many ways was a smart, hustling fellow.

The publication of the story in Progress two weeks ago made Mr. Spike wild with rage and he started on the war path early in the day to buy up the Halifax edition. He, however, found that he had on a heavy contract to do this. The Halifax edition was a big one and besides there was a large and early demand for the paper that Saturday. He got all he could, however, and stored them away in his office. The result of his exertions and the big run for papers by readers was such that there was not a copy to be had by ten o'clock in the morning.

The extent of the resentment which Mr. Spike feels may be judged from the fact that he holds responsible all who gave papers to friends, and considers that they are participants in the libel.

EVENTS OF CITY LIFE.

WHO IS THE REAL TENDERER FOR HAY AND OATS?

Death of a Promising Young Man, Walter C. Fairweather—A Traveler Talks of an Unknown Pugilist—"Progress" is Still Moving into Its New Quarters.

A good citizen makes the assertion to Progress that the gentleman to whom the city tender was awarded to supply the corporation with hay, oats and straw is nothing more or less than an obliging go-between. In other words he means to say that the name of the real tenderer does not appear. This is something that the common council committees would do well to look into. If any alderman wishes to tender to supply the city with hay, and oats he should be open about it and not allow any man a chance to make a statement that he is working through a third party.

A Promising Young Man's Death.

Though ill for so long a time, the death of Walter C. Fairweather was a shock to his numerous friends and acquaintances. He was well known in this, his native city, and as popular as any young man could wish to be. Courteous and kind in manner, he made friends without seeking to do so. He was talented in various ways apart from his business ability, which was marked and characterized by that method and thoroughness that distinguishes a young man of affairs. It may not be generally known that a natural poetical gift belonged to Mr. Fairweather. He did not take time to cultivate it but Progress has printed poems of his that were very creditable indeed. One of them is reprinted upon the fourth page of this issue. Mr. Fairweather was a remarkably gifted penman and much of the handsome engraving was his work. He was a son of Mr. Geo. E. Fairweather whose friends will extend cordial sympathy both to him and the other members of the sorrowing family.

Miss Todd Was Right.

Readers of Progress will remember an incident that appeared amusing at the time in which Miss Todd and the conductor of the Fredericton train figured. Miss Todd presented a ticket that had been partly used and the conductor refused it. He had some difficulty in persuading her that she would have to pay. Since then Miss Todd has brought the matter to the attention of the railway company and has received a rebate for that portion of the ticket that was unused. This of itself is no doubt of small importance to the lady compared with the tacit acknowledgement thus given that she was right after all.

They Had a "Prejudosity."

The wife of an episcopal minister in a Nova Scotia town answered a ring at the doorbell of her house a few days ago and found a gentleman with the voice of a debater.

"Is your husband in, ma'am?"

"No, he is not."

"Well, do you know," asked the man with the debater's voice, "if he has a book on the consecration of burying-grounds that he could lend me?"

"I don't know," said the minister's wife, "but I'll ask him."

"You see," said the man, who seemed to think that an explanation was necessary, "there are a lot of baptists at my boarding-house and they don't believe in the consecration of burial-grounds. In fact, they have a prejudosity against it," he added, with the air of a pedant. "Yes," he continued, "they have an extreme prejudosity against it. But you lend me the book, and I'll study it up, and in about a week I'll give it hot to those baptists."

A PUGILIST SURPRISED.

A Story of Bob Fitzsimmons and His Practice with an "Unknown."

A Progress representative met Mr. W. E. Simpson, a well-known Toronto commercial traveller, on the train last Tuesday evening. Mr. Simpson keeps himself and his acquaintances well posted as to matters pugilistic, and it was not long before the conversation drifted into remarks concerning the death of Riordan after his sparring practice with Bob Fitzsimmons. "Riordan seems to have been a far weaker man than an 'unknown' that Fitz tackled in Toronto a few years ago," said the general traveller, "or else Fitz's most playful taps are more terrible than his heaviest lunges were then."

"Why, did Fitzsimmons ever fight in Toronto? It must have been a strictly private mill, such as Oppenheimer tried to get with John L.?" queried the newspaper representative.

"It was a private mill," said Mr. Simpson, "and Fitzsimmons was the most anxious man you ever saw to keep it strictly private. It was at the time he was the guest of the Toronto Rowing Club about four years ago, and by special request of one of the members—I think, but am not positive, that it was Hanlan himself—he was

to box with several of the club members. Fitz fell in with the agreement very readily and requested the fighting members to hit him as hard as they liked, and that he would use them as gingerly as he could.

"He tried five or six fellows, allowing them to hit him occasionally, and at other times warding off their blows with the greatest ease. At last a good-sized fellow stood up before Fitz. He was big, but he seemed afraid."

"Now don't you go to getting scared," Fitz said, "but let that big fist of your sail into me just as tight as you can make it. Don't be a bit scared."

"Well, now, the fellow cheered up wonderfully when Fitzsimmons told him that and more than obeyed him. Fitz got a whack side of the head that made him see all the stars that have been discovered in the last five hundred years. Fitz forgot his promise not to hit hard and made a desperate drive at the other fellow. The other fellow knocked it off, and landed a good square clout on Fitz's nose, which drew the claret as nice as you please. Fitz didn't attempt to hit back, but dodged the next blow of the unknown and walked off the stage. He was an awfully surprised man, and he plagued Hanlan all the next day to tell him who the puncher was, but Hanlan persisted that he didn't know."

"Do you know yourself?" asked the scribe.

"Well, I think I do; but a good many other Toronto people think they do, too, and the most of them think differently. Some say it was one of the greatest pugilists of the United States, but of course that's nonsense. It was an unknown Canadian, all right."

"Was it you, Mr. Simpson?" queried the scribe, with a glance at that gentleman's eminently respectable build.

"No, it wasn't," said the traveller.

"Why, I'm one of the best known men in Canada."

"THE JUDGE'S" BID.

How a Parrishboro Man got an Invitation to His Own Wedding.

A judicial authority who was married over a year ago, and who took his bride to the town of Parrishboro, was opening his mail at the post-office there a few days ago when a square envelope with a United States stamp called for his attention.

"This is carelessness," remarked the judicial authority. "Here's a letter from the States, and the envelope's never been sealed."

"Probably it's an invitation," said a friend of "the Judge." "They don't always seal invitations."

"I guess you're right," said the legal authority to the social authority, after taking the enclosure from the envelope. "It's an invitation to a wedding. Greet Scott," he continued, turning all colors, "it's to my own wedding."

The other people in the post-office were at first under the impression that "the Judge" was joking, but, seeing the look of utter mystification on his face, and also catching a glimpse of the invitation, they, also, were completely puzzled. There was an invitation to "the Judge's" own wedding, which took place over a year before. There was also a card saying, "At Home, November, 1894." This, to the minds of some, added to the mystery; but this it was which enabled a newspaper man who had been studying the methods of Sherlock Holmes to answer the question to his own satisfaction, at least.

"The invitation," said the disciple of one of the great Holmeses that have died this year, "was one which a friend of yours who lives in the town mentioned in the postmark got from your relations. When your Yankee friend decided to send you an invitation to a wedding that he or she was more nearly concerned in than yours, the old invitation was brought out for reference, and was put in this envelope with the at home card by mistake."

"Progress" is Still Moving.

Progress is not able to say that it is in its new building although it yet. Carpenters, plumbers and steam fitters take their time or seem to and this is no exception to the rule. Still the greater part of the building is in use and is proving just as acceptable as the publisher anticipated. Perhaps it is not too much to say that when completed no newspaper office in the city will be so attractive and handsome. This will be fitting, for the handsomest newspapers should have the best looking offices. The business offices of Progress and the Daily Record will be upon the same floor—in fact in the same large office—but the staffs will be, as they have always been, separate and distinct. The business of one has nothing to do with the business of the other.

Where it Can be Had.

The advertisement of Barbour's linen thread on the second page of Progress is especially interesting to ladies, since it tells them where they can obtain the treatise on prize needlework. Progress has received this complete and beautiful little book and proposes to give it a more extended notice next week. In the meantime those who wish to secure it promptly can do so by reading the announcement and writing to Thomas Samuel & Son, Montreal.