

ONE WAY TO KILL HIM.

A SUGGESTION TO GET RID OF THE HOUSECLEANING POET.

The Spring Poet is harmless in his idiosyncrasy, but the man who versifies on housecleaning is maddening—drown him in soap.

On this beautiful May morning it has come into my mind to write a brief homily on the house-cleaning poet and paragraphist, and to ask a long suffering public why some punishment, at least approximately adequate to his offense, has not been invented long ago! I think that if I had to deal with him, I would immerse him in a barrel of his favorite soft soap—for he always lubricates his poems, and anecdotes generously, with that useful compound—and then I should head the barrel up, and sit upon it till I felt certain that there was no danger of his reviving; I would remain perched on that barrel for a week, if necessary, for I know that for tenacity of life he rivals the eel. And if the bung were not very tightly driven in, I should expect to see him crawl out through the bung hole, and forthwith begin inditing a poem on soft soap.

Much has been said and written about the gentle, and harmless spring poet; he has been vilified for generations, and made a target of since newspapers first came into general use. Chaucer wrote a spring poem, once, and its music has rung like a chime of silver bells down through the ages. He said:

And now, when they may hear the small bird's song,
And see the budding leaves the branches through,
It unto their remembrance doth bring
All thoughts of pleasure, unmix'd with sorrowing,
And longing of sweet thoughts that ever long.

Now, I don't for a moment mean to say that our nineteenth century poets—that is, our fugitive newspaper poets—always do as well as Chaucer did with his theme, but still the grand old Canterbury poet was fortunate in living in an age when there were no newspapers; otherwise, he might have been hastily stigmatized as a "spring poet," and his noble career blasted at the outset. "So much for Buckingham!" Now for the house-cleaning fiend.

At least, the man who edges timidly into the editorial sanctum, with his poor little "Ode to April," has written—or tried to write—something pleasant, and if he did sing of balmy zephyrs when wildest March winds were freezing our ears, and of violet-gemmed sward when the snow was six inches deep, it was merely a foreshadowing of coming events, and it gave us something cheerful to look forward to.

But the spring cleaning brigand drowns us in soap-suds! He chokes us with dust! He injures our delicate tympanums with the sickening thud! thud! of the carpet-beater. He pierces our souls with tacks, and lacerates our most sacred feelings, as well as our fingers, with the tack-hammer. He rakes up all the horrible, antediluvian stories he has overheard, or read, about people taking their dinner off the top of an old soap box, with an inverted scrubbing pail for a chair, the dinner consisting of a raw red herring and the cold pancakes left over from the last meal before the house-cleaning began.

Instead of crocus, and mayflower, sweet smellings, and dainty, he discourses of mops, and rasps our souls with scrubbing brushes, and blackens our imagination with soot from dismembered stove pipes, and demoralizes us generally.

Our houses have got to be cleaned, we none of us want to live in the midst of what Lord Palmerston wittily declared as—"merely something in the wrong place!" namely—dirt, and so we must get rid of it somehow. It isn't pleasant I know, for any of us, but who bears the heavy end of the burden, I'd like to know? Is it any pleasure to our wives and sisters, to spend at least two weeks every spring, arrayed in their oldest clothes, with their hands toughened by toil, and their backs aching from the struggle between supply and demand, when the carpets won't stretch over the floors they covered before, and the step ladder breaks down at the moment it is mostly needed! No! I trow not! It is the yearly sacrifice they offer up uncomplainingly to their lares, and penates, and so let us cheer them on like sensible beings, and not force them to go through all these miseries twice, once by anticipation, and once in reality, appreciate the clean, sweet houses, that are the result of their toil, and—above all—exterminate the paragraphist who traduces them. Seize him men, and brethren, the moment he shows his grimy face in your sanctums, and if it would require too large an outlay for Dalmation powder enough to kill him, bring the barrel, and the soap will be cheerfully provided by

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

TIRED OF WRITING.

Johnny Mulcahey and His Budget of Home News, and Comments.

I guess I'm gettin' tired bein' a author. Ma said I would after the nickel plated novelty got wore off, and fer ter let me alone, 'cause when I found out that no-body's noticing me I'd stop. But I guess she don't know what a hunkery dory time me and Bill has buyin' cigars, and peanuts, and cheese and biscuits and things with what I git fur these authorings, and eatin' them in Bill's barren. So I guess I'll write sum items what I know.

The people what lives under us got a cat.

It aint used to boys 'cause when I dropped it outter our winder it looked orful surprised.

There's a old madelives across the street. I guess she don't like me very much 'cause I made a rumor as she's keepin' company with the grocery man next door, which is a batchellor.

We had a visit from Mr. Bill Johnson, this week, to our new house. Our genial Bill informs us what the people is glad we're gone, and what business is dull up to his street just now. He says there is a large famerly in the house formerly occupied by us, which has dissolved itself into a committee to find out what our famerly ever used my old room fer 'cept a menagery.

Our old and suspected friend and neighbor, Mr. H. Getthar, met with a severe and painful accident last night. He wandered inter our wood house with a coal scuttle by mistake, and accidentally stepped on a fox trap what your correspondent left there for some one what was stealin' our coal.

Our popular friend, Mr. John Mulcahey, seeyner, is confined to his home through illness. He expects by the application of raw beef to have the swellin' outter his eyebrows in a few days. He says what a man should not trifle with a new house till he gets well acquainted with the location of stairs on club nights.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

MORE LIGHT.

Which Will Prove Interesting to All Who Admire the Marvellous in Financial Achievements.

Last week, PROGRESS threw a flash of light on the transactions of that wonderful product of modern thrift and forethought—the Mutual Life Insurance company of New York.

The press of America has been busy this week with the details of the largest insurance ever paid on any single life on this continent—that of the late Edward P. Allis, the great iron manufacturer of Milwaukee, aggregating \$461,836 on the policies of ten different companies.

Of this, The Mutual of New York paid \$121,836, on the 13th ult., the next day after proofs of death were submitted. This is the largest amount ever paid by this great company on a single life.

Mr. Allis held five policies in The Mutual, the first taken out in 1860, and the others at intervals since. The history of the first one forms a conclusive answer to our intimation last week that the dividend last year on Mr. E. N. Yerxa's policy of \$417, after one payment of \$510, might be unusual, even for this company; for on this policy, which was for \$10,000, the dividend since 1860 aggregate \$10,389, while the premiums paid aggregate only \$8,814.30; so that Mr. Allis' estate received on this first policy \$20,389, instead of \$10,000, the amount on which he was charged premiums.

A still more wonderful illustration is furnished by the policy of Mr. Charles Dellinger, of New York, whose claim was paid on the 17th ult. This policy was written in the infancy of the company, and shared first in the struggles of the company in its "day of small things," and afterwards in its triumphs. For 43 years Mr. Dellinger paid his premiums in full, aggregating \$10,410.40; but the profits earned, and each year added to the policy, aggregate \$14,863. Hence, instead of paying only \$7,000, the original insurance, the company really paid \$21,836, or more than three times the amount on which Mr. Dellinger was paying premiums.

If the above results had been attained under "Tontine" policies, whose own earnings are supplemented by the total payments made on lapsed policies, and by the total profits earned while they were in force on policies that terminated by death, the results would not seem startling; for if a company robs Peter to pay Paul it must be expected that Paul will fare sumptuously every time. "But herein," says Mr. J. H. Wright, the company's agent here, "is the vital distinction to be observed in considering the results attained under the policies of this company, as contrasted with those so triumphantly announced by its great 'Tontine' competitors. These results represent only the earnings of the policies whose history is given. The 'Peters,' who retired from the company before the completion of their term of contract, instead of being robbed for the enrichment of the more fortunate 'Pauls' who continued, have actually taken out of the funds of this company during the 24 years—1864-1888—more money by over two million dollars than was paid during the same period in dividends by both the great 'Tontine' companies combined; and yet, without the aid of the 'Tontine' system of confiscation, it has in the same time paid out to its policy-holders in dividends over thirteen million dollars more than have both of its great 'Tontine' competitors combined."

"If," Mr. Wright adds with an air of triumph that carries conviction, "if cunningly devised ratios are the supreme tests of the merits of a life insurance company, then the companies referred to, and indeed some of the most insignificant in the field, are and have been this last twenty-five years continuously, better companies to commit your savings to than The Grand Old Mutual; but if results actually attained under policies that receive no gains from the misfortunes of the retiring 'Peters,' during every year since 1843, up to and including 1889, is to be taken as the supreme test, then the Mutual Life Insurance company of New York, stands today, as it has stood for nearly half a century without a rival among the life insurance companies of the world."

ST. JOHN'S JUNIOR M.P.P., WHO IS READY TO BACK HIS CONVICTION

With His Seat—An Eloquent Speaker and a Good Lawyer—His Record in Acadia College—One of the First Men of the Liberal Party.

In the memorials of Acadia College, published in 1881, containing among other things, a record of the graduates, is found the following:

Silas Alward.—"One of the most persevering, indefatigable, attentive students who ever attended college. Of strong physical frame, with great aptitude for study, a good linguist, an ambitious young man, it is not improbable that in his daily and terminal reckoning he stood in his class where the alphabet has placed him—dux. On graduating he took up Coke and Blackstone, became in due time a member of the St. John, N. B., bar, and has since hitherto practised in that city with great success. Was admitted to the degree of M. A. at Acadia in 1883, and *ad eundem* at Brown university in 1889."

Dr. Alward was a classmate of Prof. Hart, the eminent geologist, some time professor at Cornell university, and who fell a victim to yellow fever in 1878, when making a geological survey of the empire of Brazil; of Dr. Wickwire, of Halifax, Dominion medical officer for the port of Halifax; of Prof. Robert Von Clure Jones, L. L. D., and Prof. James E. Wells.

It is all there in a nutshell. Not very much of it but right to the point.

But a good deal more can be said concerning this gentleman so familiarly known in St. John and New Brunswick as Dr. Alward.

Of his birth and antecedents it is sufficient to say that he made his acquaintance with



DR. SILAS ALWARD, M.P.P.

the world in Queens county, and that his grandfather was a loyalist. People who read that wonderful book *A Cyclopaedia of Canadian Biography* are constantly getting surprises. They find many strange and true things there, and disabuse their minds of not a few ideas which cling to them, perhaps, more from repetition than anything else. April 14, 1841, just 48 years ago Silas Alward was born. His life has been an active one. Always at work; always working with one ambitious aim in view—the top round of his profession—no one can deny that his career has been singularly successful.

But he has not confined his efforts to law. A staunch Liberal in politics and an eloquent talker, he has lent his talent year after year, election after election to his party. No leader in it could hold the crowd nearly so well as Dr. Alward. He could always be depended upon to give a ready and good speech.

As one of the members for the city in the house of assembly at the present time he has taken a very decided and popular stand. He has not been a hunter after party favors at any period of his political career, though few men would have a better right to get them. He refuses now to be a party to the dismissal of a good man from office for the sake of making a place for one of the cabinet. He is ready to back up his opinion with his seat, and such is public opinion that his return on that question would be a matter of certainty.

Few men in the profession are more popular than Dr. Alward. He is an excellent pleader, a sound lawyer, and never fails to make a good impression with the jury. One of his best efforts as a pleader was in the well-known libel suit of Brown vs. Elder. Dr. Alward represented the defendants, and the writer never heard him speak with such force and effect as on that occasion. He secured a verdict for his client and added much to an already enviable reputation.

Business has his strict and careful attention when he is in the city, but he is by no means a stay-at-home. His European and Southern trips have taken a portion of almost every year for some time. His lectures since have shown that he is a keen and critical observer.

Fortune has been kind to him. He owns a beautiful residence on Mount Pleasant, where his wife and infant son make life and home happy for him outside of business hours.

Looking to the future, there is no man in the Liberal party in St. John that has a clearer political future before him than Dr. Alward. He has no political sins to answer for. He has not known political intrigue or scandal and has the first and best claim upon his party.

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At war with all creation,
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