

## MISCELLANEOUS

### Perfect Through Suffering.

God never would send you the darkness  
If he felt you could bear the light;  
But you would not cling to his guiding hand  
If the way were always bright,  
And you would not care to walk by faith  
Could you always walk by sight

'Tis true he has many an anguish  
For your sorrowful heart to bear,  
And many a cruel thorn-crown  
For your tired head to wear;  
He knows how few would reach heaven at all  
If pain did not guide them there.

So he sends you the blinding darkness  
And the furnace of sevenfold heat;  
'Tis the only way, believe me,  
To keep you close to his feet;  
For 'tis always easy to wander  
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's,  
And sing, if you can, as you go;  
Your song may cheer some one behind you  
Whose courage is sinking low,  
And well, if your lips do quiver,  
God will love you better so.

### TURNING THE TABLES.

'Mary, your corn-bread is never done!  
I wonder what is the reason everybody  
else has things right, and we always have  
things wrong!'

'Why, Joe, I am sure the corn-bread  
has never been in this state before! You  
see, the fire 'had a fit,' and couldn't be  
made to burn this morning.'

'Oh, yes! you are always ready with  
an excuse. Now, there is Mrs. Smith;  
her stove never has fits. And she always  
has the lightest, sweetest bread and the  
nicest cakes and preserves I ever ate. I  
wish you'd take pattern by her.'

'Well, I am sure, Joe, I do my best,  
and I think I succeed oftener than I fail.  
I wish I could suit you always; but that,  
I suppose, can scarcely be expected; and  
Mary gave a weary sigh.

Mary Starr had been married about a  
year, during which time she had found  
house-keeping rather up-hill work. She  
was a neat little body, and conscientiously  
did the very best to please her husband;  
but he, whatever might be the reason,  
was very hard to please—in fact, seemed  
determined not to be pleased with any-  
thing she did. Perhaps, like the old  
soldier in one of Dickens' stories, he had  
a vital and constant sense that 'discipline  
must be maintained.' At any rate, he  
never allowed Mary to be pleased with  
herself on any occasion if he could help it.

Mary was an amiable wife, fortunately  
and not easily irritated, though, to tell the  
truth, there were times when her forbear-  
ance was severely tried. For instance,  
whenever she and Joe took tea out, or  
went to a party, or even to church, he  
seldom allowed the opportunity to pass  
unembraced to animadvert on some defi-  
ciency in cookery, or manners, or dress,  
on the part of his wife,—and that *pro  
homo publico*. For instance it would be:

'Mrs Jones, what beautiful sponge-  
cake you make! Mary, take notice how  
light this cake is I wonder why you can  
never have it so puffy! Or, 'Mrs Brown,  
you certainly are an adept at entertain-  
ing company. I wish, Mary that you  
would try and steal Mrs Brown's art.'  
Or, 'Mrs Green, your dress is always  
most becoming. Your taste is exquisite.  
I don't see why it is, Mary, that with  
all I spend for you, you never can reach  
the "je ne sais quoi" of Mrs Green.'

On these occasions Mary would blush  
and bite her lips, and be inwardly an-  
noyed, but she was a woman of too much  
pride and good sense to make a display  
of her chagrin; and was really too good-  
natured and Christian a person to let it  
change her feelings toward Joe, whom  
she knew to be, after all, very fond of  
her, and a very just man at heart. After  
a while, too, seeing that the fault was  
probably curable, she bethought herself  
how she should proceed in order to break  
him of his disagreeable habit.

Fortune favored her. One day a lady,  
one of her most valued friends and best  
neighbors, called to invite Joe and Mary  
to a tea-party at her house.

'It will be a small affair,' she said,  
'but very pleasant, I think. You only  
are wanting to make the circle of harmony  
complete.'

'Well,' said Mary, 'I will come, Mrs.  
Vane, on one condition.'

'Condition! Is it come to this, that  
you must make conditions? Well, my  
dear, make your demand.'

'The condition is,' said Mary, 'that  
you will allow me to furnish all the re-  
freshments.'

'Well, that is an odd idea! Mary, my  
dear, I hope you don't mean to insinuate  
that I am getting poor?'

'No, Hattie; thank fortune, she has  
showered her favors on you quite liberally.  
But I have a notion for this, which, if  
you please, I will not divulge: only let  
me have my way this once, just for the  
oddity of the thing.'

'If anybody but you, Mary, had made  
such a request of me, I certainly should  
have taken offense. But I never could  
be angry with you. So if it will be any  
satisfaction to you—though for the life  
of me I can't imagine what your drift is—  
I will comply with your conditions.  
When may I expect my supplies?'

'Let me see; to-morrow is my baking  
day, and your party is not before Thurs-  
day. Well, on Wednesday afternoon you  
shall be supplied with bread, biscuit,  
cake, and all the other accessories; and

mind, the only thing I allow you to fur-  
nish is butter, which I do not make.'

'Very well, it's all settled, then, and I  
will leave you. On the whole, this ar-  
rangement suits me; it relieves me of a  
great responsibility, for your cookery is  
well known to be particularly nice. So  
good-bye till Thursday.'

'Mind you say nothing about this,  
Hattie, to any one; it is a secret of  
mine.'

'Very well, as you say, I'll keep mum.  
Good-bye again, for you will have your  
hands full, and I must not interrupt  
you.'

So off Mrs. Vane went, inwardly won-  
dering what crochet demure little Mary  
had got into her steady little head.

Everything came off that baking  
day precisely as Mary could have wished  
it. Her bread was light and sweet, and  
white as a snowflake, with just a golden-  
brown line of crust surrounding it; her  
biscuits crisp and delicious. Then she  
knew that her preserved fruits were  
and if ever there was sponge-cake more  
like solidified froth, she would like to see  
it. Everything was sent into Mrs. Vane  
on Wednesday afternoon, and she had  
all Thursday to devote to her dress.

Mary looked very pretty that night at  
the tea party, for her eyes shone with a  
purpose, and she had just excitement  
enough about it to redder her cheek in a  
very becoming manner. Add to this  
that she was dressed with neatness and  
taste, and you will not be unwilling to  
believe me when I say that she was  
quite the *belle* of the occasion. Joe evi-  
dently thought so himself; for, strange  
to say, he made no remarks upon her  
appearance that night calculated to lower  
her esteem; but contrary-wise, gazed at  
her from time to time with the most pro-  
found satisfaction.

But 'murder will out.' It came  
out on this occasion, when they sat  
down to supper. Everybody was  
delighted; there had not been such an  
unexceptionable 'tea' in that neighbor-  
hood for a long time. Country people  
are very fond of their 'teas' they  
compare one with another with  
admirable connoisseurship. This one  
was a triumph.

'Mrs. Vane, you are the perfection  
of bread-makers. Your biscuits are  
quite beautiful. Were ever such made  
before! How do you manage it, Mrs.  
Vane? What lovely sponge-cake!'

Mrs. Vane and Mary occasionally  
changed glances and smiled, but  
nobody noticed it.

Joe had been behaving so beautifully  
all the evening that Mary began to be  
afraid her plans had failed. He came  
out now, however, greatly to Mary's  
satisfaction.

'This is a feast, indeed,' he said, 'A  
fellow is fortunate who has a wife that  
can make such bread at this, to say  
nothing of the sponge-cake. I can't see  
how it is, Mary; you improve, that is  
true; but I don't see why it is that all  
women can not have the knack that  
Mrs. Vane has, at cooking to perfect-  
ion. If you could make such bread as  
this, Mary your husband would be a  
happy man.'

Mr. Vane looked at Mary, and Mary  
looked at Mrs. Vane. Light had broken  
upon the mind of the latter. It broke  
like a flash of lightning, and then there  
was an explosion—not of thunder, but  
of laughter.

Joe looked up, amazed. He was a  
man who petted his dignity enormously.  
What did these women mean to laugh  
so at a sober, sensible remark of his?  
Particularly, what could Mary mean,  
to so trifle with the respect she owed her  
husband?

He began to grow very red indeed.  
Mrs. Vane saw it, presently, and came  
to his and Mary's relief, for poor Mary  
had begun to be a little frightened at  
the success of her own scheme. She  
did not like Joe to be angry at any rate.

'Mr. Starr,' said Mrs. Vane, 'I am  
truly glad that you like this very  
excellent cookery, for it is all your  
wife's. By your own showing you  
ought to be a very happy man.'

Here the whole company caught  
the infection and joined in a laugh  
against Joe. It was no use to get  
angry with so many people; so, before  
long, Joe joined the chorus himself.

And so the tea-party broke up with  
the greatest good-nature all round,  
and Joe went home with a lesson he  
never forgot; for it was the last time  
that Mary ever had any complaints  
from him. He is no more the most easily  
pleased of any husband in ten miles  
round.

Uncle George—And so you go to  
school now, Johnny. What part of the  
exercises do you like best?

Johnny—The exercises we get at  
recess.

If no sins were punished here below,  
there would be no providence; if all sins  
were punished, where would be the  
need of future judgment? [Bowes.]

The anatomy of former mercies puts  
an argument in the mouth of prayer, a  
glass to the eye of faith, and a harp in  
the hands of thankfulness. [Lee.]

The vain harbor the vain, but the  
gentle and unassuming love one another.  
It is the effect of sympathy in the latter,  
the want of it by the former.

## HOW TO GROW OLD RAPIDLY.

Think you are growing old, and you  
will soon grow old. Take your place  
obediently in the groove long made by  
custom for people of middle age or a lit-  
tle past it. Separate yourself entirely  
from the young. Regard with undis-  
guised contempt their lack of experience.  
Scold at their mistakes with no effort at  
conciliation or making friends with them.  
This with them will give you your de-  
gree as "old foggy." An "old foggy" may  
be simply a child who has stopped his  
learning with the idea that he "knows it  
all." There are "old foggies" at twenty-  
five as well as fifty.

Kill all inclination to indulge in what  
are called "youthful sports." Learn not to  
run. Cultivate in your limbs dignity,  
slowness, stiffness. Regard with ser-  
enity your slowly escaping vigor, suppleness  
and elasticity of muscle. Say it's  
the inevitable way of all flesh, and be-  
cause this has always been so with past  
generations so it must always be with  
the coming ones.

Say to yourself, "It's a law of nature  
that people must grow old, decay and  
wither when their time comes." Just as  
our grandfathers said, It's agin nature  
that news can be carried any faster than  
horseflesh can carry it or that ships can  
cross the ocean any faster than wind and  
sails can carry them.

Don't recognize that every new inter-  
est is as a fresh grip on life and that as  
we lose interest the grip relaxes its hold.  
Let a child be so kept that it learns abso-  
lutely nothing, not even a game or sport,  
and note what an old face it will have at  
twenty-one. Note as to outward appear-  
ance of age at thirty-five, the stolid,  
stupid day laborer, little better than an  
animated muscle for moving heavy  
weights, and the intellectual man of  
refined tastes and varied associations and  
pursuits, and see if in the contrast there  
be a suggestion how the mind may keep  
the body young.

Learn nothing new. Say it's now too  
late and that your dancing days are over.  
Be ashamed of taking up any new study  
or pursuit. Why? Analyze your shame  
and you may find that the lack of skill  
characterizing our first efforts puts you  
the same footing as the child. But you  
are not a child. You are grown up, full  
of years and vast experience in that  
dignity which assumes to know so much  
and really knows so little.

There are helps all around you to as-  
sist you in growing old. Kind friends  
from time to time will comment on the  
appearance of gray hair or a line in your  
face, with the expression, in their words,  
'Time to begin to get ready for the  
grave.' Be convinced by them—that is  
as they say.

Cease all attempt at reformation or  
improvement in any directions. If you  
have any manner of slipshod or slovenly  
inclination, whether it extend to dress  
or address or gait, let it all go 'by the  
run,' as they say at sea. Say to your-  
self, 'All that effort will do for a young  
man. But it's no use for me at my time  
of life.' What time? Oh, say fifty-five or  
sixty.

Fret a good deal and hate a good deal.  
This will materially assist you to grow  
old and ugly.

In your eating and drinking study  
only your palate. Regard all as cranky  
or crochety who talk of eating for health  
as well as pleasure's sake.

### PROPOSED TUNNEL BETWEEN PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND AND THE MAINLAND.

In the course of an article under the  
above title, in the *American Engineer*,  
the following particulars of the scheme  
are given:—The proposal is to build on  
each side piers inside the 'bord ice'  
into which the tube is laid some 2800  
feet, making the full length of the pipe  
or tunnel  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles, or about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles  
nautical between the piers. The bottom  
shows a very good roadbed, varying in  
depth from 36 feet on the plain side, to  
80 feet in the centre, and thence ashore  
on the New Brunswick side  $10\frac{1}{2}$  feet.  
The tunnel is 18 feet in diameter; to  
be made of heavy sections of chilled white  
cast iron, four inches thick or more,  
according to depth. Mr. H. H. Hall, of  
the Submarine Tunnel and Tube Com-  
pany, of New York, is the patentee of  
the process of casting the tubes, as well  
as of the white metal used. At the  
present market price it is estimated that  
the cost of the iron for the tunnel would  
foot up about \$84 per liner foot, or, a  
total estimated cost of between \$4,000,-  
000 and \$5,000,000. The metal is said  
to be noncorrosive in sea water, as seen  
by its exposure for twelve years in Sydney  
Harbor, Australia. The sections are  
bolted together by inside flanges, making  
a water tight rust joint and smooth  
exterior. Where the depth of water will  
allow of the obstruction to the channel  
the tunnel will be laid on the natural  
bottom, otherwise a channel will be  
dredged.

The shooting season has set in, and the  
average boy begins to worry the life  
out of his parents for a gun, with which,  
in all human probability, the boy will  
either cripple himself or somebody else.  
'Father,' said Johnny Fizzletop, 'can't  
you spare money enough to get me a  
gun?' 'My son when I can spare a boy,  
I'll get you a gun.'

## A WIFE'S TRUE VALUE.

It is time that all this antiquated  
twaddle about the uselessness of girls,  
considered as wives, should cease. To  
bake and sweep and sew is not the only  
mission of a wife. A girl has no right  
to marry a poor man if she is entirely  
ignorant of household matters, and most  
young men in this country are com-  
paratively poor, and have their fortunes  
to make for themselves. But to be  
ignorant of household affairs is one  
thing—to be a drudge, or upper servant  
is another. We have too often seen a  
lively, pretty girl, after a few years of  
marriage, sink into a listless, careworn  
matron. A wife should be something  
above a mere menial. She ought to be a  
'helpmate,' and no wife can be that, in  
the higher sense of the term, unless she  
is a companion. Many an otherwise  
excellent woman, perfect in the ordering  
of her household, and capable, when  
necessary, of working heartily herself,  
drives her husband to the company of  
pothouse companions because she is no  
companion for him. We do not say that  
a doctor's wife should study medicine, or  
a lawyer's wife study law, or a  
merchant's wife should learn his trade,  
in order to become a companion to her  
husband. This is not what we mean.  
But every man, even the most illiterate,  
has his peculiar tastes and sympathies;  
and it should be the business of a wife to  
discover them, to interest herself in  
them, and to be able to talk apprecia-  
tively about them. The poorer a couple  
are, unless in the case of actual day-  
laborers, the more they are thrown to-  
gether, and the more need there is of this  
companionship. With the very rich,  
society occupies much of the time of the  
wife, if not of the husband, and there is,  
perhaps, less absolute need of this com-  
panionship. But even with the very  
rich, a capacity for companionship would  
add greatly to the mutual happiness of  
husband and wife, and often prevent  
many a sad family tragedy. Wives,  
neglect not your household duties, but be  
something more than mere housekeepers—  
be intelligent companions to your  
husbands.

THE KIND OF SEND-OFF AN EX-LOCO-  
MOTIVE ENGINEER GAVE A PIANO.—  
Previous to entering upon his present  
calling as a piano dealer, Mr Pfaffin was  
a locomotive engineer. When the lady  
reached the store she had the good  
fortune to find Mr Pfaffin in, and she  
asked his judgment on the style and  
brand of a piano.

'That depends upon your taste  
madam,' said he. 'If you want to com-  
bine elegance with utility, I would sug-  
gest the old-fashioned square piano. It  
answers for an ornament, makes music,  
and can be used for a dining table and a  
bed when you have company. This  
kind of an instrument should not be sel-  
ected for a small cab, because it doesn't  
leave room for firing up. They make  
just as much steam as the upright, but,  
owing to the position of the harp, they  
let down in the flues much quicker.  
Being wide gauge, the wear and tear are  
also very great. If you want a perfect  
working, handsome machine, take the  
upright. It is narrow gauge, hung low  
on the trucks, and has all the modern  
improvements, including patent brake  
and snow plow. The running board is  
the same size as the square, and she  
carries just as much steam. You can  
work it in small space and get as much  
sound out of it as you could with the old  
steamboat whistles. Her woodwork is  
as neat as a Pullman sleeper, and if you  
keep her well packed and oiled she  
works as slick as old Seventy-four. I  
have run one for five years.'

THE BUILDING OF CHARACTER.—  
There is not a thought that is not strik-  
ing a blow; there is not an impulse that  
is not doing mason-work; there is not a  
passion thrust this way or that that is  
not a workman's thrust. The imagin-  
ation in all directions is building. You  
think that you are throwing out the net  
for game, you think that you are laying  
plans for your accomplishment; but back  
of all the conscious work that is going on  
in you, back of your visible attainments,  
there is another work going on. There  
are as many master-workmen in you as  
there are separate faculties; and there are  
as many blows being struck as there are  
separate acts of emotion or of volition.  
And this work is going on perpetually.  
Every single day these myriad forces are  
building, building, building. Here is a  
great structure going up, point by point,  
story by story, although you are not  
conscious of it. It is a building of  
character. It is a building that must  
stand, and the word of inspiration warns  
you to take heed how you build it, to  
see to it that you have a foundation that  
shall endure; to make sure that you  
are building on it, not for the hour in  
which you live, but for that hour of  
revelation, that hour of testing, when  
that which hath been done shall be  
brought out, and shall be seen just as  
you are.

Learned men tell us that in Latin the  
word *editor* means 'to eat.' In New  
Brunswick it means to scratch round to  
get something to eat.

—MARCH—

## SPRING GOODS

WHITE  
COTTONS,  
GREY  
COTTONS,

—WHITE—  
SHEETINGS,  
—GREY—  
SHEETINGS,

Plain and Twilled.  
CARPET WARPS,  
ALL COLORS.

## JOHN J. WEDDALL

—AGENT FOR—  
Gilbert's Lane Dye Works, St. John's  
Also McCall's New York Bazar  
Glove-Fitting Patterns.

Catalogues and Monthlies free upon  
application.

## IRON, WHITE LEAD —AND— IRON PIPE.

To arrive Per Steam Ship direct from Liverpool  
and London to St. John's.

40 TONS  
Bar and Bundle Iron Crown Best Refined, well  
assorted to arrive in May.

4 TONS  
Brandrams Bros. White Lead and colored  
paints, strictly pure and guaranteed genuine;  
to arrive in May.

6100 FEET  
Wrought Iron water pipe usual sizes for city  
purposes, same time.

## R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

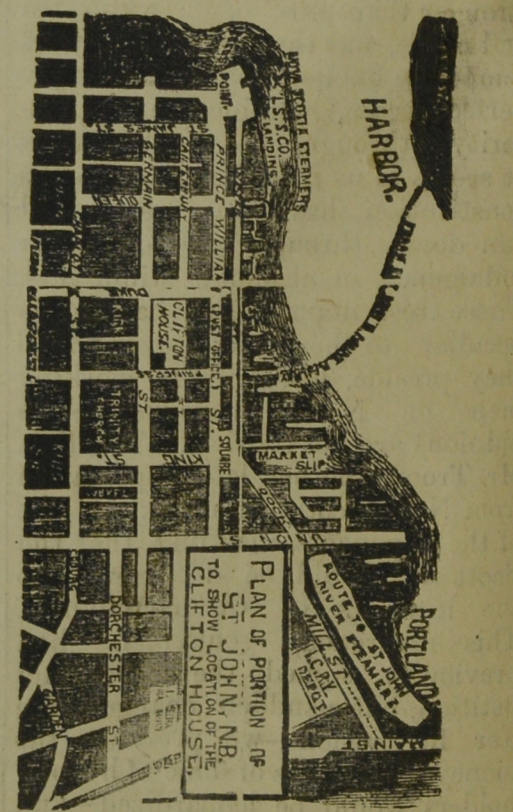
### OUR JOSHUA AS A REPORTER.

BY BROTHER JONATHAN.

—PRICE 25 CENTS.—

One of the interesting and instructive books  
of the times. Received the highest commenda-  
tion from the Press of Canada and the United  
States. A humorous work showing the trials  
inherent to a newspaper office.

ADDRESS, HERMAN H. PITTS,  
Fredericton, N. B.



## CLIFTON HOUSE.

74 PRINCESS & 143 GERMAIN STS.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS - Prop.