PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1891.

"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this de-partment should address their queries to "Astra." PROGRESS, St. John.]

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF pages ! and then-nous verrons.

> Apropos of that same sixteen page paper, here is what one of my rosebud garden of girls, who signs herselt my 'sincere admirer Kathleen," says :--"I cannot tell you how much I appreciate PRo-GRESS, and no one heard of its enlargement with greater satisfaction. It is with pleasure that I also read the column signed Astra, and derive benefit from it."

Now that is the sort of letter that goes a long way towards smoothing out the creases

worn by time and genius combined, in the brow of the weary scibbler! We do so love to be appreciated, and—better still— to be told that we are. I always was fond of the name of "Kathleen." I like it better than ever, now, and to answer this Kathleen's questions is indeed a labor of love.

Towsers, Fredericton writes :--

Should a lady allow herself to be kissed however decorously, by a gentleman who is not engaged to her, and who is not a relative? Don't you think there is less sin in kissing a small girl, than a big girl of the same age? Also do you make a distinc-tion in favor of very old men or widowers, as com-pared with those who are in a good state of preser-mation? You consistent TOWSERS. vation? Yours earnestly,

Well, now, Towsers, there are certainly some hard questions there; but, by a masterstroke of genius, or a happy (?) combination of circumstances, I know not which, I am able to combine the first and last questions into one perfect whole. I have been compelled by stress of circum- and not till then. What do I think of it? relative, and to whom-thank fortune-I it I were a man; I am as it is, trightfully his being a widower and an old man as being in his favor. No! perish the thought! I would have preferred his being in a much better state of preservation, better by at least 40 years. Less sin in kissing a

I suppose so considering that there would naturally be less girl, ergo less kiss, and so by a logical process of reasoning, less sin. But I am afraid that if the small girl showed signs of enjoying it as much as her larger sister, the wickedness would be

sation in this world.

CLYDE, also of Fredericton, writes :- of you to other girls. (2) It he won't

not to want to kiss a girl unless he is very fond of her, fond enough to be engaged in fact, and in that case a very few words can give him the right to

as many kisses as he wants, provided of I am sorry that a great many letters course the lady is equally fond of him, so were unavoidably pigeonholed last week, he had better speak a little sooner, instead from want of space, but I oid the best I of trying to obtain the privileges without could, and even let my column boil over nearly a quarter of the next one. Then the tie. Talk of kingdoms being won for a kiss. I knew of a kingdom once the editor put his foot down! It is not a Woman's Kingdom of course-which was very big foot, but my dear correspondents, if you had embellished this office with your ing to tell you about it for the benefit of presence as long as I have, you would know all the girls. A very attractive, and very what that means, and require no further | eligible young man met a pretty girl at a apology. Just wait till we get our sixteen party, was introduced to her, and found her charming, so much so that he fell in love,-all but his head-that seems to have remained nice and cool. He met her several times before he made any distinct advances; and then he asked to see her home from a party. They had a delightul walk, and as he parted from her at her father's gate, that shameless youth had the uuparalleled cheek to ask for a kiss. At which his idol showed such warmth of feeling that she stamped with rage, asked him what he meant, and how he dared, banged the front gate in his face, and rushed up the steps, and into the house like a whirlwind. They were married all the same though, and shortly before that event the happy lover confessed that he chuckled to himself all the way down the street that night. He had lost his heart to her from the first, but he wanted first to find out whether she was worthy of her love, before he told her of it. He wanted to see if she was the kind of girl who would let any man who asked for a kiss, have it. So take warning girls.

(2) You will see by my answer to "Stephanie" last week, and "Kathleen" today, what I think about the age to marry. (3) How very young you must be "Pansy," not to know that when you can bail out the ocean with a sieve you can "dissuade" a young man from jealousy, stances, to permit myself to be kissed, Why, I think it is very natural, and I with a degree of relish which was hardly ought to, considering that nearly all men decorous, by a gentleman who was not a are jealous, and I know I would be myself was not engaged, and I can assure you that so. I suppose the best way to cure the I was very far from regarding the facts of poor dears is not to give them any cause for it.

Coquette, Fredericton.-(1) Do you know what I would do with that young man. Coquette, if he belonged to me? Well, I should give him his discharge at small girl than a big one of the same age? once. In the first place you are tar too young to be thinking about "keeping company" with anyone. A girl of filteen is a child, even if she should be six feet tall. If you had been older my child you would have selected a more valuable specimen of mankind from among the millions about the same, while the fun was much who walk the earth, than one who boasts less. Thus does nature claim compen- of his conquests to you in such a manner. Depend upon it he boasts of his conquest

If it is criminal for a lady to wear a bonnet give up the idea of learning to play pool to

Madge: Ye Hoyden.

At Madge, ye hoyden, gossips scofft, "Forsooken sholde your toily bee !" But Madge, ye hoyden, laught and cried, "Oho, oho," in girlish glee, And noe thing mo replied.

No griffe she had nor knew no care, But gayly rompit all daies long. And, like ye brooke that everywhere Goes jinking with a gladsome song, Shee danct and songe from morn till night,— Her gentil harte did know no wrong, Nor did she none despight.

Sir Tomas from his noblesse halle Did trend his path a somer's daye, And to ye hoyden he did call And these ffull evil words did say: "O wolde you weare a siken gown And binde your haire with ribands gay? Then come with me to town !"

But Madge, ye hoyden, shoke her head,-"I'le be no lemman unto thee For all your golde and gownes," shee said, "Ffor Robin hath bespoken mee." Then ben Sir Tomas sore despight, And back unto his hall went hee With face as ashen white.

"O Robin, wilt thou wed this girl, Whereas she is so vaine a sprite?" So spak ffull many an envious churle nto that curteyse countrie wight. But Robin did not pay no heede; And they ben wed a somer night & danct upon ye meade.

Then scarse ben past a yeare & daye When Robin toke unto his bed, And long, long time therein he lay, Nor colde nat work to earn his bread; In soche an houre, whan times ben sore, Sir Tomas came with haughtie tread & knockit at ye doore.

Saies: "Madge, ye hoyden, do you know How that you once despighted me? But I'le forgiff, an you will go My swete harte lady for to bee !" But Madge, ye hoyden, heard noe more, Straightway upon her heele turnt shee, & shote ye cottage doore.

Soe Madge, ye hoyden, did her parte Whiles that ye years did come and goe; 'Twas somer allwais in her harte, Tho' winter strewed her head with snowe. She toilt and span thro' all those years Nor bid repine that it beu soe, Nor never shad noe tears.

Whiles Robin lay within his bed, A divell came and whispered lowe, "Giff you will doe my will," he said, "None more of sickness you shall knowe!" Ye which gave joy to Robin's soul-Saics Robin : "Divell, be it soe, An that you make me whoale !"

That day, upp rising ffrom his bed Quoth Robin : "I am well again !" & backe he came as from ve dead, & he ben nickle blithe as when He wooed his doxy long ago; & Madge did make ado & then Her teares ffor joy did flowe.

Then came that hell-born cloven thing-Saies: "Robin, I do claim your life, And I henceforth shall be your king, And you shall be my evill strite. Look round about and you shall see Sir Tomas' young and floolish wiffe-A comely dame is shee!"

Ye divell had him in his power, And not colde Robin say thereto : Soe Robin from that very houre Did what that divell bade him do; He wooed and clipt, and on a daye Sir Tomas' wife and Robin flewe A many leagues away.

Sir Tomas ben wood wroth and swore, And sometimes strode thro' leaf & brake, And knockit at ye cottage door And thus to Madge, ve hovden, spake



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D. POTTINGER.

Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE,

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adorned with a stuffed bird, would you kindly give me your opinion of a lady whose bonnet is decor-ated with half a dozen wings of birds? That number of wings means the destruction of, at least, three birds, does it not, or do you regard wings as superfluous for birds?

When I first read that, I began to wonder if I had ever been seen anywhere with half a dozen wings in my bonnet and "Clyde," had seen me; but as I never owned a bonnet so embellished. I came to the conclusion he was poking fun at me, so I decided that whether wings were superfluous for birds or not, he would never have a chance of finding out whether they would be super-fluous for him, and I resolved not to answer him at all, but "put him on the hst"-last of all-tor his impudence.

KATHLEEN, St. Stephen.-I have always preferred "thank you," to the more fashion-able "thanks" which, to me, offends the ear by its abrupt and brusque sound. "speak for it, sir!" don't you think so yourself? "Thank you" has such a leisurely time-for-good-manners sound. And what can be more gracefully courteous and cordial, than the answer, "thank you very much, she is better," when anyone inquires for the health of a relative. Perhaps it may be old tashioned, but it is certainly very pleasing to the ear. By this time you have doubtless seen my views on

early marriages given to another correspondent-and been astonished at them, I dare say-but I must stick to my colors. Many such marriages are happy, I have no doubt, but the girl of 25 is, by long odds better fitted to choose a suitable partner tor life, than the damsel of eighteen; her judgment is matured, and she has seen the right sort of man, not a gilded dude, with wide trousers, short coat, and infant mustache, whose assets consist of a cave the size of a cordwood stick, a tennis racket, and an acre of shirt collar. We love the man for his heart and head at 25, dear Kathleen! while at eighteen, I am sadly atraid that a suit of well-cut tennis flannels, worn with a scarlet and white cap and a general air of mingled audacity and self-approbation, has a far greater influence upon our choice than we are

ledge afterwards. DAVID. Fredericton .- As far as I know, Ellar Wheeler Wilcox has not published any volume of her complete poems. The most complete edition I know of is Maurine and other poems which is published by Beltord Clarke & Co., of New York, and contains many of her finest lyrics. I fancy you

could get it from any bookseller, or he would send for it for you. Get it if possible, it is one of my most treasured possessions, and I am sure you will enjoy it.

VIXEN. St. John .- I was very glad to see your fine bold handwriting again, Vixen, and I thank you for your words of appreciation. One invitation will be quite sufficient, and would be for the most formal party. Say-

Miss Vixen requests the pleasure of Miss Smith's, and Mir. Edgar Smith's company on Thursday evening at eight o'clock. Dancing. No. 21 Blank Street, Friday morning.

That is, of course, if you wish to write a

please you, tell him he must manage to get along without one or the other, the pool, or you, and let him take his choice. don't think you will ever regret it, if he finally decide, that life without you would be better than without pool. (3) I think you had much better not write to any young gentleman at all. You ought not to be out of the school-room yet. I am atraid you think too much about "young gentlemen," Coquette, and I have not much patience with you. I know such numbers of dear, jolly girls of fitteen who cept to blush, and teel uncomfortable when one was near, that it ruffles me to hear you talk about men so much. Give up thinking

about them, my dear child. Practice writing; yours is good for your age, but unformed as yet. Wear your hair in a long thick braid down your back. tie the Thanks! is an abbreviation, and it always end with a bow of ribbon, and look and makes me think of the short, sharp bark, act like that most charming of all God's a well trained dog gives when he is told to creatures, a happy, healthy, unconscious school girl. ASTRA.

God Bless the Dear Mother.

If there breathes an unselfish, hard-working toiler, an uncomplaining being on the tace of God's earth, it is the mother who from early morn till late at night attends to the work, comforts and pleasures of the household. There is no lagging, no idleness, no complaining. Every step, every action, every effort is actuated by love; and that very love supports her under all her varied difficulties. Husbands, children and housework entail a vast amount of labor to the mother who is unable to keep hired help We are compelled to wonder at, and even admire, woman's great tortitude and strength when placed in such a enough of the world to enable her to love position. We are forced with shame to admit that men, as a rule, do not appreciate and revere sufficiently such noble selfsacrifice.

Among the thousands of such mothers in our land, many of them, by this self-sacrifice to home and family, are literally wearing lite out, in many cases unconsciously, but surel/. We know that many of these mothers, from overexertion, nervousness, wearied brain, sleeplessness, headaches and a teeling of goneness, are just using themselves up, and must bring on serious and fatal results unless nature is assisted in aware of at the time, or would acknowrecuperation. Woman's triend and strengthener is Paine's Celery Compound, that great nerve and brain restorer. It acts like a charm when difficulties such as the

above are encountered. It restores strength, vigor and health to the trail and broken down, and adds years of joy to the useful Mothers delay not the use of this most

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Saies: "I would have you for mine own So come with mee & bee my make, Syn totner birds ben flown.'

But Madge, ve hovden, bade him noe; Saies: "Robin is my swete harte still, And, tho' he doth despight me soe, I mean to do him good for ill. So goe. Sir Tomas, goe your way; Ffor whiles I bee on live I will Ffor Robin's coming pray !"

Soe Madge, ve hoyden, kneelt and prayed That Godde sholde send her Robin backe And tho' ye folke vast scoffing made, And tho' ye worlde ben colde and blacke, And tho', as moneths dragged away, Ye hoyden's harte ben like to crack With griff, who still did praye,

Sicke of that divell's damn-ed charmes, Aback did Robin come at last, And Madge, ye hoyden, sprad her arms And gave a cry and held him fast; And as she clong to him and cried, Her patient harte with joy did brast, And Madge, ye hoyden, died.

-Eugene Field.

light the fire with kerosene. Biddy-Sure, an' I always used it in my last place. Mrs. Fatwood-And did you never get blown up? Biddy-Yis, Mum; most ivery dayby the Missus, Mum.

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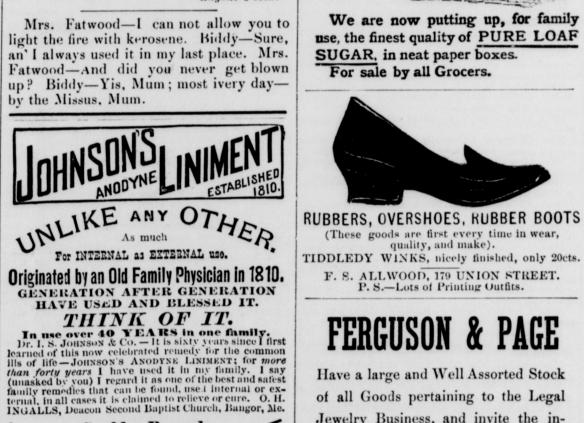
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