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BE SURE AND GET A BOTTLE OF
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\$50.00 in Cash
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THE Publishers of the *Frederickton Globe* will
present \$50.00 in Cash as first, \$10.00 as
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persons sending in the largest number of words
made up from the letters contained in the words
"FREDERICKTON GLOBE." This offer is open to paid
subscribers only, and parties desirous of com-
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Write only on one side of the paper upon which
you send your list. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary
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P. O. Box, 315, Frederickton, N. B.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

The wind and the sun are both so strong
today, girls, that the mind naturally turns
toward freckles as the most interesting
topic of conversation, seeing that it is very
freckle weather. I hoped to have an
original and infallible remedy to give you
this week, for those most annoying little
brown "spots on the sun," but the hope
like many others has proved fallacious, and
I am disappointed, because I always like
to recommend things which have been
tried and proved, either by some corres-
pondent or myself, because I am afraid I
must confess that I have little faith in
freckle washes. I believe there is one in-
fallible cure for freckles, and I have never
met with any other, but there are serious
drawbacks to this one. It is an English
preparation called antiphele milk which I
fancy all druggists sell, and the drawback
attached to it is, that it skins the face, and
you have to give up three or four days to
the cure, remaining in the house during
that time, and nursing your face very
carefully. To effectually remove freckles
the first skin must also be removed, as we
all know that the blemishes lie beneath it.
Each bottle contains full directions for use,
but I do not know the price.

Here is an excellent recipe which also
possesses the recommendation of being
quite harmless: Grate enough horse radish
into a cup of sour milk to make the milk
smell very strong of the radish—a good
handful—strain it, and apply the liquid
once or twice during the day and on going
to bed at night.

One ounce of lemon juice in a pint of
rose water is another capital remedy.
The corrosive sublimate lotion, which a
correspondent has asked me to repeat, is a
rather celebrated one, and is said to be in-
fallible as long as it is persevered in. It
consists of five grains of corrosive subli-
mate, two ounces of alcohol, and four
ounces of water. Moisten a cloth with the
lotion and wipe the face two or three times
a day, but at night apply cold cream or
vaseline instead of the lotion, as the skin
will need soothing and softening. If the
druggist refuses to give you the corrosive
sublimate, on the score of its being a
poison, write the above recipe out, and
give it to him in the form of a prescription,
which he will make up for you, and I don't
think you will have any trouble.

Still another remedy is to moisten the
face with water and then apply powdered
saltpetre. These are the only recipes I
have at hand just now, but I believe they
are all good.

Well, girls, two of our columns got
rather sadly mixed last Saturday, did they
not? But I hope you had no difficulty in
making out the sense! These little acci-
dents will happen, you know, in the best
regulated printing offices, and if they did
not, I don't suppose we should appreciate
the good work so well.

I have two letters from anxious inquirers
this week which seem to me quite worthy
of a place in our column as they serve to
illustrate a phase of the masculine charac-
ter not usually brought into prominence,
and so I overcome with the deepest reluc-
tance my natural inclination to shield the
"boys" in every way, and publish them as
a matter of principle. The first runs thus:

MY DEAR ASTRA: (1) Do you think that, under
any circumstances, a young lady is justified in kiss-
ing a married man who is a slight relative, even for
humanitarian reasons? (2) Is it your opinion that
when a man gets married he thereby surrenders all
his natural privileges in this respect? Please treat
this subject from the standpoint of the young lady
as well as of the married man. A married man of
my acquaintance states that nature would not have
implanted in him the instinct to lavish his attentions
on the fair sex generally without it was intended
that he should do so. Yours anxiously,
Marysville, May 11. COUSIN.

(1) Now, "Cousin"—by the way you do
not say whose cousin—I am afraid you are
very young, and awfully inexperienced in the
ways of that naughty animal man, for his
heart is full of guile, especially when he is
married, for then you know he has added to
his natural masculine snares and delusions
a large and varied assortment of feminine
ones which he has learned from his wife, so
he is a thousand times more dangerous
than his contemporary the less fascinating
but more innocent bachelor. You do not
state what the "humanitarian reasons" were.
Had he a cold sore, and did he want
to persuade you that two-lip salve was the
only reliable cure? How close is the relation-
ship to which you vaguely refer as
"slight"? If he is really your cousin, and
his wife does not object to the osculatory
process, you might with propriety give him
one very small one in her presence, but
don't indulge in the practice behind the
door or under the cellar stairs, as it would
not be considered good form in the high-
est circles. (2) I think if his wife is at all
the right sort of woman, she will see to it
that he does surrender "all his natural
privileges in that respect," or know the
reason why; and more power to her elbow.
I will treat this clause in your letter from
the standpoint of the young lady, with all
the pleasure in life, and judging by my
own feelings, it is little chance that same
married man would have of a kiss, if his
bachelor brother was at all accessible. I
have a thoroughly commercial dislike to
investing capital where there is no pros-
pect of returns, and attentions lavished
upon married men is as chaff before the
wind, whereas a judicious investment of
the same upon a bachelor may result in the
quick return of a heart, in exchange, with
a home in the future; real estate and per-
sonal property, you see. If I were the
wife of that married friend of yours, I
think I should adopt measures to cure that
diffusiveness of affection which has been
implanted in his breast by nature, and that
the said measures would be so radical that
they would either cure the instinct or kill
the patient. The next time he talks any
such nonsense to you ask him to consult
his wife on the subject, and tell him you
are willing to abide by her decision, and
then write and tell me the result.

The other letter is from a perplexed
wife—

MY DEAR ASTRA,—To what extent should a married
man forego his repugnance to attending church
if his wife strongly wishes it? Do you not think
that a man who is invincibly opposed to going to
church, and who winks at the young ladies in the
choir when he does go, had better remain at home?
(2) Do you think women as a rule are good judges
of character in men? Are they not governed en-
tirely by affection or prejudice? (3) Is it your belief
that Platonic affection is possible between the
sexes, especially where the parties are good looking
and susceptible? (4) Can you explain why women
as a rule write long letters, and men short ones?
(5) Do you think the popular supposition that there
is no girl who objects to judicious courting is
founded on facts? Yours affectionately,
Frederickton, May 11. TOWNSERS.

My dear "Townsend," I am sadly afraid
my opinion on that subject will not affect
the issue in the least; if that married man
—who, I infer is your personal property,
from the interest you take in the subject—
does not feel like overcoming the repug-
nance to attending divine service, which
seems to have been implanted in his breast,
my advice would never have the least
weight with him, and since, by your own
account, he does not employ his time very
profitably on the rare occasions when he
does go to church, I would
strongly advise you to adopt one
of two plain courses. Either let
him stay at home peacefully, or else take
him to church and don't pretend to notice
his attentions to the members of the choir;
wink at them, in short, if you can bring
yourself to do anything so vulgar. Of the
two evils choose whichever you think is the
least. (2) No! they are not remarkably
good judges of character at all, especially
of men; if they were we should never see
the really bright women pick out the spec-
imens of crow bait that they frequently do,
and promise to love, honor, and obey them
with the cheerful alacrity that they do. A
woman's head is sure to get soft at the
same time as her heart does, and then her
judgment is simply nowhere. (3) Platon-
ic affection certainly exists to a large
extent—in books—but nowhere else, unless
one of the parties has red hair, freckles,
and an incurable squint, and the other is
fat, bald, and has no teeth. Under these
conditions I consider it possible. (4) No!
I can't, because I have known men who
wrote very long letters, but I must confess
I never knew a woman who wrote short
ones. (5) Yes, I am sure it is! Even in-
judicious courting rarely comes amiss un-
less there is something constitutionally
wrong with the girl! Don't you? Write
again "Townsend" and tell me how that man
of yours is behaving. By the way, suppose
you put blinders on him the next time you
take him to church, and let me know the
result?

ALICE, Moncton.—With pleasure. The
recipe was one grain of red oxide of mer-
cury in an ounce of vaseline, rubbed on
two or three times a week, on going to bed.
Here is another remedy said to be ex-
cellent. Five grains of sulphate of quinine,
dissolved in one ounce of alcohol, and
applied with a fine camel's hair brush, three
or four times a week.

SWEET WILLIAM.—A Sweet William
should belong to the sterner sex, shouldn't
he? and judging by your questions you are
a girl. (1) No, my dear! a thousand
times no. It is never proper for a young
man to put his arms round a girl unless he
is either her brother, or else engaged to
her; box his ears if he tries it, and he will
respect you all the more. (2) I should
think he was rather a bright fellow, and I
am afraid I should laugh and tell him to do
as he liked about it. I think Lord Byron
had somewhat the same idea, when he
wrote:—
"When I dream that you love me you'll surely
forgive,
Extend not your anger to sleep.
For in visions alone your affections can live,
I rise, and it leaves me to weep."

(3) I do not see what the lady could pos-
sibly do under the circumstances. Of
course she could show the young man in
many little ways that she likes him, but
further than that I am afraid she cannot
go, and he must certainly be the one to
speak first. Your questions were not at
all too numerous, but no letters that are
not received in the office by Friday can
ever be answered in the next week's paper.
Names are always kept in confidence.

DADDY LONG LEGS, Bocahee.—Dear
me! How very tall you must be. (1)
No, I think it would be a very rude thing,
and one which no "gentleman" would
dream of doing. (2) I am afraid I should
think she was an awfully nice girl and
showed a lot of good sense, because I al-
ways make a point of kissing every re-
spectable one I meet; so you see I have a
fellow feeling for the young lady in ques-
tion. Who, in their senses, would not
prefer kissing a nice kitten to the majority
of children? In the first place, the kitten's
nose is almost sure to be clean. In the
second, she never eats bread and molasses,
and when you add the fact that she is not
addicted to slobbering, I think the argu-
ment is complete. Bless the kitten! I
wish I had her here now to kiss! (3) I
should think the man in question a regular
brute, and if I were the young lady I
should certainly bite him. (4) When one
ceases entirely to take a rational interest
in their "wittles," when they leave their
hangs uncured for two days at a time, and
get so they don't care for caramels, they
may safely conclude that they are really in
love. I have had the two former symptoms
myself, but have not yet experienced the
last. Seriously, my dear, there are so
many ways of knowing that I could not
begin to tell them to you. Yes; I hope I
shall hear from you again. Your name
will be kept in confidence.

JEAN, St. John.—If the young lady in
question injured you intentionally, it would
show great generosity on your part to
speak to her first. I scarcely see how you
could still be friends, but as I do not know
the circumstances, I can scarcely give an
opinion. (2) I am sorry to say that I
cannot suggest any chorus, as I am not at
all musical. Why not write to "Tarbet,"
who is kindness itself, and knows an
amount about music that overwhelms me
with awe? (3) No, I don't see how they
possibly can do so, though they may ap-
pear to, merely to amuse themselves. A
man always prefers to do the courting him-
self—at least I have heard many of them
say so. I cannot judge character by hand-
writing at all; I wish I could, but it is a
difficult study, and takes a great deal of
time.

PUSSY WILLOWS, St. John.—Any kind
of a pussy is always sure of a welcome
from me, so I am glad you wrote. (1) A
flirt, that is a real flirt, is a man or woman
who makes a pastime of winning hearts for
mere sport, only to cast them away as
soon as they are won, but no girl who has
a number of gentlemen friends
to whom she is impartially pleasant and
friendly can be called a flirt, or would be,
except by other girls who were perhaps
jealous of her popularity. Do not worry

Presto! Change! Gray and faded beards made
to assume their original color by applying Buck-
ham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails to
satisfy.—Advt.

yourself about it in the least Pussy; just
keep the even tenor of your way, treat them
all alike as you say you try to do, and when
the prince comes along some day you will
have no difficulty in recognizing him. You
will be surprised to find how clearly he will
stand out from all the others. (2) I don't
think you can do anything to him at all ex-
cept perhaps laugh at him a little if he re-
fers to the evening you speak of, but unless
he does so I would not take any notice of
it. Poor fellow! he probably felt miserable
enough to punish him for his sulks. I will
add you to my garden with pleasure, and I
am glad you like our "Talks." ASTRA.

The Reason He Joined.

Recruits, when they join the British
army first, cannot be too well fed, because,
coming as they do from a class which, as a
rule, is irregular in its habits, after under-
going a regular system of drill and a regu-
lar manner of living, they are more hungry
at meal times than they otherwise would
be. In fact, they are always hungry, and
of this state they are often reminded while
on drill, for it is a favorite say-
ing of every drill sergeant when he is
instructing the recruits how to
stand, "A soldier should always have
full chest and empty stomach." "Begorra,"
said a vivacious Irishman one day, "sar-
geant, there's no use reminding me o' that,
for since I listed me chest has been fuller
than me stomach; an' if I'd thought the
queen was so hard up, I wouldn't have
taken her shillin'—I'd have given one." The
English sergeant, though he appreci-
ated the man's mirth, said to him, seri-
ously—"Then you didn't enlist for want?"
"Oh, no, sergeant," he replied, "I had
lashin's o' that before I joined the army."

The Need of Precaution.

"It is our first dinner together, darling,
and I have invited our old friend, Dr.
Safeleigh to dine with us."

The young wife was quite satisfied.
The doctor came on time, was excellent
company, and the various dishes, all pre-
pared by the bride apparently appreciated.

It was not until the physician had gone
that the wife suddenly grew thoughtful.
"Thomas," she suddenly broke out,
"why above all your friends did you invite
but one man and that man a doctor to dine
with us today? Oh, Thomas, Thomas, to
think that you were afraid to eat your first
meal of my cooking without having a doc-
tor at your very elbow."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Ambiguous.

He is a very discreet man who never
says either too much or too little.

At a business meeting the chairman
announced:

"Brother Skinner submits his resignation
as a member of this society. What action
shall be taken upon it?"

"I move you, sir," said one of the par-
liamentarians present, "that the resig-
nation be accepted, and that a vote of
thanks be tendered to Brother Skinner."
—*Lowell Citizen.*



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