

## Be Honest and True.

Be honest and true,  
O eyes that are blue!  
In all that you say  
And all that you do,  
If evil you'd shun  
And good you'd pursue,  
If friends you'd have many  
And foes you'd have few,  
Be honest and true  
In all that you say  
And all that you do,  
O eyes that are blue!

Be honest and true,  
O eyes that are gray!  
In all that you do  
And all that you say  
At home or abroad,  
At work or at play,  
As you laugh with your friend  
Or run by the way,  
Be honest and true  
By night and by day,  
In all that you do  
And all that you say,  
O eyes that are gray!

Be honest and true,  
O eyes that are brown!  
On sincerity smile,  
On falsity frown;  
All goodness exalt,  
All meanness put down,  
As you muse by the fire  
Or roam through the town,  
Remember that honor  
Is manhood's chief crown,  
And wear it as yours,  
O eyes that are brown!

Be honest and true,  
O eyes of each hue!  
Brown, black, gray and blue,  
In all that you say  
And all that you do,  
O eyes in which mothers  
Look down with delight,  
That sparkle with joy  
At things good and bright,  
Do never a thing  
You would hide from their sight!  
Stand up for the right  
Like a chivalrous knight;  
For the conqueror still,  
When the battle is through,  
Is he who has ever  
Been loyal and true,  
Make the victory sure,  
O eyes of each hue!

Juvenile Gems.

## A Queen's Perscription.

BY MYRA PERCY.

"What is the matter, Alice?" asked Mrs. Temple. "Your face is flushed and you seem to have no appetite."

"There is nothing the matter with me, mother," replied Alice, somewhat pettishly. "I don't feel well that's all."

"If you don't feel well you must feel ill," persisted her mother, "and I must insist on your seeing Dr. Campus." "I think Alice ought to see the Queen of Sweden's doctor," remarked Aunt Ellen, who was making a tidy in her big arm chair.

"Who is the Queen of Sweden's doctor?" asked Alice in surprise. "Does he live here?"

"He lives in Sweden I believe," answered Aunt Ellen, with one of her queer smiles. "And his name is Metzger."

Alice looked at her Aunt in a puzzled way for a moment, and then broke into a laugh.

"Is it a story you want to tell?" she asked, interested at once.

"Aunt Ellen, sixty years old, but with the face and figure of forty, was the life of the Temple household, and always had some quaint and interesting anecdote to relate."

"It is a story," she replied, "but it is true. The Queen of Sweden," she went on, "is as you must know a very rich woman. If any woman could be healthy, she could. She had the finest rooms in the fine palace, the very best of food and drink, and the best of medical attendance when she was ill. Strange to say, she was frequently ill and the court physician tried in vain to cure her. They tried all their old medicines and many new ones; tempted her appetite with new dishes and bade her take daily rides; but the Queen of Sweden kept getting worse. She was so nervous. Her rest was broken at night with horrid dreams, her temper became irritable and life became a burden."

"I don't know whether Alice is that bad," said Mrs. Temple with a sigh; "but she isn't far from it."

Alice looked irritated at this remark, and said nothing.

"Well," continued Aunt Ellen, with another smile, "the King of Sweden became very much alarmed and sent for Dr. Metzger, who had been doctoring the Empress of Austria. He came and had a long talk with the Queen and then gave her a prescription. It was not in Latin, but in plain Swedish and it read, 'No more carriage or horseback riding except on State occasions; if you want to go anywhere you must walk!'"

"Oh dear," exclaimed Alice. "I always thought carriage driving and horseback riding were very healthful. I am sure I would hate to give them up."

"So did the Queen of Sweden; but having placed herself in the doctor's

hands, she took the prescription like a sensible woman. But that was only a beginning; the next prescription was much more trying. The doctor laid out a space in the royal garden about a hundred feet square and ordered the Queen to prepare it for planting vegetables."

"Dig it up with a spade!" cried Alice in amazement; "how could she do that?"

"She thought she couldn't," answered Aunt Ellen, quietly; "But Dr. Metzger was firm, and the Queen set to work in short skirts, bare arms and thick soled shoes. The first day's digging she said, nearly killed her; the second not much better, and on the third she finished the job, and ate a large beefsteak with a wonderful appetite. The next day the doctor told her that she must dust and put in order her suit of rooms—five or six—every morning, and when that was done, he would find some other household work for her to do."

"A Queen doing housework?" said Mrs. Temple, incredulously. "Everybody would laugh at her."

"Nobody laughs at Queens in Europe at least not openly," replied Aunt Ellen, smiling; "and I presume very few people saw her engaged in these unusual occupations."

The Queen did not laugh at first; in fact she cried many times, but she soon began to smile. Day by day her back and limbs grew stronger. She could walk miles without fatigue, she slept well, and had a healthy appetite for healthful food."

"And is she cured?" asked Alice.

"Not entirely. At any rate, she is still taking Dr. Metzger's prescriptions but she is getting better every day."

Alice was thoughtful for a moment and then she said thoughtfully;

"I suppose this story is aimed at me?"

"At you and girls like you," answered Aunt Ellen frankly. "My dear, I never took five cents worth of medicine since I was five years old, and your doctor's bill is always a hundred dollars a year. I always walk in preference to riding. I insist on keeping my own room in order, and when I am in the country, I work in the garden every day. I think I saw you yesterday looking on while John set out the geraniums and verbenas in the yard."

"I'll do it myself next time," said Alice, remorsefully; "and I'll begin Dr. Metzger's prescription this very day by walking to and from the Normal school."

"If you do," said Aunt Ellen, "you need not see Dr. Campus; it will be quite unnecessary. Earn a right to be healthy with hard work, and happiness will come in its train."—Selected.

## The Left Out Part.

Mamie was learning to cook. She was twelve years old, and her mother had said, "Surely a girl so old as that ought to know how to make good bread and cake. So, every baking-morning she was expected to spend one hour in the pantry, watching and helping her mother put together the ingredients of plain, wholesome food, and to have care of the fire and oven's heat while the batter she had stirred and the dough she had rolled were baking."

One evening not long before Mamie's bedtime, her mother said, looking up from her sewing in the sitting-room:—

You may set the bread-sponge to-night entirely alone, Mamie, and I will not go out with you into the pantry. First get ready your yeast and flour and milk, just as I have taught and shown you, and tomorrow morning you may knead out the loaves, and take the care yourself of their rising and baking."

Mamie was very glad and proud to be so trusted, and, tying on her big, white cooking apron, darted into the pantry, after carefully washing and drying her hands, eager for her papa to see that his little girl could make the best of bread."

The kneading-board came down from its nail with an important little flirt and bang. Then she sifted a panful of flour, and brought butter and milk and a yeast-cake from the cellar, and hot water from the kitchen, and then was ready to mix her sponge."

The yeast-cake she put into a little warm water to dissolve. Then into the big bread-bowl she carefully measured four cups of milk, three cups of water—just hot enough to bring the mixture to blood-heat—one tablespoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a half cup of butter. Into this mixing she stirred flour until she had a stiff dough, then kneaded it on the bread-board fifteen minutes, and put it back in the bowl, a great, smooth, heavy lump, and, closely, covering it, closed for the night, for greater warmth, the pantry's door and window, thinking how she would find in the morning, instead of the solid white mass, that hardly filled the bread-bowl, a brimming panful of light sponge."

But she didn't. The heavy lump lay flattened out in the bottom of the bread-bowl, with no more hope of rising and being fit to knead into puffy white loaves than a great wad of sticky clay."

And all because you forgot to put yeast in the batter, Mamie's mother said, discovering the cup of dissolved yeast pushed aside on the pantry shelf, when called the next morning by her little girl to see what ailed her bread-sponge."

O mamma, I did forget it! But I put in everything else, the butter and salt and sugar—everything but that yeast-cake, that I had set dissolving and then forgot. But how strange that such a little thing—only a tablespoonful of yeast-water—could have spoiled my bread! Just think, mamma, all that great flat cake of heavy dough needed to make it rise and fill the bowl with puffy, feathery sponge, was just this little bit of yeast; and because I didn't put it into my bread-batter, it is all spoiled and wasted, and Mamie, with a very sober little face, scraped the clayey, sticky mass into the swill-bucket."

But it was not wasted, the lesson that those spoiled loaves taught."

Mamie had been thinking that it didn't very much matter if she did not take Christ as her Saviour, so long as she was a truthful, obedient, kind little girl. She didn't see that she needed to be a Christian if she was only a good sunny-tempered little girl. But the left-out yeast, the leaven that the bread spoiled without, in spite of the good things it held, its sugar and butter, led her to see that her life and every other life needs the "little leaven"—Christ's love—in it to make it expand and fit for God's use; for without this leaven our lives will be wasted, and our souls castaways.—CLARA POTTER, in *Sunday School Times*.

## The Boy Who Says "We."

Dr. Arnold, the teacher of the famous Rugby School in England, once said that the difference between one boy and another consists not so much in talent as in energy. The Springfield Union aptly describes this trait in a boys character as follows:

Don't laugh at the boy who magnifies his place. You may see him coming from the post office with a big bundle of his employer's letters, which he displays with as much pride as if they were his own. He feels important and he looks it. But he is proud of his place. He is attending to business. He likes to have the world know that he is at work for a busy concern. One of the Lawrences of Boston once said, "I would not give much for a boy who does not say 'we' before he has been with us a fortnight." The boy who says "we" identifies himself with the concern. Its interests are his. He sticks up for its credit and reputation. He takes pleasure in his work, and hopes some time to say "we" in earnest. The boy will reap what he sows if he keeps his grit and sticks to his job. You may take off your hat to him as one of the future solid men of the town. Let his employer do the fair thing by him; check him kindly if he shows signs of being too big for his place; counsel him as to his habits and associates, and occasionally show him a pleasant prospect of advancement. A little praise does an honest boy a heap of good. Good luck to the boy who says "we!"

## Willie and the Bird.

Little Willie went with his mamma to visit in the country. He played out of doors, and was happy all day long. One morning he found a pretty nest in the grass. It had four eggs in it. Willie took the eggs away but he did not show them to his mamma. He was not happy the rest of the day. After he went to bed at night, he heard a bird crying, "Whip-poor-will." Willie could not go to sleep, and at last called his mamma, and said: "Mamma, you must whip me. The bird keeps saying so all the time."

## Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,  
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## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

33—"Attempt the end, never stand in doubt  
Nothing's so hard, but search'll find it out."

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 30.)

No. 198.—"Thou shalt not steal."  
Ex. 20:15.

No. 199.—A S A  
A L I V E  
S I D O N  
A V O I D  
E N D

No. 200.—1. Magaguadavic.  
2. Rio del Norte.  
3. Saskatchewan.  
4. Kennebecasis.

5. Tombigby.
6. Sacramento.
7. Yang tee Kiang.
8. San Joaquin.

No. 201.—"I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman."

- No. 202.—1. Lois. 2. Tim. 1:5.  
2. Laish. 1. Saml. 25:44.  
3. Eliezer. Luke 3:29.  
4. Samuel's. 1. Sam. 8:2.  
5. Joash. Judges 6:20.  
6. Isaiah 38:14.  
7. Songs of Sol. 6:9.  
8. Songs of Sol. 8:9.  
9. (a) Jer. 39:3; (b) 1 Saml. 2:14; (c) Rom. 16:15; (d) 2 Tim. 1:5; (e) Gen. 32:30.  
10. (1) Job 30:7; (2) 1 Chron. 23:30; (3) Deut. 32:14; (4) Ex. 23:28; (5) Matt. 27:29.  
11. Luke 23:38.

No. 203.—Brown.

No. 204.—I. D. H. P.  
G. A. D. P. E. N.  
D. A. V. I. D. P. E. T. E. R.  
D. I. N. N. E. D.  
D. R.

The Mystery—No. 33.

No. 219.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.  
(BY E. O. C., Highland Village, N. S.)

My 6, 9, 3, 8 is a fruit; my 5, 1, 9, 2, 10 is forbidding; my 7, 4, 11 is an insect. My whole, of 11 letters, is light.

No. 220.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY GRACE E. KING, Carleton, N. S.)

1. Who was cast into a pit in the wood and had a heap of stones laid upon him?
2. Who rent their clothes and cried, "Treason, Treason?"
3. Who married 14 wives and had 22 sons and 16 daughters?
4. Who took the villages and called them after his own name?
5. How many things does the wise man say the Lord hates, and what are they?
6. Where are the words, "Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire?"
7. How many Levites were there in the Holy city?
8. What king's mother was named Jehoadan?
9. Where is "ferry-boat" mentioned?

No. 221.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY ETHEL J. KEER, Williamsburg.)

A letter; pure; a fruit; part of the body; a letter.

No. 222.—CHARADE.

(BY BIBLE STUDENT, Brooklyn, N. S.)

My first is what the married wish,  
And happiness imparts to Lords;  
My second takes captive many fish,  
My whole amusements oft affords.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

## The Mystical Circle.

PRIZE VOTING CONTEST.

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Both young and old, both great and small.

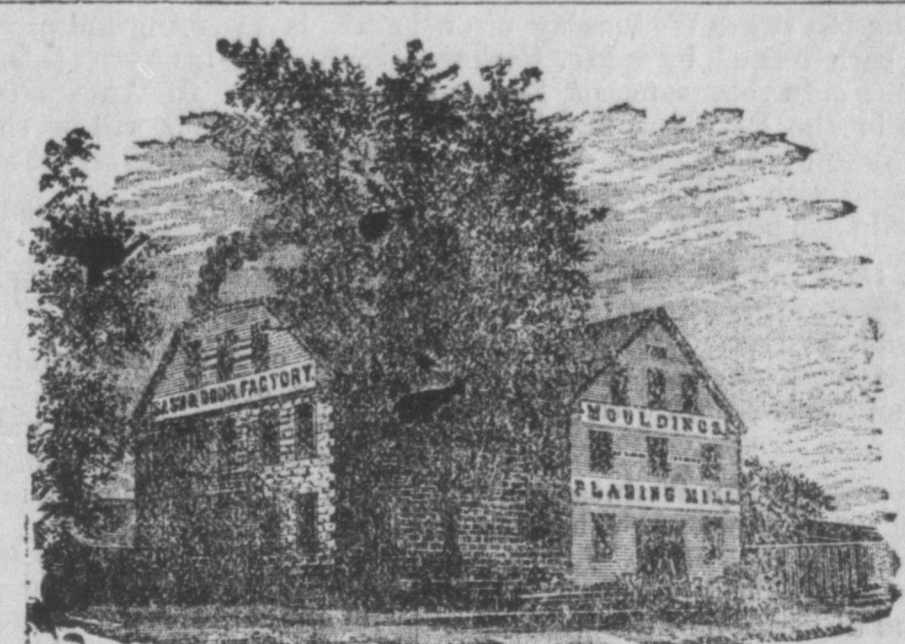
Vote everybody! First write your name at the top (one of the narrow ends) of a postal card; then state your answers to the questions given below, numbering them to correspond with the questions. Mail the postal card to the puzzle editor within three weeks from the time you receive this number of the INTELLIGENCER. Here are the questions upon which your opinion is requested:

1. What trade, profession or business requires the most skill?
2. What is the most useful animal?
3. What product of the loom is of the most use to us?
4. From what tree do we derive the least benefit?
5. Who is the ablest writer of the present time?
6. Who is the most noted minister now living?
7. What is the most useful mineral?
8. What one man has done most for Canada within the last 15 years?
9. What vegetable food could we best dispense with?
10. Next to the Bible, what is the most useful book?

THE PRIZES: If there should be but one perfect list of answers, we will give a handsome prize; if three, three prizes; if more, the prizes will be determined by lot—taking into consideration neatness, etc. The "perfect list" will be determined by a plurality of the ballots upon each question. For instance, if a majority of the voters shall answer the first question "shoemaking" that result will make shoemaking the answer to that question. After the ballots have all been received and the result of the voting on each question ascertained, that result will constitute the "perfect list." Vote, now, everybody!

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