

Children's Department.

The Great Master.

"I am my own master!" cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsibility—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes right, else he will fail."

"Well!"

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend; "I should fail sure if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my master, even Christ.' I work under God's direction. When He is master, all goes right."

Mending with Pins.

"Umph! That's nothing," said a young woman. "I'll put a pin in it. I can't stop to mend it now." It was a hole in her pocket that Helen Russell mended with a pin. Several days passed, and she forgot the circumstance.

"Pinning it up" was one of Helen's favorite makeshifts.

"I hate to mend," she would say, "and after all, pins will do, anyway. Even holes in her stockings were

caught together in this fashion, and a button off her gloves was replaced by the same shiftless expedient. It was not that she lacked time to use needle and thread, but simply that she had fallen into a lazy habit.

Helen Russell was a clerk in a city office, and a few days after pinning up the hole in her pocket, she went to the town treasurer and drew sixty dollars, her earnings for two months. She put the money into her purse, and the purse into her pocket.

Then she made a few calls and went into the post-office. As she was descending the steps of the post-office, she caught her foot in the trimming of her skirt, which had ripped and been fastened with a pin; she tripped and fell heavily on the stones. Her wrist was broken by the fall. A pin, which had fastened her glove in default of a button, was plunged into the palm of her hand and inflicted a painful wound.

She was taken home in a carriage and her injuries were dressed. A few hours afterwards she thought of her money, and felt in her pocket for her purse. It was gone. The pins which repaired the hole in her pocket were likewise gone; so there was no doubt as to the way in which the purse had disappeared. Searching and advertising proved of no avail. She had saved a few stitches at the expense of two months wages, a broken wrist and sundry painful bruises.

"'Twas all my own fault," she said penitently; "I'll never mend with pins again."

A Sprain or Bruise.

Should be wrapped with a linen cloth wet with Clark's Lightning Liniment. The pain will leave instantly, and the swelling rapidly subside. Nothing known to medical science will afford such speedy relief and cure, and there is no other remedy that gives the sufferer such quick satisfaction. Where once used—always used. Order from your druggist. There is only one Clark's Lightning Liniment; price fifty cents. Clark's Chemical Co., Toronto, New York.

Snake-charmers and Snakes.

By far the most harmless, as well as the most common class among the Indian jugglers, is that of the snake-catchers who infest the villages and fairs, exhibiting their snakes, and accompanying their movements with a strange unmelodious music.

They carry their serpents in round wicker baskets, with flat bottoms, in which the creatures lie coiled up in a sleepy state, until roused by the harsh tones of their keepers' flutes. It is astonishing to see how they are affected by the tones of those rude instruments, for no sooner do their charmers begin to blow than the snakes raise their heads, gradually erect themselves, waving their necks to-and-fro, as if in a state of ecstasy.

The bite of some of the snakes is fatal; nevertheless, the charmers do not extract the poisonous fangs, as is commonly supposed, but exhibit these reptiles with all their power of mischief unimpaired, and it is the perfect knowledge of their habits that secures them from being bitten.

It would be much more pleasant for the European residents in India if all the snakes were thus held in musical captivity, but such is far from being the case. One hears of them in all sorts of unexpected places. Here, for instance, is a story by a missionary's wife in South India of

A SNAKE IN CHURCH.

Last Sunday we had our usual eight o'clock morning service in church, and there was a pretty good congregation. My husband was preaching about Christ in the Temple, and speaking specially to the children, of whom there were thirty or forty present, including those in our boarding-schools.

"Suddenly a cry was raised, 'Pamu pumu' (Snake, snake), and all the women and children came rushing from one side of the church. Our school-girls all got up and began to run too, with terrified faces, and there was not, I suppose, one person in the building who did not hurry up to see what was the matter. My husband from the desk, and I from the harmonium, went across to the spot where the creature had evidently appeared. Sure enough there it was, a pretty-looking green snake!

There are no Europeans where we live, and our church, therefore, has no seats, only mats on the floor. Underneath one of these mats the snake had crept, and had popped out its head suddenly, close to some big village girls, who were sitting with their baby brothers and sisters. You can imagine what a fright it gave them, for a bite from a pretty-looking snake generally means death in this country.

Well, I beckoned at once to my girls to sit down. They obeyed immediately, and I stood by them whilst my husband, telling the people to be quiet, called for a stick and soon despatched the snake. It was all over in a moment, and there was perfect silence when my husband stepped back to the desk. He did not finish his sermon, for he thought they were all too much excited to attend, but just closed the service with prayer."

Was He a Hero?

Scenes from the Life of a Pilgrim Missionary.

Sitting in his tent under the palm trees, we see some one hard at work studying a difficult book. What is his name, and why is he there? His name is George Maxwell Gordon; he has come out to India as a missionary, settled near Madras, and is now trying to learn Tamil, that he may speak to the natives in their own language.

A few months pass, and we find Mr. Gordon speaking to the children at a meeting held near Melbourne, in Australia.

Indian heat made him ill, and he had come to Australia to get better. He shows the children a map of India, tells them how eagerly the natives listen to the story of Jesus, and asks them if they would like to help to send them more teachers? "Yes," say the children, so heartily. Mr. Gordon promises to bring a little book, in which to enter their subscriptions when next he meets them. When he comes, twenty-seven girls have their money ready. So begins the Children's Missionary Society, which has been growing in Australia ever since.

The next scene in Mr. Gordon's life is a very different one. There is a terrible famine in Persia, and hundreds of people are dying. Mr. Gordon is passing through, Dr. Bruce; the C. M. S. missionary there, asks for his help in giving out the food—bread, rice and soup.

One day a feast is given to seven hundred people: they sit in rows, propped up against walls, and an extra allowance of bread, rice and salt is

dealt out; as they go away they make deep bows and kiss Mr. Gordon's hand as a sign of their gratitude. When Mr. Gordon left Persia he went to the North of India, and taught for a time in the Divinity School at Lahore. But he wanted to go about among the people, putting aside all European comforts, living their life, and very constantly speaking to them of Jesus.

So one day we find him lodging in the village mosque, or Mohammedan place of worship, for he is allowed to do so if he leaves his shoes outside, talking to the villagers who come there; another time he sits in the blacksmith's shop, speaking to those who go in and out.

Another day he writes a letter home from "a Banyan Tree at Bisharat," and says:—

"I have taken a house for two days, which is beautifully furnished (with leaves), and has a noble column in the centre, with other smaller columns forming arches and cloisters round it. The lower storey only is mine, the upper storey being occupied by a number of small tenants, who are for the most part night lodgers, and who waken me in the morning by their song of praise long before sunrise."

After a while, we find Mr. Gordon in another country. Hoping that he will find an opening for missionary work among the wild Afghan tribes, he becomes chaplain to the British army, marching through Afghanistan to take Cabul and Kandahar. Day by day he marches with the troops over the stony passes, always ready to cheer and help those around him, lending one tired soldier his horse, and another chilly native his cloak, till at last they reach their journey's end.

Now we come to the last scene in Mr. Gordon's life. He has been back to India again, and has returned to Kandahar with another British army. The Afghans are besieging the city, and some of the British troops have gone out against them; the guns are firing, many men fall down wounded, and are carried back into camp, where Gordon and his helpers attend to them. Soon he hears that there are some wounded men lying in a shrine about



TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of Saturday, 9th May, 1891, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1892, consisting of Flour, Beef, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c., duty paid, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

Forms of tender, containing full particulars, relative to the Supplies required, dates of delivery, &c., may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Regina, or to the Indian office, Winnipeg.

Parties may tender for each description of goods (or for any portion of each description of goods) separately, or for all the goods called for in the Schedules, and the Department reserves to itself the right to reject the whole or any part of a tender. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque in favor of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, on a Canadian Bank, for at least five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract based on such tender when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned, and if a contract be entered into for a part only of the supplies tendered for an accepted cheque for five per cent. of the amount of the contract may be substituted for that which accompanied the tender; the contract security cheque will be retained by the Department until the end of the fiscal year.

Each tender must, in addition to the signature of the tenderer, be signed by two sureties acceptable to the Department for the proper performance of the contract based on his tender. This advertisement is not to be inserted by any newspaper without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment by any newspaper not having had such authority will be admitted.

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, March, 1891.

Indigestion

HORSFORD'S
ACID PHOSPHATE,

A preparation of phosphoric acid and the phosphates required for perfect digestion. It promotes digestion without injury, and thereby relieves those diseases arising from a disordered stomach.

Dr. E. J. WILLIAMSON, St. Louis, Mo., says:

"Marked beneficial results in imperfect digestion."

Dr. W. W. SCOFIELD, Dalton, Mass., says:

"It promotes digestion and overcomes acid stomach."

Dr. F. G. MCGAVOCK, McGavock, Ark., says:

"It acts beneficially in obstinate indigestion."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

CAUTION.—Be sure the word "Horsford's" is printed on the label. All others are spurious. Never sold in bulk.

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