

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE

National Mutual Relief Society

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One hundred and sixty members of the National Division are members of the Relief Society.

- Benefit in Section 1—\$500. Benefit in Section 2—1,000. Benefit in Section 3—1,500. Benefit in Section 4—2,000. Benefit in Section 5—2,500. Benefit in Section 6—3,000. Benefit in Section 7—3,500.

Assessment Insurance is a Success.

Fraternal insurance organizations merit your confidence and support. They are uniformly well managed, prompt and economical. Be not deceived by the false statements of interested parties who endeavor to destroy your faith in assessments companies. Throughout the United States and the Dominion of Canada these popular organizations are carrying joy and sunlight into darkened homes and saddened hearts. OUR OWN IS ONE OF THE BEST. We are carrying an insurance of nearly four millions of dollars at less cost than any other society whose report can be obtained. Examine its plan of work, and write to the General Secretary for facts, information and documents.

Our Plan of Work.

Sons of Temperance over eighteen and under sixty years of age, who are in good health, are eligible to admission. If you are not a member of a Division of Sons of Temperance, the General Secretary will inform you how to proceed. If you live in a locality where our Order has no existence, we will send and organize a local association if you desire it.

You can have an insurance of from \$500 to \$3,500, as you may desire. The only cost is for admission fee and death assessments. We have no quarterly or annual dues, and make no charge for certificates of membership.

Application may be made through the Recording Scribe of any Division, or to the Grand Scribe or through any of our Solicitors, or direct to the General Secretary. If your Division has no regularly-appointed solicitor we shall be pleased to appoint one.

All applications are sent to the General Secretary, who hands them to the Chief Medical Examiner, and when approved, certificates of membership are sent directly to the applicants.

Our admission fees are smaller than any other similar associations.

Admission Fees:

Table with 2 columns: Section and Fee. To Section 1—\$ 500... \$1.00. To Section 2—1,000... 2.00. To Section 3—1,500... 2.50. To Section 4—2,000... 3.00. To Section 5—2,500... 3.50. To Section 6—3,000... 4.00. To Section 7—3,500... 4.50.

Assessments

An assessment is collected for each death occurring in the Society, except when there is a sufficient amount in the treasury to pay the claim. The rate of assessment at all ages, and for the different amounts of insurance, is given in the table, as follows:

Table with 8 columns: AGE, SEC. 1, SEC. 2, SEC. 3, SEC. 4, SEC. 5, SEC. 6, SEC. 7. Rows for ages 18-25, 25-30, 30-35, 35-40, 40-45, 45-50, 50-55, 55-60.

Assessment cards are mailed direct to each member. Remittances are made to the General Secretary, who returns a receipted card. There is no divided responsibility in handling assessments, one letter is known to have been lost.

Assessments are always issued on the first day of each month when we have a death recorded. If there is no death, there is no assessment. During 1886 we had fourteen assessments, and during 1887 (to Nov. 10th) we had thirteen. Most of the insurance orders collect from sixteen to twenty-four assessments annually.

The Relief Society is managed by a board of government, consisting of fifteen of the prominent members of the National Division. The M. W. P., M. W. Treas., and four P. M. W. Patriarchs are now members of the Board. These gentlemen are chosen because of their business qualifications and their general fitness for the work.

Our insurance is purely mutual. We have no stockholders; we pay no dividends, and build no palaces for offices. Our assessments are equitably graded, and are not increased with advancing years. We have no deaths from liquor drinking. Our insurance is prompt, safe and economical.

Every Son of Temperance, who is in good health, should be a member of our own Relief Society. It is not excelled by any other in promptness or economy. It insures only members of the Order. As we pay for no liquor deaths, our insurance is, of course, cheaper than in associations that admit drinking men. We have not grown rapidly but steadily, taking no step backward. We have no debts. We have paid more than \$100,000 to the families of our deceased members.

In its practical work the Relief Society is a great public charity, though conducted as a fraternal business enterprise. It is a valuable auxiliary in the propagation work of the Order, and its influence for good is being more widely extended every month. It gives strength and permanence to Divisions.

The Society has members in all New England and Middle States, [nearly all the Western States, and in Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida in the Southern States. It has members also from every province in the Dominion of Canada and from Newfoundland, the Bahamas and the Bermudas.

We believe that our future is to be a bright one. The Society merits and should receive the unqualified support of the Order in all branches. Especially do we invite the hearty co-operation of the executive officers of the various Grand Divisions.

The admission fee is small, and the main object is to strengthen the Order of the Sons of Temperance. Solicitors and organizers will give full information. If the Society has no agent in your division, write direct to the General Secretary for terms and documents.

Address communications for circulars and information to

HERMAN H. PITTS, Fredericton,

Or to F. M. BRADLEY, Gen. Sec'y, P. O. Box 682, Washington, D

the throat for their cruel exorbitance and greed, and compel them to disgorge their ill-gotten gains! And, if there is any conscience in a company, any right human feeling and sense of responsibility, what a remorse must theirs be! But I press on to note again from the Johnstown horror the careless recklessness and thoughtlessness of men. You would have thought, that men must have foreseen, how reckless it was to build their homes, stores, banks, school-houses, churches, and live their lives, right under the very shadow of calamity.

And they were not without warnings. They had seven years of warnings. The Lord was indeed merciful to them, and men had ample time to escape the calamity. That morning, as I have already mentioned in another connection, they had repeated warnings. And then, John G. Park, the engineer of the works, after remaining at his post, and doing all that human ingenuity and skill and energy could do to avert the calamity, when all hope was gone, dashed away as fast as a horse could carry him to tell the people with his own lips to escape at once for their lives. And many did so. But others laughed at the man's frantic efforts to apprise them of their danger, and they mocked his awful earnestness. And they did what they could to discourage those who were fleeing from fleeing. They laughed at their fears, jeered at their cowardice. And some perhaps let themselves be fooled into a state of reckless self-security by those senseless jeers of the streets, and turned back to perish.

How all that reads like the story of the flood over again, and the destruction of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the fall of Jerusalem, and the stupid recklessness of sinners today. Men laughed at the ancient ark-builder, mocked his earnestness, called him an old fool, criticized his work, and rejected his good counsels and faithful warnings. And the same sort of people laughed at Lot as he ran for his life that awful morning in the long ago when a conflagration swept down upon the guilty cities. And so in Christ's day too. With His own eloquent lips He went up and down the streets of Jerusalem, and all over the country, and He foretold a dreadful catastrophe, and warned the people of their danger. But they heeded Him not. They put Him to death, and thus stopped His warning words. And the same recklessness was yonder at Johnstown, and it is here today.

Men are putting a knife to their throat in the shape of intoxicants and vicious degrading habits. They trifle with their destiny. You go to them, and tell them of their danger. You plead with them to stop their drinking. You cry to them to beware of evil habits, to keep away from the haunts of sin and crime. You tell them with tears that their souls are in imminent peril, and point them to Christ as the only Saviour. But they heed not. They laugh at you. They say there is no fear at all of their drinking ever becoming drunkenness. They shake you off when you come to them and take hold of them to lead them in the way of safety, and they live on thoughtlessly, heedlessly, recklessly, wickedly, and they die.

I am addressing men tonight who are in more danger than the people of Johnstown were before the breaking of their dam. They are in danger for this world, and in danger for the world to come. Around them are influences that are luring them to an awful ruin, and they know it not nor care. Some do not believe in a Hell, but Hell is a terrible fact that meets us in a shape sometimes that we cannot but believe in it. What a Hell yonder! What a hell here in your heart and mine but for the grace of God? And why may there not be to come the worst hell of all for those who heed not, believe not?

You think it is awful for men to be cast into hell for their sins, their thoughtlessness, their want of faith, their neglect. But you see it yonder. See those people going to the bridge to watch the rush of waters, instead of fleeing to the hills! See the silly thoughtless crowds of young men going down the street, jeering those who are running for their lives, and persuading their companions to join them, as they line the shore, and climb to the tops of houses, and whiff their cigars, and crack their silly jokes, and mouth their blasphemy, and wait and watch to see the flood burst! But soon they were in a hell of waters and fire from which there was no escape for them. And there is a deeper hell than that, a darker doom, a more awful woe, and men jest about it, and walk recklessly right into it. They have no faith, and they flee not. They live out their foolish years and die, and they wake up to find when it is too late what fools they have been, what warnings they have neglected, what opportunities they have lost.

O sinner, Jesus speaks to you tonight. With that hell of water and fire raging around the people of Johnstown, read your own doom, and be persuaded to make your escape. There is hope for the sinner, warning for his soul. Why will you die? Jesus waits to be gracious. God is merciful. Flee and live. Let your cry be: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Again, we see in such calamities the best and worst of men. Here are fiends mutilating bodies for the sake of their jewelry; there others are giving their money and risking their lives to do the good there is to do. Here are praying ones going down into the wild waters on their knees; there are strong men cursing God and dying. Here are mothers forgetting their own safety in seeking that of their children; there others save themselves at the expense of better lives than theirs. Oh it is in such a scene we see the passions of men let loose, and they are themselves in the awful last hour of life as much as when all is well! They are selfish or self-sacrificing; they love or hate; they are profane or prayerful; they are reckless and abandoned, or wise, thoughtful, true, good.

You expect, perhaps, that the hour of death is going to do so much for you, tame your wild passions, teach you to pray, suddenly transform you into a christian. But go yonder, and you find men in that dreadful last hour of Johnstown themselves. It wakens up the best in human hearts where there is the best, and it wakens up also the worst, and they act more like fiends, wild beasts, than men. Oh trust not to a death bed repentance! Look not for hope to the hour when you shall die! If you want to die like a christian, then live like a christian. If you want to be a hero then, be a hero now, brave, unselfish, Christlike.

A word more. "Repent!" cries the Lord; repent in view of such calamities. Ah! do we need to repent? He was addressing people who were good at moralizing over the fate of others, but were slow in learning lessons for themselves. Little did they realize that over their own heads hung a doom more appalling still, the horror of the coming Roman invasion and Jerusalem's fall. But yet so it was, and it came, and then they knew what He meant when He ominously said: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." That generation did not pass away till the cup of Divine wrath was pressed to their own lips, and they had to drink it.

And it is for us also to repent. Let us see if there are no laws of God we are breaking, no risks we are running, no sins we are committing, no duties we are neglecting. The world may be more to us than it ought to be—its pleasures, its honors, its money, its society, its friendships. Repent, lest a day may come, we know not in what shape, that will overwhelm us suddenly, awfully, eternally. Let this word of Jesus, then, come to us tonight with solemn meaning and warning: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

AMEN.

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

If you wish to keep a sharp knife don't put it in hot grease; stir your potatoes while frying or turn meat with a fork or an old case knife kept on purpose.

To clean the silver spoons and forks in every-day use, rub them with a damp cloth dipped in baking-soda, then polish them with a little piece of chamois skin.

A little turpentine added as clothes boil will whiten and sweeten them without injuring the most delicate fabric. For garments very much soiled use a spoonful of kerosene.

Paper bags, in which many articles are sent from the grocery store, should be saved for use when blacking a stove. Slip the hand into one of these and it will not be soiled, and when through with the bags they can be dropped into the stove.

Thick brown paper should be laid under carpets if the patent lining is not to be had. It saves wear and prevents the inroad of moths, which, however, will seldom give trouble if salt is sprinkled around the edges when the carpet is laid.

The white of an egg has proved one of the most efficacious remedies for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe the pain and effectually exclude the burn from the air. This simple remedy seems preferable to collodion or even cotton.

When beaten eggs are to be mixed with hot milk, as in making gravies or custards, dip the hot milk into the beaten eggs a spoonful at a time, stirring well each time, until the eggs are well thinned, then add both together; this will prevent the eggs from curdling.

Proud men have no friends; neither in prosperity, because they know nobody, nor in adversity, because then nobody knows them.

WHAT SHE FEARED.—"I see," remarked Mr. Fangle, glancing up from a morning paper, "that a Spanish geographer has proved the world to be flat." "I suppose that means a change of geographies in school," replied Mrs. Fangle, and just after I had bought Jimmy a new one, too."

MEN AND CLOTHES.

A Bright Woman Writes About the Fustiness of the Male Sex.

A lady signing herself Kate True has taken "it up" for the women in the columns of the Detroit Free Press. Kate says: I attended a woman's meeting the other day where some of the representative women of Boston were assembled. The subject under discussion was "dress." After the ethical side of dress had been duly considered, and the decollete gowns frowned upon, one sweet-voiced sister arose and said: "Why could we not be sensible like men; they are never bothered about their clothes; a dress suit was always a dress suit!" I looked at the speaker curiously; she was in earnest; and then I remembered that she belonged to that estimable class called spinsters, and did not know any better. In all the ups and downs and ins and outs of this kaleidoscopic world I recall certain scenes in a household of men when dressing for a party. I remember, with certain nervous twinges, the demands for needle and thread; the utterances, not sweet, but strong, concerning a delinquent tailor; the angry twitches given an innocent necktie, and the fearful denunciations of some far-away laundress.

"Men never bother about their clothes?" Saints and angels defend us! It takes a woman with a man attachment and a quartette of brothers to understand the true inwardness of the masculine toilet. When Tom Debutant has a suit fresh from the tailor's he is more finicky and fussy about it than any woman. If there is a faint suggestion of a wrinkle across the shoulders, back it goes, and is considered a "misfit." As to the pantaloons, have I not twisted my neck even worse than any photographer ever did to see if they were not a trifle too long, or too short, and didn't I consider them a little flush in the rear, or a little snug at the knees, or a trifle too springy at the bottom? If men "do not bother about clothes," why were crazy quilts ever made to use up the superfluous neckties abandoned as out of style? As to cosmetics, Tom Debutant has ten to every one of his sister's, and perfumes are the delight of the masculine nostrils. Ask your druggist who buys them, and then ask every wife who uses them up for her. Only the other day a bright woman remarked concerning a popular physician that he was the "Ottar of Roses" in the morning, "German Cologne" at noon and "Horse" at night.

Go on in the innocence of your spinsterial heart, most learned maiden, but believe me, when I tell you, from the mountain top of experience, that for unadulterated fustiness, from the end of a waxed mustache to the toe of a pump, or the fractional section of a white cuff below a coat sleeve, the sex that swears "bothers" more about clothes than we poor sinners. In this respect they are "superior!"

MAX O'RELL'S IDEAS.

Extracts from the Bright Frenchman's Book on Brother Jonathan.

If good style consists in not doing what the vulgar do, good style in America ought to consist for one thing in wearing no diamonds—unless democracy should demand the sign of equality. Diamonds are worn by the women of fashion, the tradesman's wife, shop girls, work girls, servants—all the womankind. If you see a shabbily dressed woman who has not a pair in her ears, you may take it for granted that she has put them in pawn. Naturally, in America, as elsewhere, all that sparkles is not diamonds.

There is a pronounced childish side to the character of all Americans. In less than a century they have stridden ahead of all the nations of the Old World; they are astonished at their own handiwork, and, like children with a splendid toy of their own manufacture in their hands, they say to you: "Look, just look, is it not a beauty?" And, indeed, the fact is that, for him that will look at it with unprejudiced eyes, the achievement is simply marvelous.

Should a minister indulge in unorthodox theories in the pulpit, the Eastern man will content himself with shaking his head and going to another church to perform his devotions the Sunday after. The Pennsylvanian will open a violent polemic in the newspapers of the locality. The Kansas man will wait for the minister at the church door and give him a sound thrashing.

American hospitality is princely. You are not often invited, even in houses where the daily menu is of the most appetizing, to go and share the family dinner. You are not invited to dine, a fete is got up for you. If this can not be arranged you may not be invited at all.

America suffers from this state of things. The country's genius, instead of consecrating all its time to the production of works which would tend to elevate the ideas and aspirations of the people, is obliged to think of money-making.

To the American woman the diamond is not an object of luxury, it is an object of prime necessity. An English old maid would do without her tea before an American woman would go without diamonds.

The well-bred American is to my mind a happy combination of the Frenchman and the Englishman, having less stiffness than the latter and more simplicity than the former.

The character of the American is English from the fact of view of its contrasts and contradictions, which are still more accentuated in him than of the Englishman.

This necessity for being rich is the reverse side of the moral in America, where, more than anywhere else, talent without money is a useless tool.

The American may be eccentric, or what you will, but he is never monotonous.

A MAN went to a neighbor, a Scotchman, and asked him to indorse a note in order to raise money at a bank. The neighbor refused, saying: "If I was to pit my name till, ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when the time cam' roun' ye wadna be ready, and I wad hae to pay't, see then you and I woul' quarrel; see we maun just as weel quarrel the noo as lang's the siller's in my pouch."

"Poor childless wish!" exclaimed Fogg, when Fenderson spoke of his wish being father to his thoughts.

"I fear it can never be, George," murmured the fair girl. "There are obstacles in the way." "What are they, Laura?" demanded the young man. "Perhaps I am a little out of the way," she replied.