

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 assessment 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.

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:

AGE.	SEC.						
	1. \$500	2. \$1,000	3. \$1,500	4. \$2,000	5. \$2,500	6. \$3,000	7. \$3,500
From 18 to 25.....	0.25	0.50	0.75	1.00	1.25	1.50	1.75
" 25 to 30.....	0.28	0.55	0.83	1.10	1.38	1.65	1.93
" 30 to 35.....	0.29	0.58	0.87	1.15	1.44	1.73	2.02
" 35 to 40.....	0.30	0.60	0.90	1.20	1.50	1.80	2.10
" 40 to 45.....	0.32	0.63	0.95	1.25	1.57	1.88	2.20
" 45 to 50.....	0.38	0.75	1.13	1.50	1.88	2.25	2.63
" 50 to 55.....	0.45	0.90	1.35	1.80	2.25	2.70	3.15
" 55 to 60.....	0.53	1.05	1.58	2.10	2.53	3.15	3.68

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, and 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 of 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 unequalled 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.

those of iron and brass, and so, after more or less of a struggle, he gives up to die. Poor chained captive! And there is this too to augment his woe, that the chains with which his soul is bound are of his own forging.

Again companionship, friendship, the influence that others have upon us, are sometimes our bonds. Companionship, friendship, is often a most sacred thing. It is heaven born. We are made for one another, in a position to do so much for one another, fitted to be a help and comfort to one another. Indeed our making is almost more in the hands of others than ours, and it is theirs to say whether we shall be anything or not.

Ask the men of might and mark in the world to-day to tell you the secret of their success, and they will ascribe much of it to others, perhaps to a praying mother, a wise father, a true friend, a devoted self-sacrificing wife, an unselfish brother-man.

But the devil knows how to degrade companionship and friendship, and all the dear relationships of our home and social life, to the enslaving and enslaving of noble souls, and the ruin of useful and great lives. You ask how it is a young man of so much promise and brilliance has sunk so low, and you will be told so often that it was bad companionship. You wonder how it is that this one and that one are doing so little for themselves and coming so far short of what was expected of them, but you do not wonder much when you know their friends and the people they are with. They are in bonds, held down, and can never be anything where they are. The society they move in is fettering. The party they belong to politically is enslaving. The family they belong to or have married into, the church or perhaps no-church they are connected with, the people they live among and have to do with, are all against them, and so, bound as they are, there is little to hope for them in any respect. They are in bonds.

Again, a man's business may be his bonds. There is a way of doing business that is by no means a bondage. It places a man in a position of freedom and independence. He can do right. He can kneel down and pray to God morning and night, and feel that his prayers will be heard. He can come to church, and is not afraid to have the preacher speak out the whole truth. He himself can tell what he thinks, and can hear what others have to say, and that without any qualms of conscience. Oh the blessedness of an earnest busy business-life!

But there is a way of doing business that is fettering to the soul. Every article he sells he lies about it. Every customer he can he overreaches. And then his business is not a square business. It is an accursed business. It embitters homes, ruins hopes, blasts promises, wrecks lives, slays noble souls. Now, such a business-man is day by day forging links for the chain that is to bind his soul, slowly spinning the rope that is to choke his life. Happy, prosperous! men regard him as they see him scoop into his till the money that should buy bread for the drunkard's starving children; but, the truth is, he knows nothing of happiness, and the day will come, when his ill-gotten wealth will somehow slip from his hands, or shape itself into a curse for him or his. On the throne of Heaven sits a just God, and though the mills of justice grind slowly, they will yet grind small and all. Oh those links of sin that men are forging, let them beware of them, for it will be dreadful to be bound with them hand and foot, and to be cast out into the outer darkness!

And I might go on and speak of the bonds that are peculiar to each of us—our individual weaknesses and idiosyncrasies, the thorns in our flesh, our besetting sins, the temptations we have that others have not, the disadvantages that we labor under that others know nothing of, and so much else. But there is no time, and it is not necessary, for we can follow out the thought for ourselves.

III. OUR DUTY TO THOSE IN BONDS.

We are to remember them. "Remember my bonds."

We forget sometimes that others have their trials as well as we, and perhaps sorer trials than ours. So often we say, "Ah! they do not know what I have to put up with, how hard it is with me, else they would excuse me in many things they now condemn me in." And that is true. And yet, are we not ourselves doing the very thing we want to condemn when we talk that way? We want others to excuse us perhaps. We want others not to expect too much of us. We want others to pity us and help us. But are we not forgetting that others are as hard pushed as we are, and they are not saying as much about it perhaps, and are doing better?

We have all our bonds, and need them, and while it is the duty of others to sympathize with us and help us, let us not forget that they can only in a very weak measure do for us. There is a sense in which we can and ought to bear one another's burdens, and then there is a sense in which we must and have to bear our own burden. No one

can minister to us. Not a creature can share with us what it is ours to do and bear. Not even our God can unburden us of our responsibility. Let us think of that, and not look for too much in the way of help and sympathy from others, for, no matter how willing they may be to stand by us, and suffer with us and sympathize with us, they cannot relieve us of the bonds we are in.

We are often too exacting. We expect too much of one another. I may expect too much of you, and so get out of patience with you, and grow querulous and harsh. And then, on the other hand, you may expect too much of me. You expect me to be always up to the mark, always on hand when there is anything going on, and you expect me perhaps to do so much to lighten your burden and relieve your distress. We forget we are flesh and blood, poor weak human creatures, so liable to make mistakes, so exposed to temptation, so pressed and worried and over-worked sometimes.

And then, too, husbands expect too much of their wives, and wives of their husbands, and there are unnecessary bickerings sometimes, and unhappy separations. Parents expect too much of their children, and children of their parents. Masters expect too much of their servants, and servants of their masters. Neighbors expect too much of neighbors, and friends of friends, and church-members of one another, and so things are said that should not be said all round. We expect too much of public servants, our rulers, the men in authority, governments, and so on. Listen to this that Paul says here, and let us not be so exacting: "Remember my bonds."

I grant indeed we may expect too little, and that is even worse for us. It helps us, stimulates us, keeps us at it, when we know what is expected of us. It is a bad thing to excuse too much, perhaps indeed at all. I know of nothing worse for men in high places, or, for that matter, in low. Excuse a child, and you help his ruin. Excuse delinquencies on the part of public men, and they will be sure to take advantage of it, and do something they must not be excused for doing.

Still, let us not forget that there are limits of life, a bound beyond which it is not safe nor right to go, nor even expect. The good Lord knows just how much to expect of us. He remembers we are dust. He knows how weak and sinful we are, and He bears with us with a patience that is long-suffering and tender and kind. As a father pities his children, so He pities us, and does for us. He will not lay upon us more than we can bear, nor look for us to do what it is not in us to do. Let us therefore be cheered in this, that our loving God and Saviour will remember our bonds.

AMEN.

FORWARD TO THE HOG CAR.

A tall, fairly well dressed man, bearing the air of a politician who thinks that what he don't know is not worth learning, boarded a Rock Island train last week, and as he marched down the aisle and took his seat just back of a nice, dignified looking woman, he puffed away at a cheap cigar until the sickening fumes compelled the woman to move to another seat, while this "smart Aleck" indulged in a self-satisfied grin, just as if he had perpetrated a capital joke on the woman. We wonder if it ever occurred to such warts who occasionally appear on the surface of common decency, that to have a rotten cabbage held under their nose would be no more offensive to them than their tobacco smoke is to almost every woman, and to many men.

If a man must smoke while on the train, let him go forward to the hog car, provided for that express purpose, and where all the surroundings will be in perfect harmony with his own tastes.

Now that it is customary to have fruits, flowers, the vinegar cruets or salt and pepper bottles placed in the center of the table in lieu of a large caster, pretty devices are made of linen to lay upon the cloth. Some of these are elaborately embroidered.

Fashion is like the man in one of Le Sage's novels who was constantly changing servants, and yet had but one suit of livery, which every newcomer, whether he was tall or short, fat or thin, was obliged to wear.—Bulwer.

To clean ornaments of Alabaster, dissolve borax in boiling water and apply with a cloth or soft brush; rinse carefully and dry in the sun.

Kerosene is unexcelled in starch to give polish; also to polish glass. It will make your windows shine like silver.

Egg shells crushed and shaken in a glass bottle half filled with water will clean it quickly.

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

A prime mission of faith is the wise removal of obstacles to duty doing.

ANDY WAS ALL RIGHT.

How an Indiana Agriculturist Humiliated a Chicago Bunco-Man.

Old Andy Arbuckle, from Tipton County, Ind., came to Chicago one day last week with a car load of hogs. After he had sold them the purchaser, writes Ed. R. Pritchard in the Arkansas Traveler, handed Andy a check on the bank for his money, saying, as he did so: "You can get that cashed now, or wait until you get home, Mr. Arbuckle, if you do not care to take the risk of carrying the currency with you."

"Guess I'll just git the money on it, if it's all the same to you, mister," replied old Andy, with a grin. "Besides, I kinder want ter look 'roun' a little, an' I might need it." "All right," replied the stock dealer, "only it's not safe to carry so much money with you in a large city like Chicago." "Yes, so I've heerd," assented Andy, "but I've bin hustlin' long fer darned near forty years, an' the feller that gits a dollar from me has mighty near allus give me two fer it fore he got it."

The dealer smiled and made no reply. He had seen such men before. Old Andy went to the bank, drew his money and set out to see the sights. He took a cable car into the city and began his tour of inspecting Chicago's many fine business buildings, gazing in at the shop windows, etc. He had just halted in front of the Eden Musee, and was staring at the wax figure of a tramp which stands at the entrance, when a dapper looking little fellow seized him by the hand and exclaimed: "Why, how are you, Uncle Andy, and when did you leave old Tipton?"

Uncle Andy looked the fellow a moment, and then said: "Kinder 'pears to me I'd order know that mug o' yours, but you've got it on me this time, I guess." "You used to know Scott Hawkins, didn't you?" "Thunder, yes; you're not his son Rafe, that run away from home—"

"Yes, I'm Rafe Hawkins, and I am mighty glad to see you, Uncle Andy." "Som' I, Rafe. How yer makin' it—layin' up any dust these days?" "Well, yes, a little; and that reminds me. I have just drawn a prize in a lottery down the street here and was going to get the money on it when I met you. Come on with me, and after I get it we'll go out and see the town."

"Say, Rafe," said the old man, as he laid his hand on the young fellow's shoulder, "I'm a Hoosier, an' I live down in the Tipton County shales. I know my face looks like I didn't know eruff ter go in out of the wet, but I've got er pet calf down ter home, an' ef I thought that brute had'n't more gump than ter be taken in by your little game, I'd trade it off for a yaller dog and then shoot the dog. Us Hoosiers, Rafe, don't put on no style, but we've got schools an' we read the papers; an' some of us don't take the trouble ter talk as well as we know how, but we ain't allus asleep when our eyes is shet."

Before he had finished his little speech the confidence man, seeing his mistake, was attempting to get away, but old Andy held him fast. Just then an officer happened along, and he turned "Rafe" over to him with a short explanation of the matter. The fellow who had tackled him was one of the slickest confidence men in the West, and as the policeman knew him he was soon behind the bars in a cell at the Central station.

That night the old fellow related the incident to me, and added, by way of explanation: "I was took in once in that confidence game 'bout fifteen year ago down in Cincinnati, an' its been tried on me a hundred times since, I reckon, but I've allus kinder got the best of it."

GETTING INFORMATION.

A Reporter's Experience with the Patron of a Philanthropic Institution.

It was the evening of the graduating exercises in a philanthropic institution. Said a New York Sun reporter to the lady in charge rustling around in the dignity of a new black silk:

"How many graduates have you?" "Oh, dear me, are you a reporter. I just dread to see one come in. They never get any thing right. I never knew one to. I think they do it on purpose. It is too mean for any thing. I hate—"

"But will you tell me the number of graduates?" "Oh, ever so many, and they are just the brightest girls. Oh, it is such a wonderful thing that this institution can educate them as it does. It is perfectly splendid. I don't suppose its any use to tell you about it, for you won't get it right any way."

"What do they graduate in?" "Why, every thing most. That's the idea of the institution, to make them so self-reliant and ready for emergencies and—"

"Who are the patrons of the institution?" "Oh, nice people. Every body ought to be interested in it. They would be, too, if the papers took it up in the right way, but they won't. They never get any thing right, the reporters—oh, I can't tell how they twist things."

"How many instructors do you employ?" "Oh, we have the loveliest teachers. I'll go and ask Miss B— to come and tell you about them. She knows them personally—all the little family history, you know. But of course we don't want you to publish that. Papers are just filled with every one's private affairs now. It is just horrid, but I suppose the reporters don't care what they say if they just get their pay. Excuse me; I'll go and speak to Miss Smith," and she rustled away. The reporter waited while they counseled together, and, approaching, heard: "Oh, I think she's lovely in that dress. You know I advised her to put those revers on—so much more becoming than a plain waist. Oh, there's that dreadful reporter. I'm tired to death telling him about things. You tell him about the teachers, won't you, dear, and put those violets up a little nearer your chin."

"I? Why, I don't know anything about it, and I'm busy; I'm on the flower committee."

"Well, we might as well let it go. I've told him about it, but he'll get it all wrong, any way. It is perfectly awful the way those reporters misconstrue things and never get any thing right."

Douches for Catarrh.

A word more about douches in catarrh: No one ought to resort to them unless advised by a physician, and in cold weather one must be extremely cautious in their use. They should under all circumstances be used warm, and for several hours after employing them the person should remain in a comfortably warm room, otherwise he is quite certain to suffer from a cold in the head.