

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.	SEC. 2.	SEC. 3.	SEC. 4.	SEC. 5.	SEC. 6.	SEC. 7.
	\$500	\$1,000	\$1,500	\$2,000	\$2,500	\$3,000	\$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 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.

The 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, and 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

much of it, but more of it is in your hearing. "Take heed therefore how ye hear," do as well as hear.

Again, we may hear without faith. We read of some who heard the glad tidings of salvation, but they did not profit them, and the reason assigned, it was want of faith. "For unto us," says the writer of Hebrews, "was the gospel preached as well as unto them; but the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it."

Faith is essential to good hearing. If you have no faith in what is said, if it is to you an idle tale, how can you hear it with any degree of interest? Your want of faith in it at once empties it to you of all its value and importance. You pay no heed to it. You give it no attention. You go to sleep perhaps, or you let your interest and attention center elsewhere.

And alas! how much want of faith is there today in all this glad truth that has stood the test of the years. It has come to be looked upon in certain quarters as a sign of intellectual weakness, childish simplicity and credulity, to accept what is in God's Word because it is there. Clever scientists ridicule the story of creation as told by Moses. Eden is a legendary tale. The ark and the flood are myths that have hoaxed the generations of men long enough. The dividing of the waters of the Red Sea, and the plagues of Egypt, and the wanderings in the wilderness, and the thrilling incidents of the conquest of Canaan, are at least gross exaggerations, traditions that have not much in the shape of actual historical fact to be a foundation for them. And so with the New Testament as well as the Old. Jesus was a good man, but the accounts we have of His miraculous works are fabulous, unreliable. They have slowly grown to be what they are. Thus would men who have no faith themselves overthrow the faith of others and discredit the sacred scriptures.

Now, I have simply this to say, that to the believing hearer there are evidences that are satisfactory to him, infallible proofs of the truth, and yet as such they would seem weak, no evidences at all, to doubters, infidels, sceptics. The best evidence of the truth, to ordinary people, is the harmony of what we have written on the pages of God's Word with our inner consciousness and life. We read the psalms of David, or the proverbs of Solomon, or the wails of Job, or the prophecies of Isaiah, or the simple gospels, and we cannot go into the perplexing questions of authorship, chronology, inspiration, and so on; but there is in what we read and hear something that suits us, that seems to fit into our spiritual being, that comes home to us with a truthfulness and telling force, and we are sure they are the words of God to us, and we care not much by whom they were spoken or penned, or when, or in what circumstances.

And is not such evidence sufficient, sound? For instance, I am hungry and here is bread, a beautiful wheat loaf. I do not stop to find out the history of that loaf. That might not be so very easy. I do not stop to enquire on whose farm the wheat was grown that it is made of. I do not stop to find out whose mill ground it, and who were the men that had a hand in the processes through which the wheat and flour passed before it was converted into bread. I do not puzzle my brains over the question how much is genuine wheat flour, and how much is something else. I do not want to know who baked it, and the ten-thousand other questions that might be raised. I do not say they are not interesting; I do not say they are not important in their own place. But when I slice up the bread, and eat it, and find I am nourished by it, strong for work, feel the better for what I have eaten of it, that is evidence enough to me of its being bread.

And so too with this bread of Heaven. My soul is hungry, and here is bread. Ten thousand questions come up with regard to this bread. But I stop not to go into these questions. I believe it is bread. My sainted mother ate it herself and gave it to me to eat when I was a child. My neighbors all around me have it on their tables, and they eat it, and it is doing them good, blessing their lives. I am satisfied.

But there comes into our house a very learned man, and he wisely learnedly says of the old Bible that has fed and comforted and blessed our home for generations, it is full of lies: "That story about the garden of Eden is a fable, and the gospels are not true, and Paul never wrote his epistles, and, and." And then he argues with you, and makes it clear that he is right. And now you cannot open your Bible, for if it is a lie, it is an awful lie. You cannot tell those stories to your children that they love to hear, for they are not true. And you cannot go to church any more, and be fooled there. And if the Bible is not true, and Jesus Christ not true, and the preachers not true, and christians not true, who is true, and where is truth? And so all is gone, and your soul wanders in great darkness.

Thus, how dreadful it is not to have faith. O my hearers, believe as well as hear, and you will know in yourself of the truth. "Take heed therefore how

ye hear," and believe what you hear out of the Word of God.

But again, let us hear to be saved. Men go to a physician or they send for him, because they are ill, dangerously ill. The physician enquires into their illness, and after a while he gives them his advice, tells them what to do, prescribes a treatment. And if they are seriously dangerously ill, how they listen to what he has to say to them. Every syllable is caught up. Every word is full of meaning and eloquence. They ask him to say it over again till they know just what is said, and they are so particular to do just as he directs. "The doctor says this; the doctor advises that; the doctor thinks so and so."

Now, our souls are diseased. From the crown of the head down to the sole of our feet we are a mass of moral disease. No soundness, no health. And we are here where the great Physician is, to know what can be done for us in our sad state. And He gives us directions. He shows us how ill we are, and how He can help us, save us. Oh, then, if we realize how it is with us, how sad our state, how lost and undone, how we will hear His words to us! We will feel that our life hangs on His lips, our salvation on what He says, our hope for eternity on His word. How, then, can we sleep when His gospel is being preached to us? How can we be listless and inattentive? How can we stay away or come in late when all this means heaven or hell to us? O my hearer, everything depends on how you hear. "Take heed therefore how ye hear."

AMEN.

HOW TO MAKE MARRIAGE A SUCCESS.

By observing as closely as possible the following "lets" the number of homes "to let" will be materially decreased:

Let each allow the other to know something.

Let each consult the other's feelings.

Let each realize the fact that they are one.

Let the husband frequent his home, not the club.

Let his having "to see a man" wait till next day.

Let his latchkey gather unto itself rust from disuse.

Let him speak to his wife, not yell "say!" at her.

Let him be as courteous after marriage as before.

Let him confide in his wife; their interests are equal.

Let him assist her in beautifying the home.

Let him appreciate her as his best partner.

Let her not worry him with petty troubles.

Let her not narrate Mrs. Next Door's gossip.

Let her not fret because Mrs. Neighbor has a seal skin.

Let her make home more pleasant than the club.

Let her dress as tastefully for him as strangers.

Let her sympathize with him in business cares.

Let her home mean love and rest, not noise and strife.

Let her meet him with a kiss not a frown.—Boston Globe.

HOW THEY VOTE IN GREECE.

Any man in Greece can be a candidate for any office, said Dr. Constantine; and when a man announces himself as a candidate, the Government must provide a ballot box for him. If ten men announce themselves as candidates for mayor, a separate box is set up for each candidate, and every voter must vote in each of the ten boxes.

Then each candidate would get the same number of votes, I should think.

That is possible, but I never knew it to happen. Let me explain a little further.

We vote with black and white balls. Each ballot box is divided into a black and a white compartment with a funnel in the middle. Every voter is given white balls and black balls, and putting his hand down in the funnel, drops them as he chooses. A white ball is for and a black ball against a man. If the citizen wishes to vote for Mr. A. and for him only, he drops a white ball into his box, and black balls into the other nine (there are ten candidates), or he can vote for two of the candidates—or for the whole ten if he chooses, his vote being really of no account in that case, of course. The man who has most white balls in his box is elected. When two representatives are to be elected, the man having the next highest number of white balls gets the second place, and so on.—Lewiston Journal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal.

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—Morning Star.

RESTAURANT SECRETS.

A Business Where Men of Ideas Can Make Themselves Valuable.

"A man of ideas is valuable anywhere," announced a well-known restaurateur to a Chicago Journal representative, "but nowhere is he more so than in a place like mine. You may think it requires no brains to manage a restaurant, but if you do you're decidedly mistaken. What about the purchasing? What about disciplining and keeping in regular order as regards their work an army or more or less stupid and often insubordinate waiters? What about designing novelties? Ah, yes, that's where a good deal of the brain work comes in. It's the cook's business to oversee the preparation of the food for the table and to post himself on any new attractive dishes that may be introduced; but a discerning and conscientious manager will often invent some novel way of setting up a dish that makes it doubly attractive to the customer and in consequence increases the revenue of the house. Tact in this direction works both ways. A customer who has sampled the manager's new invention and likes it comes in, we'll say, and orders a dish of it without looking at the bill of fare. While he is eating it, some other fellow, who is quite ignorant of the blessings in store for him, comes in and takes a seat at the same table. He doesn't know what the other fellow is eating, but he knows that it looks mighty good and straightway orders a dish for himself. The majority of my customers haven't the remotest idea what they are going to eat for luncheon until after they've seated themselves, and not a few of them take a look around at what the other fellows are sampling before they make their selection. This is where the manager with a genius for devising dishes that look appetizing gets in his deadly work. See!"

"I remember," added the restaurateur man with a retrospective stroke of his whiskers, "an instance that will illustrate my meaning. Just about two years ago I engaged a young fellow as a waiter. He was an Irish man, just over, and as bright and smart and obliging as you please. It didn't take me long to see that he was too good a man for the mere transportation of provender to and fro, so I made him head waiter and gave him entire charge of the help. Later on I sent him to market and asked him to help me now and then with a suggestion or two as to the general running of the place. His first idea went right to the mark. It was summer time then, and he came to me one day and said that he couldn't understand why a patron who asked for watermelon should be given twice as much as he could eat, and enough rind with it to feed a sty of pigs. 'Well, what do you suggest?' said I. For answer, he went to the kitchen, selected a big melon, cut off the ends and sliced it into six or seven slabs about two inches thick. He then cut on the rind and sprinkled a little chopped ice over each slice. 'There,' said he, 'one of those is enough watherrmillin for any decent man, and it looks queer, too.' It certainly did look queer, for after that I sold more orders of watermelon than I had done before in any three seasons, in addition to which each melon went twice as far as it had formerly done. Look about you when watermelons come into season again, and you'll see that every first-class restaurant in the city fixes up the dish in the manner introduced by my little Irishman. Where is he now? Bless your heart, he was too smart for this business. Last I heard of him he was out on the road selling boots and shoes and making \$300 and \$400 a month at it. He can have all the watermelon he wants here by asking for it."

THE CANADIAN TYPE.

Charles Dudley Warner Says It Is Neither English Nor American.

I had been told that the Canadians are second-hand Englishmen, writes Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine. No estimate could convey a more erroneous impression. A portion of the people have strong English traditions and loyalties to institutions, but in manner and in expectations the Canadians are scarcely more English than the people of the United States; they have their own colonial development, and one can mark already with tolerable distinctness a Canadian type which is neither English nor American. This is noticeable especially in the women. The Canadian girl resembles the American in escape from a purely conventional restraint and in self-reliance, and she has, like the English, a well-modulated voice and distinct articulation. In the cities, also, she has taste in dress and a certain style which we think belongs to the New World. In features and action a certain modification has gone on, due partly to climate and partly to greater social independence. It is unnecessary to make comparisons, and I only note that there is a Canadian type of woman.

But there is great variety in Canada, and in fact a remarkable racial diversity. The man of Nova Scotia is not at all the man of British Columbia or Manitoba. The Scotch in old Canada have made a distinct impression in features and speech. And it may be said generally in Eastern Canada that the Scotch element is a leading and conspicuous one in the vigor and push of enterprise and the accumulation of fortune. The Canadian man, as one sees them in official life, at the clubs, in business, are markedly a vigorous, stalwart race, well made, of good stature, and not seldom handsome. This physical prosperity needs to be remembered when we consider the rigorous climate and the long winters; these seem to have at least one advantage—that of breeding virile men. The Canadians generally are fond of outdoor sports and athletic games, of fishing and hunting, and they give more time to such recreations than we do. They are a little less driven by the business god. Abundant animal spirits tend to make men good-natured and little quarrelsome. The Canadians would make good soldiers. There was a time when the drinking habit prevailed very much in Canada, and there are still places where they do not put water enough in their grog, but temperance reform has taken as strong a hold there as it has in the United States.

The feeling about the English is illustrated by the statement that there is not more aping of English ways in Montreal and Toronto clubs and social life than in New York, and that the English superciliousness, or condescension as to colonists, the ultra-English manner, is ridiculed in Canada, and resented with even more warmth than in the United States. The amusing stories of English presumption upon hospitality are current in Canada as well as on this side. All this is not inconsistent with pride in the empire, loyalty to its traditions and institutions, and even a considerable willingness (for human nature is pretty much alike everywhere) to accept decorative titles. But the underlying fact is that there is a distinct feeling of nationality, and it is increasing.