

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.

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.

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 7 columns: AGE, SEC. 1, SEC. 3, SEC. 4, SEC. 5, SEC. 6, SEC. 7. Rows for age groups from 18 to 60.

Assessment cards are mailed direct to each member to the General Secretary, who returns a receipted card, simple and economical. There is no divided responsibility in handling assessments, and in eight years' work only 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 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

I remember well a jolly boon companion, who had many such around him when it was well with him. But the dark hour came to him. He had been drinking hard, and exposed himself, and caught cold which developed into fever. I went to see him and tried to tell him of the sinner's only true friend. But what I want to say is this, that not one of his companions looked near him in his need. And not only that, the night he died they had a jolly good time only a few doors away—so near, in fact, that standing by his bedside we could hear their wild and wicked revelry. They were spoken to about it, but they said they had engaged the hall for the night, and the dancing must go on. And it went on. Their words were in effect these: "What is that to us? See thou to that." And they let their friend die without a tear.

And, young people, that is what your dear world-friends will do for you. When your heart is broken with grief; when sin and sorrow have found you out; when remorse is lashing you out; when in tears you beg some comfort in your awful distress you will be told: "What is that to us? See thou to that." Very often the first to turn against a man is his associates in crime. To save their own necks they will turn state's evidence and implicate their friend. Such a friendship was only for a wicked criminal purpose, and when the deed is done their interest of course is to maintain fidelity to one another. But when it all comes out, and the hour of trial is upon them, then it is save himself who can, and any way he can.

There are numbers who will help you to do wrong, and who will share any advantages such wrongdoing is supposed to bring. But when the troubles come that always do come along with wrongdoing, they will get out of them by leaving you in them if they can. There are many who will drink with you and be such jolly good friends of yours; but when drunkenness has emptied your pockets, and turned your clothes into rags, and your health into disease, and your youth and manhood into helpless and imbecile old age, they will rudely thrust you from their doors and let you know that that is your own look out.

Young women, a faithful earnest word to you. You will find plenty gay fellows to take you out to this and that going on, to promenade the streets with you these glorious spring evenings, and talk nonsense to you by the hour. You will find plenty who will buy you tickets to the City Hall entertainments and escort you there, and give you presents, and do so many gallant services for you. But I want to say to you, that, in general, such young men are not the men to protect your womanhood, and beautify and beatify your life. Such young men as shine in the ball-room and are gay and grand on the street and have nothing else to do but flatter and fawn upon you are not the men to fight the battles of life with you, and be true to you when the shadows of sorrow fall. No. Such young men will be the bane of your happiness, and will drag you down to moral and social degradation, and then with demonlike heartlessness they will tell you to see to it. "What is that to us? See thou to that."

Yes, my hearers, Solomon was right when he said: "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Their friendship when friendliest is but masked hate. The love that tempts to wrong is not love at all; it is hate. It kisses in order to betray and kill. The wicked have no sympathy for their wicked associates in crime when the hour of trial has come, nor can they have any real sympathy for them any time.

There is another thing here I want to speak of in closing what I have to say. It is this, that after all, those wicked priests were about right in intimating to Judas that he must see about the trouble he had got into for himself. Even though they had been ever so much disposed to share his sorrow and remorse and sin with him, they could not have done it. They might have said: "Well, Judas, we are very sorry for you. How can we help you? Tell us what you want us to do for you and we will try and do it."

But what could they have done for him? The wrong was done, and it could not be undone. Neither the priests nor Judas, even though they had been ever so anxious to do something, could undo what they did. They could not go back on the past. Nor did they want to. His trouble was a matter so personal, so much his own and no one else's, that it could not be shared with by others.

I want evil-doers to think of that. Others may help you to do evil, and make it light for you perhaps. They may hire you to betray. They may tempt you to do wrong. They may drag you into the commission of crime. But they cannot share with you the remorse and anguish of soul, the hell, such wrongdoing is going to bring you. I know they will not want to do it, but even though they wanted to, they could not do it. You have got to see about that for yourself, and they will have to see about their own part for themselves. Your own cup down to the dregs you will have to drink. Not a drop of it can another drink for you.

And yet, O sinner, there is One who can help you in your need, who can sweeten your bitter cup for you. There is One who can drink your gall for you. There is One who can go down with you into the depths of your sin and sorrow and woe. There is one, and but One, who can take your place, and suffer for your sins, and save you from woe, and that One is Jesus. O sinner, you need not go on sinning and sorrowing. Come with your sins to Jesus, and He will help you, save you. He will not say to any poor penitent sinner: "What is that to me? See thou to that." Ah! no. He will come to you with His gracious helpfulness, and He will want you to cast your burden of sin and sorrow upon Him, and He will bear it for you—so bear it that He will bear it away.

AMEN.

WELL COOKED POTATOES.

There are few ways of cooking a potato as acceptable to a lover of the vegetable as boiling, providing it is done properly. It is a mistake made by many women to cut off the ends or dig out the eyes. If a nice, mealy boiled potato is wanted, it can never be obtained if the skin is broken before boiling. Always choose as good potatoes as can be had, and wash in several waters until perfectly clean, but do not cut in any part unless there is an appearance of rot, which ought always be cut out. Have the potatoes as near one size as possible, put in a pot or saucepan, and cover them with boiling water. Set on the stove and let boil, but be careful that they do not boil too fast, or they will break into pieces before they are done. Before setting on the stove, throw into the water a teaspoonful of salt. Keep the pot covered while boiling, until the potatoes are done, which will be from 20 minutes to half an hour, according to their size. To tell when they are done try with a fork and if the fork goes through the thickest part of one easily, they are ready to be taken from the stove. Remove the pot from the stove and drain of the water, then set it on the back of the stove with the cover partly off, so as to let out the steam, and shake it once or twice so the potatoes may dry equally on all sides. Serve as soon as possible, and if the potatoes are not mealy, the fault lies in themselves and not in the cooking. Never cover the potatoes tightly after draining, without first letting out the steam, or they will be sure to be soggy and watery, no matter how good a vegetable they were previous to boiling.

PEOPLE THAT ENTER WITHOUT KNOCKING.

Save us from the neighbor who thinks herself intimate enough to be privileged to enter our house without knocking. You can never foresee when she will be down upon you. Do you stand before your mirror, razor in hand, in shirt sleeves with face covered with lather? Then it is that she glances in with a smirk, 'just to say good morning,' and ruffles your temper, and demolishes your sense of dignity. Is your wife without a cook or maid, and is she in the kitchen flushed and perspiring and untidy, getting up a hasty meal? The intimate neighbor is dead sure to rush in unannounced, and when you beg her to step into the sitting-room, coolly passes you and surprises the mistress of the house over a hot stove. Then to see the wretched efforts the latter makes to appear at ease and to make the vulgar visitor feel that it is delightful for one to be surprised with her hands in dish-water and a soot spot on her cheek, is enough to give one the lock-jaw. And as for the miserable man who tried in vain to stop the lady in the parlor—his actions in the privacy of his bed-chamber are those of a wild and desperate creature. Is there no remedy for this most intolerable of all small nuisances?—Texas Siftings.

THOUGHTS FOR THINKERS.

The very best chances for doing good are to be found near at hand.

Man is not worthy of God, but he is not incapable of being made worthy.

The highest plane of giving is giving for love's sake; this is the Divine motive in giving.

He who is pure in desire, noble in character, rich in good deeds, has no need to proclaim it.

The very best of our nature is brought to the surface when we are most careful as to our influences.

The beginning of self-discipline is in the home. The first lesson for childhood should be that of earning its pleasure.

Wealth never gave me an ounce of pleasure, said a millionaire, till I began to do good with it. This witness is true.

There is no power of love so hard to get and to keep, as a kind voice, expressing at all times the thought of a kind heart.

He who is right can afford to wait for his vindication; he who is in the wrong has reason to dread the sure disclosures of the future.

THE BITER BITTEN.

A Practical Joke Which Came Near Ending in a Tragedy.

A young physician went to see his cousin, an army officer, out upon the great plains. The officer was given to practical jokes, and the young doctor, being a genuine "tenderfoot," was a most promising subject. One morning, says the Youth's Companion, the host gravely proposed an elephant-hunt. "What," said the doctor, "do you have elephants out here?"

"Plenty of them," replied the host. Preparations were at once begun, and by nine o'clock a party of youngsters, ripe for the fun, were after elephants. When about five or six miles from the post the doctor was sent through a thicket of "wait-a-bit" thorns, of which he knew nothing. Anticipating rare sport at his plight on his return the host sat on his horse waiting, when he heard a shot and was startled by loud cries for help.

He galloped through the glades and arrived at a small prairie opening of an acre or two in extent, around which the doctor was frantically urging his pony, while only a few yards behind was a huge wild Texas bull in full charge.

All the manliness of the host was aroused by this real and unexpected danger of his friend, and, without a moment's hesitation, he dashed in and fired a pistol shot. In an instant the bull turned upon him. His large American horse was unequal to the emergency, and in turning was met full in the side by the horns of the beast.

Both horse and rider were lifted for one instant into the air, and then came down in a heap together. The horse was dead without a struggle, one horn being completely through his body, the other caught in the bones of the chest. One leg of the rider was between the horns of the bull, pinned fast between his head and the body of the horse.

The whole hunting party soon assembled. They were afraid to shoot the bull, lest his struggles might further injure the man pinned to him. At last his jugular vein was opened and he slowly bled to death. His horns were then cut off, the horse lifted and the now nearly dead man carried on a litter back to the post.

Though no bones were broken, he paid the full penalty of his joke, not only with the loss of a fine horse, but with several weeks of severe suffering. It was his last "elephant" hunt.

LADIES LOSING WATCHES.

An Investigating Reporter Tells Where They Should Wear Them.

Going into some of the large stores up town one may notice that many of the young women behind the counters who are so fortunate as to possess watches have the rings at the stems of their time-pieces drawn through holes in their jerseys and fastened down securely by a button, so that a watch could not be removed without quite an effort, and certainly not without its wearer knowing about it. This is a scheme of wearing a watch that has gone into fashion in the stores, and it has a substantial and sensible basis. Recently a great many watches have been stolen or lost, and in the lost and found columns of the Herald a larger number than usual have been reported. From the small number reported as found compared with the large number reported as lost, it is apparent that either the honesty of the people who have been finding watches on the curbstones lately is at a very low standard, or else the watches were really not lost in the sense intended by the advertisers, but stolen. It has been quite fashionable for ladies, especially for those engaged in the stores, to wear their watches in their bosoms, with fob chains hang-

ing out of the button-holes of their jerseys.

In most of the cases where watches have been lost the wearers had grown careless, and to save time and to have the time-pieces as available as men have theirs, they had just tucked them in between their corset covers and the corsets, instead of inside the corsets as most ladies, it is believed, do. Thus worn, they were an invitation to a pickpocket, and in the crowds on the horse-cars and ferries just after the closing hours of the stores it was an easy matter for an expert thief to make a "haul." A lady who lives at the other end of Beacon street had the misfortune to find a watch on one of the streets down town the other day, and she advertised it in the Herald. The applicants who called right away after the appearance of the advertisement were so numerous that it was a person's work to attend the door. The lady was surprised that so many people could have lost watches. The police will say that there are no thieves in the city—they always do—but the young ladies up town know better.

NATURAL COWARDICE.

Colonel Dudley Tells the Story of a Soldier Afflicted with It.

Talking about courage and cowardice at the club the other day, says the Washington Post, Colonel Dudley remarked that he always had as much sympathy with a cowardly man as he had admiration for a brave one, for he thought nerve was a natural attribute to man, just like a taste for art, the gift of acquiring languages, or musical talent. One man may have a gift for music, while his next-door neighbor may not be able to tell one note from another. So one man may be a natural coward, while his brother or his cousin may be born without the sense of fear.

"I had a case in my own regiment, the Nineteenth Indiana," continued Colonel Dudley. "A young fellow by the name of Woods, who was bright, well educated and came from one of the most respectable families in Indiana. He was a good camp soldier, but we were never able to get him into a battle. The sound of explosives or the sight of blood would throw him into hysterics of fear, and when he was placed in a position of danger he would become uncontrollable—temporarily insane. Finally he deserted, went over into the rebel lines, and then came back with a suit of gray on, expecting that he would be sent to some Northern prison as a Confederate. But he was identified, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot as a deserter. He was shot, and, strangely enough, on the day of his execution, for the first time in his life, he behaved like a hero. I never saw a man exhibit the nerve he did. He refused to have his eyes bandaged, but stood up beside his coffin and looked straight into the barrels of the muskets that were pointed at his heart. He made an ante-mortem statement, in which he claimed that his desertion was not due to lack of loyalty, but to bodily fear. He thought he could get out of the army that way, and I believe his words were true."