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 Rrlief 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 uniformily 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.

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 follow

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	2.63	3.15	3.68

Assessment cards are mailed direct to each member and all remittances are made to the General Secretary, who returns a receipted card, This is 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. Dnring 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 gentleman 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 excutive 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. C.

A DAKOTA HOME.

A Newcomer's Life in the Big Territory of the Northwest.

"How do people live in Dakota?"

"Live? Why, they prepare for it. The early comers generally put up sod houses, and there is nothing in the world so warm as a sod house. You can walk around barefoot on the floor of one, if properly constructed, in the coldest weather.

"After they have been there long enough settlers generally build log houses, hauling logs thirty or forty miles for the purpose. These houses are warm and comfortable. So long as you don't have to go out you don't know what winter is. But the sod house is not to be treated with disdain, I assure you."

"How are they built?"

"In the first place a frame of boards the size the house is to be is put up so as to give the house a nice appearance inside; the roof also is boarded over. Then the sod is cut with a plough and a bank three or four feet thick is raised all around this frame. Every sod is laid as carefully as a mason lays a brick, the roots up, and all the openings are filled in with fine dirt.

Openings are made for the windows and doors, which have frames extending from inside to outside. These will contain sometimes three windows for winter—always two. When the sod rampart is raised to the height of the roof poles are laid on and then sod put over these. The roots hold everything firm. You would be surprised to see the roots. Some of those grass roots are as thick as my finger and extend down from ten to fourteen feet."

"What?"

"It's a fact, I assure you; I have followed them down myself when digging wells in that blue-joint grass land. Why, a man in ploughing has to stop and sharpen his plough every eighty rods if he cares anything for his team. The blacksmith draws out the point, but that and the edge have to be filed down as sharp as possible, and then as I say, sharpen every eighty rods.

"But to return to the sod house. After the outside is completed the inside is finished up to suit the taste and pocket of the proprietor. Some have only the earthen floor, and others have a board floor, and are divided up into two or three rooms, and, I tell you, for winter comfort in Dakota a sod house beats them all.

"Besides these there are dug-outs on the side of a hill, and occasionally you will meet one on the prairie. The class of settlers that come in there, as a rule, have to put up with almost everything the first year or two. They count the cost and are prepared to meet the bill."

AGAINST CORSETS.

The Corset Not at All Necessary To Make a Good Figure.

No mother should allow her daughter to wear stays while she is under her charge.

If a girl never begins to wear corsets, I promise her she will not require them. But woe if she once begin to wear them, for then she will not be able to do without them, for they weaken the spine, and once weakened it cannot dispense with the false support it has long depended upon.

Believe me, the most beautiful and graceful figures are those which have never been in steel or whalebone. I will risk all I possess in a wager that if you never put stays on a little girl she will not require them when she becomes a woman, and she will have a figure that every one will admire and covet.

A young girl with a slight, supple, yet firm figure certainly needs no corset; and a woman, however stout she may be, will always look fleshier and stiffer in stays than without them. Loose jackets and flowing draperies are far more becoming to a stout figure than tight stays; and as for young, slim girls and women, all they need is a band round the waist to mark its natural curve.

I, who write these lines am a stayless being, and I need not blush if I tell you at this distance that my dressmakers used to say that, among all their ladies, there was not one who had a more perfect figure. To use their expression I was "moulee."

You see, I speak in the past tense: years have changed the once youthful figure to more matronly proportions, but I can still exercise, touching the ground without bending the knees, and perform other gymnastic feats.

I have proven by experience that the corset is not necessary, and urge all to do without it. An elastic, tight-fitting jersey will support your figure quite enough if it needs support.—Ninon.

EARLY COACHES.

Brief History of These Cumbrous but Convenient Vehicles.

The first coach was made in Hungary, and called a "kochy," from the place (Kottse) where it was made, so that our children's name for it ("coachy-poachy") is more accurate than is supposed by their elders.

In France the first coach was manufactured for Jean De Lavel de Bois-Dauphin, because his enormous bulk prevented his riding on horseback.

But long after that Queen Elizabeth had no coach, but was content to journey from London to Exeter on a pillion behind the Lord Chancellor—an historical picture which has yet got to be painted, I believe.

In Germany coaches were prohibited in 1588, "because," says the proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick, "manly virtue, sincerity, boldness, honesty, and resolution" were being lost to the aristocracy through its indolent habit of traveling on wheels.

In Spain the coachmen were done away with, for a curious reason: the Duke d'Olivares found that a State secret he had communicated to a friend in his coach had been overheard and revealed by his driver; whereupon a Royal decree was issued by which the place of the driver was made similar to that of our postillion—namely, on the first horse to the left.

It is strange, considering how our gilded youth pant to be coachmen, that none of them yearn to be postboys.—London News.

A PHILANTHROPIC DOMINIE.

He Forced Other People To Be Liberal.

If he had been anybody but a minister of the Gospel, one of the qualities of the late Rev. H. G. Storer, who labored for many years in the towns of Washington County, Me., would be called "nerve," in these slangy days.

He was most zealous and successful in works of benevolence, and when he wanted a brother's contribution the brother had to shell out.

He asked nobody to do more than he would do himself, however. He was in the habit of visiting families where he suspected there was destitution, and if he could not understand the state of the larder by making inquiries he would walk into the kitchen or pantry and inspect the flour barrel himself.

Whatever portion of his salary remained after his private expenses were met he distributed among the worthy poor of his charge.

And when he had nothing left of his own to give he would sometimes go to the grocery kept by his wealthiest deacon and order perhaps a barrel of flour sent to a certain family, and when it had been delivered he would say, in his inimitable and unanswerable manner:

"Deacon, you just charge that flour to the Lord."—Lewiston Journal.

ODD MARRIAGE CUSTOM.

One Not without Its Dangers and Inconveniences.

A curious old mariage custom, which is still widely prevalent in Brittany, was recently interpreted in a novel and amusing manner.

According to the custom, the bridegroom, immediately after the priest had wedded the couple, strikes his wife in the face, saying:

"This is how you will fare if you make me angry," and then, kissing her, he says:

"This is how you will fare if you treat me well."

A short time ago a young Breton married a German girl, and after the ceremony was over began at once to practice the first part of the time honored custom. The bride, who was ignorant of the "inner meaning" of what she considered an insult, turned round on her lord and master and returned the stroke, saying:

"Look here, I do not approve of such behavior." after which the husband is said to have performed the second part of the ceremoney with more than usual affection.—Boston Gazette.

Ghost and Bullet.

That ghost which haunted a New Hampshire sawmill turned out to be a young woman who used to go spooning around there to imagine that she was in a ruined castle on the Rhine.

After a bullet fired by a constable whizzed by her ear she imagined that she had better get out and give up.—Detroit Free Press.

Revenge Is Sweet.

"My dear boy," said a mother to her son as he handed round his plate for more turkey, "this is the fourth time you've been helped."

"I know, mother," replied the boy, "but that turkey pecked me once and I want to get square with him."

He got his turkey.—San Francisco Wasp.

A Gallant Newspaper.

It is unkindly suggested that women clerks are not only more honest than the men, but that they are too timid to steal.

In that case it is a pity that the same sort of fear doesn't pervade the sterner sex more generally. It is a rather creditable trait.—Boston Herald.

Be Fair to Yourself.

There is no harm in a moderate amount of self-congratulation, provided there is good ground for it.

It isn't wrong to be pleased with ourselves if the imagination doesn't get the better of the judgment.—San Antonio (Texas) Times.

Their Pretty Little "Squabble."

Few are the lady acquaintances who can take a ride on a street car without a pretty little "squabble" about which pays the fares.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

Still Another Word Infliction.

"Pastoration," supposed to mean the settlement of a pastor in a new charge, is the latest word that the West afflicts us with.—Springfield Republican.

A Dog and Hen Story.

Your dog-loving readers may be interested in the following instance of animal sagacity.

"Bob" is a fine two-year-old mastiff, with head and face of massive strength, heightened by great mildness of expression.

One day he was seen carrying a hen, very gently, in his mouth to the kennel. Placing her in one corner, he stood sentry while she laid an egg which he at once devoured. From that day the two have been fast friends, the hen refusing to lay anywhere but in "Bob's" kennel, and getting her reward in the dainty morsels from his platter.

There must have been a bit of canine reasoning here. "Bob" must have found eggs to his liking, that they were laid by hens, and that he could best secure a supply by having a hen to himself.—Spectator.

No Longer Alone in the World.

"Yes," said Smith, "it is a cheerless thing to be left alone in the world. I was left an orphan and without a single relation to whom I could look for sympathy in affliction. But the world is brighter now. I have seven sisters.

"Seven sisters!" exclaimed Jones. "I thought you said you hadn't a single relation in the world."

"I hadn't a few years ago, but I have seven sisters now. I've been rejected by seven girls."—Boston Courier.

THE HISTORY OF "GOB."

Showing How a Good Word Has Been and Is Much Abused.

A good example of a degenerate word is "gob."

As a noun this is now vulgarly applied to the mouth, and as a verb it means to swallow. "Shut your gob!" is a polite invitation to silence among certain classes of society.

Says Tom Cringle in the first chapter of Michael Scott's famous sea story:

"I thrust half a doubled up muffin into my gob."

But the word itself is a very ancient and respectable one. "Gob" formerly meant, in a general sense, a small portion, mass, or collection of anything.

In its longer form of "gobbet" it is found not infrequently in Piers Plowman, Chaucer and Wycliffe. It was often used literally or metaphorically to describe a mouthful or a piece of anything just large enough or fit to be put into the mouth at once.

In Ludowick Barry's comedy of Ram-Alley, published in 1611, one of the characters says that "Throate, the lawyer, swallowed at one gob" certain land "for less than half the worth."

A hundred and sixty years later, Foote, in his farce, "The Cozeners," describes how "Doctor Dewlap twisted down such gobs of fat."

The old general meaning seems to have survived in America. In Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," Gibraltar is described as "pushed out into the sea on the end of a flat, narrow strip of land, and is suggestive of 'a gob' of mud on the end of a shingle."

THE SACRED NUMBER SEVEN.

An Article for the Sunday-School Scholar.

Undoubtedly seven is the sacred number. There are seven days of creation; after seven days respite the flood came; the years of famine and plenty were in cycles of seven; every seventh day was a Sabbath; every seventh year the Sabbath of rest; after every seven times seven years came the jubilee; the feasts of unleavened bread and of tabernacles were observed seven days.

The golden candlesticks had seven branches; seven priests with seven trumpets surrounded Jericho seven times and seven times on the seventh day; Jacob obtained his wives by servitudes of seven years; Samson kept his nuptials seven days, and on the seventh day he put a riddle to his wife, and he was bound with seven green withes and seven locks of his hair were shaved off; Nebuchadnezzar was seven years a beast; Shadrach and his two companions in misfortune were cast into a furnace heated seven times more than it was wont.

In the New Testament nearly everything occurs by sevens, and at the end of the sacred volume we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven spirits, seven scales, seven stars, seven thunders, seven vials, seven plagues, seven angels and a seven-headed monster. Such are merely a few instances of the sacred use of the number common to all nations and to all religions.—Christian Observer.

The Numerous Very Old Soldier.

There are still on the pension rolls of the Government over 800 men who served in the war of 1812. That war ended seventy-three years ago, and there were about 50,000 men who were recognized as having a pensionable part in it.

Taking these figures as a basis a Boston newspaper man calculates that if the same proportion of veterans of the war of 1861 survive for a like period, there will be as late as 1938 some 16,000 survivors.

WOMEN IN LOVE.

An Analysis Which May or May Not Be Just, but Is Worth Thinking about.

In the love of a woman there is always a certain element of childishness, which has a reflex, if but temporary action upon her whole nature. The phenomenon is due partly to the fact that she is under the dominant influence of a wholly natural instinct, partly to the fact that the object of her love is of stronger make than herself, mentally, spiritually and physically.

This sense of dependence and weakness, and, consequently, of extreme youth, remains until she has children. Then, under the influence of peculiarly strong responsibilities, she gives her youth to them, and with it the plasticity of her nature.

The moment a woman falls in love, that moment she becomes an object of paramount interest in her own eyes.

All her life she has regarded herself from the outside; her wants and needs have been purely objective; consequently she has not known herself, and her spiritual nature has claimed but little of her attention. But under the influence of love she plunges into herself, as it were, and her life for the time being is purely subjective. She broadens, expands, developes, concentrates; and her successive evolutions are a perpetual source of delight and absorbing study.

Moreover, her sense of individuality grows and flourishes, and becomes so powerful that she is unalterably certain—until it is over—that her experience is an isolated and wholly remarkable one.

Naturally she must talk to someone; she is teeming with her discoveries, her excursions into the heretofore unexplained depths of human nature; the necessity for a confidant is not one to be withstood, and who so natural or understanding a confidant as her lover?

If the lover be a clever man and an analyst, he is profoundly interested at first, particularly if she have some trick of mind which gives her, or seems to give her, the smack of individuality.

If he be a true lover, and a man with any depth of feeling and of mind, he does not tire, of course; but otherwise he eventually becomes either oppressed or frightened; he either wishes that women would not take themselves so seriously and forget to be amusing, or her belief in her peculiar and absolute originality communicates itself to him, and he does not feel equal to handling and directing so remarkable a passion. Frank Lin.