

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.

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	2.63	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. 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, 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. C.

day, nor in your son's day, nor in your grandson's day. Still, you are willing to go into it; you are willing to devote your life to it; to spend your time and money and energy in simply launching the scheme. Men laugh at you. They cannot understand you, and they call you a fool. They do everything they can do to thwart your undertaking and hinder the launching of your great scheme, and they do hinder it for years and years. Still, you believe in it, and you keep at it, and at last you have the satisfaction of seeing a beginning made. But your work is done, and what have you done? Oh so little in the shape of actual results! And yet your faith looks forward to the completion of your great undertaking, and you feel, that you have not lived in vain. The centuries come and go, and your work goes on growing toward its completion, and by and by the day comes when your labors are appreciated, and you are honored.

Thus it was with Abraham and so many others in those early centuries. They worked for these days, not for their own, and there was hardly bread and butter for themselves and theirs in their own day. But they had faith in their work, and so there was a reward for them, a joy in their own heart, a sweet satisfaction, that more than repaid them for their labors. They died, not having received the promises, but they died in faith. They felt as sure of them, as if they were in actual possession, and now they are enjoying them.

"They died in faith." We look upon death as a terrible calamity. As we see the light go out of the eye, the fad fade from the cheek, and the life ebb away until it is gone, and as we stand by and see the grave close over all that is left, we say so sadly: "That is the end! That is the end of Abraham and his faith! That is the end of Abel and his sacrifice! That is the end of Moses and his work! That is the end of the dear ones we love and all they were to us, and they were so much!"

But that is only our way of talking, our poor blundering way of talking. Abraham seems to rouse himself as he dies, and with a light in his face he says to us: "This is not the end of me! I live on, and all that is best in what I have tried to do lives on. I die in faith."

What we call an end is really a beginning. There is no end to anything. We see how it is in other things. The end of a thing is only a new state of existence, perhaps a lower, perhaps a higher. The mighty oak of the mountain-side yields with a groan to the woodman's axe, and falls crashing, leaving a blank where he stood hard to fill, and as you see him lie there so low, you say, with a tone of sadness: "That is the end of the noble oak-tree, and I am sorry for it!" But that is not the end of the oak-tree. By and by we find him built into a great ship, and breasting the waves of old ocean, and we feel that the oak is fulfilling a higher purpose, a grander destiny, than when it stood on the mountain-side.

And so with human lives. Our childhood ends, and the toys we played with have to be put away, but we are not sorry for that, for something better comes in the place of our childhood with its tin-whistles and wax dolls. And so life goes on from stage to stage, and from state to state, and the one that comes to take the place of the one that goes is higher and better, or ought to be. Childhood is an improvement on infancy; boyhood is better than childhood, manhood than boyhood, and old age ought to be the best of all, else life has not been put to as wise a use as it should have been. And sometimes what a grand thing is old age, a ripe life, a full-grown faith, something as near perfection as can be hoped for here. By and by we are lost to view. The death-curtain falls, and our part on the world's stage has been played, whether well or ill. But the state we enter on ought to be a higher state than the one we left. Thus on and on we go, still higher and higher, coming to be something more, attaining something better, through the eternal aeons. We know not now indeed what we shall be, but we feel we can trust our future with all there is in it for us to Him who has done so much for us here, who has made us what we are, and given us such hopes and desires and faith with regard to the life to come.

Thus, death is as much a beginning as an end, and more so. It ends one thing, it begins something else, and that something else may be more to us than the little we are done with when we die. I know there are men who look down into the grave as their end, who have no future, and so they live and labor just for that. They have no faith. Their motto is: "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die!" And they live it out, and make the most of it, and try to die as the beast dies. But they do not always make it out. Such men, however, are not the Abels, the Noahs, the Abrahams, whose works of faith are still doing good, blessing the ages. They died too, but they died in faith, and thus dying they live forever.

Now, in bringing these remarks to a close, it seems to me there is much here to cheer those who are trying to do some

good in their little day, who are toiling and struggling with some reform, the inception and working out of some vast scheme of public utility and world-blessing. Perhaps what you are doing, or trying to do, is not appreciated. You talk to men, and try to get them to feel about it as you feel about it, but they will not listen to you. They tell you there is no money in it, and it is the money they want. But there is for you a call from Heaven, like the call of Abraham, and you go on, whether there is money in it or not, and you have faith that your work, your scheme, will one day be worked out. And it will be, and there will be a reward for you. Abraham was not honored in his own day. His faith and self-sacrifices were not appreciated by those who knew him in life. I suppose he was looked upon by his contemporaries as a crank, a man who had an idea in his head but did not seem to be able to put it into practical shape, and so wasted his life in vain endeavors. But what an honor is his ever since, and it is not too late. Abraham's faith lives today, and his name is a power, and is it not true, that he is enjoying the glorious results, the honors, and where they will not hurt him? Thus, let us feel, that if we are doing good, that real good which God wants us to do, it is not going to be lost, and we are not going to lose the benefit of it. And oh! let us live for something better than the mere bread and butter we eat, the clothes we wear, the much or little money we get out of it. Let us live to serve God. Let us live for some lasting good. Let us do something that will go on doing good when we are gone.

And then there is comfort here, hope, for those who are called upon to bury their dead. The good never die. The men of faith never die. The Abels and the Abrahams never die. You say: "My poor boy is dead. His work is done. His joy is all enjoyed. No more for him." And your heart is broken with grief. But what is death? It is another life, and so your boy lives and loves. What is sweet about him is still sweet, sweeter than ever; what is good is still good, better. Let us hope, even when the grave closes over our loved ones, for there is a future life. There is a death, I grant, where we cannot hope. How sad is such a death! Let us have faith, Jesus comes to us, and asks us to be His, and if we are His, we cannot lie—we live forever. "He that believeth in me shall never die."

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.
AMEN.

How To TAKE MILK.—Milk is becoming more and more used as a food for invalids and semi-invalids, so that it becomes important to know how to take it to get the best results. It is best taken with good bread. If swallowed in considerable quantities alone, it forms a somewhat indigestible curd of considerable bulk, but if taken slowly with bread this curd is broken up, or so divided into small masses that the gastric juice can get around it to perform its office effectually. Some experiments have been made in physiological laboratories, showing that when milk is taken alone much of its nourishment is lost, but if taken with bread or even with cheese it is well digested. With babes who take their mother's milk the curd is different, woman's milk forming a soft curd quite easy of digestion.—M. L. Holbrook, M. D., in Herald of Health.

LITERARY LIGHTS.

Edwin Arnold's next poetical work will be called "With Sa'adi in the Garden."

Miss Braddon, who is writing her memoirs, says that she had no idea she was personally so interesting.

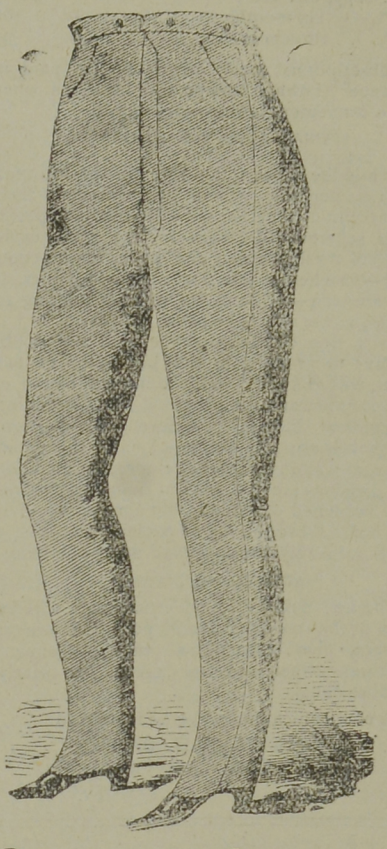
James Whitcomb Riley's poems are to be reprinted in London under the title of "Old Fashioned Roses."

Gerald Massey has written New York, having completed his tour round the world. He will lecture at Vassar college, and is thinking of publishing some of his poems here.

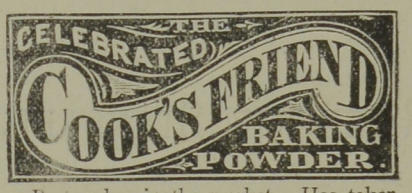
Lord Tennyson has had a new volume of poems ready for some time, which he has kept back expecting America to pass an international copyright law. It is not known when they will be published.

In France there are 22,313 national schools for girls and 37,924 for boys. The first named are conducted by female teachers and the last by males.

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ORGAN OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA,
A THOROUGH PROHIBITION WEEKLY PAPER.

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