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 follows:

Age.	Sec. 1. $500	Sec. 2. $1,000	Sec. 3. $1,500	Sec. 4 $2,000	Sec. 5. $2,500	Sec. 6. $3,000	Sec. 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	"	1.88	2.20
" 45 to 50.....	0.38	0.75	1.13	1.50	"	2.25	2.63
" 50 to 55.....	0.45	0.90	1.35	1.80	"	2.70	3.15
" 55 to 60.....	0.53	1.05	1.58	2.10	"	3.15	3.68

Assessment cards are mailed direct to each member to the General Secretary, who returns a receipted card, Th' There is no divided responsibility in handling assessments, *one* letter is known to have been lost.

remittances are made simple and economical. n eight years' work only

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 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 Westeen States, and in Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida fo 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.

Addrss communications for circulars and information to

HERMAN H. PITTS, Fredericton,

Or to F. M. BRADLEY, Gen. Sec'y,
P. O. Box 682, Washington, D.

grave, it was hard, harder than we can know. Oh I think it must have cost him an awful effort on his part to resign himself to such a fate! But at last he was willing, and he made up his mind to stick to the people, even though their way was back to the wilderness to die.

Brave good Moses, what a hero he was! It is noble to be a hero when the way is forward, forward to Kadesh, forward to Canaan, forward to victory. Many can be a hero when it is forward with them, when they are on the winning side. But not so many can be a hero in a losing cause, in a retreat, down to the grave. But Moses was as heroic in a retreat as in an advance, in a defeat as in a victory, back to the wilderness as forward to Canaan.

IV. WANDERINGS IN THE WILDERNESS.

It is not my purpose to follow Moses step by step through the next forty years; it cannot be done. Only here and there we light upon him;—when there is a riot to quell, a case of discipline to settle, a plague to stay, some new revelation to be made, and so on. The time did not hang as heavy on his hands as he feared it would. He had plenty to do to keep ennui away from him. He had time to teach the people the laws instruct them in religion, comfort the dying, bury the dead.

Perhaps both himself and the people had been building too much on the earthly Canaan and the good it was going to do for them. That is a mistake it is so easy to fall into. We embrace Christ and religion for the good we hope they are going to do for us in a worldly point of view, the rest and comfort they are to bring us here. And indeed Christ is a present good, and religion brings rest and comfort to the soul now. But the best of Canaan is not here and now. It is above. Canaan is not so much a country as a state of mind and heart, and that state may be found amid the sands of the desert as in the sweet fields of Canaan. Perhaps even Moses needed to go back to the wilderness to learn that lesson better, and hence it was not in vain he lived those long weary forty years in the wilderness of Paran.

Prominent among the incidents of those years was the presumption of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and their company. They dared venture into the presence of the Lord with their censers, but it was fatal to them. And their wickedness was followed by an outbreak of rebellion on the part of the people, which led to a plague that carried off 14,700 at one stroke.

Then Miriam died and was buried at Kadesh. A good and noble woman she was, but not perfect. Her saddest mistake was when she presumed to set herself above Moses. She had her hopes, her ambitions, but yonder in the wilderness lies her dust, and she seems to tell us not to build too much on what life is going to do for us, and not to be too eager to get high up in the world, lest we may overreach ourselves, and come down faster than we got up.

Thirty eight years of weary wanderings are spent, and alas! so little is there to mark those tedious deathful years. It is only to die they live them, and all along the paths of the wilderness, one and another and another, sometimes a score or a hundred together, drop out of the ranks, and then the lines close up, and move on to another grave. Only a few of those who set out from Egypt forty years before full grown are now alive. Out of the 600,000 you may count on your fingers all that are left. There are still Moses and Aaron, and the faithful Joshua and Caleb, and perhaps there are others, but we do not know them. A new generation has grown up, a hardy race, sons of the wilderness, manna-fed men, and these are filling the ranks that plagues have decimated, and war has thinned, and old age has worn down to the grave. And with new men come new hopes, and new ideas, and new efforts, and the waking up of a new life. Again they are at Kadesh, but the door of hope is not yet open. A generation before they might have entered and succeeded, but now they must wait and wander till the forty years are fully up;—two years more must come and go.

And here we shall pause tonight to ask, if we may not now, as well as Israel in the long ago, lose our opportunity. There is for every one an opportunity, a chance to be something, a time of grace, a door opening up to so much that is good. Such an opportunity came to Israel yonder at Kadesh, but in their recklessness they shut the door upon themselves. They had not faith, and they came short and failed, when they might have grandly succeeded. Such an opportunity came to the young man of the gospel when Christ said to him, "Sell all and follow me." I know not how much there was in that gracious opportunity that was set before him, but doubtless there was more in it than either he himself or we could think or dream of—his salvation, a life of honored usefulness, a future brilliant with true success. But he hesitated, halted, and all was lost. And so many others have lost their opportunity.

Perhaps we may not realize it, but right here and now may be the opportunity of some of us. Christ is saying to some one here tonight what He said to the young ruler: "Sell all. and come, follow me." Perhaps you feel like it. You are almost persuaded. But you are afraid of the sneers of your companions, the shrug of the world's shoulder, the wag of society's head, and so you delay and die, you risk a refusal and your opportunity is lost forever.

So often you will hear men say with regard to some offer they had, some business offer, an opening in life: "Oh that I had the same offer again, I would jump at it!" But lost opportunities seldom return, indeed never return.

And so it is with the gracious opportunities also. Christ is so near sometimes. The door of hope is wide open. You are on the very threshold of Salvation. But you say: "I am afraid to go forward. I tremble at those Anakims the dangers and difficulties, the duties and responsibilities, of the christian life." And so men stay back when they should press forward, and back to the world's wilderness they go to wander there and die. It is sad, but alas! it is too true.

O my hearer, remember Kadesk, and do as Christ bids, and follow where the Lord leads. Want of faith is the great drawback now as then. "Today if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of Salvation." If Canaan will be lost to us, it will be only ourselves that will lose it. If the door of Heaven will be shut upon us, it will be because we ourselves have shut it—shut it by neglecting to enter in.

AMEN.

LADY MANDEVILLE.

THE PRETTY AMERICAN GIRL WHO MARRIED A DUKE'S EXTRAVAGANT SON.

When the beautiful Senorita Consuelo Yznaga married the Viscount George Victor Drogo Mandeville, the eldest son of the seventh Duke of Manchester, she won a title and became a member of an old and distinguished English family. But there was very little money with the title, although one or two castles and a house in London, with many acres of land in the north of Ireland, still belonged to the family. Yesterday Lord Mandeville was declared a bankrupt.

Lady Mandeville has become better known in New York since her marriage than before it, for she was a Southern girl, a native of Louisana, and only came North during the summer to spend a few months at Saratoga. The few who saw her at that then ultra-fashionable resort talk of her girlish beauty and exquisite voice with admiration.

Her mother was a native of Louisiana, her parents being French. Her father, Senor Antonio Yznaga del Valle, was a native of Cuba, and belonged to an old and distinguished Spanish family. He settled in Louisiana after his marriage on a great cotton plantation, and here Lady Mandeville received her education. She had an English governess, and even went to the convent at Georgetown, but French was the language of the family, and she still has a noticeable French accent although her English is perfect.

Although an American, Senorita Yznaga was reared more like a young Princess. Her father owned some 300 slaves, and until after the war she had four maids to come and go at her bidding. At the close of the war the family was somewhat poorer, but still lived in their Southern home surrounded by every luxury, and after disposing of some property in Cuba they again were able to come to Saratoga for the summer, with a retinue of ten servants and horses and carriages.

In 1875 when Senorita Yznaga was but seventeen, she passed the summer at the United States Hote, and at one of the weekly balls was introduced to the young Viscount Mandeville. He was then a handsome youth of twenty-two summers, tall, slender and fair, and had come to America on a pleasure trip to "do the States as he expressed it. But during the entire summer he got no further than Saratoga, for he had fallen in love with the little Spanish French American beauty, and was only waiting a fitting opportunity to lay his heart at her feet.

The opportunity came one moonlit evening, as they promenaded the hotel piazza, and a diamond betrothal ring soon glistened on the taper finger of the senorita. The Duke of Manchester was duly informed of his son's intentions by letter, and, it is said, was almost heartbroken to think that his son was to bring to the ancestral halls a "little American savage" as he called her. The Viscount's mother, who was the Countess Louise Frederica Augusta von Alten of Hanover was also deeply grieved, but they consented after a struggle to receive the young daughter-in-law into the family.

As already remarked above the wedding took place during the Centennial year. The bride wore white satin and a lace veil that belonged to her great-grandmother, and which afterwards astonished the Duchess of Manchester with its old age and beauty, and also a pearl necklace worth $30,000. They sailed for England and arrived in the spring, in time for the bride to be present at Court. Her youth, beauty and refinement of manner and speech, her little French accent, her wedding dowry of $100,000 from her father, all won her a place in the affections and admiration of her husband's relatives and the fashionable London world, and before August she was the sensation of the season.

Lady Mandeville is a most beautiful woman. Hers is the American Spanish type of beauty. She has soft, dreamy brown eyes, with delicately pencilled eyeb ows, jet black and in direct contrast to the hair, which is golden. Her forehead is low and broad and her lips remind one of sculpture. She has vivacious manners and is an accomplished musician. Her favorite instrument is the guitar, on which she accompanies herself when singing. Her sister, Miss Emily Yznaga, taught the Prince of Wales how to play on the banjo and they sometimes play together with Lady Mandeville. Lady Mandeville has three children—a son and two daughters. It is not known whether her private fortune has been touched by her husband or not.—(*From the Philadelphia Bulletin.*

PECULIAR ENGLISH.

How a Foreign Lady Astonished Her Yankee Servant and a Carpenter.

Several instances of the amusing blunders foreigners make in speaking English are given in a recent number of the Providence *Journal*. A lady who had learned English in a school in Europe, where she was accounted wonderfully proficient in our language, came to America to take charge of an establishment.

Brought face to face with the practical requirements of every-day life, her English proved less comprehensive and accurate than might have been wished, and the evidences that her vocabulary had been painfully collected from a dictionary, rather than from living speech, gave a good deal of amusement to those around her.

On one occasion she wished to direct a servant to kill a chicken, and, after plucking it, to bring her the feathers. The form which her directions took was: "Die me that beast, and bring me his vestment."

Perplexing as the servant must have found this order, his astonishment can hardly have been equal to that of a carpenter, to whom was addressed a still more amusing blunder by this lady. She had an interview with him in reference to some alterations she thought of undertaking in her dwelling, but found the estimates he made so large that she determined not to have the work undertaken.

In a short time, however, she found herself so incommoded by the state of the house, that she decided it would be necessary to have the alterations made, even at the figure named by the carpenter. She accordingly sent for him, and once more carefully explained to him what she wished to have done.

To her surprise the man promptly named a price for the work, which was considerably in advance of the previous estimate, and his feelings may be imagined when, in her consternation, her peculiar English betrayed her into saying:

"Why, sir, you are dearer to me than when we were first engaged." If the carpenter appreciated a joke, he should have scaled down his figures.

Heads in Different Races.

Normal human skulls, according to the measurements of Prof. Flower, range in size from 2,075 cubic centimeters down to 960 cubic centimeters, the largest average capacity being found in a race of long, flat-headed people on the west coast of Africa. The Laplanders and Esquimaux, although small in stature, have very large skulls, the average measurement of the latter being 1,546. The English skull, of lower grades, measures 1,542; the Japanese, 1,486; the Chinese, 1,424; the modern Italian, 1,475; the ancient Egyptian, 1,464; the Hindoo, 1,506.

HINTS ON DRESSING.

Views of a Man Who Believes That "the Apparel Oft Proclaims the Man."

I heard a successful city man of business talk to his fifteen-year-old son about masculine dress one evening lately, writes the Chicago *Journal's* side-walk stroller, and there were several things said worth remembering. "I am older than you, my son," he began, "and carry in my old head a great deal of experience which I wish I could convey to yours for your own good, and what I have learned about how to dress successfully is one of them. It took me a long time to learn that it is hard for a fop to gain the respect or confidence of his fellow-men who are not fops; but I have learned it in time to save myself and lay down a few of the rules of dress for a man who would win in the world. In the first place, business men like young men who dress modestly. They don't like 'showy' youths. In the next place, the average political leader and voter has no use for the dressy citizen who ventures into politics. Very plain and simple clothes are at a great premium in politics. Silk hats, silk stockings and silk underwear have to be worn very carefully, if at all, by a political candidate. The silk hat will go through all right on one condition—provided it is never brushed at all, or, if brushed, brushed the wrong way. So important is this matter of dress and its effect on the masses that I would lay down for you a few simple rules of dress which if followed will bear me out in the assertion that in every line of life worth entering they will prove a great aid to popularity and success. First, never be without one good black suit—for Sunday, weddings, receptions and funerals. This suit when no longer new can be worn for a day suit in school or business. Second, always own one good, dark-blue suit for business, pleasure or general occasions not noted under the first head. It may also be worn by night, when it will look like a black business suit. This is all in the line of suits necessary for a man except a full-[illegible] Albert for some [illegible]