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The Telephone

A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF TEMPERANCE.

Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.—EXODUS, 14:15.

VOL. I.

MONCTON, N. B., NOVEMBER, 1884

No. 6.

For THE TELEPHONE,

WITHERED LEAVES.

BY "SISTER RUTH."

Crimson, and golden, and brown
The leaves come shimmering down;
Down from their lofty place of birth,
To mingle again with the things of earth.
How softly they fall on the moistened mold,
Where soon they'll be hidden from stern
and cold.

Alas! that such beautiful things grow old.

Nature teaches us no more forcible lesson, none more pathetic, than the one that is to be learned from the falling leaves—never so beautiful as, just before their departure.

"Charlotte Elizabeth," in an old, but very sweet book, called, "Chapters on flowers," makes each favorite flower to represent the character of a much loved friend. Thus, do the Autumn leaves represent, to me, the lives of many loved ones.

That delicate, perfectly formed, but only partly grown leaf, because of its beauty and tenderness, the first one touched by the early frost—clinging to its tender twig, with all the tenacity of young life, quivering and trembling in the summer air, but neither the twig nor the stronger branch can hold it long, for with the first rough wind of Autumn, it must fall. How typical it is of the sweet child, whose short life, had been, all

summer weather, until, one Autumn, when the days began to shorten, her breath grew short, her bright eyes grew more bright; the hectic flush appeared with the first tinting of the leaves, and the little feet grew tired—the feet whose tripping had ever been as the rustling of the leaves,—joyous and frolicsome—when they are gently stirred by the passing wind.

"I am five years old today," she said on her last birthday, "and tomorrow I'll be most six, won't I, mamma?"

When the last leaf had fallen; while the earth was still soft to receive them, the little withered leaf was laid away, with the others, but not like them, to return again in the Spring time.

How many parents' lives are represented by the leafless trees of Autumn; how many mothers who are "only waiting" for the fulfillment of that promise, "Thou shalt know hereafter."

It does seem so hard to understand why these precious lives are given, to take such hold upon our lives; entwining themselves into every heart-fibre, and then, Ah! then.—Mothers, whose grief has only been *quieted*; who still wait to be "*comforted*"—this is a hard season for you; these leafless branches, are so like your empty arms! There is only one place where the fading leaves do quicken—quicken,

"never more to fade." Let us wait in patience here, where "we all do fade as a leaf"—wait for what is to be revealed "hereafter."

Let us look at this other leaf that is green and golden, and red—grown to full size—why should it fall so soon? before it had begun to wither? Stronger it seems than many another leaf, that is still sporting in the air! Examine it closely, and we find two small brown spots, where the worm has pierced it, even in its earliest freshness. We find one puncture in the green part, another where it has turned to gold! Oh! sad is the memory that this leaf recalls.

[CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.]

LOUISA ALCOTT'S MOTHER.

The mother of Louisa Alcott was one of the rare women. For many years she was a city missionary in Boston, and has often been known to return her home without overshoes or shawl or some warm article of clothing, having given them away to some suffering woman, whose need was great. When reproached by her family for neglect of her own health, she always said, "The thought of that poor soul's comfort kept me warm." This noble woman's charity was wide enough to cover the sinful as well as the poor, and not unfrequently did she take into her own family people whom she wished to reform, and upon being asked by cautious friends how she *dared* introduce these outcasts among her daughters, her reply was, "O, I can trust my girls, and this is the best way to teach them how to shun these sins, and comfort these sorrows. They cannot escape the knowledge of them; better gain it under their father's roof and their mother's care." "Never," said her daughter in, speaking of these facts, "did the people thus cared for, do us any harm; and years after

some of them came back from time to time, to express their gratitude with tender tears."

In one of Miss Alcott's books, she tells the true story of the whole family giving away their Christmas morning's breakfast to a half-starving family; and these self-sacrificing acts, were of so frequent occurrence in the household that the children were always prepared for them.

FOR THE TELEPHONE.

WONDERFUL THINGS.

A wonderful reciprocity of proprietorship:

The Lord's portion is His people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. DEUT. 32:9. The Lord is the portion of my inheritance, PS. 16:5

Wonderful love: God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life. JOHN 3: 16.

A wonderful act: While we were yet sinners Christ died for us. ROM. 8: .

A wonderful relation: Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. ROM 8: 17.

A wonderful statement: We know that when Christ shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. 1 JOHN 3: 2.

A wonderful promise: To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with Me in my Throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His Throne. REV. 3: 21.

• Well may we have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold of the "Hope set before us."

Canning; N. S.

M.L.T.W.

How much pain the evils have cost us that never happened.

Following many vocations has ruined the life of many a man.

"Be the day weary; be the day long,
Presently ringeth to Even-song."

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a caress, how many a kind word—how many a promise has been broken, how many a heart has been wrecked—how many a loved one has been lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to Heaven—how many a crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the heart's rarest treasures!

A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow and gladness which are never heard of. Go home heart-erring wanderer! Go home to the family, man of business! Go home and cheer that wronged heart, careless one! Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by. Leave your book with complex figures, your dingy workshop, your busy store. Rest with those you love, for God only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you. Forget the world of care and the battle of life which have furrowed the week. Draw close around the family hearth. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in their presence and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and to bless God for giving His weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river to the eternal, as Saturday night.

MOTHER'S CHAIR.

EFFECT OF READING ON CHARACTER.

Parents who do not exercise a careful supervision over the reading matter of their children, omit a duty of vital importance, and may reasonably anticipate subsequent disappointment, mortification and sorrow, in the failure of those children to meet the expectations which had been formed for them. Aaron

Burr revelled in the reading of bad books in early youth; and yet, with talents to have made him a second Washington, he went down to his grave with a reputation of a corruptor of his kind, a traitor, and a murderer. The son of the immortal John Howard, the friend of man, with all the advantages of a superior education and high social position, left to himself, to read what he listed—his mother being dead, and his father in foreign lands—fell into debauchery, and died a drunken madman in the lunatic asylum at Leicester, at the age of thirty-five. It is recorded of the Emperor Paul, the Nero of modern times, one of the most execrable of men, if received histories be true, that he took the utmost delight in reading exciting tales of every description; in contemplating pictures of rapine, murder and blood, only to practice them all, when, a little later, he was placed on the throne of all the Russians.

The W.C.T. Union work opens up to women avenues of usefulness that for their own sakes they ought not to hesitate to enter. Thus engaged, the circle widens and widens until the possibilities for usefulness are almost limitless. As the boundaries are set further on, the thought and sympathy of women reach out gradually to their limit; broader views of life and of humanity are taken up, and a deep, great love for all God's suffering ones is added to the love of the heart for family and kindred. In this work is found something of real "fellowship with God," and we are enabled to understand something of His great love, even for the unlovable, and to rejoice as in the presence of the angels of God," over His repentant, returning children.

From "Why and How."

Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity.—*Horace Mann.*

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Each month, in the "Publisher's Column," a general invitation has been given to all Unions to aid us, by supplying our columns with items of news connected with their work. To personal friends we have written and spoken, urging their interest and co-operation, in the enterprise, and with the exception of a small number, we are bound to express ourselves greatly disappointed and, indeed, chagrined, that utter indifference has been the result.

Let us say to those who have so kindly favored us, that their aid alone has served to keep us hopeful; whereas had it never come, our spirits would be low indeed,

Our object at the commencement, was, to provide a medium wherein the Unions in the Maritime Provinces, might communicate with one another; keep one another informed of their progress in the work; to exchange ideas, and suggest plans—thus being a mutual bond of strength,—and we sent forth our first number of the TELEPHONE last June, with the fervent hope, that every Sister in our Maritime Union, would help on the enterprise by doing her part. We don't want to discontinue the publication of our little paper; (in many respects, so favorably received,) we want it to *live and grow*, and become a *power for good*; and with you, Sisters, it all rests. We like letters of encouragement very much; we like complimentary words,—they are all, to a certain extent, *cheering*,—but more, far more, do we welcome the reception of a roll marked "Manuscript." "For the TELEPHONE." Do let our hearts be gratified by a generous *inflowing* of such. We assure you, dear Sisters,

you will be *doubtly* interested in your paper if you read therein something of your own, and you may safely entertain the thought that you have cast in a good seed, and that we, bless you for it. But not alone may we be the recipients of your generous act: regardless of subscribers' supplies, we scatter many copies of our paper in various ways—among the sailors who come to our Port; to many who chance to come to our door, and to some travelling on the trains, we have several times given a number to hand to travellers. Who knows, but *your* little word may fall upon a soil that may receive it, and by it become enriched and saved from utter desolation and ruin.

This number of the TELEPHONE completes its first six months and will you, Sisters, indicate by your responses in the coming six months whether we shall have it another year?

The Woman's Journal comes to us, sparkling with good news of the work done by our sisters in the West. Ontario and Quebec Unions have had their Conventions, and from the brief reports received, we would call them successful. From the *Journal* we gather the following interesting items:

ONTARIO W.C.T.U.

Membership	2,000
Meetings held during year,	1,720
Papers of Lit. distrib'd,	116,101
Bands of Hope organized,	30
Children enrolled,	2,425

QUEBEC W.C.T.U.

Membership,	2,750
Tracts distributed,	27,490
Bands of Hope organized,	31

Montreal Union is the largest in Canada, numbering 1285 members. The fee is optional and is paid by two-thirds of the members.

We send out a number of copies this month to non-subscribers, hoping to enlist their sympathy, as well as add their names to our mailing list.

We have been unable to send out this issue of our paper on the usual date, and trust our readers will pardon the delay.

The "Harvest Supper" held in the Presbyterian Vestry on Wednesday evening was not a success, owing, we believe, to the failure of the "advertising Committee" to perform their duties properly. Entertainments are not just right during a "week of prayer," such as this is; very many who would like to patronize them cannot conscientiously leave the house of prayer and substitute a place of amusement. Though the committee was not all blameless, we feel safe in saying, that the oversight in the matter of providing notices for the daily papers was not in any way a lack of interest in the object for which the Supper was intended, but merely the undertaking of *too much*, which, in the minds of some, led to the accomplishment of *nothing*, and was the means of much unpleasant feeling.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FREDERICTON, NOV. 1.

DEAR TELEPHONE,

I have often thought of whispering through you, congratulations to the Town of Moncton, that it did not secure the establishment of the Infantry School in its midst. There were some who rejoiced at its coming here, but in many instances their rejoicing has been turned into mourning. Does it not seem surprising that where the Scott Act is in force a Canteen should be allowed in Barracks by the Military Authorities, and the law of our City set at naught? When we remonstrate, we are told that we must wait, (this lesson of patience is such a hard one to learn.) It is not paradoxical—these young men come here to learn the art of protecting their homes, and their country, while they are learning to take that which destroys the home, and not that only, but the

body and soul. We are pained by the apathy of the friends of the cause in this matter; we are also grieved to see those who have been in Temperance work, in the church, and in the Sunday School, now advocating the rumseller; helping to defeat the ends of justice!—Verily we could have borne it, had it been an enemy!

To those in your City who abuse the Scott Act, and cry out for a return to the old ways, I want to quote from Miss Willard's address at the N.W.C.T. Union, held over a year ago.

I will give you her premises and then quote from her address:

"We know that what is false in principle, is always unwise in policy."

"At my recent Temperance Convention in Washington Territory, I took this position, and while the majority was in sympathy with my view, as always, 'some doubted,' and these last called out a former judge, now a retired lawyer, who did not claim to be either a christian, or a total abstainer, but who was unquestionably qualified to give the church people the view held by drinkers and men of the world; but the high license movement had 'reckoned without their host,' for the judge spoke to this effect:—'My friends, this high license movement does very well for politicians but when ministers and christian people, who have all their lives been saying, 'what we license, we protect'. (a correct principle in law) 'the partaker is as bad as the thief.' (equally sound.) the government makes itself *particeps criminis* by accepting a sort of bribe, hush money, retainer's fee, in return for throwing a cloak of legality around the most accursed traffic known to modern times.' (also correct.) 'when ministers and good people, I say, turn themselves about and begin to defend this very method of dealing with the traffic, only more so, and go in for a license because it is high, they stand convicted of poor logic, worse conscience or else no brains at all. Let us cry up

license on the streets, at the dram shops, but I should hope the walls of this church, dedicated to the worship of Him whose chief doctrine is the Golden Rule, would never echo to sentiments that sorely wound the great Teacher in the house of His friends."

She closes her admirable address with this injunction: "Here I stand—I can do no other God help me. Amen."

I want to say just a word or two to you: I trust you will not grow discouraged in your good work. We have not learned yet to make sufficient preparation for our Conventions, but before the next meeting of the Maritime Union, we will have learned the usefulness of the little *Telephone* so adapted to our needs, and there will be no lack of good words and good deeds for this "child of our Union."

Yours Fraternally,

S.

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA, OCT. 20TH.

DEAR SISTERS AT THE TELEPHONE.

Last night about mail time I heard a succession of rings from the "Central Office." As I readily recognized familiar voices at the eastern end of the line, I was glad to be called up in such an emphatic manner, and at once thought to myself, "I must be connected with the "Central Office." I am truly interested in this *Telephone*, and want to hear it speak louder and longer.

I am sure we never appreciate any good cause or good work until we put something of ourselves into it, and the more of ourselves we put into it, the more we sacrifice for it, the keener our appreciation of its worth, and the clearer it becomes to us. Now I am going to put fifty cents into this *Telephone*, and own a line leading to the "Central Office;" and if you knew how large a part of my present *financial self*, fifty cents is, you would believe that I not only appreciate the organ and its

cause, but the courage and faith of the Publisher. And if we who want to be helpers in this good work, each own a line leading to this "Central Office," I am sure we shall *help* tho' in a *small* way, to strengthen the hands of her who has started out so courageously. I am greatly pleased with what I learned of your work through the *Telephone*. You are certainly growing stronger and wielding more influence, although you may not be able to see it. Our Sisters on this coast are doing the same. They are trying in various ways to grow in knowledge concerning the question. In many ways, they have more to contend with than you have. The great wine-making interest in this country, has such a hold of a considerable portion of the population, as to make the work of creating a strong temperance sentiment a more difficult task than with you.

The question, "How can the grape-growing land be made to produce more money in raisins than wine?" is agitating the minds of the temperance men and women here, and even *some few* of the *women* are making noble efforts to work out a *practical* solution to the question.

The struggles which many people have in coming to this country to make a home, incline them to plant their land to that which will bring the quickest and surest returns, with the least outlay of money and labor; and the wine business has thus far offered such flattering inducements, that many who would not from choice select this mode of earning a living, have soothed their consciences by persuading themselves that the hard times and increase of profit justified the business. I was greatly surprised and pained not many months ago, to hear a christian man, one of the leading Educational men of the State, urge the wisdom of planting those varieties of grapes that could be sold for table use, raisins or wine, so that they could be turned to advantage in the best market. He said he was a temperance man,

never used wine himself, but still as it was used, he thought one was justified in planting those varieties that could be turned either way to insure a good profit.

The attitude of this gentleman reminds me of certain powder-works that are located near this City. In riding along the mountain side, we looked down into the deep ravine or gulch where are located the Powder Factory and the homes of its workmen. On the mountain side opposite, is located the home of its manager. I asked, 'why did he build at so great a height so difficult of access?' I was told, 'for safety in case of explosion in the factory.' I thought to myself, 'doesn't it matter, in case of explosion, if the homes of these workmen are blown up?'

How sad, that men can feel justified in building their powder-factories, their wine-presses, their distilleries, their saloons, down in the valley among their fellow-men, where they can carry on a lucrative business, if only their own homes are high upon the mountain-tops, above danger!

And no man can grow wine-grapes without intending to furnish the nitre, sulphur and charcoal for these powder-factories in the gulches, that are every now and again to explode, and destroy homes, happiness, human lives and immortal souls.

This temperance (?) man, is a prominent man in one of the leading Colleges on this coast. If it is hard for such men to see the question in its right light, it is not strange that the masses are slow to see it. But the temperance men and women on this coast, in spite of all their discouragements, are very hopeful, and are looking forward to final success in this great work.

With many hopes for your increased prosperity, I am sincerely yours,

K. S. B.

SACKVILLE, NOV. 7TH.

We have now four Bands of hope, under the superintendance of our W. C. T. U.—one in each of the following places: Sackville, Upper Sackville, Midgie and Fairfield. The ladies of Baie Verte and Port Elgin are about to start a Union and two Bands of Hope, one in each place.

M. A. POWELL, Sec.

NEWCASTLE, N. B., NOV. 13TH.

A Branch of the W.C.T.U. has recently been organized in Newcastle. On the 25rd of Sept. twenty-six ladies met in the Mechanic's Institute of that place and organized, under the direction of Miss Mitchell, who has been for some time a member of the W C T. U. in Ottawa. The officers chosen were as follows;—Mrs. W Park, Pres. Mesdames Sweet, Fairey, I E Bill, Vice Pres. Mrs. W. Anslow, Treas'r. Miss Lizzie Parker, Rec. Sec. Mrs. H. D. Harper Cor. Sec.

After organizing, a letter from the Sons of Temperance was laid on the table, in which that body through their Secretary, tendered to the W. C. T. U. the unconditional use of the Temperance Hall, as a future place of meeting this generous offer was unanimously accepted and two very successful meetings have since been held.

MR. H. D. HARPER, Cor. Sec.

NOTES.

We are grateful to friends in Wimbeldon, Eng. and Peru, Neb. for interesting temperance papers.

Mr. T. E. Smith, Cornwallis, N. S. will please accept our thanks for a very beautiful bunch of "Black Hamburg" grapes from his greenhouse. They are certainly the finest we ever beheld, full and luscious—Here is the juice of the vine," pure and "perfect" as are all the gifts of the Master- Man, by a process of decay and fermentation makes it a curse up on the earth.

We have on hand a few copies of Mrs. Chisholm's "Handbook," "Why and How" Price 12 cents.

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MONCTON, N. B., NOVEMBER, 1884.

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Sample copies sent free to any address on application.

All articles intended for publication should be sent in by first of the month. We solicit correspondence from our sisters throughout the Provinces.

The TELEPHONE offers special advantages to advertisers; it is sent into families whose patronage is desirable, and the character of the paper will secure its being preserved in many cases.

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