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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., DECEMBER, 1884

No. 7.

## WITHERED LEAVES,

BY "SISTER RUTH."

"The rustling leaves send forth a sigh,  
For loves and hopes that early die."

"Sometimes we learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues."

Harold was the only surviving son of wealthy, indulgent parents. Three other sons had been given, but early gathered home—bright, but delicate leaves were they, with such a slender hold on life, and upon the parent stem. One sharp frost, followed by a chilling wind, was sufficient to detach them, and softly bear them down to the tender bosom of mother earth, to be sheltered forever "from storm and from cold"—before the cruel canker worm could find entrance, to mar the perfection of God's most beautiful creation—a little child. What wonder that the wounded hearts of the parents turned with almost idolatrous affection, to their first-born, only living son. He was a beautiful boy,—so delicate his complexion, so regular his features, people often said "Harold is too pretty for a boy."

Bright, as he was beautiful, it was his mother's pride (when he was only four years old) to have him dressed in velvet with rich laces, and brought into the drawing room to be admired and carressed by visitors, when

he should have been sleeping in his crib. His childish remarks and bright "sayings," were laughed at and commented upon by thoughtless friends, thus early administering to his vanity, injuring the tender mind, as the late hours injured the delicate body. When the little eye-lids grew heavy, and nature asserted herself, often a "little sip" of wine was given, "Not enough to hurt the baby, only to wake him up." Poor little Harold! Poor foolish parents, they had not learned to "think on these things," they did not believe in "inherited tastes," nor that such a drop could harm the child; could create a thirst for more, and when the boy grew old, and would care fully drain the partially emptied wine glass, after guests had departed, his mother languidly declared she believed that "Harold was really learning to like wine;"—how she would scorn the idea that her boy might, some day, learn to like it too well.

What unreasoning mortals we are! With an open Bible which tells us that "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;" with living examples, and fresh proofs every day, of the misery of those who are "deceived thereby," still we shut our eyes and think that our boys are safely guarded by their home surroundings, by our love and care, and heed not the dang

that is threatening *every home*.

It was the father who first discovered that "Harold was not developing, or advancing in his studies, as such a bright boy might be expected to, with his advantages." "He is getting a little too fond of his cups, I fear," he remarked to his wife one day, "he does not grow in any way according to his years." (the years had passed so quickly, that he was nearly grown to manhood now.)

The sideboard was more carefully guarded with lock and key, and the lad, "must only be allowed one glass of wine at dinner." Oh, that treacherous *one glass!* has it not been the ruin of thousands! Did those fond parents imagine that the *worm*, finding entrance in the green leaf and freshness of babyhood, fostered and fed all through childhood, could be satisfied with *one glass at dinner*, or that Harold could drink as his father had drunk, always in *moderation*? Alas! no, inheriting his father's tastes, without his father's early training, his father's firmness and self denial, and with his mother's beauty, inheriting her weakness of character with her sweetness of disposition, her desire to please and her love of admiration,—all those qualities (if not judiciously restrained) so dangerous to a young man; making him an easy victim.

"Going out into the world." How the full meaning of that short sentence makes many a thoughtful mother's heart ache. "My people do not consider, saith the Lord." How few people do consider, else would that father and mother have discerned that the "one glass" only created an appetite, awakened a thirst for more, which if denied at father's table, is so easily procured in other places, carelessly provided by law, for such as Harold, the rich man's son. No need for him to enter the "low den or shanty" for his liquor; it can be obtained at the bar of the most fashionable Hotel, at the "Wholesale Liquor Dealer's,"

at the retail counter and at the Saloons everywhere. No disgrace to enter any of those places in broad day light; in fact it is considered *rather stylish* to do so. The busy merchant congratulates himself on his foresight and wisdom in restricting Harold. "Discipline must be maintained," was the motto of Dickens old soldier. It was just as applicable, no more effectual, in the case of Harold.

The mother's fears were first aroused when her boy, after remaining out late in the evening, would go directly to his room without the accustomed good night kiss. She was one of those mothers who think, that whatever other people's children do, *hers* cannot do wrong. She would scorn the idea that Harold would ever mingle with "low fellows," or do anything not befitting a gentleman, while he, poor boy, at times would be filled with deepest remorse, after an evening spent "with the fellows," when after the wine, came the facinating cards, and the "low stakes," "just enough to make the game interesting," he would wake in the morning with a throbbing head and an aching heart, (for he was too noble a boy, too loving and conscientious, not to feel a pang when he thought of the pain it would cause his beloved parents, did they know of the company he kept and the habit that was fast growing upon him.)

"If I only had a sister," he would say to his aunt (the only one in whom he confided), "but mother does not understand; her distress and reproaches would be more than I could bear." It was too true, "Mother" did not understand that anything more was required of her than to attend to her boy's physical needs; to see that his wardrobe was bountifully supplied, and his room kept in perfect order, with every adornment that money could procure and mother-love suggest; for his mental requirements, teachers were provided and "well paid to look after all that." Are

there, not many mothers like Harold's?

The first blow came on Christmas eve.

After every preparation had been made for a "Merry Christmas," and it was growing late the parents wondered what was keeping Harold, "something must have happened." *Something did happen.* At midnight, just as the father was preparing to go in search of the boy, a violent ringing was heard at the door bell, and a heavy thud against the door, with fast retreating footsteps without, on the snow. On opening the door, what a sight was revealed to the proud, fond parents,—their beautiful, only son, lying upon the step, helplessly-intoxicated! left there by the companions with whom he had been "keeping Christmas eve." Words fail to picture their horror, grief and shame! Unhappily, there are other parents who know it all too well, for it is no uncommon experience; those who have "alike suffered," know how *that night* was spent; know how that Christmas joy was "turned into mourning."

To one of Harold's nature and extreme sensitiveness, his loss of self-respect, only made the downward path more easy. Again and again, he tried to reform, but how could he? With the tempter ever before him—on his father's table, in the bright Saloon, at the gay Hotel and at the fashionable Reception on New Year's day, as well as in every Bar Room!

"Know thou, that for all these things, God will bring man into judgment." Fathers, Mothers, who read this story (too painfully true), will you not heed the lesson that it is intended to convey? Will you not "ponder these things in your hearts? Will you not banish the destroyer from your homes? Oh, be warned ere it is "too late." Only a few short years, when for Harold' arents it was "too late." Just before Christmas, a few years later, a long drive into the country with some friends, was the inducement (or excuse)

for drinking heavily, "to keep out the cold," they said,—not knowing or not caring to believe, that Alcohol, by lowering the vitality, makes one more susceptible of cold. Before they had gone very far, Harold's already weakened constitution yielded.—the "*worm of the still*" had entered the second time, into the *golden part*—the young manhood; it only required that bitter winter wind, to detach the once beautiful leaf, with such weakened hold on life. "Earth's bosom" was hard and cold, when it was opened to receive that beautiful form, that once bright bud of promise! There was mournful sighing among the leafless trees,—so stripped and bare,—so like that helpless parent, as he stood solitary mourner and as he heard the frozen clouds fall upon the coffin of his buried hopes. So like the *thud upon the door* that other Christmas eve! It all came over him like a mighty flood! That was the first death-knell to his pride, his ambition, and to his earthly joy! Soon the "soft white mantle," hid forever from the bereaved parents, all traces of their once beloved son: So may God's mercy, hide the many faults of those so sinned against as Harold.

"The song of birds and rose bloom dead,  
And love-lit skies and pleasures fled  
Are all I see.

The bud and rose will come next year;  
The hill-side laugh with sunlight cheer—  
Not so the "Withered Leaves."

### "Great Joy."

There's a song in the air,  
There's a star in the sky,  
There's a mother's deep prayer,  
And a baby's low cry.

And the star rains its fire, while the beautiful  
sing,

For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

J. G. Holland.

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Christmas is neraly upon us. To many it is the most delightful season of the year—to all it is fraught with memories tender and loving.

The TELEPHONE will "speak" our Holiday Greeting: Sisters of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and Friends, everywhere, we wish you

*A Merry Xmas*

AND A

*Happy New Year.*

It is singular that in Christian History, the precise date of Messiah's birth is unknown. Tradition varies widely in regard to both the month and date, when the angels sang their Christmas Anthem of "Peace on earth." No clue is there to guide the enquirer either in revelation, or in the early records of the Church.

But the christian world is now agreed in observing the Twenty-fifth day of December as the Anniversary of the greatest event in the world's history. It is of far less importance to know the day, than to understand the fact, in relation to divine government, and to the destiny of man. By Christ's advent, the love of the Father is proclaimed to the guilty and lost, and a fallen race may rise to become partakers of the Divine Nature. The prevailing custom of exchanging presents at this festive season, should be a

joyful reminder of the Father's love in the Gift of His "Well-beloved Son." Nothing in costliness can compare with this; nothing can show such thoughtful, sacrificing love. Ought it not to receive sincere and grateful acknowledgement? Let none then forget the claim of the Master, this Christmas-tide. He expects some return for His tender and self-denying love, and he *only* asks for a loving heart, which none of us are too poor to give, and none ought to be ungrateful enough to deny.

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union has taken steps towards securing a concert of prayer for the cause of temperance, in all the world. Thursday afternoon is the time set apart in each week, for these meetings. "Thus," says the *Union Signal* "concerted prayer by women in all nations, for the overthrow of the poison habits of all races, is rendered possible, and we urge attention to this as the very best kind of a beginning."

Those opposed to the Scott Act may sneeringly call it a campaign of "women and parsons," it is nevertheless marked by triumph in nearly every county where it has been tried.

There have been 55 contests, 47 of these have come out victorious. Our own Provinces hold 26 Counties and Cities.

St. John will shortly vote on the Act.

"Enquirer" is all astray. Our remarks in last issue was not intended to convey the idea that we are discouraged "financially," Tho' our list of subscribers is not half large enough and lacks a good many names yet to make the *other side balance*, we have too much "policy" to complain. We want *interest,—real live interest*, on the part of our sisters, and we are hopeful for the same. We endorse "Sister Ruth's" letter,—hope it will prove an "inspiration."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## OPEN LETTER.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE TELEPHONE:—How did you feel when you read our "Publisher's column", in the Telephone of November? Did you feel as I do:—that we have all been *thoughtless*, (to say the least)? Have we ever fully realized what this paper is to the W.C.T.U. of the Maritime Provinces, and what it may become? Why the very thought, that it *might* have to be discontinued for lack of support, is too sad to be contemplated. We have left our Sister too much alone; not willfully, I know; that is not the nature of the W. C. T. U.—but we must all acknowledge that we have not been so thoughtful as we might have been, either by words of encouragement, contributions, or securing subscriptions. Let us make haste to atone for the past, by coming now to the rescue of the only woman's paper, (through and through) in the Dominion. It is something to be proud of, Sisters,—with its significant name, entwined with the emblematic Maple Leaves of our Country; its bright tinted sheets filled with choice selections, interesting items of Temperance work, all along the line, and its letters:—what a privilege to "speak, one to the other," and to read its strong, helpful, interesting letters, such, for instance, as the one from "S" and from "K. S.B." bright and breezy, laden with the perfume of the south winds of "Sunny California." [We are so glad that you "own a line to the 'Central Office,'" Sister Kate, please connect very often. Your "Temperance man" is not so unlike some you have met with here, while you were *transplanted* from your "Native soil." Remember, you still belong to the *sisterhood* with whom you first united, and who often say with a sigh, "O, I wish she were here." Let me, through the Telephone, wish you a very

happy Xmas, in remembrance of one that we spent together in the happy days gone by ]

A thought has come to me, dear Sisters of the North-land and of the Beaver, that we might, with profit, imitate our National Animal in his industry: Begin by soliciting subscribers to our Telephone, and see who will have the longest list, with which to gladden the heart, and strengthen the weary hands of our indefatigable Manager at the "Central Office," before the New Year. One way I have thought of and will impart to you my secret (it may be an *inspiration*):—Why could we not send the Telephone in place of the accustomed Xmas card? The cost is about the same, (only less) A receipt from the Publisher could be sent to any address, "for one year's subscription to the Telephone." How pleasant it would be for some dear friend, who has already "more Christmas cards than she knows what to do with, to have a fresh memento of our love, every month. Who will try this new departure? I for one. May we thus be enabled to bring the "Alabaster Boxes" of our love and sympathy to cheer the oft-times overburdened spirit of our esteemed Publisher. May our words of encouragement and approval, unite to shed a fragrance over all the coming year, making it more profitable for us and more prosperous for Our Telephone.

SISTER RUTH.

St John, N. B., Dec. 1884.

DEAR TELEPHONE:—You are now, by your own confession, six months old, yet I am sorry and ashamed to say I never had the pleasure of your acquaintance until to-day, when at the usual weekly meeting of our Union, your latest issue was presented to me by our obliging Secretary. I cannot understand why we have not met before; however, let us now make up for lost time. I shall hope to meet you every month at our Union, or on our Li-

rary table, and shall be glad to aid in any way the publication of the Telephone, and if a few words of friendly greeting from Portland can help to cheer and encourage you, dear friend, they shall not be wanting in future.

As your heart is in all woman's work, may I tell you of our latest enterprise, viz:-the establishment of an "Industrial School?" You know how difficult it is for children to learn to sew in these days of Public Schools and Sewing Machines (both so good and useful in their way) yet in the former the teacher has her hands full with book, slate, black board, map etc., without thinking of the work-basket, and on the latter, Mama and Auntie or the Seamstress rattles off the children's clothes in quick time and consequently the little ones are not taught to make themselves useful with the needle, a great want, we think, in the education of any young lady. In the homes of the poorer classes where sewing machines are rare, the need of instruction is still greater.

Now the object of our School is to provide complete instruction in the art of cutting and making plain garments; plain sewing in all its branches, including mending and darning will be thoroughly taught, also knitting, crocheting and plain varieties of trimming. We hold five sessions a week: Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons, Saturday Morning and Afternoon for special accomodation of school-children, and an adult class on Thursday evening for persons employed during the day.

We have been fortunate in securing the services of a lady in every way competent, to conduct the School; her salary is secured for this year, and we shall all work together I trust, heartily and unanimously for the provisions of the future. I should like to send you a copy of our Rules some time, if you feel interested in the work, as they will tell you more fully of our plan than I can in one letter.

I visited the School yesterday, and on open-

ing the door of the Ladies' Parlor in Union Hall, such a pretty sight as I saw! I wish you could see, as well as hear, through the Telephone. About thirty fresh young faces turned to greet me; all full of eager interest, sewing and knitting, not as though they felt obliged to finish a set task, but as though they took real pleasure in their work, which I was permitted to examine, and very much surprised I was to see the improvement since the first day's lesson. The room was bright, warm and cheerful, and I have no doubt many a ray of sunshine will go forth from that little sewing circle, which will cheer and brighten many homes. We hope for great things from this small beginning, and believe this Industrial School of ours will become a power for good in our City, and trust the good influence thrown around the institution, will extend into the distant future, spreading and widening in the lives of those little ones growing up to take our places, when our day of work is over.

I cannot now tell you of the Intelligence Office School of Cookery and other woman's work which we hope will grow out of this School. I fear I have already trespassed on your time and space; let me only stop to ask your prayers for our success, and a word of encouragement whispered through the Telephone, which I trust you will not think of giving up. I should be sorry to see it die in its infancy. Let our Sisters arouse themselves and give your bright little paper the support it merits, and may God bless your efforts.

Yours sincerely,

BELLE.

[Our rule is, not to publish anything unless we know the writer's name. "Belle" has omitted this, but we publish her letter, because it is good. Portland Union is always getting further on, we are glad to hear all about it. You do not say, but we presume the hours are enlivened by temperance teaching slugging, and Pledge Cards are circulated. P.V.B.]

DEAR TELEPHONE:—Our W.C.T.U. has just had a house-warming,—a real live affair. Such a time as there was: getting ready, sweeping, dusting, cleaning lamps and so forth. The old building was in such a ruinous condition, hygienic and moral, that it took any amount of soap and scrubbing brush on the one part, and on the other. But I am going to whisper this very low:—the depth was reached, when, for a stipulated sum, it was turned into a dance house one or two nights in a week, but on this memorable evening, 26th day of November, of the Christian Era, a strong dose of Gospel temperance, purified the atmosphere for the nonce. The ingredients consisted first, of song, which scattered the evil hosts, then Rev. Mr. Crawley opened the sacred Book and read from its inspired pages, some Proverbs from the wise king Solomon. If they lingered a moment to claim affinity with a foolish old seer, they fled when the solemn voice of the Pastor was raised to invoke the presence of Heaven's High King.

But I haven't told you who were our guests. We had the high honor of entertaining a class, the possibilities of whose lives are beyond compute: As students of the Normal School now, they are gathering up knowledge for use as teachers of the rising generation, and it was the ambition of our President to add the subject of temperance to the already crowded curriculum, and this one night's drill was all the opportunity afforded. In her opening address, she dwelt upon the importance of the profession generally. The teacher, as the sower of seed, on which the harvest depends; but to point out duty was not sufficient. She was happy in being able to give them something practical, presenting them with a new paper cover for school books, all dotted with literary gems, sparkling with true temperance radiance. They meet a real want in the home. Mother, worried with the effort to quiet baby, attend to breakfast and see to the fitting out of some half dozen for school, is besieged for something "To cover my history, and Julia's Geography." There is nothing but a newspaper and Bob declares he will not have that put on his new History book. Ned sings out as he disappears through the open doorway, "I am going to get a bully cover from teacher with my cent, it has a jolly temper-

ance song on it too." Well, if the children will wait, these book covers will soon be an institution in the schools of our Province.

O, how I have rambled! Let me see. President had finished speaking and sat down amid applause, when the choir struck up a favorite melody, and how much I want to tell you about that same choir; but your time is limited I know. If I say a word about the Leader, you can judge of the whole. Well, she is splendid! yes, that has reference to her voice, but it will do as a description of her person also. We have had prima donnas here, but some prejudiced people will not acknowledge them to be rivals. There were readings too, but the performers are willing to stand aside. 'Tis time to sign the pledge and pin on the "bit of blue,"—such a crowding, the pens were not nimble enough to keep pace with the rush to sign. The guests were regaled with hot Coffee, Cake, Sandwiches &c. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Beckwith.

Fredericton, N. B.

FAREWELL.

#### AN APPEAL.

At the First Convention of the Maritime W. C. T. U., held at Fredericton in 1883, a Resolution was adopted to the effect that an Appeal be made to the ladies in every City, Town or Village before the New Year, asking that they will discontinue the use of wine and other Alcoholic beverages at their New Year's Receptions. We know not how far that Resolution has been carried out. In St. John an Appeal has been made to the Ladies from the W.C.T.U. of that City. four years in succession, and they have had the gratification of knowing that their appeals have not been in vain. Moncton Union has for two years made the same call upon the ladies of the Town.

Another New Year approaches, and ere the TELEPHONE rings again in your homes, 1885 will be here. This is the last opportunity for Appeal through these pages this year. Dear readers, let us then, once more, urge upon you the importance of this matter. There may be some who have "never heard," never realized the danger of presenting the cup of temptation to the young. None would wilfully err in this matter. Let us beseech of you, consider well, before you incur the fearful responsibility of causing some "weak brother to perish for whom Christ died." You are your "brother's keeper." Should not each one walk carefully?



**PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.**

MONCTON, N. B., DECEMBER, 1884.

THE TELEPHONE is published the 15th of every month at 50 cents a year, in advance.

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.

We offer a good cash commission to any one who will canvass for our paper. This is a good opportunity for the girls and boys. Write, or come to us, for terms.

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