

THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

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Selling Liquor to Boys in Windsor.

We have mentioned in our columns that certain liquor has sold to minors in Windsor.

No notice appears to have been taken, probably because we are only youngsters, but still we are not displeased. We are working for our own salvation and that of our brother boys, and therefore we have reasons to proceed.

If men and women, parents of boys and girls in Windsor, are content to see their children go to destruction and drink and get drunk, perhaps it is none of our business, but still we can't help being displeased.

It is often a question in our own mind, whether parents should not be prosecuted rather than the rumseller.

Once when D. Banks McKenzie was here, we tried to persuade an old man who was a drinker to go to the meeting and sign the pledge. He would not listen. All we could get was "oh! that's well enough for you youngsters, but an old fellow like me don't want anything to do with it."

We have since seen two sons of that man writhing in *delirium tremens* and two others drunk in the streets. Is this any example? Does it teach anything? I leave it with you to decide.

TEMPERANCE WORK IN WINDSOR.

The Temperance cause in Windsor is now moving along at its slowest rate. No one appears to care anything about the matter, or if any care, their business or bashfulness makes them afraid to assert their opinion or to act.

We have at last become fully convinced of the truth of the saying:

"The love of money is the root of all evil."

Is it because he glories in the destruction of his fellow creatures that the rumseller piles his nefarious calling? Will any dare say that the cries and groans of poor heart broken mothers and helpless starving children are music in his ears? Will any dare say that he enjoys the erratic and imbecile movements of the poor inebriate as he wanders his uncertain way home, or that the horrible ravings and contortions of the maniac laboring and writhing in the throes of *delirium tremens*, caused by his traffic, bring to him pleasant thoughts?

Ah! no. None of these delight him. Stay with him after his customers have left, he draws out the till. Mark the looks of pleasure and satisfaction as he counts his ill-gotten gains. See him smile as he rattles the coins together. And then can you raise in doubt as to the direction in which his pleasure and motive lies. How long we ask would the liquor dealer continue in his business if he did not have his pleasure. How long would the people of the world stand in there was a "rumseller" in it.

What would you say if you closed your eyes and saw the arms of a rumseller, that he had taken from a child the money that he had earned?

So to you, our business men, would we say, "Give us your support in this fight, do you of the town?" They would answer us, "I am a temperance man and I would like much to help you, but you know the way I am situated, I can't do anything but earning my money as I best may."

Oh! no. You can't, eh? Well, why can't you? Are you, as a whole, dependent upon the rumsellers for your living? We are afraid if we asked one of you that you would feel highly insulted. What then? Are you dependent upon the liquor drinking portion of the community?

Assuredly this cannot be when at a fairly contested election a majority of our rate-payers show that they want no liquor sold in Windsor.

What then is the reason? There is none. All is imagination. There are enough temperance people in Windsor to sweep all the infernal stuff out of existence in one week.

And why is it not done? We are led to cry shame! SHAME! You will still sleep on, doing nothing, caring less. God forbid that any race of christian people should allow a curse, such as this, to flourish under the shadow of the churches, and they, if approached upon the subject, reply, "Oh go to the Reform Club or the Division, we won't nothing to do with your suits. Why don't they go to work, it is their place, not ours."

Oh! Heaven! Save us, we beseech thee, from such a religion and such christianity.

[Written for the Cadets' Trumpet.]

DRUNK IN THE GUTTER.

The other day when reading an evening paper, my heart was caused to ache by noticing the following paragraph, which of itself is a temperance sermon in a nutshell: "Last night at about 11 o'clock, a gentleman on passing Northup's Market, found a woman with an infant clasped to her breast asleep and helplessly drunk in the gutter."

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Such a scene! a woman in the prime of life under the influence of that foul demon, *alcohol*, lying asleep in the gutter with a tender infant clasped to her breast! My pen fails to portray this scene, words cannot express the misery occasioned by indulging in the intoxicating cup.

That man should be addicted to drinking, I can readily understand, but why woman who is considered preeminently superior to man in every respect—should allow herself to touch the terrible alcohol is to me a mystery. They seek to drown their sorrows in the wine-shop, and thus only they can badly it grow stronger and fiercer, by link the chain of intemperance is formed, which at last binds her to the fatal and more deadly than the poison of the venomous serpent, and after a long and painful struggle a poor soul is a subject for a pauper's grave.

Oh! that we might all learn a lesson from such scenes, which occur every day in our midst. We as temperance workers are not idle enough in our rest; the field is large, the workers few, but let us not be discouraged, buckle on our armor afresh, and rely on our Heavenly Father's assistance, ask his favor in this work and great results will crown our feeble efforts to do good and save souls from perishing.

As I look around and see upon either side of me licensed rum shops, I feel faint hearted; the work of ruin seems to great for human force to lessen, and as soul after soul goes down the broad road which leads to destruction my heart is wrung in agony. There goes your friend, you knew him when quite young, played together, he has a loving father and a fond mother, but wicked companions led him from the path to truth and virtue and he is now under the influence of drink treading the broad road of everlasting destruction.

The licensed rum holes are many, licensed to manufacture crime; to make unhappy families; to starve the hungry; to strip the poor; to rob mankind of health and wealth; to make paupers; to fill the jails and produce all kinds of disease and famine in our land.

Oh! how foolish mankind are, they do not consider their best interests, but rush blindly in and endeavor to soothe their griefs and sorrows by partaking of a friend,

(Continued on fourth page.)