

# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

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VICTORIA, B. C.,  
1910.

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### THE SCOT ACT.

This Act, which has been accepted by several counties in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, is now about to be brought before the people of Hants County.

At a meeting of the Reform Club, held on Tuesday, the subject was proposed, and after some discussion, it was decided to have the Act brought before the next meeting of the Alliance, and after reading it, to discuss the advisability of bringing it before the people.

R. Motton, Esq., Q. C., of Halifax, will be here, and will explain thoroughly all the points of the new Act, and its advantages over the present one.

From what we have heard, we think this will be a great step in the right direction, and that it will commend itself to all.

The Act, as near as we can understand, will not do away with the present one, but will amend it.

The chief points are a change from a second suit to imprisonment, and a more rapid and easier administration of a suit, and also a stopping of the right to appeal.

By thus hastening proceedings, a great deal more work can be done, and the cause more rapidly advanced.

Then, gentlemen electors, of Hants, will you put in your ballots for the cause of Temperance? Will you vote for happy homes and pleasant firesides? will you vote for quiet towns and peaceful villages? or, on the other hand, will you, dare you vote for the traffic which makes homes desolate, men, women and children paupers, towns full of brawling and rowdism, in fact, can you cast one vote on the side of the devil and his imps, and then look an honest man in the face?

We can hear the voice of determination and manliness, shouting, and the cry is up to the winds over the whole world, "The vote is for the cause of TEMPERANCE and RIGHT."

### I'll never tell You.

A ROMANCE OF THE MEANDER.

About the 1st of Sept., 18—, a party of young and old wended their way to the beautiful banks of the Meander, for the purpose of holding a picnic.

The day passed off splendidly, and at a late hour all were safely embarked in their several carriages, and ready for the homeward trip.

On the road stands a covered bridge, over which the long train of excursionists has to pass.

Noticeable among the waggon, is one containing a particularly jolly crowd, and two chaplains.

Soon it becomes necessary for all to stoop, as they enter the darkness of the bridge, and just as one unlucky (?) man stoops, he comes in contact with a—pair of rosy lips, and—yum, yum. Two suspicious sounds are heard, and immediately long and loud raises the applause of the eager listeners.

We may have heard the name of the unfortunate, but, alas! we have had to use our revolver so much during the last month, that we wore it out, and had to send it away for repairs. When it returns we may

"A pure, unvarnished tale unfold."

### THEN AND NOW.

A gentleman visited our sanctum some nights since. The room which we occupy was the bar-room of the Clifton Hotel. "Little did I expect," said he, "that I would ever see this place—in which I have stood, over twenty years ago, and seen the cup placed to the lips of many a man—wearing the quiet aspect of the editorial sanctum of a temperance paper." "Ah," said he, "See the floor, worn through by the restless feet of the hundreds who came in to pay their obeisance to the God of Bacchus." Where are those men to-day? Some are living. Many more, alas! have filled drunkard's graves, and are now among the long forgotten dead.

What a change, and yet, can we wonder. The devil did his work, and did it thoroughly, but it could not last forever. His day of triumph is past, and as we look back over those scenes of revelry, brawling and riotousness, we can but feel sad. Now it is gone, the place that knew those men, remembers them no more forever.

We know, it is true, we are very feeble agents in this great cause, but yet, we have done what we could, and as we think of what has been done, we can but rejoice at the great and mighty change.

May the good work go on, till all the rum shops in the universe are changed from what they are to peaceful, happy abodes. Down, then, we say, with Alcohol, and its ruling spirit and king, BELZEBUB, the Prince of Devils.

### AVON DIVISION PIC-NIC.

About 40 persons attended the picnic of Avon Division, held at Avonport, on Tuesday, Sept. 14th. Two empty cars having been sent down by the obliging Manager of the W. & A. Ry., all were enabled to find seats, and that without being uncomfortably crowded.

Soon arriving at the crossing, the assembled throng started for the grounds, led by two young ladies who had "been there before."

After a pleasant walk of nearly a mile, the road suddenly stopped, and refused to go on, and then for fun.

Cheer after cheer echoed down the line, as they turned, and with a slightly quicker step, went back half a mile to the right gate.

The ground being finally reached a fire was soon under way, and in less than half an hour all that could be heard was a gulp and a sigh from twenty specimens of suffering humanity.

After a little while a few found enough breath to mutter "givsh a swing," the majority still too full for utterance.

About 4.30, all had recovered sufficiently to start for the crossing, and there the fun really commenced, for a game of first, Duck and Drake, and then Blindman's Buff, kept all in high spirits till the train came.

At Hantsport, all of the sterner sex left the train, and stayed to see the walking match.

The train, with the fair ones, proceeded, and arrived at Windsor at 6.30, p. m., "Oll Korrekt."

At 12.30, six figures might have been seen crossing the iron bridge. They were the last of the pic-nic, from Hantsport, weary and footsore.

### WINDSOR AND THE N. S. A. P. A.

When the fact dawned upon us that Windsor, above all other places, was not to be represented, we must confess we felt sick.