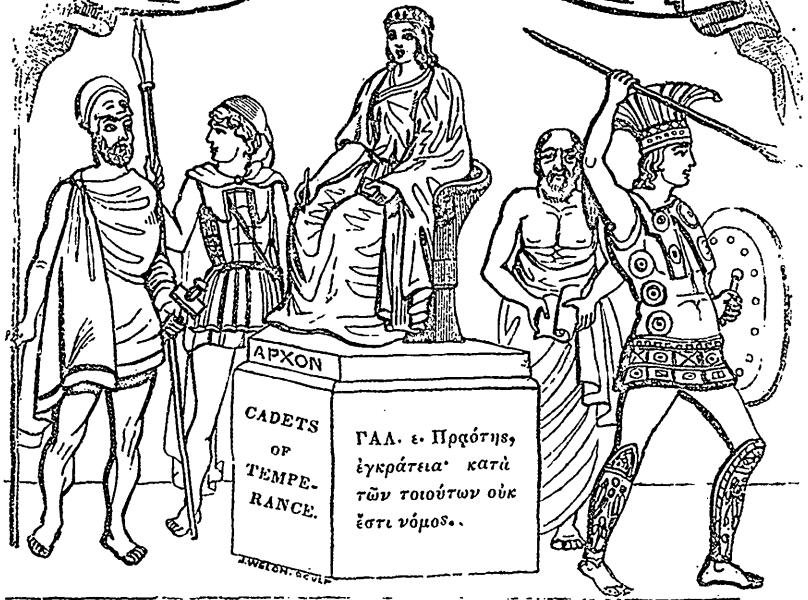


THE CADET



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The Touching Reproof.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Here, Jane," said a father to his little girl not over eleven years of age, "go over to the shop and buy me a pint of brandy." At the same time he handed her some money.

The little girl took the money and the bottle, and as she did so looked her father in the face, with an earnest, sad expression. But he did not seem to observe it, although he perceived it, and felt it; for he understood its meaning. The little girl lingered, as if reluctant for some reason to go on her errand.

"Did you hear what I said?" the father asked angrily, and with a frowning face, as he observed this.

Jane glided from the room and went over to the shop, hiding as she passed through the street, the bottle under her apron. There she obtained the liquor, and returned with it in a few minutes. As she gave the bottle to her father, she looked at him again, with the same sad earnest look, which he observed. It annoyed and angered him.

"What do you mean by looking at me in that way, eh?" he said, in a loud angry tone.