

THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

An Amateur Monthly Devoted to Temperance.

Vol. 1. WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA, APRIL, 1880. No. 3.

SELECT POETRY.

DARE TO SAY "NO."

Dare to say "no" when you're tempted to drink,
Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think,—
Think of the wrecks on life's ocean tossed
For answering "yes" without counting the cost;
Think of the mother who bore you in pain,
Think of the tears that will fall like the rain;
Think of the heart, and how cruel the blow;
Think of her love and at once answer "no."

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl,
Think of the dangers to body and soul,
Think of sad lives, as pure as the snow,
Look at them now, and at once answer "no."
Think of a manhood with ruminated breath,
Think of the homes that, low shadowed with woe,
Might have been heaven had the answer been "no."

Think of the lone graves, both unwept and unknown,
Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own;
Think of proud forms now forever laid low,
That still might be here, had they learned to say "no."

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,
Driving to ruin both body and soul;
Think of all this, as life's journey you go,
And when you're assailed by the tempter say "no!"—*The Contributor.*

ORIGINAL STORY.

[Written for the Cadets' Trumpet.]

SAVED.

BY H. F. J. O. W.

Our story opens upon a cold, blustering night in the month of January, 18—.

The wind was blowing so hard, and the snow flying about so furiously, that Dick Bently, the hero of our story, found it very hard work to make his way along the street; in fact he often had to turn around, as the wind and snow, blowing in his face, would take away his breath.

Dick was returning home from the Cadets' Room, where he had spent the evening, and in spite of the stormy state of the weather there had been a good attendance, and they all had done their share towards making the evening pass pleasantly, and now on his way home, he was thinking who he could get to join the "Section."

Dick was a great worker in the temperance cause, a cause that he loved to think of and labor for, and every Section night saw the fruits of his labor either in recitations, readings etc., or new members. Even

at school he would go among the boys, trying to get those that did not belong to enrol themselves with the young soldiers of temperance.

In this way he was very successful. Although there were some he could not get, on account of their fathers being drunkards, or in the habit of using wine at their tables.

There was another class of drinkers also, (we have some in Windsor) the kind that could take a glass or leave it alone, just as they wished. It is well known how much that assertion is worth.

There was one boy in particular that Dick tried hard to get.

Tom Astly was himself quite willing to be a Cadet, but his father would not hear of it, saying that he "didn't believe in those temperance societies, they were all a set of money-grabbers." So after several attempts Dick, saw that he would have to wait till something would change Mr. Astly's opinions with regard to temperance.

And something did happen that changed his views considerably, as you will see further on.

We left Dick making his way home, and a hard time he had, forcing his way against the wind and through the snow.

As he was drawing near the end of the block, there came an awful squall of wind, accompanied by such clouds of snow, that it brought our young friend to a stand-still, and seeing a light in a narrow lane that came out to the street which he was traversing, he made towards it with all possible speed, to wait till the squall passed.

After clearing the snow out of his eyes, he walked toward the light that had attracted his attention.

As he drew near he found that it came through a rent in an old curtain that covered the window of a bar-room, and on looking through he observed through the clouds of smoke that filled the room, about a dozen men lounging around; some drinking at the bar, and the "Devil's Agent" dealing out "Death and Perdition" at seven cents a glass, while others sat around the stove, smoking and reading.

As Dick was preparing to leave the shelter and start for home, the bar keeper commenced to relate how a poor fellow had, a short time before, come into the shop and asked for a drink, being half drunk at the time, and when asked what he had to pay for it, he had drawn out from under his tattered coat an old pair of child's shoes.

This was enough for Dick, and as the bar keeper, echoed by the crowd, burst into a fit of laughter, he ran off as fast as he could.

The wind had abated considerably by this time, and Dick found that he could make his way along much faster and better than before, although it was still very cold.

But our hero did not mind this at all, as he was covered with a long overcoat, reaching to his heels, and had his fur cap pulled down over his ears, putting one in mind of a great black bear, walking on his hind legs. As he hurried along, trying to think who the bar keeper referred to, his foot struck something in the snow which sent him headlong into a drift; picking himself up, he found that he had fallen over

(Continued in our next.)

"ONLY TIGHT."

How flushed, how weak, he is! What is the matter with him?

"Only tight."

"Tight?"

"Only tight." Man's best gift, his mind, degraded: the power that raises him above the brute section trodden down under debasing appetites.

"Only tight." The gentle sister whose strongest love through life has been given to her handsome, talented brother, shrinks with contempt and disgust from his embrace, and brushes away the hot, impure kiss he imprints upon her cheek.

"Only tight," and his young bride stops in the glad run she is making to meet him, and checks the welcome on her lips, to gaze in terror on the reeling form and flushed face of him who was her idol.

"Only tight," and the father's face grows dark and sad, as with bitter sigh, he stoops over the sleeping form of his first born.

He has brought sorrow to all those affectionate hearts; he has excited an appetite that will crave the poison cup again; he has fallen from high and noble manhood to babbling idiocy; brought grief to his mother, distrust to his sister, despair to his bride, and bowed his father's head with sorrow. But they say, "He is only tight."
—from "The Morning."

--May be you vas aint go of the Carnival mit us pretty soon quick, dont it?—