

# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

An Amateur Monthly Devoted to Temperance.

Vol. 1. WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA, MAY, 1880. No. 4.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]  
TO A RUM SELLER.

BY J. F. N.

Butt out your poison, what care you,  
For the sailors, when it appears?  
Whil' you keep your victims on the road,  
Which the downward downward trade

What care you for their rage or filth?  
For their hungry babes at home?  
For the wife and her once so gay,  
Who through rum must be poverty run?

What care you for the sin and death,  
That come from the stuff you deal?  
You see how you bend him the hateful glass  
For your heart is as no sense to feel.

Oh! wretched man, why thus do you help  
To ruin both old men and youth?  
But you hug close your gold and still keep on,  
Though you draz' them to hell, forsooth.

Think of the hundreds brought low each year  
That each have a soul to save,  
But whose wretched bodies must yield at last,  
To rest in a drunkard's grave.

Go base man! Pursue your trade  
Chase others in the rampant power,  
And think not prayers or tears will stop  
The woe that around you lower.

Here comes a day when you will stand  
Before your Maker's face,  
Who n' gathers'd with your comrades there,  
Your sins will all retrieve.

The blasted form, the bloodshot eye,  
The agonizing shroudful scene,  
Will haunt you, while your soul at once,  
To torment, will be borne.

Halifax, Feb. 28th, 1880.

## ORIGINAL STORY.

[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

SAVED.

BY H. F. J. O. W.

(CONCLUDED.)

the body of a man, lying in the middle of the road. He would have passed over it for a small drift, as it was covered with snow, if he had not accidentally tripped over it. As there was no sound or movement from the body, he advanced, and bending down brushed the snow away from the face, which was very white; the lips did not move and thinking the man was dead, he began to be a little frightened. Taking off his overcoat, he covered, as well as he could, the body and shoulders of the man, and ran off as fast as he could for his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bently were seated by the fire, wondering what was keeping Dick so long at the Cadets, when he burst in upon them without his overcoat, his face flushed with excitement and completely out of breath from his running. Between his gasps, he related to his astonished parents, what he had seen.

Mr. Bently at once hurried off for help, telling Dick to go to the Doctor's.

He then, with the assistance of one of the neighbors, carried the seemingly lifeless body to his home, as it turned out to be Mr. Astly.

As they reached the door of his house, the doctor arrived with Dick and Tom Astly, in time to see Mrs. Astly fall fainting to the floor, when she saw who it was they were carrying.

On his way to the doctor's, Dick had met Tom Astly, and when he told what he had seen, the poor boy burst into tears, putting his hand on Dick's arm and saying "Oh! it is father I know it is. I have been looking for him these two hours, but could not find him anywhere. A man told me he was in the bar-room, and the bar-keeper had turned him out when he had spent all his money; and now he has fallen into the snow and frozen to death."

It was an awful sight dear reader, to see the unhappiness and misery in this house caused by that cursed poison rum. And it is not the only case; it is one in thousands that are occurring every day, and will continue to occur as long as our government sanctions the manufacture, sale and importation of intoxicating liquors in our country.

Yes!! Here is a man once respected and honored by all, now a common drunkard and found frozen in the street. A man once independent reduced to poverty so poor in fact that he had to pawn his children's shoes to buy rum. His respectable dwelling reduced to a shanty of one story, devoid of furniture, his family robbed of the necessaries of life, to keep up a lazy lot of fellows, who welcome you to their shops as long as your money lasts, but when that is gone they turn you out in the street to perish.

The men carried Mr. Astly into a small room followed by the Doctor, and after waiting some time he told them that Mr. Astly had been badly frozen, but, with careful treatment would come around all right. The news was received with joy by the wife, who expressed her gratitude to Dick

and to those who assisted Mr. Bently in carrying Mr. Astly to his home. As there was nothing further to do they all returned to their homes. Dick, our hero, related to his father all that had occurred since his return from the Cadets.

The next morning before Dick had finished his breakfast, Tom Astly came over for him, as Mr. Astly wanted to see him. Upon arriving, they were met at the door by Mrs. Astly, who conducted him to the bedside of her husband and left them alone. In a few words Mr. Astly explained why he had sent for him, saying that he wanted to do more than merely thank him, for his bravery the night before. "Ask of me anything you wish, and if it is possible after I am well again, it shall be granted."

"Mr. Astly" said Dick "I have no wish for anything for myself, but I have two requests to make; one is that you will allow Tom to join the Cadets; the other that you will join the Sons of Temperance and never go into a rumshop again for liquor."

"Most willingly do I promise to do so, Dick," answered Mr. Astly. "I had decided before you came in, never to go into "the cursed holes" again."

The doctor came in just then, so Dick had to go. In the next room he told Tom all about Mr. Astly's promise.

A few months saw a great change in the Astly family. Tom was a member of the Cadets, while Mr. Astly was about to enter the Sons. He did not join however until he was once more properly started in business, and had become respectable, as in the olden time.

The old tumble down shanty was exchanged for a large and comfortable house with new furniture. (he had no furniture to exchange, because it all went for rum).

And now we bid adieu to Dick Bently, and you dear reader, hoping that you will all follow his example, and put your whole soul into the work. "Down with intemperance," let that be your motto, and never swerve from that purpose, until that which is causing more misery and unhappiness in this world than any other vice known, is banished forever from our country.

My friend if you are a Cadet of Temperance, be not ashamed to wear that little tricoloured badge, emblematical of Truth, Virtue and Temperance, and if not, join at once, and perhaps your presence will be the means of bringing others in, and saving them from the snares of intemperance.