

THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

ITEMS--GRAPHS.

--I wasn't invited.

--If you wasn't "cat out," what was it.

--THE *Blue-rose Amateur* is a good one from New Glasgow. Bravo! M. Donald.

--Do you think anybody was peeping into the Hall, I should blush if I thought so.

--"Parties" dispiriting a room for an evening can be commiserated by forwarding \$2.00. Dishes trown in.

--A young man fastened a rope across a certain gate with a step to it, for the purpose of tripping up some persons. If it had not been found out, a broken neck might have been the result of the cowardly action.

--ERRATA-- If that young lady had only carried a few eggs in her hat it would have saved her the trouble and the person referred to the pain of hearing her wash in such an earnest way that he had been egged down. Oh! Shame.

--AMATEUR AND OTHERWISE.--Grant has just issued the *Boys' Bulletin* for September. It is just splendid in contents and appearance, but fearfully tardy. New Glasgow has five papers, but if all issue as regularly as Grant they had better call all by one name and publish one each month till all have taken their time.

--CADETS' ENTERTAINMENT.--An Entertainment by the Victoria Section of Cadets was given in Temperance Hall, on Wednesday evening, consisting of Recitations, Readings, etc., assisted by Percy Hamilton of Halifax, who gave some excellent readings. The Entertainment, as a whole, was a success, and we hope to see them continued through the coming winter.

--SCOTT ACT.--The meeting of the Windsor Temperance Alliance, that was to be held on last Tuesday evening, for the purpose of reading the Scott Act was again postponed, but we understand it will, in a week or so be again brought before the people. It is to be hoped, that the gentlemen who are taking this in hand will be sufficiently encouraged to go through with it.

--We have had the information conveyed to us "officially" that, when a certain young man left a certain young lady at the corner of Gerrish and Streets, there was a suspicious sound heard. We won't say it was a kiss, but then it might have been, any way it was something.

[For the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

FROM YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Halifax, N. S.,

Oct. 24th, 1880.

MR. EDITOR, DEAR SIR:-- Your paper comes regularly every month and gladness thrills the heart of your correspondent. Its small pages contain many great truths, its columns many touching lessons. It is a seemingly small task to set about writing to a temperance paper, but "time is money" with your correspondent, and though the spirit is willing the flesh is weak, so what is seemingly easy becomes a great difficulty. Temperance is my theme, temperance my motto. Truly Halifax is the throne of Bacchus. All around on every side you can see *rum* and its victims. In fact the city is made of rum. Society is composed of active and retired liquor merchants. Who are respectable? Those who made money in the trade. Who are *not* respectable? The men of promise, who have fallen slave to the damning beverage. The rum-sellers are the principal men in the city, the pillars of the church, the deacons, elders, etc. Truly "consistency is a jewel" and a precious rare one. Here in Halifax this is practically demonstrated.

Passing one of the streets on Sunday, (not only one but many) you will observe houses in which are gathered together young men and women having a spree. Drinking, gambling and dancing, till up the hours of the day, and as night comes on the inevitable free fight follows. They then adjourn to the street and regular riots ensue. Where are the police? Inside perhaps having their glass, or more probably one of the rioters, (consistency.) This then is the result of a spree.

The host, or what is more likely the hostess, purchased the liquor on Saturday night, with the week's earnings. Where is the man who sold that liquor, thereby causing all this sin?

Why, in church of course, praying for the salvation of sinners. This is consistency.

Where do you buy your groceries? you ask of a temperance man, a member of a temperance society perhaps. At Scots or some other place they answer. How is that? you say. Don't they sell liquor there? Oh yes, but I don't go near that, besides every one goes there. Such is consistency.

But we are thankful all men are not such. There are temperance men in the city who are consistent and some of them belong to the Divisions and Lodges. There are a good many Temperance Societies and a good many temperance people in the city, but when you look around and see the many more that are either interested in the traffic or intemperate and whose vote and influence, in case of the Scott Act being brought to the polls, would be against the temperance movement, we begin to realize

how much is yet to be done.

A few night's ago some evil (?) minded people got into the Brewery of Alex. Keith & Son, and turning the stop-cock of a large vat, allowed some two thousand (2,000) gallons of oil to run off. This was a malicious act, and if the unknown persons were caught they would be severely dealt with. But how often is it exemplified that God uses even the wilful sins of man to accomplish good.

How much less misery and ruin would there be in this world with even 2,000 gallons less oil in it.

The Woman's Temperance Union in this city is doing a noble work. Its Public Meetings in the National School Building, if not largely attended, show a degree of interest and exert an influence that could not be felt in any other way. Its President, Miss Campbell, is a great worker, and has gathered around her from the slums of the city, women who have renounced and remain staunch to the principles they are pledged to, and are so ably working for. This is encouragement.

The Sons Temperance have just entered upon the winter's campaign with every prospect of a glorious one. The Yearly Session of the Grand Division with all its ceremonious bustle is over, and the country members have gone home.

Acadia Section, No. 12, C. of T. is not prospering as well as it might, the honorary members who have so long kept up the interest, have left off attending and the active ones remaining have not quite got used to working things above. Such is the state of things in Halifax taken from a liberal stand point and we pause but a moment before sending it you, for you know as well as I do, the great inconstancy of human nature. "What's one man's meat is another man's poison," and now alas farewell. Excuse me der sir if in my zeal for the cause I have expressed myself too freely, and remember sir the incon-- In a future effort I will try to narrate what is being said and done in the temperance cause here.

I remain,

Yours Fraternally,

NAPO.

FUNERAL NOTES.

We, THE TRUMPET, have again to mourn the loss of an Editor, who has left us weeping, to take up his residence in Wolfville. A. M. H. who so long, and ably managed our affairs, sticking to us through thick and thin, doing all that was possible, to make us respectable, is gone and we feel the loss. All we can say is Farewell! adieu!! adieu!!! May prosperity, joy, attend you.