

# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

—A youth who has been visiting at Hantsport says that the girls there are a great deal more "awfully awful" than Windsor girls. They are bound to flirt every-time and will fool a fellow quick if he is not careful. We are rather of the opinion that they are right after all, for boys are such foolish things anyhow.

—On Thursday evening Sept. 30th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter by Avon Division, S. of T., No. 12:—W. P., John F. Herbin; W. A., Andrew W. Pattison; R. S., Geo. A. Allen; A. R. S., Florrie Dimock; F. S., Guy B. Dakin; T., J. W. Smith; Chaplain, Geo. B. Knowles; C. Miss Lettie Smith; A. C., Wm. Roach; J. S., Miss Hattie Chisholm; O. S., Fred. B. Wood; P. W. P., Jesse P. Smith. Some of the offices were rather closely contested, and that made quite an interesting evening.

—There are now five Amateur Journals published in the Maritime Provinces, viz: *The Boys' Folio*, *The Nugget*, *The Boys' Ensign*, of New Glasgow, *The Border Amateur* of St. Stephen, *THE CADETS' TRUMPET*, of Windsor, and two official organs that of the N. S. A. J. C., and *The Tablet* of the N. S. A. P. and P. A. Not too bad for us is it? What say you, American cousins?

—The Debating Society still flourishes, and some good subjects are discussed. The interest has not lagged in the least, but rather increased and it is hoped the society may grow to be a mighty power for good in the cultivation of young men for public life.

—Sir Charles Tupper is so enthusiastic a tee-totaller since he went to England that he refused to sit in the cabin of the steamer because it was called *the Saloon*, and, though he was sick, he scouted the idea of brandy, which SIR JOHN kindly suggested. Who says he is not consistent after that?

—A wood stove is not made of wood.—*Boston Post*. Nor is a coal stove made of coal. Funny, isn't it?—*Detroit Free Press*. And a snow plough is not made of snow. Awfully funny, isn't it?—*Bungor Commercial*. Neither is a sponge cake made of sponges. Te-he!—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. Nor a head dress of heads—ha, ha!—*Salon Sunbeam*. Nor a wig-wam of wigs. Now tickle your ribs.—*Old City Derrick*. Nor saw-logs of saws. Too funny for anything.—*Sunday Breakfast Table*. And the Anchor Line ain't a cable.—What next?—*Grip*. Neither is a Sandwich made of sand. Nor a handcart made of hands. Now you Yankees shut up.

—"I'll teach you to lie, and steal, and smoke, and use profane language," said an irate Halifax parent to his eldest offspring, at the same time swinging a good sized sapling; "I'll teach you, you young scamp!" "Never mind, father, I know all them branches already."—*Ex.*

—As this number of the TRUMPET has been got up under difficulties and with a very small amount of time at our disposal, our friends will please excuse any discrepancies in it.

—"Fading, still fading; the last beam now falling," the old station house which we have gazed upon with pride (?) ever since we could understand what it was, is soon to be a thing of the past. We could weep but we wont. Let us rather greet with joy and gladness the advent of the new structure which is to usurp its place in the hearts of our fellow townsmen.

—We respectfully refer any person who wishes information as to who wrote any Local Items in this paper to our devil, whom we call Asmodeus, and who will give all the dis-satisfaction required.

—There will be a public installation of officers at Avon Division, in Odd Fellows Hall, Curren's Block, on Thursday evening, October 7th. All are invited, and a rich treat in a literary and musical way is expected.

## TOUGH KNOTS.

EDITED BY . . . . . E. U. REKA.

Original contributions and answers to puzzles are respectfully solicited from all. Address *CADETS' TRUMPET Publishing Co., Puzzle Department, P. O. box 280, Windsor, Nova Scotia.*

### ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES.

No. 1.—N; Ass.; N. S. A. P. A.; Spa.; A. No. 2.—Washington. No. 3.—Count me among the Ladies of the Tough Knots. No. 4.—The Cadets of Temperance run a Trumpet; the *Windsor Mail* runs a fog horn. No. 5.—1st, Dingo—2nd, Yak—3rd Horse.

### No. 1.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Words of equal length.

To fail in obtaining; a kiln for drying hops; a belt; one of the Jewish months; destruction; an abatement; the initials name a great musician; the finals a great humorist.

*Tecumseh.* Westport.

### No. 2.—ANAGRAMS OR TRANSPOSITIONS.

Otniglo Coat, Ca wr shell, I point poser, Poor Levi L.  
*Phil Burt.* Highland Village.

### No. 3.—NUMERICAL.

My 1 is a letter; my 7, 4, 2, 5 is a slovenly fellow; my 8, 9, 3, 6 is to entice; my 10, 11, 12, 13 is a religious ceremony; my whole is a kind of metal ore.  
*Latones.* New York.

### No. 4.—HIDDEN CITIES.

The hat is new; have nothing to do with it. I say, Hal, if a Xerxes lived now, would you join his standard? There my tulip, rest on my arm.  
*Silia.* Windsor, N. S.

### No. 5.—REBUS.

A BeD.  
*Capt. B.* Windsor, N. S.

### PRIZES.

The first solver of No. 2, will have the seat of his passions gladdened by receiving for his trouble, a story paper.

### PUZZLE ENDUMS.

*Lutrones* and *Tecumseh*—We are always glad to enlist new contributors, so we hope to hear from you again soon—*Phil Burt*—Received your sub., and as you see, have inserted one of the cons.—*A. Corn*—Your puzzle has not been solved, consequently your prize will be minus.

LADIES AND KNIGHTS, Come! get the fingers of your understandings to work, and untie that slip knot of *Capt. B's.*, and you will raise yourselves greatly in our estimation.

There were no prizes awarded last month, but don't allow us to insert in our report a ditto for this.

E. U. REKA.

About a dozen competitors for the badges.

E. U. R.

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