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# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

An Amateur Monthly Devoted to Temperance.

Vol. 2. WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA, NOVEMBER, 1880. No. 4.

## SELECT POETRY.

### O BRAVELY STAND.

O bravely stand, ye flocks of light,  
And for the cause of temperance fight,  
Resolved to save from ruin's blight,  
The tempted and forsake...

Through all the land the thrilling cry  
Is ever heard from low and high,  
For help to make the tempter fly,  
In every time of danger.

O rally now, without delay;  
'Tis duty a call ye must obey,  
And rescue those who are to die  
The victims of intemperance.

[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

### NED HEARTLY, Or, Fleeing from Home.

BY H. J. F. O. W.

We left Ned running. He was not afraid of being pursued, or of being compelled to return home again, but he ran to get rid of his own thoughts. His mother's face would come before him in spite of his determination to forget her, and she seemed to be imploring him to come back, her eyes red and tearful as he had seen her through the window.

As he reached the crest of the hill, the moon had risen above the horizon, shedding its pale silvery rays far and near, and Ned stood there taking a last fond look at the old familiar scenes of his childhood.

With a glance at his home, his thoughts followed the path leading back to the little clump of trees where could be seen the little pond, like molten silver between the old shady trees. Here it was that Ned first learned to swim, for "swimming time," constitutes the jolliest hours of many youngsters, the for can we not remember the pride we felt, the first time we swam across the brook without the aid of a board. We follow his glance still further to the little school house, where "one by one we learn to count," etc., was the first hard lesson. He again started on his long and lonely journey, and for the first time since he had left home, thought of what he was going to do, when he reached his destination. He turned it over in his mind but could not come to any settled conclusion, but finally the idea of going to see dawned upon him, and having read about the jolly life sailors lead, he determined to try that;

and with the thoughts of having a large ship and a lot of sailors under his command, he walked along quickly, anxious to choose the vessel in which to embark.

The light of day was just commencing to break upon the moon's light, and as it slowly crept over the earth, the solemn stillness that had followed Ned, changed to that of activity, the birds and animals awakening to a new day of action. As he saw the cattle grazing upon the dewy verdure, the thoughts of his own wants in that direction came to him, and he walked along a little faster. He had travelled about twenty miles and still had about four to go to reach the city of Yorkton, and he was getting a little tired of his tramp, an empty stomach not improving his feelings. Calling at a farmhouse he got some bread and cheese and a good drink of milk, and his spirits again rose till he felt quite jubilant.

A mile further on the city came in sight, and Ned could see the tall masts of the vessels floating on the water; steamers were just coming up the harbour, and the city nestling on the side of a hill facing the water, made a pretty sight from that distance.

In an hour Ned was in the city of Yorkton, a stirring place connected with the Atlantic by a fine harbour. Ned had been here before when his father was alive, and knew a little about it, but he soon lost himself in the whirl and stir of city business life. It was past noon before Ned Heartly thought of what he was going to do. The time had passed very rapidly. The new scenes and faces, and the change from dull to lively interested him greatly.

At last he wended his way to the wharves and watched the vessels being loaded and unloaed. At one of the wharves Ned saw a large clean looking ship, one that he thought he would like to sail in. On the deck the men were coiling ropes, and swabbing the decks preparatory to putting out to sea. The "Alice" was to sail at six o'clock some of the men said, for China. There were men aloft unfurling the sails to be in readiness for leaving, while on the main deck the captain stood giving his orders, and often speaking to his wife who stood beside him. A few yards off, his little girl, about 14 years old, was playing with a large dog.

Ned seeing the Captain unoccupied, walked the plank and going towards him timidly asked him if he wanted a boy about

his ship. The jolly old fellow, laughed loud and long, as he looked at Ned's delicate hands and pale face, and asked what he could do, anyway. Ned replied that he could do something or enough to earn his living if he had the chance. Before the Captain could answer, a shriek as of somebody in great danger smote their ears, followed by a loud splash. The Captain rushed to the side of the vessel, and as he caught sight of the object in the water cried, "Oh! heavens my daughter! save her! save her! somebody, for the love of heaven." The Captain's wife who had been reading, rose as the shriek rang forth, but when her husband's words came to her ears she fell fainting to the deck.

Ned, for a few minutes was nonplussed, but seeing the child being borne away by the current roused himself to action. Throwing off his coat and hat he cleared the railing at a bound, and disappeared like a flash, the water closing over him with hardly a ripple. His feet had hardly gone out of sight when his head appeared, and with a few powerful strokes he reached the child. The tide running very swiftly, Ned found it hard work to make any headway with the lifeless body. They were a long way from the vessel by this time, and seeing the uselessness of attempting to make way against the strong current, he made no further efforts than to keep himself and the child from sinking.

The Captain had regained his self possession enough to order a boat to be manned and sent to the aid of the drifting rescuer and rescued. In a few minutes they were reached, and hauled aboard. Ned falling exhausted to the bottom of the boat. They soon reached the ship again, Ned having recovered sufficiently by this time, helped the Captain to carry his child down to the cabin, where they found his wife, who had been carried there previously, just recovering from her swoon. At the sight of lifeless child, she could only moan piteously "my child! my child!" The ship's surgeon arrived immediately and soon restored the little girl to consciousness; for she had not been long in the water, when Ned had reached her. When she opened her eyes, she suffered all that is possible for an only child to suffer from loving parents after a trying ordeal safely past. But she lived through it all, and everything in a little while was restored to its original routine.

(To be Continued.)

# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

## THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VICTORIA SECTION, NO. 13, Cadets of Temperance.  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Box 90, Windsor, N. S.

### Selling Liquor to Boys in Windsor.

We have often mentioned in our columns that certain liquor was sold to minors in Windsor.

No notice appears to have been taken, probably because we are only youngsters but still we are not disinclined. We are working for our own salvation and that of our brother boys, and therefore we have reasons to proceed.

If men and women, parents of boys and girls in Windsor, are content to watch their children go to destruction and drink at public houses, perhaps it is none of our business, but still we can't help it.

It is often a question in our own mind, whether parents should not be prosecuted rather than the rum-seller.

Once when D. Banks McKenzie was here, we tried to persuade an old man who was a drinker to go to the meeting and sign the pledge. He would not listen. All we could get was "oh! that's well enough for you youngsters, but an old fellow like me don't want anything to do with it."

We have since seen two sons of that man writhing in *delirium tremens* and two others drunk in the streets. Is this any example? Does it teach anything? I leave it with you to decide.

### TEMPERANCE WORK IN WINDSOR.

The Temperance cause in Windsor is now moving along at its slowest rate. No one appears to care anything about the matter, or if any care, their business or bashfulness makes them afraid to assert their opinion or to act.

We have at last become fully convinced of the truth of the saying:

"The love of money is the root of all evil."

Is it because he glories in the destruction of his fellow creatures that the rum-seller piles his nefarious calling? Will any dare say that the cries and groans of poor heart broken mothers and helpless starving children are music in his ears? Will any dare say that he enjoys the erratic and imbecile movements of the poor inebriate as he wanders his uncertain way home, or that the horrible ravings and contortions of the maniac laboring and writhing in the throes of *delirium tremens*, caused by his traffic, bring to him pleasant thoughts?

Ah! no. None of these delight him. Stay with him after his customers have left, he draws out the till. Mark the looks of pleasure and satisfaction as he counts his ill-gotten gains. See him smile as he rattles the coins together. And then can you raise in doubt as to the direction of which his pleasure and motive lies? How long we ask would the liquor dealer continue his business if he did not have his pleasure? How long would the Father of the poor stand in there was a rum-seller?

What would you say if you closed your eyes and saw the rum-seller at the door of a public house, and saw him take from his pocket a few dollars and walk away?

See to it, our business men, would you like to give us your support in this fight? You are the town? They are the rum-sellers. I am a temperance worker and I like men to help me. I will show the way I am going to go, but I am not turning my back on anybody.

Oh! no. You can't, eh? Well, why can't you? Are you, as a whole, dependent upon the rum-sellers for your living? We are afraid if we asked one of you that you would feel highly insulted. What then? Are you dependent upon the liquor drinking portion of the community?

Assuredly this cannot be when at a fairly contested election a majority of our rate-payers show that they want no liquor sold in Windsor.

What then is the reason? There is none. All is imagination. There are enough temperance people in Windsor to sweep all the infernal stuff out of existence in one week.

And why is it not done? We are led to cry shame! SHAME! You will still sleep on, doing nothing, caring less. God forbid that any race of christian people should allow a curse, such as this, to flourish under the shadow of the churches, and they, if approached upon the subject, reply, "Oh go to the Reform Club or the Division, we want nothing to do with your suits. Why don't they go to work, it is their place, not ours."

Oh! Heaven! Save us, we beseech thee, from such a religion and such christianity.

[Written for the Cadets' Trumpet.]

### DRUNK IN THE GUTTER.

The other day when reading an evening paper, my heart was caused to ache by noticing the following paragraph, which of itself is a temperance sermon in a nutshell: "Last night at about 11 o'clock, a gentleman on passing Northrup's Market, found a woman with an infant clasped to her breast asleep and helplessly drunk in the gutter."

\* \* \* \* \*

Such a scene! a woman in the prime of life under the influence of that foul demon, *alcohol*, lying asleep in the gutter with a tender infant clasped to her breast! My pen fails to portray this scene, words cannot express the misery occasioned by indulging in the intoxicating cup.

That man should be addicted to drinking, I can readily understand, but why woman who is considered preeminently superior to man in every respect—should be so low as to touch the terrible poison is beyond my comprehension. They seek to drown their sorrows in the wine-shop, and thus only give a badly it more bitter and final, by link the chain of intemperance is formed, which at last binds him to the gallows more firmly than the fangs of a venomous serpent, and after a long and painful journey a poor soul is a subject for a pauper's grave.

Oh! that we might all learn a lesson from such scenes, which occur every day in our midst. We as temperance workers are not idle enough in our rest, the field is large, the workers few, but let us not be discouraged, buckle on our armor afresh, and rely on our Heavenly Father's assistance, ask his favor in this work and great results will crown our feeble efforts to do good and save souls from perishing.

As I look around and see upon either side of me licensed rum shops, I feel faint hearted; the work of ruin seems to great for human force to lessen, and as soul after soul goes down the broad road which leads to destruction my heart is wrung in agony. There goes your friend, you knew him when quite young, played together, he has a loving father and a fond mother, but wicked companions led him from the path to truth and virtue and he is now under the influence of drink treading the broad road of everlasting destruction.

The licensed rum holes are many, licensed to manufacture crime; to make unhappy families; to starve the hungry; to strip the poor; to rob mankind of health and wealth; to make paupers; to fill the jails and produce all kinds of disease and famine in our land.

Oh! how foolish mankind are, they do not consider their best interests, but rush blindly in and endeavor to soothe their griefs and sorrows by partaking of a friend,

(Continued on fourth page.)

# 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 it 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 can 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.

# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

(Continued from second page.)

but in reality 'tis an enemy in disguise.

Oh! temperance workers, wherever you be, recollect how terrible are the evil effects of strong drink, look at it through the spectacles of reason, use common sense, and above all ask God to give you power to assist in crushing this reptile *alcohol* from our midst. *Poison* is concealed beneath every counter in the bar rooms; it lurks behind beautifully illuminated bottles ready to pounce upon its victims. The Angel of Death, who sits perched over the door of a Rum Shop marks its victims as they enter and counts with delight the many poor souls who sell themselves for *Rum*.

Oh! dear friends realize the blasting influence of this gigantic demon who offimes see's to dest oy the happiness four lea

... are able to fall into ... by Divine aid. No one escapes who yields to temptation.

The trustees and pillars of the church oftimes are found dealing in the deadly scourge, if not retailing it glass by glass they sell it by the hogshead, and it is my humble opinion that wholesale dealers manufacture more crime and misery than the retail dealers, for the former ruin by the *wholesale*, while the latter *ill singly*.

Let us the brain and will  
With our hand, our heart, our will  
Bury in the sea poisoning,  
"All King Alcohol be kill"

EFFIE G.

Halifax, N. S.

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

It was the second week in October, and the leaves were just turning from green to gold and crimson. We, my sister Kate and I, were trying to plan an excursion to secure some autumn leaves. We succeeded in arousing the next door neighbors sufficiently to exite the eldest daughter, Lucy, and the two boys, Clark and Philip. We started on Thursday morning, intending to return the same evening.

We arrived at our destination about 11 a. m., and the male portion of the company began to gather materials for building a fire. But when all was ready, we were thrown in great consternation by the discovery that we had come without matches. Philip said, he had noticed a house in a clearing, about half a mile back. So he and Clark at once started for the house to try and get some matches.

While they were gone we thought we would look about for the leaves. There were plenty of leaves, but the great trouble was to get them. However, we thought we would be able to get some with the boy's aid.

An hour passed, and the boys did not

return. We began to be anxious; still another hour, and we resolved to go in search of them. But we had not gone far before we met them. Clark was in a sad condition, all covered with mud and dripping with water. He had fallen into a ditch, and was one of the most distressing objects it has ever been my lot to behold. However, they had the matches, and Phil at once set to work to build a fire. This was easily accomplished, for all the materials had been gathered before they went for the matches.

While we ate our lunch the boys told us their adventures. After they had gone about a mile, they discovered that they had taken the wrong path. They had begun to retrace their steps, when the wind took Clark's hat by the broad rim and blew it about a quarter of a mile. In his sea lling after it he did not notice a

... why ... water into his mouth and eyes.

The hat which was reposing peacefully in a thornbush on the other side, was easily obtained by Phil.

After again commencing their hunt for the house they found that they were a very short distance from it. They soon reached the door and obtained their matches from an old lady, they then started in a direction for the camping place, which they had almost reached when we met them.

After eating our lunch, as Clark was all dry again, we set about gathering the leaves. There were as many as a heart could desire and we had no difficulty in getting them. After filling our baskets we started for home, which we reached in time for supper.

We varnished our leaves and decorated the best room with them. You must call some day and see the glorious presents of our excursion for "Autumn Leaves."

LITTLE DORRIT.

## 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 200, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

### ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLES.

No. 1.—MisS; O-as-T; Z-on-E; A-da-R; R-in-N; T-ar-E; Mozart & Sterne. No. 2.—Octagonal, Wholesale, Preposition Liverpool. No. 3.—Aurotellivize. No. 4.—New Haven, Halifax, Preston. No. 5.—A little darkey in a bed with nothing over it.

### No. 1.—CHARADE.

1st is a Vehicle. and is a Noise. My whole is a town in Ireland.

Phil Burt, Highland Village.

### No. 2.—TRANSPPOSITION.

Eb ton ognma evien irsebbi gamma triouse trease fo hesfl.

Lutones, New York.

### No. 3.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

h-r-i-a-w-y-r-o-a-t-e-o.

Little Dorrit, Windsor, N. S.

### No. 4.—HIDDEN RIVERS.

Hist! Johnny, don't you hear? Hall has almonds to sell. You must be a very good

### No. 5.—REBUS.

III E U

Rat E 1300 why able I F F I.

Tredlog, Halifax

No Prizes taken last month.

Little Dorrit—Your puzzles has been accepted with thanks, and I hope you will continue sending contributions to this department

LADIES AND KNIGHTS, Come this is getting desp rate, we should receive about two or three dozen answers each month, but you are getting very backward, do wake up and let us know you are alive. Try some of the puzzles and remember that the degrees will be taken at the end of next month. So let the answers come in thick and fast.

E. U. REKA.

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