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THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

An Amateur Monthly Devoted to Temperance.

Vol. 2. WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA, OCTOBER, 1880. No. 3.

[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

TO THE RESCUE.

Drink's dark torrent rushing onward,
Souls are drifting in its course;
Lend assistance, temperance worker,
Save a soul by human force.

Stand not idly, calmly looking,
Action in our cause we want;
Rest is active, ever watching
For some foolish soul to haunt.

ALCOHOL its poison spreading,
Sparing neither young nor old;
We must battle with it boldly
If we wish to save a soul.

In this warfare let us ever
Look on God who reigns on high,
Ask His blessing on our efforts,
Then resolve to do or die.

Let each one be up and doing,
Strive to rescue, strive to save;
"Earnest effort" be our motto,
Snatch men from an early grave.

If a soul from drink is rescued,
Then our work is not in vain;
One lost pearl is in our casket,
One lost sheep is home again.

EFFIE G.

Halifax, N. S., Sept., 1880.

[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

NED HEARTLY.

Or, Fleeing from Home.

BY H. J. F. O. W.

The moon is just peeping over a distant hill, as our story opens. The night is calm and quiet, the stillness of death reigns around the little cottage that can just be seen as it stands in the shadow of the lofty trees surrounding it.

Suddenly there appears from out the shadow of the house, a figure, which walks quickly across the little garden fronting the house, and vaulting over the fence into the road, commences to run down the slight incline which hides him from sight for a few minutes; but he soon appears, still running, till he reaches the top of the next hill which is about a quarter of a mile distant from the house.

You will want to know who he is, I suppose, by this time, and what he is running for.

To answer the first question, it is necessary to say that he is a boy, and the next one, that he is running away from home, and to find out the reason of his running

away, we will take a brief review of his past life.

Ned Heartly, (or, Hearty Ned, as he was called) as we see him, is a youth about 15 years of age, tall and straight, but robust, having been reared on a farm.

At the first glance one would take him to be of very delicate health, but to see him as he walks along, his form as straight as a rush, his step firm and determined, and his graceful movements, would at once dispel the thought of his being delicate.

He was the only son of a happy marriage, but their happiness was suddenly broken by the death of the father.

Although Mrs. Heartly was left in comfortable circumstances, life was very dreary, even with her only child, then about eight years old, and about three years after her husband's death she married again.

Her second marriage was a very unlucky one. Her husband turned out to be a drunkard of the worst kind, and an unbearable tyrant, and poor Ned often felt the weight of his tyranny.

This existence continued for four years, Mr. Flintey never changing his mode of living, spending every cent he could drain from his wife, and illusing his step-son at every imaginary offence, until one night there was a sudden change in affairs.

It happened in this way. For some time past Mr. Flintey had not got as much money as was his wont, and coming home with his imaginary wrongs, magnified prodigiously by the effects of his drinking, would at once cause an eruption, and while in this state, make it warm for Ned.

On the last night of Ned's stay at home, the tables had been abruptly turned.

Mr. Flintey, drunk as usual, came home and burst into a torrent of abuse against Ned, and ended by using some insulting epithet, the first time he ever had done so. This was more than Ned could stand, and in a blind rage he rushed at him, and before Mr. Flintey was aware of what he was going to do, received a blow which tumbled him over backward, and in falling, his head came in contact with the stove, and he rolled senseless and bleeding on the floor.

His mother, when she heard the insult hurled at her son, had risen from her chair, but before she could say a word, she saw her husband down on the floor, and her son standing over him with clenched hands, and a wrathful countenance.

With a cry she sank down by him, saying, "Ah, Ned, I'm afraid you have killed him, but run and get some water, and we may get him back to consciousness."

Ned, by this time, was thoroughly frightened, and running out to the well at the back of the house, pulled up the water and reached the house in time to see his step-father stagger to a chair.

The fall had made him as weak and helpless as a child, and he was assisted to his bed, after having his wounds dressed, muttering threats all the while of what he would do on the morrow.

After seeing his step-father safely to his room, Ned retired to his own, but not to sleep.

Five minutes after the scene described, Ned had determined upon a course of action, and when he reached his room, he sat about quietly gathering a few things together, with the intention, as you can well guess, of leaving his home forever, or at least as long as his step-father was in it, he determined that he had stood his insults and tyranny long enough.

He first took a large handkerchief and putting in what clothes he would want, he tied them up into a small compact bundle and blowing out his light, laid down on the bed to wait till all was quiet below.

About an hour's waiting satisfied him that he would be safe in attempting his departure.

Quietly removing his shoes, and taking his bundle he cautiously opened the door of his room, and went down stairs, and out the back door without making any noise, or disturbing the inmates.

As he was out of the house now, he was safe, and he could make his way along without difficulty, although it was yet very dark, the moon not having appeared.

As he emerged from the house, he saw a light in his mother's room, and looking in he saw his mother seated at the table.

Her eyes were very red and swollen, and he knew that it was on his account that she had been weeping. He could not keep that lump from rising in his throat, when he saw her, and the thought of leaving his dear mother, was too much for him, and he would have went back to his room again, if his eyes had not caught sight of the figure on the bed.

At the sight of that bloated countenance, he turned and with a hasty "Good-bye dear mother," started for the road.

(To be Continued.)

THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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

The only paper in Canada conducted by a Section of Cadets.

Subscription—15 cents for 6 mos. No subscriptions for longer than 6 months will be taken.

EXCHANGES—We wish to exchange with a few good amateur papers.

ARTICLES—Good original stories and sketches always in demand.

ADVERTS—All our friends are respectfully solicited to advertise in this paper at the lowest rate.

Advertisements are accepted for 15 days.

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Then, gentlemen electors, of Hants, will you put in your ballots for the cause of Temperance? Will you vote for happy homes and pleasant firesides? will you vote for quiet towns and peaceful villages? or, on the other hand, will you, dare you vote for the traffic which makes homes desolate, men, women and children paupers, towns full of brawling and rowdism, in fact, can you cast one vote on the side of the devil and his imps, and then look an honest man in the face?

We can hear the voice of determination and manliness, shouting, and the cry is up to the winds over the whole world, "The vote is for the cause of TEMPERANCE and RIGHT."

I'll never tell You.

A ROMANCE OF THE MEANDER.

About the 1st of Sept., 18—, a party of young and old wended their way to the beautiful banks of the Meander, for the purpose of holding a picnic.

The day passed off splendidly, and at a late hour all were safely embarked in their several carriages, and ready for the homeward trip.

On the road stands a covered bridge, over which the long train of excursionists has to pass.

Noticeable among the waggon, is one containing a particularly jolly crowd, and two chaplains.

Soon it becomes necessary for all to stoop, as they enter the darkness of the bridge, and just as one unlucky (?) man stoops, he comes in contact with a—pair of rosy lips, and—yum, yum. Two suspicious sounds are heard, and immediately long and loud raises the applause of the eager listeners.

We may have heard the name of the unfortunate, but, alas! we have had to use our revolver so much during the last month, that we wore it out, and had to send it away for repairs. When it returns we may

"A pure, unvarnished tale unfold."

THEN AND NOW.

A gentleman visited our sanctum some nights since. The room which we occupy was the bar-room of the Clifton Hotel. "Little did I expect," said he, "that I would ever see this place—in which I have stood, over twenty years ago, and seen the cup placed to the lips of many a man—wearing the quiet aspect of the editorial sanctum of a temperance paper." "Ah," said he, "See the floor, worn through by the restless feet of the hundreds who came in to pay their obeisance to the God of Bacchus." Where are those men to-day? Some are living. Many more, alas! have filled drunkard's graves, and are now among the long forgotten dead.

What a change, and yet, can we wonder. The devil did his work, and did it thoroughly, but it could not last forever. His day of triumph is past, and as we look back over those scenes of revelry, brawling and riotousness, we can but feel sad. Now it is gone, the place that knew those men, remembers them no more forever.

We know, it is true, we are very feeble agents in this great cause, but yet, we have done what we could, and as we think of what has been done, we can but rejoice at the great and mighty change.

May the good work go on, till all the rum shops in the universe are changed from what they are to peaceful, happy abodes. Down, then, we say, with Alcohol, and its ruling spirit and king, BELZEBUB, the Prince of Devils.

AVON DIVISION PIC-NIC.

About 40 persons attended the picnic of Avon Division, held at Avonport, on Tuesday, Sept. 14th. Two empty cars having been sent down by the obliging Manager of the W. & A. Ry., all were enabled to find seats, and that without being uncomfortably crowded.

Soon arriving at the crossing, the assembled throng started for the grounds, led by two young ladies who had "been there before."

After a pleasant walk of nearly a mile, the road suddenly stopped, and refused to go on, and then for fun.

Cheer after cheer echoed down the line, as they turned, and with a slightly quicker step, went back half a mile to the right gate.

The ground being finally reached a fire was soon under way, and in less than half an hour all that could be heard was a gulp and a sigh from twenty specimens of suffering humanity.

After a little while a few found enough breath to mutter "givsh a swing," the majority still too full for utterance.

About 4.30, all had recovered sufficiently to start for the crossing, and there the fun really commenced, for a game of first, Duck and Drake, and then Blindman's Buff, kept all in high spirits till the train came.

At Hantsport, all of the sterner sex left the train, and stayed to see the walking match.

The train, with the fair ones, proceeded, and arrived at Windsor at 6.30, p. m., "Oll Korrekt."

At 12.30, six figures might have been seen crossing the iron bridge. They were the last of the pic-nic, from Hantsport, weary and footsore.

WINDSOR AND THE N. S. A. P. A.

When the fact dawned upon us that Windsor, above all other places, was not to be represented, we must confess we felt sick.

NOTICE.—Any person receiving a copy of this paper, who has never subscribed, or whose subscription has run out, may consider it an invitation to send in their names at once, accompanied by 15 cents, Canada currency, or postage stamps. We want two or three live boys in Windsor, and one or two in every place in Nova Scotia to canvass for us. Our terms are good, 25 per cent, cash, commission, and ought to be some inducement. For further information and agents outfit, apply by mail to

CADETS' TRUMPET PUB. Co.,
Business Dept,
Box 260, Windsor, N. S.

Or personally to
HENRY DORE,
Business Manager.

THE SCOT ACT.

This Act, which has been accepted by several counties in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, is now about to be brought before the people of Hants County.

At a meeting of the Reform Club, held on Tuesday, the subject was proposed, and after some discussion, it was decided to have the Act brought before the next meeting of the Alliance, and after reading it, to discuss the advisability of bringing it before the people.

R. Motton, Esq., Q. C., of Halifax, will be here, and will explain thoroughly all the points of the new Act, and its advantages over the present one.

From what we have heard, we think this will be a great step in the right direction, and that it will commend itself to all.

The Act, as near as we can understand, will not do away with the present one, but will amend it.

The chief points are a change from a second suit to imprisonment, and a more rapid and easier administration of a suit, and also a stopping of the right to appeal.

By thus hastening proceedings, a great deal more work can be done, and the cause more rapidly advanced.

THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

First one, and then another of the staff found they could not go, and then the outside members followed suit. While we were thoroughly disgusted with the W. A. J. C. failure, we must say we were completely overcome at the action of our representatives to the N. S. A. P. A. One thing is certain, a good many would have gone, had accommodations awaited them upon their arrival in Halifax.

This was a difficulty seen, but impossible to overcome, owing to the fact that nearly all our Halifax members are boarding, and consequently unable to provide for their visitors.

We thank our friends greatly for their kindness in deciding to meet next in Windsor, when we did so little for them, but when they come we will do our utmost to regain our place in their confidence, and to merit their approbation.

A READING ROOM.

The Cadets are about to organize a Reading Room. With this aim in view they intend giving a Literary and Musical Entertainment in a few weeks. Some of the ablest readers and declaimers of Halifax are expected to be in attendance, and will add to the pleasure of the evening.

This project is one which may be productive of much good, if properly conducted. The boys could there get reading, such as would be beneficial to them, without having to go to the great expense of buying it.

It is high time the, so-called, boys literature underwent a thorough reform. A reading room, properly fitted up with good books, and over-ruled by suitable and competent monitors, will be one of the best institutions of the town.

A subscription list has been opened, and all contributions will be thankfully received by the following committee: A. I. Lawrence, Charles Curry and Henry Dore.

THE NOVA SCOTIA AMATEUR PRESS AND PUZZLE ASSOCIATION IS A REALITY.—On Thursday, 23rd of September, a very successful meeting was held, and resulted in the organization of an association in the interests of Nova Scotia Amateurs. Representatives of amateur journalism in the Maritime Provinces were present. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President—Finlay A. Grant, New Glasgow. 1st Vice-do—R. J. Love, St. Stephen, New Brunswick. 2nd Vice-do—A. A. Stewart, New Glasgow. 3rd Vice-do—Louis N. Gelder, Halifax. Recording Secretary—Isaac N. Haliday, Halifax. Corresponding do—Robert McCull, New Glasgow. Financial do—J. F. Newcombe, Halifax. Treasurer—C. H. Gladwin, Dartmouth. Official Editor—George E. Frye, Halifax. Puzzle Editor—J. M. McDonald, New Glasgow.

The Association will issue the first number of their official organ, *The Tablet*, on the 15th prox. to be afterwards continued monthly.

ITEM—GRAPHS.

- Who? —————
- Can a Shoe Fly? —————
- My revolver, quick! —————
- Rescue the Perishing. —————
- List to the mocking bird. —————
- A youth from Windsor, indeed! —————
- Long life to the N. S. A. P. A. —————
- Almost is but to fail, *Almost, but lost.* —————
- What made — get so jealous? Tip top, wasn't it? —————
- “Duck and Drake, or the amusements of a Pic-nic,” out in our next. —————
- Did it ever occur to any one, that skim milk makes poor ice creams? —————
- Ladies are getting their head dresses up to resemble Highland lassies, now. —————
- And now, the youth that confiscated the pie, has developed a taste for jam. —————
- One of the most luminous places in the world, is our printing office on press days. Red lights and blue fire. —————
- Weddings, and rumors of weddings fill the air just now. We have ordered a cake basket and a hungry boy. —————
- Leggett and Miss Freeman are wonderful walkers. They made 5 miles each, in 65 minutes, without hurrying a bit. —————
- We feel rather bad to think that no one in Windsor can tell us where boys get liquor in the town, and why the sale of it to minors is not stopped. —————
- What? Do our ears deceive us, or did we understand somebody to say that our ex-editor was seen in the Public Gardens with a female? No! It *cannot* be. —————
- Some of our embryo lawyers and judges of the far distant future (dog show) say, that for cheap and expeditious travelling, especially to see a walking match, there's nothing like a nice, clean cattle car. —————
- Halifax has been so dull this summer, that they have had to organize some Sunday amusements. Does this speak well for the religious and temperance bodies of the city? We think not. —————

—It is not true that the Town Council is preparing “keep off the grass” notices to put up in the “Windsor Park.” —————

—We wanted to see Love awfully bad when he went through on his way home, and we were at the station but missed him. —————

—We are greatly indebted to L. N. Geldert for an ably written report of the N. S. A. P. A., which he never sent, but which he hopes to send to-morrow. —————

—Our Grandfather's clock was too long for the shelf so we cut the bottom off to make a high chair of, and then put it over behind the barn for a bee hive. —————

—Have you ever seen a walking encyclopedia of patent medicine? Well we have, and we want to see another one, but not till our mother-in-law dies, and we feel too happy to live. —————

—Our subscription book is about full, but the section has promised us a new one this week, so don't delay sending your 15 cents, but forward it immediately. Remember, all subs. date from August to December, now. —————

—A Windsor Hotel keeper who started only three or four years ago, has bought the large building and lot which he occupies. There must be money in the business somewhere. —————

—Hurrah! The inland revenue officials have seized an illicit gin mill, a little way from Kentville, on the New Ross Road. They also have seized a quantity of the manufactured Kentville lightning, warranted to kill at 10 miles. —————

—The Section held a public installation on Friday evening last. After the officers were duly installed, a choice literary programme was provided, and proved a great success. The officers elected are as follows:—W. A., Henry Dore; V. A., Fred. Smith; Secy., Paul Black; Asst. Secy., Fred. DeWolfe; Financial Secy., Dick Fleming; Treas., Sam. Saunders; Guide, Wm. McElhiny; Usher, Morris Lance; I. W., Geo. Roach; O. W., Grant Goudge; Chap., Geo. A. Allen, (re-elected.) —————

—The Rev. George Washington Smith, A. L., N. P., whose eloquent lectures and sermons, we have perused with such pleasure in the *Windsor Mail*, and the power of whose oratory at the Three Mile Plains, has shaken the whole surrounding district to its very foundation, has, this week, invested in a little hatchet, and all he wants now, to complete his great aim of following in the footsteps of his illustrious namesake, is a dark night and a convenient orchard. —————

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.

Latrones 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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