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# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

An Amateur Monthly Devoted to Temperance.

Vol. 2. WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA, DECEMBER, 1880. No. 5

## SELECT POETRY.

### Listen to my Prayerful Pleading.

BY WILL S. HAYS.

Listen to my prayerful pleading,  
For my mother's very poor;  
I have come to ask a penny,  
Do not turn me from your door!  
Mother's sick, and weak, and feeble,  
And she sent me on the street;  
For my father is a drunkard  
And we've nothing home to eat!

Kindly wait, and let me tell you,  
That my brother's drowned at sea,  
And my poor heartbroken mother  
Has no children, ma'am, but me.  
Do not spurn me, do not shun me,  
I'm a child and nothing more;  
Give me something, if but pity,  
Do not turn me from your door.

Stranger, just one moment listen!  
You are rich and we are poor;  
I'll go home and say to mother,  
That you turned me from your door.  
Good bye, we can starve and suffer,  
Yet we'll look to God and pray  
That when you go to him begging,  
He'll not turn your soul away.

[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

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

BY H. J. F. O. W.

CONCLUDED.

Ned was the hero of the hour, not only with the Captain and crew, but with the citizens of Yorkton, for the news soon spread, and there gathered a large crowd upon the wharf to see him.

The next daily papers contained an account headed "Youthful Heroism, &c."

It was not necessary for Ned to ask a second time to be allowed to sail in the ship, for the Captain determined after he had heard his story to take Ned with him whether he wanted to go or not, saying with one of his hearty laughs, "I guess we can put you to something."

At the advice of the Captain's wife, Ned wrote a letter to his mother, which he couched in fond endearments, and tender

entreaties, as only an affectionate son, on the verge of a long and dangerous voyage could write; and as he thought of the perils and dangers which might have to be encountered, and that he might never again see his dear mother alive, the tears streamed from his eyes, such tears no one need ever be ashamed to shed.

The time had arrived for departure; all was bustle and stir, men running about the decks, some like monkeys climbing aloft, others with snatches of song going around the windlass, and the loud voice of command heard above the clanking of the cable made Ned forget his troubles, and first in one place and then in another helping where ever he could, made himself useful. The Captain observed his activity and smiling, remarked to the first mate who was standing by his side, "that youngster was meant for the sea."

All was soon in readiness, the word "cast off" given, and they went sailing down the harbour, all sail set and a smart breeze to push them along.

In an hour the harbour was left behind, and nothing but the blue water could be seen, the sun having gone down, leaving the stars to give their light in its place.

It was late that night before Ned retired to his bunk, he liked to watch the bobbing lights of the vessels going and coming past. Perhaps a light would be seen half an hour before the vessel would appear in sight, then gliding past like a huge bird scaling with outstretched wings would disappear in the darkness behind. These sights more especially a steamer that had passed quite close to them, brought strange fancies to his mind of some great monster swimming past belching forth fire and smoke, and occasionally roaring and screaming within itself. When he fell asleep that night he dreamt that such a monster had borne down upon them and swallowed ship and all. Then all was dark, and he felt himself falling through space down a bottomless abyss, till suddenly he awoke and found himself holding on to the side of his bunk. He was much relieved to find himself safe in the ship.

The light of day was just appearing when Ned reached the deck, and on looking

around he observed that some of the sails were taken in, while others were reefed, and although it was early the Captain and crew were all on deck. The wind was much stronger, the ship's deck often being sprinkled by the spray, as she tore through the waves, occasionally veering over as a squall struck and went whistling through the rigging. The clouds flitting by overhead, grew darker and thicker, the rumbling sound in the distance, told of the proximity of a thunder storm, and it was evident that it would not be long coming, for in the distance a line of mist appeared, rapidly approaching the vessel, and often a streak of fire would dart through it, painfully vivid to the eye.

There was a great flurry aboard the ship, making ready for the storm.

Soon it came tearing along, Ned saw an immense wave which seemed to reach as high as the masts, over their heads, and springing to a rope took a turn with it around his body as the water dashed over the vessel. He thought his last moment had come, and it had come, when the wave went by it was quickly followed by another, each was stronger than the former, till poor Ned was tossed and thrown about till he fell exhausted and fainting to the deck, and before their very eyes was carried like a cork from the vessel and disappeared to rise no more.

In an hour the storm passed over, and left the ship a total wreck, all masts gone and half the men carried away, and but for a passing vessel, their fate would have been hard to conjecture. The Captain with his wife and child were saved, and when he reached home, he at once started out to break the news to poor Ned's mother.

The coach stopped opposite the farm house and he walked to the door and knocked; no answer. Knocked again, still no answer, and turning away he espied a man coming down the road. Accosting him, he asked where the people were that lived in that house. The man answered, "They are dead, Mr. Flintcy was taken suddenly ill during one night, and at noon the next day was dead. Mrs. Flintcy, followed the next day. It is thought that her husband's drinking, caused her son Ned to run away and that the death of her husband caused congestion of the heart. The Captain turned sorrowfully away, murmuring, "my God what a fearful ending, and all caused by that curse, *Rum*."

THE END.

# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

## THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

FINAL ISSUE.

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

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

**PATRONS.**—To those *who have* assisted us in the past, in the way of Poetry, Essays, Sketches, Stories, Puzzles, etc., and more particularly Subscriptions, we wish to convey our sincere thanks, and if, in the future, we can be of any use in our simple way, please remember.

Yours in the interest of 'Dom,

( HENRY DORE.  
Managers. } JOHN CALDER.  
                  } ARTHUR LAWRENCE.

### FAREWELL.

Friends; it is our sorrowful duty to say Farewell. In this, the last issue of the TRUMPET, we wish to express our deep regret in having to retire from the arena of Journalism. Although our editorial career has been attended with some trouble and difficulty, we begin to appreciate its pleasures, as the moment for parting approaches.

The TRUMPET owes its existence to the strenuous, and determined efforts of its first editor and manager, Louis N. Geldert, who, during the first six months of its publication, conducted it with such ability, that it cleared all expenses, and left a small surplus in the hands of the order after which the paper is named. During his occupation of the editorial chair, the paper was not only a success financially, but was also a creditable temperance organ, and a really good specimen of an amateur journal.

The departure of its first editor and the change from a manager to managers was a sad blow to the TRUMPET, and numbers instead of being a benefit, left it in a worse condition than before. The lively interest at first manifested in its welfare died out, as everything seems to do in Windsor, and left it in a precarious state. The suspicion of its backwardness was verified by a committee appointed to inquire into its financial condition, who found, that from the commencement of the second half year to the last issue, it had been carried on at a loss, which of course had to be taken from the funds of the order. With this fact in view, and with very poor prospects of improving its condition, it was decided to close the TRUMPET at the end of the year.

The TRUMPET was ably managed and presented a fine appearance when in the hands of A. M. Hoare, but owing to circumstances, the finances could not be managed by him.

He also has left us, but not to remain silent, for no doubt the cause of amateur-

dom which is growing stronger every day, will be by him, as strongly advocated and as widely disseminated as ever.

In giving this, our last number of the TRUMPET as with previous issues, it is our desire to satisfy our friends that we have made the paper a success, as an amateur journal, and if we fail to stand as satisfactory in your estimation, we are sorry that our labour has been in vain, but if we have your approval, the pleasure it will give us cannot be overestimated, and you may be assured that we have done our best to merit this reward. We can no longer assist as a TRUMPET the great cause, for its *last notes are spent*, but individually we are still with it, and wish it God speed.

### CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT.

Hants County is to have an opportunity at last to vote for this Act. Those who were present in the Temperance Hall a few weeks ago, and heard the Lecture delivered by Mr. Hutchings, were doubtless satisfied that the Scott Act is far superior to the old Act now in force.

Mr. Hutchings is Lecturer of the Grand Division, and had been lecturing in Digby previous to his stay in Windsor. As is well known the "Scott Act" was carried there by a very large majority, and even in districts where it was supposed that there would be great opposition, the results of the voting showed but little.

The advantages of the Scott Act, as explained by the Lecturer, are many. One very important clause is that there is no appeal, excepting before two justices of the peace. The right of appeal in the old law caused a great deal of unnecessary delay and expense in case of prosecution, and very few cared to prosecute, even with the most direct evidence.

When there is suspicion that liquor is kept in houses, rooms, closets, they can be entered, and if the doors are locked, can be forced, and all liquors seized. It is not necessary to prove that liquor was payed for, and the fines are \$50 for the first offence, \$100 next, or three months imprisonment; and whether sold by proprietor, clerk or agent it amounts to the same. Any house, shop, bar, counter, etc., used for liquor, when found shall be looked upon as unlawful, and the owner fined, unless the property is proved otherwise.

It is required of the county wishing to adopt this Act, a requisition signed by one fourth of the electors, and after it is satisfactorily proved, a proclamation is issued by the Governor-General stating time for voting, and the majority of all votes cast, decide the question.

On December 7th, a Convention is to be held, consisting of representatives from all Temperance bodies in the County, to make arrangements for taking a vote on this Act.

### A Word to the Fathers and Mothers In this small but brilliant little town.

You are all aware that there is a Section of Cadets in this town. I wish to ask the Fathers and Mothers, if they know of what a Section of Cadets consist. Do not be afraid to send your boys to us. We will not send them out on the street corners to insult every person that passes by, and allow them to get into bad company, which will lead them to the bar-rooms, and then send them packing home to break their parents' hearts after all the trouble and care that they have taken with them. Oh how must parents feel to see their boys walking in the path which leads to destruction.

This is what the Cadets are for - to keep them away from the path of destruction while they are young, and when they grow up they will not depart from it. We will take them into our army of little temperance workers; and will educate them how to do business, prepare them for the coming generation so that they can legislate for us and be the commercial men of the times.

Fathers and Mothers do send your sons to us if you want them to make their mark in the world. For we are the ones which can prepare them for the great battle against the world, the flesh and the devil. We have made a move in reference to a reading room. Do you not think that it is a move in the right directions. It will be a place for the boys of the Section to go on the cold winter evenings instead of standing on the street corners snow balling every person that happens to pass by. This is not only good for to keep them off of the street, but will lead them to take an interest in the work that is done inside the Section Room. Altogether it will be a great benefit to the town. All the Fathers and Mothers who want to see their sons follow in the path which I before stated, do not give us anything towards procuring a Reading Room; and on the other hand, all the parents who want to see their boys grow up to be honest, upright temperance citizens, please hand their subscriptions in at once, small favors thankfully received. We do not wish money in all cases. Some Papers, Books, and Magazines are what we want. Come forward all you public benefactors. Don't be like old Drastus Steele who wouldn't give poor Cyrus Caucas even a rope to hang himself with. Be true Public Benefactors. Don't forget us, don't forget us.

Yours in the bonds of T., V. & T.,

A CADET,

Windsor, N. S.

# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

## ITEM-GRAPHS.

—The N. S. A. P. & P. A. meet in Clifton Hotel January 5th, 1888.

—The largest amateur paper we have seen as yet, is *The Border Amateur*, and it is really a handsome sheet. Union is strength.

—How can I become a member of the N. S. A. P. & P. A? I heard a young lady remark. Why Miss, its easy enough. Prove your interest in the cause by writing an essay, poem, story, sketch or puzzle, and you are at once qualified. Its easy enough. Try, and see if it is'nt.

—James Roosevelt—Your MSS. was received, but we cannot accept it, as this is the last issue of the TRUMPET. We would have taken it with pleasure but for this reason.

—“Can you Fish—Patty?” enquired a swain of his adored. “Yes, and I can Slap—Jack,” said she, suiting the action to the word. “Well,” howled he, “that’s a nupm confession.”

—The second number of the *Tablet* has reached us and its fine appearance reflects great credit upon its editor, Geo. E. Frye. The Puzzle Department, or “Puzzler’s Piazza,” edited by ‘Daisy Deane,’ is also splendid.

WANTED.—Short hand correspondents. Address “Quizzell,” P. O. Box 159, Windsor, N. S.

PERSONAL.—We are sorry to hear that Geo. M. Sweet is quite ill from bleeding of the lungs, and hope his sickness will be of short duration. The news of his full recovery will be received with joy by his many friends.

TO WINDSORIANS.—Is Windsor going to say that they can’t publish an amateur paper? Has it to be admitted that a town of 4000 inhabitants cannot find energy enough among its rising generation to keep a paper like the TRUMPET alive? No, surely not. If we are going to issue a paper we want about 200 subscribers, and now stir yourselves up, and don’t let us be behind the age. Send along your subs and don’t be so mean, that for the sake of 3 cents you’d rather borrow a paper than buy one.

W. C. T. U.—At the anniversary of the Women’s Christian Temperance Union, in Temperance Hall, on Tuesday evening, a Public Entertainment was given. The Programme being Choir Music and Solos, Readings, Recitations, Speeches, etc. The Hall was crowded, and the Entertainment was a success in every respect.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[To the Editor of the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

Woolville, N. S., Nov. 25th.

SIR:—It was with no small amount of regret that I learned, upon my short and flying visit to Windsor, that you had decided to discontinue the TRUMPET.

Having been so long and so closely connected with it; having the honor of writing its first editorial, while acting as associate with brother Geldert, and then when he whom we styled “our late lamented” left us, having for a brief period taken the editorial chair, it is not to be wondered at that I felt a deep interest in its welfare.

As a boys’ paper, it was not fair to expect so much from us as some skeptical minds did expect, but we can only say we did our best.

If our paper did any good we think the credit should all be given to the Section, who so generously supplied every want when asked for, and who did all they could to make THE TRUMPET a success.

If any felt aggrieved at any items which appeared in it, we challenge them to prove them false. Too many persons wore caps which were made for others, and what was still stranger the fit was often perfect.

All we can say is “Go and sin no more,” or in other words, if you hadn’t been there you would not have got hit.

Hoping to some day see a larger and better paper appear, bearing at its head the motto “Truth, Virtue and Temperance” and being conducted by Victoria Section No. 13, Cadets of Temperance, and wishing you, Mr. Editor, and the Section God-speed in this great and noble cause,

I remain

Yours in J. P. and F., and O. F. S.,

T. HARRY GREENE.

## ESSAY ON TEMPERANCE.

BY A WINDSOR BOY.

The cause of Temperance, is at present, strongly agitated in Nova Scotia, and why is it so? Not because it looked upon in a favourable light, but for the reason— which is plain to any reasonable thinker—that it is a curse, and one of the worst evils we have to fight against.

Intemperance spares no one from innocent childhood to venerable old age, all have felt its influence. It is an evil, that where once encouraged will cling to us through life and will surely conquer, if we do not dash it down.

Look at the drunkard, what happiness is there in his home. By its use it brings him and his family to poverty and degradation, and too often to suicide, and what is the suffering of the body to that of the soul, for the Bible says “No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of heaven.”

Nine crimes out of ten that are committed can be traced to liquor, and I cannot understand why the fearful evil is tolerated.

Women are sufferers also by the effects of this evil, for a man when under its influence is often changed to a demon, and the poor mother and children suffer, not only by abuse, but by being robbed of the common necessaries of life.

The amount of crime, misery, and suffering, to be seen in the principal cities at the present day, from the effects of Intemperance is fearful; and the world is arriving at the thought that something must be done. Before many years, I firmly believe that Intemperance, as other great evils in the past will be swept from the face of the earth.

## The Accessory.

Did the people of Windsor, or of any other place where there is a license law, ever realize, or attempt to realize what they really did in licensing a man to sell liquor?

If a thief comes to a Judge and says, “I will give you so much per cent of my gains if you will not commit me,” or if a judge says, “Give me so much or I will put you in the hands of Justice;” would that thief, by so doing, make himself less criminal in the sight of God and man, or would that judge satisfy the demands of the law by so doing? No; every one says no. That judge, by taking the “rewards of iniquity,” would make himself a partner in the crime, a thief. He is hiding the criminal from justice, and the law makes him an accessory, a thief also, a receiver of stolen goods. Now if a druggist supplies a man with poison without a doctors order, and by so doing the man is poisoned, the law looks to the druggist.

But here are rum-sellers living by lawful murder, growing fat on the life-blood of their fellow creatures, sending their brothers to hell for money, money. No drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

But here the Corporation steps in between God and this human devil and says, “You get so much on an average a soul from the devil; that is murder to sell your brother so, worse than murder; however, if you give me so much a year I will shield you from the laws of man, and stand to your back before God.” Do they not become as truly partners in the crime of the rum-seller by taking part of his gains, as the man in the example does the thief? For so much the judge allows the thief to go on in his stealing; for so much, the Corporation allow the rum-seller to go on in his murdering. Would not the judge in default of his blackmail punish the thief, will not the Corporation in default of the

# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

license punish the rum-seller for selling liquor—how—without paying up his blackmail.

For a paltry sum then the community take upon themselves, share the wickedness of these human beings, and make themselves accessories to all the crimes, all the murders, all the fighting, all the cursing, all the poverty and starvation which lie at the door of the rumseller. At the BAR OF JUDGMENT will they not have to take hold of his hand and say, *we allowed him*. "If it was not because we wanted the money we would have stopped him."

Now, people of Windsor, could you, dare you, at the *Throne of God*, say other than this; dare you lie before the *Almighty*. And while God in his kindness gives you the opportunity to, makes you the instruments for, dare you refuse to cast out of your midst this accursed thing? Will you keep this wedge of gold, and Babalonish garment in your midst, and bring down a curse on us, on your children? You can cast it out, but you are afraid. But still, you MUST do it.

Often have we wished we were men, in order to have more influence; often have we been sneered at because we are boys, but thank God we will not have to stand in front of the drunkard, the suicide, the murderer, and say, "WE DID IT."

M. G. C.

## TOUGH KNOTS.

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

Address farewell letters and consolation cards to E. U. Reka, late CADETS' TRUMPET, Windsor N. S., P. O. Box 260.

### ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER KNOTS.

No. 1.—Cardin. No. 2.—Be not among wine biblers, among riotous eaters of flesh. No. 3.—There is always room at the top. No. 4.—St. John. Beaver, Salmon. No. 5.—I see (I'SE) you overrate my (1000 M) abilities (T's).

Correct answers.—Nos. 4 and 5—B. V. Chisholm. Nos. 1 and 4—Jack o'M.

### No. 1.—CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

My 1st is in Stool, but not in Chair.  
 " 2nd " beautiful " fair,  
 " 3rd " horse " dog  
 " 4th " toad " frog,  
 " 5th " some " all,  
 " 6th " big " small  
 " 7th " coat " hat  
 " 8th " mouse " rat  
 " 9th " barn " stable  
 " 10th " lounge " table,

My whole is a town if you carefully look, you will find it in Europe so examine the book.

Little Dorritt. Windsor, N. S.

### No. 2.—CONUNDRUM.

What is the difference between the CADETS' TRUMPET and a Windsor Grog Shop?

Salus. Windsor, N. S.

### No. 3.—TRANSPOSITION.

We are afraid the following seems to be appropriate now in Windsor.

Uro niwd si hifsinde,  
 Hte Muttrep is mudb,  
 Wond thiw hte Pretnaceme,  
 Dan pu hitw het **RMU**.

Give us a drap. Windsor, N. S.

### No. 4.—DIAMOND.

A letter; a chum; having a scalp; a model; a kind of boat; a testator; a gift; nearer; a consonant.

Benu Sprit. Nova Scotia.

### No. 5.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

B-c-h-s S-i U-T T-E  
 T-U-P-T "G-T" A-D T-E  
 T-U-P-T "G-T"

Pan. Windsor, N. S.

### ANSWERS TO DECEMBER KNOTS.

No. 1.—Strasbourg. No. 2.—The CADETS' TRUMPET is stopped, because the people will not keep it up; while a Windsor Grog Shop is kept up because the people will not stop it.

No. 3.—Our wind is finished,  
 The TRUMPET is dumb;  
 Down with Temperance,  
 Up with the RUM.

No. 4.— C  
 PAL  
 PATED  
 PARACON  
 CATAMARAN  
 LEGATOR  
 DORON  
 NAR  
 N

No. 5.—Bacchus said unto the Trumpet "git," and the Trumpet "got."

### PUZZLE ENDOMS.

Ladies and Knights,—If you are in the habit of beginning on the first page of a paper and reading until you reach the last, you will have found that this is the last issue, the final toot of the CADETS' TRUMPET.

Owing to the scarcity of names on the subscription list, we are compelled to bring to an end our intercourse with you through our column and a half of Puzzlers' Chit-Chat, and although our regrets are many and sincere, we will have to bid farewell to you.

If you remember, it was our intention to institute a series of degrees which were to be given to the best Puzzle Solver for the six months beginning with August, 1880.

It is our pleasure to announce that B. Caws has earned the appendage of C. P. R. Tecumseh, that of C. P. W., and Gigge, that of C. P. B., and in case of the republication of the TRUMPET, at any future time, they will receive all deference in regard to their rank as puzzlers.

We will also request the Puzzle Editor of the *Tablet*, that, when the above Noms de Plume appear in this department of that paper, he insert after them their respective handles.

So with these last few words of parting as we have arrived at the bottom of the last column in the CADETS' TRUMPET, we will wish you a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year," joy, prosperity,

and after saying farewell! adieu! good bye! and So-long, we will subscribe, for the last time, our Nom de Plume,

E. U. REKA.