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# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

An Amateur Monthly Devoted to Temperance.

Vol. 2. WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA, SEPTEMBER, 1880. No. 2.

## Your Friend.

The friend who holds a mirror to your face,  
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace  
Your fault, your smallest blemishes within;  
Who friendly warns, reproves you if you sin—  
Although it seems not so—he is your friend.

But he who, ever flattering, gives you praise,  
But ne'er rebukes, nor censures, nor delays  
To come with eagerness and grasp your hand,  
And pardon you, 'ere pardon you demand—  
He is your enemy, though he seems your friend.

*Youth's Companion*

[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

## WOMEN AND ALCOHOL.

EFFIE G.

Since the inauguration of the temperance movement, more especially in these latter times, women have always been firm advocates, and earnest workers in the temperance cause.

Their hand and voice, however feeble, has been raised in the great and noble work of suppressing this giant evil *intemperance*, and in helping to rescue and save some poor unfortunate from its fatal grasp, and in many cases their noble and self-sacrificing efforts have proved successful.

I am sorry to say this terrible drinking custom is not confined to man alone, but it has fastened its shackles around the more tender sex, and with its iron grasp it clutches the poor victim in its cold and deadly embrace.

Women under the influence of liquor, act with more inhumanity than man. Let me portray, however feebly, a scene which came under my own personal observation:—

'Twas evening, and the setting sun had just shed its departing rays o'er the city. I was enjoying an after tea stroll, combining an act of charity with pleasure, having promised to call upon an invalid friend, I took the opportunity, while it was fine, to do as I had promised.

Being in no especial hurry I strolled leisurely toward my destination, which lay in the most thickly populated portion of the city.

In passing a low hovel, whose exterior presented quite a dirty appearance, the windows cracked and broken, the apertures being filled with old clothes and crownless hats, which peered forth in sombre silence as if indicating the wretched state of the interior.

Attracted by this unattractive hovel, I stopped and wondered if the inmates were alive or dead.

I had not long to wait, for hardly had this thought entered my mind, before the door, begrimed with rust and dust, swung open and from it issued forth a most pitiable specimen of humanity.

The face was pale and haggard, the eyes bloodshot; the hair dishevelled, and every appearance indicated that its unhappy possessor was addicted to drinking. Looking more closely, I observed it was a woman.

Her body was poorly clad, a threadbare shawl enveloped her head and shoulders; her feet were covered with worn out boots from which her bare toes poked forth.

Becoming more interested in this deplorable object, my curiosity was aroused, and I determined to see whither she went, and discover, if possible, her motives.

Pulling a paper from my pocket, I pretended to be deeply absorbed in reading, at the same time I kept an eye on the woman, and keenly watched every movement.

For a moment she hesitated, seeming somewhat confused at seeing me, but it was only for a moment, when recovering herself she started in the direction of a tavern, which lay about one hundred yards from her miserable hovel.

In a few moments she reached it, and I observed her drawing from beneath her shawl a small pint bottle. She glanced timidly around and quickly entered. In a minute she re-appeared and was soon on her way home.

I watched her until she re-entered her dingy abode, and then strolled silently towards the residence of my friend, meditating on the evil effects of *Alcohol*.

Such is the occurrence every day in our midst, while we sit idly with folded hands, never attempting to suppress its evil tendencies, or assist in rescuing the victims who are bound in its terrible and deadly clutch.

As temperance workers we are not half enough in earnest. Position in society prevents us from descending to the level of drunkards, and we stand aloof from helping a fallen brother or sister.

To be true temperance workers, we must cast aside earthly pride, and work in the great and noble task of elevating humanity, and saving souls from everlasting destruction.

## A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

AN INCIDENT RELATED BY THE REV. MR. MINARD, IN THE COURSE OF HIS LECTURE.

In a poorly furnished room, on the ground floor of a one story house, a mother sat; and before her knelt her little daughter, scarcely eight years old, in her little white garment, all ready for bed.

Clasping her little hands together, she raised her tearful eyes upward, and repeated, with a voice low and sweet, the little prayer which children first learn when their hearts are as pure as the snow, freshly fallen from heaven.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;  
And should I die before I wake,  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

"And Lord, please bless papa, and make him good, so that he will never go in those bad rum shops any more."

The father, just returning home, after having spent his last cent for liquor, with his brain on fire, paused as he heard the soft clear voice of his child at her evening prayer.

The few words uttered by that little child, did more than sermon or lecture ever did towards softening his heart. The simple little prayer went straight to his soul, and God's holy light illumined it, which had been dark for many years.

The misery and sorrow he had brought upon his home flashed across his brain, like a vivid flash of lightning across the sky, and with tears streaming down his face, he threw open her door.

The little child, with a glad cry, ran to him saying, "I am so glad, papa, that you have come to say good night before I go to sleep."

"Yes, child, I am glad, and thank God that I came home when I did, I heard that little prayer, and with God's help I *will* be a better man."

The man, with the tears still running down his face, turned to his wife, saying, "Mary, can you forgive me and forget the past?"

"Yes, Tom, and I hope you will be a changed man."

A changed man he was from that time, and all caused by the prayers of his little child.

Children, if you have a drunken father or mother, pray without ceasing, and your supplications will be answered.

# 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.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—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.

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AGENTS—All our friends are respectfully solicited to act as our agents. We give 25 per cent CASH commission. Send us 80 cents and get 7 copies to any address for 6 months.

NOTICE! If this notice is marked red, you are requested to subscribe, if blue, exchange.

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Windsor, N. S.

NOTICE.—Any person receiving a copy of this paper, who have 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.

### Editorial.

N. S. A. P. A.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the meeting of the Nova Scotia Amateur Press and Puzzler's Association. The Committee of arrangement, composed of Messrs. Geo. E. Frye, Louis N. Geldert, C. H. Gladwin and J. Frank Newcomb, is a good one, and will, we feel sure, make such arrangements for the entertainment of members attending, as shall prove entirely satisfactory. If those coming from a distance could have places provided for them among amateur friends residing in the city it would, we think, greatly increase the attendance. Some having a long way to go would perhaps be deterred by the fact of having a heavy board bill to meet in the city, whom, if it could be arranged to provide for them at the homes of the boys, would gladly go. Of course we don't mention this for ourselves, but for some who will have from 100 to 300 miles to go to get to Halifax, and consequently pretty large railroad and steamboat fares. We are afraid, at present, that business will prevent our attendance personally, but one at least of the staff will go and support

our views and our ticket. We merely throw out the above hint, and it may be acted upon or not as the committee see fit. That the establishment of an N. S. A. P. & P. A. is in a fair way to become a fact, none will attempt to deny. Amateurs in Nova Scotia have felt for a long time that such a society was greatly needed, and that an impetus to the cause by such a convention will be given that will spread and increase till amateurism will rise to the position it should occupy in the minds of our youth.

### N. S. A. P. A. TICKET.

PRESIDENT,—F. A. GRANT, New Glasgow.

1ST VICE—G. M. SWEET, Newport Station.

2ND VICE—C. H. GLADWIN, Halifax.

3RD VICE—L. N. GELDERT, "  
SECRETARY—W. S. MCLEAN, English-town, C. B.

TREASURER—JOHN S. McDONALD, New Glasgow.

Official Organ :

GENERAL EDITOR,—GEO. E. FRYE, Halifax.

PUZZLE EDITOR,—I. N. HALLIDAY, Wolfville.

SERGEANT AT ARMS—B. V. CHISHOLM, Highland Village.

Next place of Meeting :  
HALIFAX.

### WHAT THE CADETS DO.

This is probably a matter but little understood. To any who have ever belonged to a Division of Sons of Temperance it is very plain, but outside of that there are few who know anything of the workings of a Section.

Come with us for a few moments to visit a Section.

We are ushered in by the gentlemanly Guide, after passing the formidable Guard and Watchman, and then opens before us a most interesting scene.

At the chair sits, with all the dignity of a hoary headed Judge of the Supreme Court, a boy whom, as they rise to speak or to put a motion, the members address as Worthy Archon.

By his side sits the Worthy Patron, a staunch member of the Sons of Temperance, advising, and yet saying as little as possible, leaving to the Archon the conducting of the meeting.

Just now they are discussing an important financial question, and as each rises, and with manly dignity addressing the chair, proceeds with all the earnestness of boyish logic to expound his side of the question, you feel as if our country had needed such an institution long years ago. There the youth of twelve speaks as clear-

ly, and argues as logically as the man of sixty.

There at yonder desk sits the Worthy Secretary and his assistant, both fully intent on taking their notes of the meeting, and had you arrived a little sooner to hear him read those minutes of the previous meeting, you would have found them full, concise and well arranged.

At another desk is the Financial Secretary, and the treasurer, and had you attended the last meeting of the preceding quarter, and heard the reports of the auditors, you would have found that those books were balanced to a cent, and, mark you, these sections frequently handle hundreds of dollars.

Now look at this state of things, and can you blame us for being proud of our Sections—can you help but see that they are the schools of business and public speaking, that shall one day make our town meetings a place worthy of our attendance and conducted with decorum and with something like business precision, instead of, as at present, a scene of riot and brawling, and generally ending in a free fight.

Parents, peruse this carefully. It is to your interest to have your boys grow up so that when you are called upon to hand over to them affairs of home and of country, that you can do it feeling that they shall be maintained with all the honesty, uprightness and integrity which so high a trust deserves.

### The Cadets as Temperance Workers.

It is very evident that the Temperance cause is growing stronger every day, surely crushing the black evil Intemperance under foot.

It is to be hoped that these traps where the young are ruined, the old, degraded, the beautiful blighted, will soon be closed forever, and that the worst evil, or at least as great an evil as we have to contend with, will be removed from the path of the unsuspecting young.

The Victoria Section of Cadets is where the truths of temperance are instilled into the young hearts of the rising generation of our town, learning them to abhor the traffic, the effects of which turn pleasant homes into hells upon earth.

From the work of these institutions is the future welfare of the Temperance cause depending.

If our young are reared in true temperance principles, our leading men in a few years will be temperate; but if the opposite, what will be the results. Murder, robbery and rowdiness will predominate, our streets cannot be traversed by peaceably disposed men, laying aside the danger to women.

With these views in mind, no right feeling man or woman should hesitate to assist the Cadets in their work, but should encourage them by word and action to persevere in this noble cause.

# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

W. A. J. C.

## A DECIDED FAILURE.

We were on hand at the office on the evening of the 18th, but no amateurs were to be seen. So, after a few minutes, we adjourned indefinitely.

Amateurism in Windsor is, like a worm, sadly in need of a back-bone.

Our boys don't care much about anything except ice cream and cake. Writing and puzzling requires too much mental exertion for them, and they would a vast deal rather read than write.

Geldert was about the only energetic amateur we had, and he has left us to creep along at a snail's pace, till we fall down and forget to go on, and then we'll be fit for an early funeral. No flowers.

## Windsor Debating Club.

A Debating Society was organized in Windsor, last month, with a charter membership of twelve, which, it is expected, will soon increase to twenty-five or more.

The following list of officers have been elected: Andrew W. Pattison, President; John F. Herbin, Vice President; Guy B. Da-in, Secretary; Geo. A. Allen, Treasurer.

This gives promise of being a live society, and will probably do much good in teaching our young men to argue a subject rationally and logically, and make a fit speech when called upon to do so.

They have engaged a room, and fitted it up in good style, and all looks well for their future prosperity.

**CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.**—The eighth annual session of the Grand Section of Nova Scotia commenced in the Division Room, Tuesday evening. A number of representatives were present from the country, and twelve new members were initiated. The reports of the Grand Officers were read, and referred to the different committees. The following named persons have been elected officers of the Grand Section Cadets of Temperance, for the ensuing year:—

Grand Worthy Patron—Thomas Hutchings, Halifax.

Grand Associate Patron—G. H. McKinlay, Richmond.

Grand Secretary—John E. Hills, Halifax.

Grand Treasurer—Wm. Foster,

Grand Chaplain—H. Mumford, Richmond.

Grand Archon—A. J. Lawrence, Windsor.

Grand Guide—Richard Fleming,

Grand Watchman—Geo. McElhiney, Windsor.

The Grand Section got through with a quantity of routine business, and finally adjourned between 11 and 12 o'clock, p. m. The Past Grand Secretary, Mr. C. Sterling, who so efficiently filled the office for seven years, was presented with a handsome morocco writing desk, as a recognition of his long and gratuitous service. The present was acknowledged by the recipient. After the adjournment, the whole Grand Section proceeded to Mitchell's, and pleasantly passed half an hour in discussing refreshments.—*Halifax Paper.* Good enough.—Ed.

## ITEM-GRAPHS.

—Go away! Naughty boy!!

—Oft on a stilly night—?

—Now is the time to subscribe.

—Hurrah for the N. S. A. P. & P. A., and Grant for President!

—Daisy must be gone on somebody, to stay till he is sent home.

—A popular sign of the times in Halifax, Ales, Wines and Liquors.

—The Pic-nic and colic season has been fully up to the average so far.

—Hurrah for the Division Pic-nic, to Avonport, on the — inst.

—We are glad to learn that all looks favorable for the N. S. A. P. A., in Halifax.

—General Scoboloff visited Count Pull-downyourvestski.—*London Paper.* Do tell.

—Oh, no, Grant! Miss— Joliette is not quite as solemn as you thought. "Still water runs deep."

—Two is company, three is a crowd; and yet some people we have met are awfully nearsighted.

—Why does Windsor not need street lamps? Don't ask Mr.— and Miss—, 'cause they'd blush.

—If Lo is don't shave off that ponderous beard, none of the girls will look at him. Eh! Annie?

—What a degree of solemnity there is in taking a stroll through the New Cemetery on Sunday afternoon.

—Who said Mr.— went to a certain village and got drunk? Queer about that spruce beer, is it not?

—X. L. C. R., we were awfully shocked to see you so familiar with Annie and Ellie, at the Halifax Cemetery, on the 8th.

—Our General Agent, in Halifax, is Louis N. Gelder, Care Mahon Bros. So send in your subscriptions quick.

**QUERY.**—Is there anything wrong in a young lady taking a young man's arm if the night is a little moonlit? Don't all answer at once.

—We could not resist a smile when our Worthy Chaplain innocently remarked that he was talking to a girl at Parrsboro.' Oh, George! you of all others. Alas!

—Some of the smartness of the boys of the Section verges greatly into silliness, and yet they can't see it. Do stop it, for strangers think you don't know any better.

—The Presbyterian Sabbath School held their Annual Picnic, on the enchanting grounds at Meander. We might say that a better spot for pic-nics cannot be found.

—Geldert has deserted us rather shamefully. Since he left, we have not seen even his autograph. Come Lou, wake up and send us a long sub. list dating from August to December.

**ANOTHER QUERY.**—Is it not a clear evidence of bad breeding for people to have their heads out of windows, listening to conversations not intended for them? If it is not you, don't get vexed.

—The Grand Section began its session on Tuesday, Aug. 31st, at Halifax. Victoria Section was represented by Brothers W. A., C. Curry; P. W. A., R. Fleming; P. W. A., Dore; P. W. A., McElhiney and several others.

**PERSONAL.**—Brother Newton Hamilton, of Acadia Section, Halifax, honored Victoria Section with a friendly visit, on Friday Evening, August 20th, 1880. We had flying visits from Giggie, Halifax, Dick Shunary, Newport Station, and several others this month.

**PIC-NIC.**—Victoria section held their Annual Pic-nic on Tuesday, Aug. 17th, at Parrsboro'. Owing to several disappointments, and the postponement on account of His Excellency's visit to Windsor, the attendance was not as large as could have been wished, but all appeared to enjoy themselves. The day being exceptionally fine, the trip down the Basin was really enjoyable.

—While standing at a certain corner, we overheard the following:—

**SHE.**—"Since that mean little TRUMPET editor has gone, a person can breath freely."

**HE.**—"Yes, dearest, you can call me your sweet if you like, and not have all the County know it."

**SHE.**—"Yes, oh, ain't it nice to thus feel free!"

**HE.**—"No! let me imprison you in my arms."

**SHE.**—"Looking around in a fright, "Yes, but—"

**HE.**—"What fools these mortals be."

# THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

—No one would think that Phtholognyrrh spelled Turner, but a Vassar College girl proves it in this way; Phth, as in phthisic, is T; olo, as in colonel, is ur, gn, as in gnat, is n; yrrh, as in myrrh, is er.—*V. Companion.*

—The Right Hon. Sir William Gladstone, was overheard to remark to the Right Hon. Benj. Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, that that exquisite Temperance Journal, *THE CADETS' TRUMPET* would be sent to any address for the small sum of fifteen cents.

STILL ANOTHER.—Is it proper, or according to the laws of the town, to allow young men to line both sides of the sidewalk, and make it very embarrassing for ladies to pass them? Of course we don't mean Curry's Corner, or the corner of Albert and King Streets.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Please notice the change in our Post Office Box from 70 to 260. You will also confer a great favor by addressing to each department, whether editorial, business or puzzle, Cadets' Trumpet Pub. Co., as when addressed to us individually the matter is liable to become mislaid or lost.

LECTURE.—The Rev. Mr. Minard delivered a very eloquent and interesting Lecture, before the W. T. Reform Club, on the subject of "Temperance." The Lecture was pronounced, by all who heard it, as being one of very high order. We publish in another column, a short extract from the Lecture.

—For the benefit of those who imagine they have as much to say and do in the TRUMPET office as ourselves, we would just say that we have lately imported a Smith's Patent Automatic, Self-acting, Copper fastened, Double and twisted, Irresistible Bouncer, and all intruders will be despatched with haste as soon as they arrive. A word to the foolish is sufficient.

—The minister stopped at a house last week, and sought to improve the time by giving an eight year old boy an instructive lesson in morality. "My boy," said the minister, "I have lived forty-five years, and have never used tobacco in any form, nor told a lie, nor uttered an oath, nor played truant, nor—" "Giminy crickety," interrupted the boy, "Yer ain't had no fun at all, have yer?"—*Ex.*

—A NEW PAPER.—The *Boys Ensign* is a new amateur journal from New Glasgow published by A. A. Stewart and J. W. McKaracher. Typographically it presents a very neat appearance, and editorially it is a complete success. We would prefer to see it all original however, as the amount

of brains required for using a paste pot and scissors is not generally very large. However the *Boys Ensign* is a paper New Glasgow and amateurdom can justly be proud of and we wish it every success.

—It is a matter of much amusement to see how Windsor girls love to "buzz" a stranger visiting the town. We have seen several instances lately, and some were quite affecting. A "giddy young lady" had a gay time with a certain editor, and another young man was speedily monopolized by at least half-a-dozen. Now girls we like to see people enjoy themselves by all means, but please remember that you are not thought any more highly of for thus freely expressing your love for the boys

—YOUTHFUL PIE-EAT-TRY.—A certain lady in Windsor made a fine large pie for the Sunday's dinner. After successfully baking it, she placed it out in the back porch to cool. A youngster, prowling around, seeking what he might devour, and having a splendid depository, with a spring lid, for pie, espied the luscious dainty and in the excitement of the moment scooped out the whole inside. We understand that some very pie-ous remarks were made upon the discovery of the pie-tastrophe and in a certain locality, shingles were laid upon the summer seat of a youngster at the rate of sixty streaks to the minute. This story has a moral, but we have forgotten it.

## 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 260, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES.—No. 1.—Tassel; Attune; Stormy; Surged; Enmete; Leyden.—No. 2.—1 2 3 4 5; 2 3 4 5 7; 3 4 5 1 2; 4 5 1 2 3; 5 1 2 3 4.—No. 3.—Wade, Area; Dens; East.—No. 4.—Subscribe for the CADETS' TRUMPET, the only Temperance Amateur in the Dominion.—No. 5.—Highest List 104.

PRIZE WINNER.—Best list; Solon.

No. 1.—DIAMOND.

My 2nd cannot be part of my 3rd, but my 3rd is my 4th to my 2nd, my 1st and last are my last and first.  
Berwick, Highlands, N. S. A. Corn,

No. 2.—NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

I am composed of 10 letters, my 1, 2, 6, 8, 9, 10, is frolicsome, my 3, 4, 5, 6, is part

of the human leg, my 7, 2, 3, 4, is a cut, my whole is a prominent city in the United States.

Windsor, N. S.

Solon.

No. 3.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

Nuote em gamon het slaide fo lete gouth nstko.

Windsor, N. S.

Caper Sauce.

No. 4.—CONUNDRUM.

What is the difference between the Cadets of Temperance and the *Windsor Mail*?

Windsor N. S.

Seles.

No. 5.—HIDDEN ANIMALS.

Find an animal, in each of the following lines:—

1st—Listen to the ding of the bells.

2nd—Never buy a kettle with a hole in the bottom.

3rd Abhor serfdom; love freedom.

London, Eng.

Hott B. N. Tot.

PRIZES.

For first solution of No. 1, a prize of ten cents will be given. For first solution of the others we will give

bankrupt!

PUZZLE—ENDUMS.

*Caper Sauce* and *Solon*—Glad to welcome you, would be pleased to receive further contributions.—*A. Corn*—Your puzzle is very hard, but we like the style, and the *accompaniment*.—*Tony*—Received your epistle and want some more.—*B. Caws*—Letter all right, likewise the answers.—Ladies and Knights,—Wont you help us out of the mud, we are very short of puzzles this month, and shall have to trust to you to come out better next time. So send in a few cons. Don't be backward. Remember, if you are a good puzzle contributor you will receive the TRUMPET free.

E. U. REKA.

P. S.—Half a dozen have entered for the badges. The more the merrier.

E. U. R.

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