

THE CADETS' TRUMPET.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Written for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

THE SPARKLING BOWL.

BY TREDLEC.

Avaunt! Avaunt! Thou sparkling bowl,
A scorpion to thy side does cling;
Away! away! for in thy depths,
The serpent's head is plainly seen.

Why dost thou tempt the human race?
On man's frail earth, thou should'st not dwell;
Why do you lead our Adam's son,
To misery, ruin, death and hell?

Thou Demon! when first man's frail craft,
Was launched upon the sea of time,
In thine own image thou wast there,
And brought to our first parents, crime.

And now since sin has brought on death,
And they are turned to mortal men;
Thou tempt them in the sparkling wine,
And ruin their after life for them.

Thou liquid fire! so like the fire
That glows on Mayall's scorching top.
Monks! away! I'll touch thee not,
Though unknown riches fills thy cup.

ORIGINAL STORY.

[Written expressly for the CADETS' TRUMPET.]

PHIL AND I.

BY SINBAD.

Once upon a time, in the year '77, I think, we, Phil and I, went fishing. We left home about 7.30 o'clock a. m., and went to the W. & A. R. Depot, where we embarked for Newport Station, about 7 miles away.

We were not long going the 7 miles, and as soon as we landed at Newport we started upon the track for the St. Croix river, which is the outlet of the Ponchook Lakes. We reached the bank of the river, and descending to the side of the water, began one of the roughest journeys it has ever been my lot to travel.

The first mishap was when I trod on a round stone, exceedingly shiny, and covered with moss. I struggled for a few seconds suspended in air, with only the clear blue arch of heaven above me, and nothing to speak of under me except several feet below, a large water hole. Then I descended, and Phil was startled by a smothered howl and a great splash, these being the first intimations he had received of the little skow going on behind him. He gallantly plunged to the rescue, and the thanks he received when he deposited me on a stump at the side of the hole was,

"What in thunder did you 'puff' my hair so hard for?" He started off in high dudgeon, but had gone scarce half a dozen yards when I heard a yell, and looking up, I beheld him seated among a lot of huge boulders with a dazed, rueful, serio-comic expression on his face, and rubbing in turn his shins and the back of his head. The scene was too much for my gravity, and, forgetting in an instant my own unhappy plight, I laid back and roared with laughter. My fun, however, was of short duration, and I was speedily brought back to a realization of the fact that

"This world is all a fleeting show."

For before I knew what was up, Phil had me drawn across a large rock, and was industriously engaged in beating the water out of my pants with a nice supple stick. His ardour in that direction, however, soon cooled, and we again started on our way, going some distance without further mishap than an occasional tumble or an emphatic "sit down" which made one's tee-h rattle.

After travelling about fifteen minutes, we came to a likely spot for fish, and Phil started up the bank, which here rose almost perpendicularly for some forty or fifty feet, in quest of some suitable rocks for fishing with. I immediately climbed to the top of a huge boulder, and gazed complacently around on the beautiful landscape. The cliffs thickly studded with great trees, and heavy underbrush, rising from forty to sixty feet, with the river winding along in the little valley like a silver thread, tipped here and there, where a single beam of sunlight made its way through the foliage, with gold. I had just begun to feel poetical, and was on the point of declaiming a few verses from Longfellow, when from away above me, was bourne to my ears, a tremendous crashing and tearing, and occasionally, when the noise would lull for an instant, ejaculatory phrases, not to be found in any dictionary, and therefore not suitable for print. I scrambled out of the way as quickly as possible, and turned to see what was coming. Almost on the instant that I turned, Phil shot out from the underbrush, rolling like a ball, and his course came to a sudden halt by his coming in contact with the great rock on which I had been roosting but the moment before. His breath having deserted him in his rapid descent, it was some minutes before he was able to speak sufficiently to explain how it had occurred.

When he at last regained his breath, he informed me that he had succeeded in finding a splendid rod, and had just given it a slight pull to disengage it, when he lost his balance and came tumbling down.

He was not hurt beyond a few scratches and bruises. After taking a short rest to recuperate our strength, we decided to abandon the project of fishing in that place, and to proceed direct to the village. We went on again all right till we found ourselves hemmed in by a high cliff which ran close to the water's edge, leaving no path for a person to walk in. We had no alternative but to either make a raft and navigate across to the other side, or to go back about a half a mile to where the river was shallow enough to be forded.

After an interesting pow-wow, it was decided to make a raft, and we went immediately to work.

We worked hard, and in ten minutes we had a raft built, using up, in the operation, all the loose wood in the vicinity. But alas! when tested it will bear but one, and we are again in a fix. But stop! Phil can go over first, take the raft up stream a little way, and then shove it hard enough to send it back to me.

No sooner proposed than carried out; Phil crosses the rapid stream safely, and then the shove is given. The raft cracks and bends, but still holds together and is rapidly borne by the current towards me. As it draws near I prepare to catch it, and at just the right moment I make a desperate effort to reach it. The effort is too much for my equilibrium, and tottering for an instant on the brink, I plunge again into the depths, with that same awful splash and that same smothered howl, only intensified by the greater cause.

I somehow manage to get to the bank, and clutching the hanging vines and roots which project over the edge of the water, I pull myself ashore, completely disgusted with the world in general, and fishing on the St. Croix in particular.

We were now worse off than ever. But there was no alternative but to go back to the ford, which we finally reached, and hastily rushing across, I flung myself on the grass and lay there completely exhausted. We had had enough of river bank travelling, and opening our basket, proceeded to partake of a hearty lunch, which had become well soaked during my involuntary baths, I carrying the luncheon

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