

The Jungle



LOVE'S LABOUR—"LOST!"

Dick's in love, my ! 'tis strange
Cupid could have shot him.
But he did 'tis very true,
Winnie she had caught him.

At a match not long ago,—
Time and place agreeing ;
Dickie saw his sweetheart home.—
Both were quite unseeing.

Met her papa at the door,
Winnie introduced him,
Papa had a little chill,
Both of them excused him.

Papa slowly turned within,
Cast a look behind him,
Dickie failed to take the hint,—
Winnie did remind him.

! ! ! "Goodnight dear,"
Dickie in a daze
Stumbled to the rendezvous,
Thoughts were all a maze.

Dickie lost his *lonesome* way,
Stopped at Rochford Square,
All at sea to where he was,
Saw two ladies fair.

Set aright,—he plodded back,
Told his tale of woe ;—
Vowed at night to King Street East,
Never more to go.

Moral

Stick to old St. Dunstan's, boys,
Fear small Cupid's dart,
It can pierce the strongest mail
To mortally wound the heart.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

The team was in the city, and Russel too, of course,
And Father O——was in full charge, you bet his voice
was hoarse

From reprimands hurled at us boys, who bent on mischief were,

For we had figured on this night to start a little stir.

At last persuasion had effect, we snuggled in our beds,
And as experience teaches best we covered up our heads.

A peaceful silence quickly fell on each reclining form,

“Twas then that I remembered that a calm precedes a storm.

The guileless keeper was deceived and turned the lights
down low,

And passed from out our humble sphere to other climes
below.

A cannonade commenced with zest, tin cans and bottles
crashed

With defeating roar on wall and floor, a window pane
was smashed.

White basins circled high o'erhead, white pitchers rolled
galore,

White faces showed their untold glee, white walls were
white no more,

White sheets did cover grisly forms, white hands were
raised on high,

While sharp and clear to pierce the ear I heard the Doc
Bird cry.

The lights flashed on, Authority stood in silent, awful
mien,

“Deliver me the culprit bold,” I demand, “if him you’ve
seen.”

A deathly silence set its seal on the most loquacious
there,

Not a whisper broke the deadly calm,—I said a heart-
felt prayer.

“I’ll give you five short minutes now, so render him
to me,
And when that time is up, my boys, if he’s not here
we’ll see
If midnight study will increase your zeal for spotless
truth,
Come, all of you, be gentlemen,—was it you my friend,
good sooth?”

He angrily strode up and down between the rows of
beds,
His eyes flashed fire at every step, his wrath fell on our
heads,
Some loudly snored as if asleep, “Time’s up!” our morn-
ing call,
“Benedicamus Domino ”—upon my ears did fall.

There was hurrying to and fro and parting in hot haste,
While human scarecrows stalked about with boots and
shoes unlaced.
And then the call to arms did sound, the muster roll was
read,
A solemn silence reigned around, each sadly shook his
head.

The future augured ill indeed, if oft’ tried signs were
true,
The number on that fatal list was twenty-three, skidoo.
And all our shoulders lower drooped, and each pathetic
face
With mute appeal and moistened eye,—“have mercy
on my case.”

The quaking culprits fell in line and showed a brave
array.
Of bootless, coatless soldiers who were eager for the
fray.
The Chief he looked us over with a piercing, steady look,
It must have been amusing him to see the way we shook.

He formed us up in twos and fours and marched us to
 his door,
 We marked time there a breathing spell, then he went
 on before,
 And took us to the Study Hall, the hall of sighs and
 tears !,
 There seated everyone of us and added to our fears.

10 P. M.

“Cheer up, our boys have won ! five hours more to go !”
 The sleepy, pain-raked features of the men are filled
 with woe.

“Ten o'clock and four to go !” oh dear ! I heard a sob
 From Wallace on my right, while Ralph's head began
 to nod.

“Courage, my lads !” he cried, and gazed with pitying
 stare

Along the dismal aisles of woe where many a foot was
 bare ;

And many a back was bending, and many an eyelid
 fluttered,

And many a fearful groan was heard, and many a pray-
 er was muttered.

And though we suffered agonies, and though we sued
 for pity,

And though our general faltered, no help reached us
 from the city.

And though the hand had crept with slow and lagging
 place

Around the dial's circuit,—ne'er changed the general's
 face

“Two o'clock and all is well !” the sound quite smote me
 dumb ;

For I was gamely fighting, though my hands and feet
 were numb.

The bitter cold was getting worse, from all around
 came sighs,

But though petitioned many times he did not let us rise.

My head drooped gently forward and my eyelids slowly
shut,
And then there came a dream so fair to lift me from the
rut.

I was in fair Florida mid orange grows and streams
And luscious, juicy fruits did hang to tempt me in my
dreams.

The air was warm and languid and gorgeous flowers
did throw
Intoxicating fragrance on the noon day breeze below,
While high in the arch-ed heaven his majestic course
pursued
The mighty Sol, of legends past, with heat he me imbued.

I revelled in the sweet perfume and gloried in the heat
That poured from high up in the sky, and prayed that
I might meet
A damsel fair my lot to share, of all the fairest, One—
A heavy hand crashed on my neck, I said “thy will be
done.”

My dream had fled ; I realized my present case was bad,
Gone were the orange groves streams,—indeed t’was
very sad
To see the way I shivered and to hear my teeth lament,
To see my knees a-knocking and to see my back so bent.

I turned around and viewed the motley throng in dur-
ance vile ;
Sylvester held the front rank, on his face there was no
smile ;
And in the rear was Charlie, while Maxwell kept the
south,
Though the general paced his beat in ire, oft open was
his mouth

I saw the drooping form of Bloomfield bowed down by
heavy toil,
Behind him slumbered Sambo, and in front lolled Jim-
mie Doyle ;

In the centry sat McGuigan, to the rear there was the
Ape,
On the flank stood stout Price Webber, he possessed a
funny shape.

Close by the post sat Creamer with his eyes glued to the
book,
He was desparate and determined, I could tell that by
his look ;
But his resolutions swiftly waned, he yielded to the call
Of tired nature for repose, his head wagged and did fall.

And Livy was another of that valiant little band
Of mystic midnight heroes, whose fame will ever stand
In glorious annals of the brave who fought for victory
Against sharp cold, relentless sleep and vengeful
tyranny.

In pleading accents soft and low I faintly heard him say,
“My clothes are scant and thin, pere, I fear I cannot stay,
I need a coat of texture strong,” with that there came a
shout.—
“Twill make the old one warmer if you turn it inside
out !”

Two hours more, 'till three p. m. we fought the bitter
fight,
The plumes of victory still afar did mock as if in spite.
The order for dispersal came, I ne'er heard better news,
A warning took, did gird our loins, and then removed
our shoes.

Retreat is always welcomed by the bravest of the brave,
Though duty calls, we must obey the call our lives to
save.
And so it was with us that time when hope anew was
born,
Far sadder and far wiser men we rose the morrow morn.