



# The Jungle

## A JUNIOR

There is a fellow in our midst,  
Who is a kind of pugilist ;  
He thinks himself to be quite cute,  
When togged off in his new brown suit ;  
And tells us all about the Jane  
That occupies his entire brain.  
He took her to St. Patrick's show,  
But sure they did not sit below.  
Next morning when the class assembled,  
To all of us he sure resembled—  
A smiling king from fairy-land,  
Who late had won a maiden's hand.  
His first remark was of his knee,  
Which pained as stung by tiny bees.  
But soon the Rector came on deck  
And questioned John in one respect ;  
“ Quid sit pulchrum ideale?”  
“ Est id quod est in Mabele.”  
Now who he is you all may know,  
If you will read what comes below.  
The letters that begin each line

Will spell his last name in this rhyme.

- F. Is for the "fear" of Cain,
- C. Is for the "care" of Mabel,
- A. Is for the "ache" of pain,  
That makes his heart unstable.
- M. Is for his "mother's" part,
- P. Is for her "pining,"
- B. Is for his "beauing" art,  
Where he is always shining.
- E. Is for the "eyes" of love,
- L. Her "love" unstable,
- L. Is for the "lack" of love  
When Cain comes after Mabel.

### THE INFLUENCED JURY.

While at the dance on Thursday,  
Joy turned to grief and strife,—  
When Pete and Harry quarrelled o'er one  
Each hoped to make his wife.

So Pete, tho' sorely vanquished,  
Feeling his cause was just,  
Swore that to a judicial court  
This sad, sad case he'd trust.

In the old Fourth Corridor Court  
Were men of judicial fame ;  
High on the bench there sat the Sage,  
With justice in his name.

So much for judge and justice,  
Of counsels there were two,—  
The loud and roaring "Thunder"  
And gentle "Creepy" true.

Pete claimed if in this dire event,  
He should lose his intended wife,  
It would break up all the happiness  
Throughout his earthly life.

So when the plaintiff's side was heard  
And he had left the stand,  
Up rose the Noble Harry  
With eloquence so grand.

He claimed to judge and jury  
And to the lookers on,

That Jennie and he would married be  
And live in old St. John.

Up to the stand came Noble Lug  
To witness what was true,  
But he gave some points on dancing  
And what lovers all should do,

Then to the stand came Sydney boy  
With a cute grin on his face,  
He hauled the wool o'er "Thunder's" eyes  
And laughed him to disgrace.

The jury by the judge addressed  
For decision left the room,  
And Harry in an uneasy state  
Awaited his sad doom.

And over on the other side  
The prudent plaintiff sat ;  
The jury now was absent long  
And things looked mighty flat.

And in a burst of anger  
He battered through the door,  
And in a near-by ante-room  
To the jury men he swore.

" If by their true decision  
Against him they would go—  
Cursed they'd be while on this earth. "  
Of the rest we do not know.

But the jury from strict justice turned  
A covenant they then signed ;  
And to the judge this verdict gave,  
" The accused we guilty find. "

The trial is now all over,  
And the pastime goes once more.  
Pete and Harry are as great  
As in the days of yore.

But in this book we write this poem  
A record here to save,—  
Of how the influenced jury  
The wrong decision gave.

## SAFETY FIRST

Our Tess, you know is a hockey fan  
 Though an orator of great fame,  
 "The Saint's," he said, "haven't got a chance  
 The Abbies 'will win' the game."

"I'll bet you five dollars," said he, to LaPointe  
 "Though to do so is surely a shame."

"Perhaps you are right," said LaPointe with a grin  
 "But I'll take up your bet just the same."

Now Fay held the money and as Tess passed it o'er  
 He said, "I'm not used to such bets;  
 If this money I lose I will have to next day  
 Raise the price of my cigarettes."

But the money was up, 'twas too late to repent,  
 Though he wished he had back his kale,  
 He went to the game but wasn't there long  
 Till his face turned ashenly pale.

That the Abbies played well there's none can deny  
 But the Saints were ahead just the same,  
 And said Tess. to himself as he thought of his pelf,  
 "The Abbies must not lose the game."

He stretched his long form out over the boards  
 To urge on his team with a hoot,  
 And never was heard such a heart rending shout  
 As when Tessier hollered, "S-h-o-o-t."

Five minutes to play and the Saints were ahead  
 But Tess still had hopes forsooth.  
 He filled his lungs and once more through the rink  
 Was heard Tessier's shout of, "S-h-o-o-t."

Perhaps it was Tess who had urged them along  
 For finally found they the net;  
 The sound of the bell put an end to the game  
 Said Tess, "I have saved my bet"

He hurried to Fay who had held the stakes,  
 With a grin on his face good to see,—  
 And said "Give five dollars back to LaPointe,  
 Hand the other five over to me."

Said Tessier to Lou that night in his room,  
 "Never more will I take any bets  
 But from this day on I'll be quite content  
 With my profit on cigarettes."