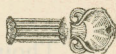




# THE JUNGLE



## STAFF

Moderator .....	Socrates
President .....	HUCK
Vice-President .....	Gig
Secretary .....	Squeers
Committee .....	Barney, Camel, Brick

## DR. DALTON'S ANSWERS.

1.—What is the best means of eradicating the unpleasant sensation caused by an injured funny-bone?

Ans.—Smear well with mustard, and place injured member in a sling.

2.—Who was Boswell?

Ans.—He was the man who wrote her father's biography.

3.—Why has the Camel a hump?

Ans.—Just an added attraction.

4.—What is the proper time to rise?

Ans.—According to Squeers, who is constantly consulting medical advice, 7 a.m. is the proper time to rise.

5.—What does Noreen signify?

Ans.—It is a pet name for Nora or Miss J.

## THE CAPT.'S BLISS.

Now Emmet sits by Florence's side,  
Silent, sad, for he cannot speak,  
His brain's aflame; his tongue is tied,  
His waning courage grows more weak.

But through his mind shoots this refrain:—  
"I love—I love thee. Hear me, Sweet."  
The cry leaps forth between the twain.  
What need of tongue when eyes do meet?



Though strife and troubles lovers part,  
A skate can mend the past again.  
King Jack is dead, and Emmet's heart  
With Florence, now forgets all pain.

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#### FAY'S SILOLOQUY.

When a boy at home, I loved to play;  
And from my school, I used to stay.  
I loved my marbles, and my tops;  
I loved to visit candy shops.  
I loved the bee that gave me honey.  
I loved all those who gave me money.  
I loved my father and my mother.  
I loved my sister and my brother.  
I loved to think of growing older;  
I loved the sailor and the soldier;  
I loved old port, and Newport, too.  
I loved the Island through and through.  
I loved all pretty little babies;  
But now, my love is all four ladies.

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#### THE FEAST.

Said Dinty to Happy at a ten o'clock rec,  
If I don't get a feed, I'll soon be a wreck;  
My Cow is gone dry, she is useful no more,  
She's not the same bovine she was as of yore."  
I'll kill her tomorrow, we'll have a big feed—  
To informal dinners we'll pay little heed—  
Some cabbage I'll have to make it go better,  
For corn beef and cabbage suit me to the letter."  
Then Happy replied, in terms full of glee,  
"Those plans, my friend, are splendid for me.  
I'll throw in a Trout to better your feast;  
You go ahead and slaughter your beast."  
But e'er they had parted, Duffy came up,  
And along with the boys he wanted to sup.  
"Your feast," says he, "if it will boost her,  
I'll do my best and kill my red Rooster."



He was thus speaking, when Mat arrived, too,  
And wanted to share in making the stew.  
I'll kill a Mutton, nice, fat, and good;  
There's no doubt t'will make the very best food."  
So each then repaired to his private room,  
To prepare for the feast or to meet his doom.  
The feast came around—nothing was lacking;  
The board with the grub was certainly cracking.  
But Mat, he was absent, and Duffy not present,  
And the other two thought their hunger not crescent;  
So they called on the two to find out the matter,  
And there lay the Rooster on a beautiful platter.  
The Mutton was dressed and ready for use;  
The room-mates were absent without an excuse.  
They've never said more of the unlucky pair,  
But filled up the can and had some to spare.

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FROM OUR ANIMALS.

## THE BEE-HIVE HAT.

There was a busy little bee  
Came buzzing through the air——  
And paused above the garden fence  
At something he saw there.  
"Why, surely there's a hive," said he,  
"I need not build at all."  
And straightaway flew the little bee  
Across the garden wall.  
But disappointment was his fate,  
Against the wall there sat  
A haughty little maiden  
She wore a bee-hive hat.  
He turned away, and bee cuss words  
At the maid he hotly flung,  
And said it was the only time  
That ever he'd been stung.



## LA CHANSON DE LOUIS.

I do not crave for Turrets,  
 With Rex I can't agree;  
 I do not long for Players,  
 But I love Camels, Oui!

## DICK'S DREAM.

I dream't I was in Charlottetown,  
 With lassies gay and fair;  
 And I was having barr'ls of fun,  
 For I had banished care,  
 When suddenly the Cook I spied——  
 Her, whom I ne'er had met——  
 And quick to Cinderella's side  
 My trembling fate to 'set'  
 I sprung. She smiled on me—just then  
 My heart with thrills did bound.  
 "You are my choice out of all men"—  
 Her voice—Oh! what sweet sound;—  
 A thousand envious eyes on me,  
 Many the lowering glances—  
 And all my pride leaped up to see;  
 Mine were all her dances.  
 I saw her home so joyfully,  
 Just underneath the willow—  
 I wakened up; so tearfully—  
 I just had kissed the pillow.

## WHEN A MAN'S A MAN.

Go to the Streak—you love-sick;  
 Learn of his ways and be wise,  
 Take note of all his actions,  
 His advice never despise.



Does he, I wish to ask you,  
His felings wear on his sleeves;  
Show to the world he's seen her.  
Or broadcast how late he'll leave;

Moon, sulk, or look down-hearted;  
Rant, rave, or say what she said;  
Look foolish whenever he's kidded,  
Or swelled become in the head?

No! such is not his method,  
Although you know it is yours;  
So follow your elder's 'xample,  
And don't be classed with the boors.

Of course, you're only young yet,  
Good sense may come with more years.  
Strive a 'man to be' always,  
Yourself, 'twill save bitter tears.

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VIGNETTES.

Scenes.—In and around Port Elgin.

Time.—Not so long ago.

Scene I.—Platform, railway station, Port Elgin.

Villagers lounging about. Train just drawn up and discharging passengers. Among these a college hockey team steps down and is greeted by the manager of the local squad.

Manager of Port Elgin team:—

"All hail and welcome, boys——

We wish to make it pleasant for you here——

Though no time we've had for masque or pageantry,

Still our whole town is yours. Amuse yourselves——

Go to the Bungalow and rest awile——

Do what you will to banish ennui,

Until our teams do meet and battle's joined."

Captain of the Collegians:—

"Thank you, kind sir——



And if I have not been sadly put upon,  
I do believe our team here will be pleasant.  
Come, boys." (Exeunt omnes.)

Scene 2.—Village street. Several players meeting.

First Player:—

"Has't seen our captain? 'Tis said,  
He has been spirited away, and now  
Does lie in durance. Is it so?"

Second Player:—

Yea, but too true. And with unwilling eyes  
That weep when I do think on it, I saw  
The manner of his taking in, So sad—  
That danger wears so innocent a garb—  
I knew him thrall'd when I did see him;  
Yet I little knew the nature of his chains,  
As with most gentle captors strode,  
He by, smiling unto his deadly doom.  
And when I asked a passerby—Pray tell,  
Who are they with our Captain? "O the Cops,"  
He quick made answer. But, what he did,  
I know not."

Third Player:—

"What mean you, John—The Cops?  
Is this fair town in petticoated ruling?  
Methought his captors fair and not at all  
Of lawlike countenance."

First Player:—

"Look, friends—he now approaches,  
That smiling face ill sorts with loss of freedom."  
(Regarding Capt's escort.)

"By Jove! They are most fair to look upon."

Second Player:—

"'Tis even as I said. Ho! here they are,  
The captive and his guard."  
(Enter Capt. and two Ladies.)

Caput:—

"Greeting—to all.  
Ladies, by your favour—pray give me leave



To introduce to you these of our band.  
There's Art—a most sly dog; beware of him,—  
And John, who holds the purse strings; the Red  
Ronald, whose crest's a gold fish rampant;  
Gene, a doughty man, and Hal our infant—  
But I perceive you know him. My friends,  
Behold the first in beauty of this town,  
Who have with kindly welcome greeted me.  
And through me—all."

Both Ladies:—

"You have our wishes on  
Your side tonight. That may be traitorous;  
But your Captain's tongue, far more subtle than  
Our Mother Eve's in Eden, hath prevailed,  
And so we hope to applaud your victory."

*(Exit Capt. and Ladies, and as the group breaks up, several envious glances are cast in the Capt's direction.)*

Second Player:—

"Well, men—at six we dine—then to the arena,  
Where at eight the contest's joined."

*(Exeunt omnes.)*

Scene 3.—Bookstore.

Lady Clerk (alone).—

"Heavens, 'tis dull——

There's been no customer today. Has the world died.  
Or have all people forgotten how to read?  
At least some one might pass the time of day."

*(Seeing two college boys approaching.)*

"Ah! here comes someone. Strangers methinks,  
Perhaps they'll enter. I wonder——  
Have I that which they would buy——  
Let's see; here are some magazines of humour,  
Such as would interest college princelings."

*(Enter Art H. and Hopper.)*

"Good morrow, sirs—An' ye be welcome here;

*(To Art):* What wouldst thou, sir; of papers, pens,  
Pencils and such tools we have a goodly store.  
Perhaps 'tis books. See here, The Travels of one Gulliver—  
I hear he's lately home, and the book newly out;  
Perhaps 'tis something of the minute that you need—  
The magazine of humour and such like.



Lo! here is one—quite quaint it is—the latest  
On our shelves in fact, and fitly titled 'Life'."

Art:—

"I'll thank you, miss, but that's the one for me."

*(Places coin on counter and receives magazine.)* ...

*(Then spreads.)*

"Ye gods! can it be possible—

The 28th of March—'Tis not that date, or

Have I slept a fortnight?"

Dick (looking over his shoulder)—

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! The date, my friend—the date.

You have a find—a relique—an antique;

In fact, 'tis of pre-war vintage."

*(Art looks at magazine again and discovers that it is March, 1912.)*

*(Exeunt, Art muttering, Dick laughing. Girl grins after them, then sighs.)*

Scene 4.—The Rink; hockey game in progress.

Timer looks at his watch with flashlight.

Timekeeper:—

"The sands have run their course—

'Tis time! 'Tis time! And now Great Chronos—

We speak in gratitude to thee; 'tis time! 'tis time!"

*(Referee's whistle—cheers from players; skaters come on ice.)*

L. Roy:—

"Oh! Lionel, behold that vision—

Surely 'tis some goddess come to earth—

Some sylvan goddess who peeps shyly there.

I would I knew her, and in graceful motion

Guide her round this sheet; as methinks

I would have wish to be her guide

On life's arena. Oh! I must meet her."

L. Cote:—

"I do not fancy her. She is too low in stature;

Now that Juno standing by her side,

Doth fill my eye. 'Tis whispered

She's the Judge's daughter.

Come, friend, with me, and we'll contrive to meet them."

*(They advance and procure introductions.)* ..

Both Damsels:—

"It is great honor that you do us."



Louis, to First Damsel:—

"Wouldst condescend to skate with me?"

First Damsel:—

"I thank you, sir. This is a moment I scarce  
Had hoped for. All my life—my dream—

*(First Damsel steps from behind promenade to the ice. She is  
discovered as an undersized person quite visibly stooped.)*

Louis:—

"Oh ye cruel gods! thus to make a mock of me;  
I am undone—undone. I can hear  
The laughing taunt flung at me. I can see  
The leer that greets my mention of aesthetics.  
Oh! Oh! . . . . *(Louis faints and is carried out.)*

First Damsel:—

"What ails the man? Is he a madman?"

Lionel:—

"Nay, Nay, fear not, 'tis but a faintness,  
'Twill pass, a weakness that doth follow him,  
Especially when he speaks in prophecy."

*(Lionel and Damsel No. 2, skating)*

"Did you say Judge's daughter?"

Damsel:—

"Oh! No! George's daughter."

Lionel:—

"Ah! I am sorry,  
For I must away to join the revels,  
At the Bungalow, where do our men  
Make merry with high feast and music."

Scene 5.—The road to Baie Verte. Some two miles from Port  
Elgin.

*(Enter Art, walking with a damsel.)*

Art:—

"What a glorious night! A night to loiter were  
It not so frosty. Yet let us go more slowly,  
For I begin to weary. Is't far from here?"

Damsel:—

"But a little way. Take courage."



Art:—

"Ha! there's the third mile post—Methought  
You said; "but yet a little way"——

Damsel:—

"Be not impatient, sir, 'tis but a trifle of  
Some two miles more. We will be there,  
Ere yon slow sinking Luna rests high up in the wood."

Art:—

"But two miles more—Ye gods—and I so weary—  
I could—will not—do it. Maiden, farewell;  
You have deceived me, but I forgive you for't;  
Yet, I shan't forget the weary miles I've gone  
And yet to go. Thou shouldst have told me. Farewell."

*(Art salutes Damsel, sighs heavily and begins plodding wearily in  
the direction of Port Elgin, muttering to himself at intervals.)*

Scene 6.—Room in Bungalow. S.D.U. boys and several villagers  
discovered sitting and standing about, while certain  
damsels move back and forth distributing sandwiches,  
cake, and a certain dark beady liquid called Oxola. In  
the corner, the orchestra, consisting of an accordion, a  
mouth-organ, Jews harp and a battered violin, start  
tuning up without getting much farther.

Verrault. (To a passing waitress.)

"Damsel, recharge my glass.  
'Tis glorious to feel the mounting liquid warm  
My brain. Anon—more food. I am Lucullus.  
What think you, Richard—Are not the days of Rome  
Come back again? Come, boys, a little revelry;  
That this our tarrying here be ever memorable."

Capt.:—

"I must begone; a pair of starry eyes  
Hold more for me than all this merry din.  
Where's Hal? Come, sir, you are my squire tonight;  
So let us forth." *(Exit Capt. and Hal.)*

John (to Lionel):—

"He surely is a captive, the kind withal  
That delights in chains wrought of the iron



Red and White

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Of glances, and forged in the heart's fire,  
Blown by sighs. And where's our Mentor—  
He, that in sonorous tone is wont to tell  
The god's challenging ambition of that great  
Emperor who for long years set hard his heel  
Upon the neck of Europe?"

Richard:—

"Alas,—to think that such a mind should  
Fall and be the fount of weak frivolity;  
He, too, succumbed, 'tis said, and now doth languish.  
It is too sad to think on. Be is hoped that he  
Can break the chains and journey with us on the morrow."  
*(Orchestra is still tuning up.)*

L. Roy. (who has recovered):—

"Friends, let us go; that dread cacophony  
Doth much affect me. Now Morpheus with  
Godlike countenance doth here approach,  
And beckons all to his domain. The hour is  
Midnight, and we should be abed,—  
Come, friends, away. Goodnight, kind sirs;  
And ladies, we do thank you for our  
Gentle entertainment. Good keep you till the morrow."

All:—

"Goodnight. Goodnight." *(Exeunt.)*

Scene 7.—A house in the village, some half dozen persons discovered seated around a card table. They are the ladies previously introduced, the Capt., and two others of the college party.

(The Capt. is displaying his abilities in the realm of legerdemain.)

"Behold you! here it is."

Marion:—

"Oh! how clever. How do you do it?"

Capt.:—

"That's a secret."

"The quickness of the hand deceives the eye."

Tilly:—

"But you will show me—won't you?"

YES  
I.



Capt. (laughing shyly) :—

"O yes, of course, of course!"

(The clock strikes the half hour. The lights flash out, momentary darkness. The Mentor strikes a match, and goes in search of a candle. One is found and lighted, and the conversation is continued; though the cards are dropped. The Mentor tells some inane jokes based on Latin quips—all giggle at these pointless effusions. The clock strikes once more. A cock crows somewhere.)

Hal :—

"'Tis late, 'tis late. It's time we said goodnight."

Tilly :—

"Good morning, rather."

Mentor :—

"Now that is most unkind. I think it should be night—at least until we get from hence."

Tilly :—

"You'd better start soon then, or you'll find  
Yourselves locked from your lodgings."

Capt. :—

"Now I do not think so, but it would  
Be quite worth while, even if we were, I mean—  
'Gee cripes'—I don't know  
What I mean, ha! ha!"

Hal :—

"Come on, let's go."

Capt. :—

"Just a minute. I have to get my overshoes."

(Hal and the Mentor accompanied by two of the young ladies go out to the door; the inner door, of glass, is closed, and the Capt., forgetting that he stands between the candle and the door, takes his fond farewell.)

Laughter outside—Voices.

Come on, Captain."

Capt. :—

"Just a minute. I'm looking for my overshoes."

Voices :—

"Hurry, it's cold waiting here."

(Finally the Capt. appears, and, after many expressions of goodwill, etc., the trio departs for their hotel.)

CURTAIN.