



# The Jungle

President ..... Caribou.  
 Director..... Rubber John, Giddah, Fadder  
 Manager ..... White-Sox  
 Office Boy..... Bushy

A meeting of the Cannibalarian Society was held during Old Glory Sale week for the purpose of electing qualified representatives to rectify the superficial conglomeration into which this department had deteriorated. Owing to the fact that the scientific research party of last year's staff was unsuccessful in Africa, a vote of censure was unanimously passed on those who had participated in the expedition. A motion was put and carried that the promoters of this nefarious enterprise be duly, ostracized and although the renowned Tidy in a vigorous, lacerative and eloquent appeal reduced many of his impeachers to a lacrymose condition, yet he failed to exonerate himself and his culpable partners from their ignominy and intrigue. The Society then proceeded to elect the above named officers, and as to the success which they have attained in elevating the Jungle from its degrading entanglement can be judged from the following pages.

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Did you hear Rubber John in the choir?  
 His voice it rose higher and higher.  
     It continued in height  
     Till it went out of sight;  
 Next day it was found in the spire.

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## HE'S WITH THE ANGELS NOW.

McAulay went out for a game  
 To tackle he said he knew how.  
 He made a try to got Pete high—  
 He's with the angels now.

Ezra looked for a scrap  
 With Martin he picked a row  
 He got a shoot from Martin's boot—  
 He's with the angels now.

McCabe went up to class  
And told Prof. Godkin how,  
He'd only studird eight hours a day—  
He's with the angels now.

White, the young musician  
Performed and made his bow,  
Billy came vaulting over the pipes  
He's with the angels now.

Leslie went in for harmony  
Musicians don't allow  
Soon DesRoches got wind of it—  
He's with the angels now.

Isadore was a rowdy chap  
Full of fight, I trow  
He wrestled with Michaud one day—  
He's with the angels now.

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There was a young man from "Millknockit"  
He lit out here like a rocket.  
When he'd been away  
For a week and a day  
He came back again—Did he walk it?

### THE TRAJEDY

Sing I not of fleeting glory,  
Nor of deeds that men have done,  
Nor of people famed in story  
But of Sydney's greatest son.

Close resemblance he beareth  
To our Fritz of last year's fame;  
So much so, we oft mistake him,  
And chance call him by that name.

But, so much for vain appearance,  
I will now flout his renown  
As a pupil of St. Vitus,  
At the Dancing Class in Town.

He performed with greatest comfort,  
Every dance of modern kind,  
So that every fickle maiden  
Sought to please his vacant mind.

A maid was there among the others  
Who held many 'neath her sway,  
And the vampire that was in her  
Swept our Sydney boy away.

Thus for many pleasant Thursdays,  
She seemed all that he could wish.  
But at last a cruel villain  
Managed to destroy his bliss.

Yes, a villain from amongst us  
With a villain's desperate mien,  
Fell in love with Peggie's tresses,  
And thus Johnnie lost his queen.

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I'm a jazzer every Thursday  
And I always pay my debts;  
I make my money honestly  
By selling cigarettes.

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When Hynes is tucked in his trundle-bed,  
He pulls the clothes up over his head;  
One blanket stretches the length of his nose,  
Eighteen more would reach to his toes.

—LONGFELLOW

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### THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

A ghostly figure moved down the aisle  
In white robe clad, the latest style.  
Like monster stalking his nightly prey  
Stealthily crept he on his way.  
Is it a monster, or is it a man?  
See, he stops at the bed of Mulligan.  
What is that weapon? Is it a gun?  
It looks like a tin of Two-in-One.  
Hughie lies there in sweet repose  
Cuddling cosily 'neath the clothes.  
You gaze on his round face rosily red,  
And you think of the moon high overhead;  
You'd think that a face of such beauteous parts  
Would soften the cruellest and hardest of hearts.  
But the villain perhaps was a soldier lad,  
And the sight of Mulligan makes him mad.  
With noiseless haste and speedy care  
He blackens him right from chin to hair;  
And there he lies like a well-fed coon  
A cloud obscures the face of the moon.

### DE COLLEGE BELL MUS' RING TONIGHT.

The study-hall boys were slyly plotting  
What would be the surest way,  
To avoid that last long study  
At the close of one hard day.  
Can we keep the bell from ringing?  
Cut the rope to make it right.  
Teddy passing heard and muttered,  
"De college bell mus' ring tonight."

Then the tallest of the plotters  
Seized his knife and scaled the stair,  
Did the deed and quickly vanished



Before Teddy could get there.  
Wroth was he when thus he found it,  
As he felt from left to right ;  
But he muttered in his anger,  
"De college bell mus' ring tonight."

How to do it then he pondered  
As he stood and scratched his head,  
Peering vainly iato darkness  
Where the bell hung high o'erhead.  
Twice he circled round the building,  
Thrice he jumped with all his might  
To reach the rope but fell back crying,  
"De college bell mus' ring tonight."

Would I had a lengthy ladder !  
Can no other way be found  
To reach the roof ! Ah, yes, the rain-pipe  
Can I reach it from the ground ?  
Then he dashed to the East corner,  
Crouched and sprang and gripped it tight,  
Saying oft to steel his purpose  
"De college bell mus' ring tonight."

Inch by inch he wiggled upward  
Inky blackness wrapped him round  
Glasses, watch and boots and money,  
All fell rattling to the ground.  
But at length he reached the roof-top  
Swung the bell with all his might ;  
Sliding down he smiled triumphant,  
"De college bell have ring tonight."

