

Staff

<i>President</i>	Tartaran
<i>Vice-President</i>	Goldie
<i>Secretary</i>	Ram
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Panama

The Mystery Man

Come all ye jolly Jungle Birds,
 And listen while I tell
 The story of an Eastern boy,
 A lad you all knew well.

He's tall and lank and handsome,
 For him the girls do fall;
 Now if you don't believe me,
 Just ask the "Ram" that's all.

For sleeping in on frosty morns,
 Young Lester does excel,
 But how he gets permissions then,
 To town, no one can tell.

In oratory and music too,
 Our hero sure does shine;
 One night he spoke on Souris,
 I'll say he shot a line.

At evening when the rec time comes,
 To bed O'Donnell goes,
 Reclining there both snug and warm,
 While other boys are cold.

When rec is o'er and he is free,
 To Bridge our hero goes,
 But why he never wins a game,
 "Professor" only knows.

Now Lester boy don't take offense,
Whatever else you do,
We've tried to stick right to the truth;
We've told just what is true.

The Debut of a Frog

The Easter holidays had come,
The Frog was feeling gay,
He used to sit and plan for hours,
What he would do next day.

The big idea came to him—,
But he must keep it mum—
He'd go and get himself a girl,
And thereby have some fun.

But who was there for him to get ?
For Wilf was hard to please,
And when it came to things like this,
He was shaky at the knees.

He mused and cogitated long,—
No doubt his face showed malice,—
But when he was just about to quit,
He finally thought of Alice.

That night he dressed up in his best,
Red tie and yellow spats;
And as he ambled down the street,
The people doffed their caps.

He made right straight for Alice's house,
With a ten cent bag of mints;
He took them so that she might see,
That his love was not extinct.

Now when he finally reached the gate,
His heart became as lead,
Poor Wilfred did not dare go in,
And his courage sort of fled.

Up and down before the house,
He walked as one gone mad;
He thought of "her," but he thought of "him,"
Who bore the name of "Dad."

He tried to make himself believe,
That he was a true lover,
But every time he thought of it,
It sort of made him shudder.

At last he forced himself to make,
At least a brave attempt;
He climbed the steps, he rang the bell,
But his spirit was broken and bent.

A step resounded down the hall,
A heavy step, 'twas true;
Poor Froggie knew that he was caught,
But what was he to do ?

"Young man what is your business here ."
The question roughly came;
Wilf's curly hair stood straight on end,
He couldn't speak her name.

"Je pense,—I think—I want, O heck,
I guess I am mixed up,
I thought this was another house,
Don't think I am a nut.

Then down the steps the old Frog went,
His heart as hard as flint,
And homeward slowly made his way,
To eat his bag of mint.

Budding Time

In the library they met,
What a thrill did Jimmie get;
Of his Bud he was so proud,
He forgot about the crowd.

Near them sat our Goldie boy,
Who is quite a "Rosie" guy.
To his eager attentive ear,
There came the words "My dear."

At this Goldie sat right up,
Not unlike an anxious pup.
"Vespers are o'er at nine,"
"That" said Jim, "will suit me fine."

Vespers seemed so slow to go,
Then they went to see a show;
But very little show was seen,
For true love is blind, I ween.

And when the day of parting came,
Jim did fear to lose his dame;
So to church with her did go,
And they both prayed well, I trow.

Now for fear he loose the rein,
Jim did see her to the train;
There he held her very close,
As he bid her "Adios."

Our Tardy Actor

One night our boys to town did go,
It was to stage their play;
And among the actors on the stage,
Was Sockfoot, from the Bay.

Now Sockfoot is a ladies' man,
Of this we're well aware;
But we all thought for this one night,
To flirt, he would not dare.

But oh! how we misjudged our friend;
The play was scarcely o'er,
When "Sock" was stealthily seen to creep,
Down the stairs, and through the door.

Outside he stood beneath a light,
And watched the throng pass by;
He must not fail to see his Bud,
As soon as she drew nigh.

He watched and waited for a time,
As the crowd moved slowly on;
At last he spied her on the steps,
With her blue and silken gown.

Up he ran and took her arm,
He was by no means shy,
Bud turned to see who this might be,
And was heard to breathe a sigh.

"Oh Joe, you were just marvellous,
Your acting was divine;
How proud was I to say to-night:
He is a friend of mine."

Words such as these made Sockfoot glad;
He not only had a date,
But the one he wanted most to please,
Had told him he was great.

But alas poor Joe seemed to forget,
There was such a thing as time;
And when he went to find the boys,
He found he was left behind.

So out the Malpeque road he ran,
Of course he would be late;
But what could he do about it now ?
It was the hand of fate.

Next night the boys did also go
To town to stage their play,
But this time "Sock" was closely watched,
And so was forced to stay.

Farewell

Another year has passed away,
And Jungle work is thru,
And with the last stroke of our pen,
We bid you all a fond "Adieu."

