

Staff

<i>Moderator</i>	Bona
<i>Honorary President</i>	Senex
<i>Medical Adviser</i>	Lumber Joe, R.N.
<i>Messenger Boy</i>	Vulture
<i>Chaperone</i>	Minnie

Hello !

Easter time is here again,
 With holidays so dear,
 And Jungle bids to all of you
 A full share of the cheer.

From some, we know our work is sure
 To bring a malediction,
 But there are others who will see,
 A joke in all our diction.

Now if on glancing o'er a page,
 You chance to see your name,
 Remember that poor Jiggs is not
 The only one to blame.

Oh To Be In Charlottetown

The day was bright and cheery,
 The boys were feeling gay;
 Permission at noon was given
 For town, two miles away.

Now the hour for returning,
 At five was strictly fixed;
 But alas ! a picture showing,
 The time did all get mixed.

So when the clock did point to five,
And the study bell had rung,
The prefect lost his little smile,
For several failed to come.

A while he sat in thought profound,
Then to the window went,
And towards the distant city,
A chagrined eye he bent.

"The boys will dare to disobey,
I'll show them now who's boss,
They'll find their gain is mighty small,
When they perceive their loss."

Such were the thoughts of head prefect,
As vengeance he did plan;
And now those boys are well aware,
Of this *big, powerful man*.

The days are bright and cheery,
The boys are not so gay;
For they have lost ten Thursdays,
Who dared to disobey.

Our Climbing Orator

St. Dunstan's has some worthy men,
As all of you must know,
But none are quite so famous,
As our orator, Keough.

On Wednesday evenings in debate,
He sure does shoot a line,
He uses words, I'll bet a dime,
No other man could find.

One evening as the senior studes,
Debated loud and long,
The boys of old First Corridor,
Around the door did throng.

But our hero, e'er so anxious
To increase his mental store,
Did climb up to the transom,
Which was just above the door,

On reaching the desired spot,
He cautiously gazed within,
But alas, not long was Keough there,
'Till all within saw him.

Of course e'er long the prefect heard,
Of the doings on First Floor,
So when he'd rung the bed-time bell,
He opened Keough's door.

"You wretch ! ah sir, you great baboon !"
Oh how the prefect stormed,
"Where learned you this ? Are all like you,
That come from 'round Nail Pond ?"

"I do not know" Keough replied,
"There's famous men from there,
But that I am a famous man,
I was not yet aware."

"No more of this," the prefect roared,
"Just watch your step, that's all,
You make more noise, I'd safely say,
Than all in Dalton Hall."

No more does Keough climb at night,
Though noisy as before;
He's still the life of all the gang,
That dwell upon First Floor.

Judas

There is a lad in college,
He is quite slim and tall;
The boys all call him Judas,
But his proper name is Paul.

In our debates and meetings,
He's quite a figurehead,
But where he always shines the best,
Is sleeping on his bed.

For roaming 'round the corridors,
He is real hard to beat,
And if you're in the library
Our friend you'll often meet.

He visits poor old Grandma,
And eats her fudge so mellow,
I'd kick him out, if I were Hughes,
But I'm a different fellow.

And when exams are over,
He never says a word,
Until one tells his mark to him,
Oh! he's a foxy bird.

If you had sixty-seven,
Then he'd have seventy-two;
No matter what you had or got,
He'd still have more than you.

So boys beware, please don't believe,
The line of this poor gabber,
For he is known far and wide,
As Judas, the big blabber.

Ode to a Mouse

We have within our Dalton Hall,
A Western man so beeg and tall,
So that when he to town do go,
The girls they smile and say "Mon Beau."

But there is one, a lassie Scott,
Whom Gordon calls forget-me-not,
Who waits for him on street de Queen,
So she with him may weel be seen.

Lille no does trust her handsome man
To other girls of a different clan,
In case they steal his little heart,
And smash her love in many part.

She is no fool as all o' that,
She gives heem suckers—make heem fat,
Then the girls all now will say,
He is too fat, keep him away.

Should be he fat or maybe thin,
Lille no will care a single pin;
To her he is her handsome beau,
And she will follow where he go.

So that when college close its door,
And Gordon goes to Summerside,
The leetle Scott she no will stay,
But go there too, right at his side.

And now some more I must not say,
For fear I geeve these two away,
For Gordon, I know, will all get peeved,
And his forgiveness makes me "Neil."

So now in other fields I'll go.
And leave the Lilly with her beau,
To pass around the lolly-pop,
And carve their names in forget-me-not.



A Thorn Beside Two Roses

St. Patrick's day dawned bright and fair,
The boys to town did go,
Each with a firm resolve to take
A girl friend to the show.

Among the first to leave the grounds,
Was our little friend the Ram;
He planned to get his tickets first,
And so avoid a jam.

When he arrived in Charlottetown,
To the theatre he went,
"Two tickets, please," he said with ease,
As if he had been sent.

From here he eastward made his way,
To find Miss No---A Doyle;
For it was she Joe had in mind,
As citywards he toiled.

He found her ready and waiting,
And she surely looked her best,
For Nora knew that Joseph liked,
To see her neatly dressed.

As up the aisle the two did step,
The theatre lights were dimmed;
The usher found the reserved seats;
The play was to begin.

Throughout act one our hero sat,
All wrapped in ecstasy,
Looking neither left nor right,
But as happy as a bee.

The act is o'er, the curtain lowers,
The theatre lights flash on;
Our Joseph turns around to see-----
Oh my ! but what a frown.

But what was this that he had seen ?
It surely made him grin;
Oh yes, the person on his right,
Was the prefect of discipline.

Now boys, from this be sure to take,
A lesson good and true;
When buying tickets for a show,
See who sits next to you.

(Note:—We wish it understood that this magazine will not be responsible for any idiosyncrasies of the Jungle Editor depicted in the above poetry (p). We have known the aforesaid Jungle Editor for some years, and it would stretch our conscience too far to vouch for his sanity. Witness his exceedingly droll method of revenging himself on the prefect. In fact, his intellect is so weak as to be imperceptible, which his helpless rage on perceiving this note will bear out).

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—Longfellow.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

—Cowper.

Covetousness, like a candle ill made, smothers the
splendor of a happy future in its own grease.

—F. Osborn.

