

# THE JUNGLE

---

## STAFF

President. ....	Vacant
Whanger, Tosser and Dinger . . . .	Board of Directors
The "Wop" . . . . .	Office Boy

---

## THE 'DENOUMENT'

Upon a lovely day in May  
Without a sound of warning,  
Frank went forth to Charlottetown  
Quite early in the morning.  
Opinions once did vary great.  
At length we did discover  
That Frank went there to bid adieu  
To his fair, parting, lover.

From Montague this fair one hailed.  
She was a clever lass,  
And in such cases never failed  
To let such chances pass.  
She had another charming lad  
We will not say his name,  
But in the love of those so fair  
He s always had much fame.

Now when the time of parting came,  
She had a plan devised  
To show the vanity of love,  
Poor Frank she'd ill advised ;  
She told him that she had a box  
Whose contents were quite rare,  
She begged him take it to the cars  
And handle it with care.

Frank now was on his errand bent  
He thought the parcel light,  
At once he heard a fearful noise,  
Which made him shake with fright ;  
He did not know from whence it came,  
Yet stopped with terror smitten.  
He opened up the box at length,  
And found " A Little Kitten. "

## THE POST-GRADUATE.

There's naught but care for every one  
 Who on life's journey start,  
 So with this view did Finol come  
 To ne'er again depart.  
 Though like a criminal in his cell  
 He rooms on corridor two,  
 Tradition will forever tell  
 His enemies are few.

He hails from Venezuela fine,  
 Where falls not any snow;  
 Where summer sun does always shine  
 And sultry breezes blow.  
 He brings the customs of the south  
 To ornament our minds.  
 Now may he stay right here and rest  
 Till he his soul resigns.

His date of entry to this place  
 Is in obscurity;  
 It is beyond our power to trace  
 To such antiquity;  
 Yet, Father Joe gives ample proof,  
 And he's supposed to know,  
 That Reuben came beneath this roof  
 Some twenty years ago.

O minstrel harp long may you live  
 To sing your lively strains  
 When weary you do pleasure give  
 And ease from all our pains;  
 Upon the stage you've showed your worth,  
 Long live your great renown,  
 And may the trials of this earth  
 Ne'er on your pleasures frown.

---

 ADVICE

Dear students if you want advice  
 Just listen to my story,  
 I think it is the thing precise  
 To show wherein lies glory.

No man had such a bright career  
In happy days gone by,  
I thought the girls loved me sincere,  
And they in turn did I.

Their siren voice made me rejoice,  
I loved to hear them speak,  
Their face when lit up with a smile  
Was the greatest joy to seek.

But lo ! those happy days are gone,  
My love it was in vain,  
For I have lost what I had won,  
Which causes me much pain.

Oft to a fisher's cot I went,  
I thought it's inmates charming,  
But all that friendship now is rent,  
My anguish was alarming.

Fair Adeline deserted me,  
Her little sister too,  
Which leaves me now in grief to see  
That I am left with few.

Now students you can see what strife  
Is connected with my story,  
I'll advise you thus to a single life,  
For in that alone lies glory.

---

FINLAY'S LAMENT ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature paints her fringe of green  
Around our Island shore ;  
And fills the robin's throat at e'en  
With songs he sang of yore.  
Now limpid run the waters bright  
Reflected there the skies,  
But naught can glad the weary wight  
That in St. Dunstan's lies.

Now buttercups and violets bloom  
And dandelions of gold ;  
Now corn peeps up and trees resume  
To ope each leafy fold.



Now "bunnie" dons his coat of brown  
The squirrel leaps on high,  
But I must be with care cast down  
And ne'er-relieving sigh.

Now sing the birds sweet songs at morn  
And herds sham battles fight ;  
But I maun be a soul forlorn  
Give way to Fisher's right.  
All day lambs gambol o'er the lea  
Then nestle down to rest,  
And Adeline from care can be  
As free and unopprest.

Thou wert my Queen my Adeline  
My soul's delight to see  
For thee I tramp through rain and shine  
But naught avails to me.  
Why should I then with spring be glad ?  
And mock my aching heart ?  
The thought within me drives me mad  
" We must forever part."

O, Summer come ! Give other scenes  
A while to sooth my pain ;  
I'll seek to calm on the Magdalenes  
The storm that racks my brain.  
And there I'll wait till Autumn beams  
Make leaves turn pale and fall,  
Then come and pore o'er Lort's themes  
Behind the college wall.

There will I pass the dreary day  
And still more dreary night ;  
I cannot tune my muses' lay  
So sorry is my plight.  
But still I beg a gift from thee  
A gift almost divine  
That thou would'st sometimes *think* of me  
My lov'd ! my Adeline !

Note : Written in the spring of 1916 but still fresh in the poet's mind.