

THE JUNGLE

McAULAY'S SOLILOQUY

When I am prone to go to town,
I get a phone and a' that.
From ten to twelve or there around
Or from five to six for a' that.
For a' that and a' that.
I love the girls for a' that,
For telephone calls from dancing halls
Mean a pleasant night for a' that.

The Kozy Korner has its charms
And dry good stores an' a' that.
But my lover's charms brings on alarms
For she's a flirt and a' that.
For a' that and a' that
Tis the way with girls for a' that
For when they find a better man
Forget past love and a' that.

What vexed Adele I cannot tell
Though vexed she is for a' that.
Necessity did me compel
To let her go for a' that.
For a' that and a' that
So many were there for a' that
Twas the seventh band I understand
When I thought of her for a' that.

MURPHY RINGS A CANE

Our second team to Morell went,
To bring the laurels back once more ;
All were stanch on victory bent
They played the game and tied the score.
Then round they skated hand in hand,
Both friends and rivals of the game ;
Sweet was the music of the band,
To Pat who then, his love proclaimed.
Far sweeter than the music rare,
To Pat who heard its sweet refrain ;
Was the soft voice of one so fair,
A teacher fair whose name was Kane.

The skate is o'er the Saints unite,
To discuss the game they played so well ;
Still Pat glides round as bird in flight ;
Close linked (wid one)—his chosen " Belle."

When Pat had seen the lady home,
A project then was soon devised.
Legates as from a kingly throne
Were sent to him to tantalize.

A rap came to the kitchen door,
Pat looked aghast for well he knew,
The step which sounded on the floor
Was his friend and neighbor John Gazoo.

Where are those sticks Gazoo then said ?
I thought you took them home with you,
Pat answered not, but shook his head,
His face was set and sterner grew.

Perhaps about an hour passed o'er
When once again a rap they hear,
Buff asks him for the sticks once more,
Pat raises Kane, the joke is clear.

Inquiries for the sticks are made
By legates of the Red and White
Till Pat being overcome with rage,
Grabs up his hat and put to flight.

THE TRIALS OF LOVE

Hear what lovely Charlotte said,
That maid so fair to see.
My Andrew dear " I will not wed,
Though you may die for me.
For you betrayed my love so true,
My love that was so tender
And now we both must bid adieu,
To live for'er asunder."

How tamed poor Andie's pride had been
His heart beat quick and fast,
When he her cold demean had seen
He wished each breath his last.
And on his knees her pardon begged
The tears fell from his eyes.

Right sad indeed were the words he said
Which mingled with his sighs.

“O sweetest rose of Rustico,
The fairest in the land,
Why do you treat your lover so
An answer I demand.”

Twas only throwing words away
A reply she would not make
For she'd resolved to have her way
And now revenge would take.

Andie at once prepared for home
He loathed the thought to start.
The way appeared quite long and lone,
And sorrow filled his heart.
He thought of all the trials endured
Which now were spent in vain,
How he was night by night allured
Through driving snow and rain.

That night was spent in horrid dreams
Of ghosts and love affairs.
Next morn the rising sun's bright beams
Relieved him of his cares.
But when he rose the morrow morn
He swore to shun each strife
And vowed in a philosophic tone
To give up such a life.

Now Andrew with ambitious views,
Again returns to College.
He followed close the stringent rules
And furthered much his knowledge.
His will at length was overcome.
On Burn's Anniversary
That night he fell in love with one
Who won his love by sorcery.

The pleasant hours with winged speed,
Flew o'er him and his darling
The dark grey lines he now perceived
Which told the approach of morning.
He sprang to his feet at once and cried
“O dearest pray for me

I'm six hours late and now must hike
Back to old S. D. C."

With hasty step he made his way
No object could he see.
It was the time of night they say
When dangers are most free.
No light was there to guide his way
No friend was there to aid
And visions through his mind did stray
Of ghostly masquerades.

But as he neared that haunted bridge
Where lurking ghosts are seen
There every night they guard the ledge
Where their bodies once have been
His nerves could not withstand the strain
He thought he would have swooned,
So tracing his steps now back to town
Returned that afternoon.

MORAL

The girls they are a thankless crowd,
And Andrew dear believe me,
I advise you just to leave them now
For they will often grieve you.
In college phrase, God send you speed
Still daily to grow wiser,
And may you better profit by it
Than ever did your fond adviser.

Post Office Department, Canada.

Ottawa, January 29th, 1917.

The Post Office Department is in receipt of a cablegram from the British authorities stating that no parcels containing foodstuffs or articles of clothing should be forwarded in future from Canada for Prisoners of War in Germany.

The British authorities represent that it is absolutely necessary that the above regulation should be complied with. Therefore, on and from the 1st February, 1917, the Post Office Department will refuse to accept any such parcels for prisoners of war in Germany. The Department is advised by the English authorities

that such parcels cannot be accepted for transmission to the prisoners, and could not get through.

The Canadian Red Cross Society through its London Office undertakes that every Canadian prisoner shall receive adequate relief in food and clothing, sending one parcel every week to each prisoner. Therefore, existing Organizations should continue their work of collecting funds to be sent to the Canadian Red Cross Society; and it is most desirable that they should not relax their efforts in this respect.

Persons desiring to have additional food or supplies sent to a Canadian Prisoner should send money for that purpose to the Prisoners of War Department, Canadian Red Cross Society.

A letter containing a remittance and asking the Prisoners of War Department, Canadian Red Cross Society, to send food or other articles to a prisoner of war should be addressed to the Prisoners of War Department, Canadian Red Cross Society, and should contain information in the following form:—

No. 12345 Private A. G. Robinson, 48th Highlanders,
Canadian Contingent, B. E. F.,
Canadian Prisoner of War, Gottingen, Germany,
Care of Prisoners of War Department,
Canadian Red Cross Society.

The remittance should be in the form of a Post Office Money Order drawn in favour of the Prisoners of War Department, Canadian Red Cross Society, for the Prisoner of War in question.

Any person wishing to send a remittance direct to a Prisoner of War may do so by means of a Post Office Money Order, which is issued free of Commission. Instructions as to how to proceed can be obtained from Postmasters of Accounting Post Offices.

Parcels for prisoners of war containing articles which are not prohibited, may be sent fully addressed to the place of destination in the form above care of Prisoner of War Department, Canadian Red Cross Society, London, England, to be forwarded after they have been censored.

Detailed regulations respecting communication with Prisoners of War are being issued to the Postal Service generally, and full information may be obtained by making application to any Postmaster.