

The Jungle

Vol. IV.

No. 2.

STAFF

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	Eddie
Board of Directors		-	-	-	-	-	Amadee
Manager	-	-	-	-	-	-	Alec
Office Boy	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vacant

It will be noted that, since our last issue, there has been an almost complete change in the personnel of the Jungle Staff. President Polo, owing to impaired health, was obliged to retire from active service and the presidential chair is now occupied by Eddie who is deservedly receiving the congratulations of his numerous admirers on his promotion. Amadee, the new Board of Directors, promises to be a very efficient body. As a manager Alec seems to be the right man in the right place. The position of office boy is at present vacant. Good chances for an ambitious youth. Remember, Eddie was an office boy.

A NOCTURNAL TRAGEDY.

Three students sit in Mellody's den ;
The hour is ten.

Without the door the Prefect stands,
And rubs his hands.

For awhile he listens with cyric smile—
Just for a while.

He looses the key from his iron chain,
The rest is plain.

Three roomers go to the study-hall;
How great the fall !

APOLOGY FOR PLAGIARISM.

He speaketh best who stealeth best
 All thoughts both false and true,
 For the great mind that spoke them first
 Of course he stole them too.

CONSOLATION.

Out on the field in the wind and rain
 That had crimsoned the breasts that the battle
 had slain,
 He lay in the shadow—the Captain—at rest,
 With a lock of gold hair round a face on his
 breast.

Out in the darkness, all pallid and dumb,
 A woman waits long for the captain to come ;
 And she kisses his portrait, O, pitiful pain!
 She shall not kiss the lips of the captain again !
 But a woman's a woman, though loyal and brave,
 Love fareth but ill in the gloom of a grave,
 The captain lies mute 'neath the stars and the snow,
 And the woman he loved—well she's married,
 you know !—(Exchange).

ON SUFFRAGE BENT.

“Where are you going O, warlike maid?”
 “I'm going to Ottawa sir,” she said.
 “Wherefore to Ottawa, bemailed maid?”
 “For Votes for Women, sir !” she said.

WHICH?

Whether tall men or short men are best,
 Or bold men, or modest and shy men,
 I can't say, but will Larry protest ?
 “All the fair are in favor of Hy-men”

NEVERMORE

Once with candle-light most dreary
I did ponder weak and weary
Over one of Lortie's volumes
Of old dry and dusty lore ;
And they almost broke my heart,
Scotus, Kant and old DesCarte
Plato and the Stagirite
Writers of this awful bore.

Then I prayed for inspiration,
With endearing appellation
Called upon the good St. Thomas,
Patron of this art forlorn ;
Told my pitiful condition
And my lack of erudition
And of the exams approaching,
Coming on the morrow morn.

While I to this aid resorted
And, a suppliant transported,
Waited for the help requested
Of the great philosopher,
All my faith was strong within me
That some unseen sprite would bring me
Knowledge and illumination
That would make my class-mates stare.

A sepulchral knock and rustling
Sent my nervous heart a hustling
As I oped the door for entrance
To the being, with fear and fright,
And, though waiting and expecting
Sight that would be hair-erecting,
Terror seized me at the greeting :
“After ten ; turn off that light !”



Contentment is a pearl of great price and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and happy purchase.

THE Funny & Man



DEFINITIONS :

Gymnastics—Joint education.

Man—The only creature endowed with a soul and a face, with the option of saving whichever he likes.

Verb—A word used in order to make an exertion.

A Passive Verb—Is when the subject is sufferer.e.g.,
I am loved.

An electric spark—Courting the telephone girl over the wires.

A night watchman—A man employed to sleep in the open air.

A sure sign of approaching spring—The Great Bear has come down from his mountain den.

Reuben (to Prof. of music)—How much a month do you charge for singing lessons?

Prof.—Six dollars for the first month, and four for the second.

Reuben—Guess I'll come the second month.

A TRAGEDY.

He seized her, drew her to him, and deliberately struck her. She made no sound. Again and yet again the brute repeated the blow, and still she gave no

sign of suffering. But when, with rapidly growing anger, he struck her for the fourth time, she shrieked aloud—and her head fell off:—she was only a match.

Glen—I had a queer experience last night. A mouse ran up my trousers leg and—

Ray—Gee, didn't it scare you?

Glen—Certainly not; you see my trousers were hanging on a chair.

Seniors (to newcomer)—Ever tried your hand at skating?

Freshy—No, but I have tried my feet.

Manager—Why do you wish to work in a bank?

Applicant—I believe there's money in it.

McI--c—Don't trouble to show me to the door.

Fair hostess—No trouble at all. It's a pleasure.

Larry—What would they do in the case of a deadlock in Parliament?

McAd-m—Don't worry; the Tories have the key to the situation.

Jack—My half-brother is engaged to Bill's half-sister.

Butts—When will they be made one?

He rose to speak, and as he rose

No man on earth was prouder ;

But those who listened only heard

One oft-repeated, hateful word—

Or so he thought it—"Louder !"

Prefect—Do you know anything of Arthur's whereabouts?

Lucien—I think they are in the laundry.

Alec.—Say Coney, why aren't you smokin' ?
 Coney—I'm chewin.

OVERHEARD

Broke, broke, broke,
 Out here in S.D.C.,
 Oh, when shall my pockets jingle
 With the coin that's coming to me ?

Charlie—I wish I could kill time.

Elmer—Why not play some pieces on the piano ?

Creamer—We have a cow that gives butter-milk.

Pope—How can a cow give butter-milk ?

Creamer—How can a cow give anything else
 butt-er-milk.

Alf was greatly enthused over hockey during the early part of the season ; later he showed a notable preference for pool(e).

Make no other arrangement for April Fool Day, but attend the play, "Under the Bear's Paw," staged by the students of the second corridor, under the patronage of Barron-ess Kelly.

Tickets on sale at Mellody's Drug Store.



If you devote your time to study, you will avoid all the irksomeness of this life nor will you long for the approach of night, being tired of the day ; nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor your society insupportable to others.

Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude and keep us from becomming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our dissappointments asleep.