

Sage—"I gave my room-mate a piece of my mind this morning."

Farmer—"You don't want to do that too often."

Sage—"Why not?"

Farmer—"You need all you've got."

Dope—"Are you a suiter for Hilda's hand?"

McC--ley—"Yes, but I didn't."

Dope—"Didn't what?"

McC--ley—"Suit her."

M--rt-gh—"How did you lose your hair?"

H--g-n—"The prefect had a hand in it."

Prof. [in Latin]—"Translate: Quid times Caesar."

M--n-ghan—"What time is it Caesar?"

Walsh—"Do you mean to insinuate that I can't tell the truth?"

McT--g-e—"By no means. It's impossible to tell what a man can do until he tries."

Pete—"Ah! She has her father's hair."

O'Neill—"Yes, and her mother's rat."

Current Literature

The staff of the Jungle after having devoted considerable time to the Flora and Fauna of Africa and enjoyed mental relaxation from the monthly tests have reviewed the following productions.

"Helen" or "The Lumberman's Daughter" by Greg. Gallant.

"Science at Home" or "The Art of Boxing" by Albert Rowe.

"Mulligan" or "The Girl of Two Lovers" by Charlie Kennedy.

"The Modern Dance" or Thursday Afternoon in Town" by Ronald Hogan.

"Toothache" or "How I got an afternoon in Town" by Vincent Pineau.

"Polished Floors" or "A Lover's Luck" by B. Murphy.

"Poor Pussy" or "The Lover's Game" by Henry McDonald.

"The Fancy Armlets" by Tom McAvin.

"Physical Training in Public Schools" by Frank McDonald.

"Essay on Criticism" by Sage.

"Love's Labor Lost" by R. E. Byrne.

"The Commissioners' Daughter" by Pete McGuigan.

"The Purchasing Power of a Cent" by S. Trainor.

"Railroad Troubles" or "The Power of a Smile" by N. MacKendrick.

"The Mutiny" by Leo Sullivan.

We wish to draw the attention of the reader to the latest novel "The Mutiny" by Mr. Leo Sullivan. This is one of Mr. Sullivan's greatest productions and deserves special mention. It describes a mutiny which took place while on board a ship in which he defeated single-handed a body of mutineers headed by the desperadoes, Fritzie and Chewed-Ear, until he was hurled from the ship by a wave of hot gravy which swept the deck. He was picked up by a Chinese junk owned by Urban Gillis where he met the renowned Leo Gorman, an old acquaintance of his.

The Jungle

THE JUNGLE STAFF

Moderator	Pontiac
President	Snid.
Vice-President	Chickie
Secretary	Button.
Auditors	Sleepy, Jiggs and Mousie

FADDERS' WATERLOO

Fadder arose for the night was approaching,
And beat it down stairs to his room like a bird.
He stripped himself down to his waist in a hurry,
For to beat Bud tonight he had given his word.

While Bud on his cushions of down lay reposing,
The challenger's loud voice rang out with a thrill,
"Arise up thou villain and gird up thy loins
And fight with me now or forever be still."

Such language as this was about at its highest,
Bud, beginning to think that his reign was no more.
In our most hopeless moments our help is the nighest,
For the prefect's large body appeared at the door.

Fadder shrank back and the cold sweat was pouring,
Down his face, which was now of a ghastly hue,
For the prefect's strong fingers on his windpipe were closing
And gasp for his breath was all Fadder could do.

Then Fadder in horror saw a large strap descending,
And threw up his hands to avoid the harsh blow;
But the prefect enraged then picked him up boldly
And hurled him headlong to the abyss below.

Down three flights of stairs poor Fadder came tumbling,
While his eyes were dilated with the shock and the fright,
Then reaching his room he sat down all trembling
While sadly he whispered, "I don't want to fight."

BONNES— *To His Pipe*

Dear pipe you've been the world to me,
You've whiled away my saddest hour,
You've been my constant company
In you there rests an unseen power.

Pipe's reply:—

Yes Bones a friend I've ever been
I've solaced you while skipping class
But e'en though filled with nicotine
I've done my duty to the last.

A FAIR EXCHANGE

Connie was in a flurry,
And he picked up his paper and pen,
He must write a few lines in a hurry,
For the clock had already struck ten.

He sent Mary a nice invitation,
If she wanted to see a good play.
He would meet her at the Charlottetown station
On the Eve of St. Patrick's Day.

Mary looked long at the letter,
She looked long at the shelf on the wall,
And at last she thought it were better
To have Connie than no beau at all.

Together they went to the concert
But together they did not go home
For great as the sands on the desert
Was the crowd on which the light shone.

So Mary and Connie were parted
And outside it was not very bright
By mistake with others they started
And went on till they came to a light.

Behind him our Connie saw Mary
Making love to the guy by her side

And he said, "You beware cute lost fairy
But my love for this lass I'll not hide."

Says Bra-l-y [but not the policeman]
"My love for this lad's not in vain
He loves me; and then replied Gorman
"It is worse than the George'stown train.

BEFORE THE TESTS

Last night among their fellow chums
They jested, joked and sang,
Those jolly boys of Dalton Hall,
They were a happy gang.
Today each man keeps to his room,
No story books they borrow,
You cannot hear the violin strings
For the tests take place tomorrow.

Bones lays aside his old clay pipe
And plugs with might and main
He swears he will not waste his time
In Goodwin's room again.
Some dire misfortune must have come
And filled the place with sorrow,
No, the reason for the calm is this,
The tests take place to-morrow.

The forty-fives are packed away,
And everything seems slow,
No longer do we hear the song
"The picnic at Grehaut"
The boxing gloves and sterno too
Are laid by with the rest
And everybody studies hard
For tomorrow brings a test.

BULLACRE'S SOLILOQUY

Come, all you fellow seniors,
And sympathize with me;
I know that I've been in the wrong,
My faults I plainly see.
I once was wild and wreckless,
My money flew like chaff,
The ladies used me like a prince,
Now that I'm broke, they laugh.
When all my chink was squandered,
I went to see a dame;
But though the mother used me fine,
The girl laughed me to shame.
My mind since then is settled,
So take a tip from me:
For though I've played the game and lost,
I'm glad that I am free.

Urban—"This wireless telegraphy reminds me of a groundless quarrel."

Prof.—"I say Urban what connection is there between the two?"

Urban—"Well, its practically having words over nothing."

THEO'S SOLILOQUY

Though each one thinks his girl the best
As far as he can see
Though they be fine they can't match mine
Marcie's the one for me.

Leo—"Where are you going Tommy?"

Tommy—"The boss is in town."

Leo—"Take a tip from your uncle Tommy, don't call her boss until you have to."

Roew—"Didn't you see me in town Thursday? I saw you twice."

Eva—"I never recognize people in that condition."

Coady—"How do you tell the age of a turkey?"

G-rm-n—"By the teeth."

Coady—"A turkey has no teeth."

G-rm-n—"No, but I have."

INFORMATION WANTED

Why does Joe Gillis keep an iron at his feet at night?

Where does Jack Campbell go on Thursday afternoon

Why does Tidy try to shun Jack in town?

Who is Frank Coady's favorite singer?

Did Leo Gorman write "The picnic at Grehaut?"

Where did Merlin McCarthy get the fur coat?

Why does Tar and Mac and their two friends walk abreast on the street?

Why is A. L. Monaghan called "the Lady's Man."

Address all answers to

F. KULLEN

Pres. Carubian Society

Brownbean Ave.

Indiana.

Tar—"Do you believe in perpetual motion?"

Joe—"No."

Fat—[at the foot-ball ground] "Can I go through this gate?"

Ticket-collector—"I guess so, an auto just went through it."

Hooper—"I wonder who Buff was dreaming about last night. I heard him say "miss" a couple of times in his sleep.

Stork—"Miscouche, I guess."

Hooper—"Why Miscouche?"

Stork—"It is the only way I can account for the two misses."