

AMONG THE AUTHORS

Tips on Serving	By John Buote
How I Lost My Dimples	By J. Zaib
My Winchester	By A. Byrne
The Promised Land	By J. Johnson
Broken Hearts and Dishes	By Reckless and Ted.
Mr. Socksinpants	By J. J. Bowlen

We think it only proper, to call your special attention to Mr. Bowlen's latest novel, "Mr. Socksinpants." his unsurpassed and unsurpassable work, possesses swift action, great pathos, an interesting and unexpected ending, and all those qualities which go to make up a great and noble story. And we feel safe in saying, that Mr. Bowlen has excelled himself; and that you will be exceedingly pleased with his work: for he does not burden you with any slow, and uninteresting matter. He does not even take one glance behind, but just rushes on with accelerating speed, to his one, grand, glorious, and unexpected end.

Mr. Bowlen will be pleased to sell you a copy at any time.

THE JUNGLE

STAFF

President	-	-	-	-	-	Pontiac
Board of Directors	-	Twaddles,	Joe Apples,	and	Dinny	
Office Boy	-	-	-	-	-	"Yunk"

Achiff ! Achiff ! Achiff ! Achoo !
Oh Me ! O My ! I got the "Flu".

BILLY'S MAGIC CURE

In "Flu days" said our Billie,
Lo ! how all the boys fall around me,
From the study and the campus,
Pass away my dear old class mates.
Victims to that dreadful flu they
Do not heed my solemn warnings,
Do not take my great "precautions",

All the marvellous means of magic,
 All the care I put upon me,
 That by flu I be unconquered.

If you ask me of my magic,
 I should answer, I should tell you ;
 That by flu you be unconquered,
 In your boots you must put sulphur,
 Round your neck you must tie camphor,
 In the air you must be active,
 Day by day walk round the campus,
 At meal time you must eat little,
 Eggs and meat and plenty butter,
 Must not lie abed in mornings,
 In your room must not have breakfast.
 Early must retire at night-time,
 That you may be strong and healthy,
 That you may throw off the flu germ.
 One thing more, but this I tell not,
 'Tis my "Secret Preparation",
 Which with all those I have mentioned,
 Shall preserve me, shall uphold me,
 That no "Flu" shall ever harm me,
 Lo ! while sick beds fill around here,
 I alone remain undaunted.

Vain O Billy was thy boasting ;
 Vain thy camphor and thy sulphur,
 And thy secret preparation :
 For the Flu germ did not spare you.
 You with all your secret magic,
 Fell a prey, as did most others.
 Now you writhe upon your sick bed ;
 What say now about your magic ?
 Thus it was that Billie answered ;
 But three days since I was stricken.
 Now you see I'm convalescent.
 Had it not been for my magic,
 For my camphor and my sulphur,
 And my "Secret Preparation",
 Who could say I might recover,
 Ever more to sell old razors,
 Ever more to worry others ?

DINTY'S SOLILOQUY

The "Winter Blasts" may blow their worst,
 They will not get my goat ;
 For my nimble form is covered
 By my "pinch-back overcoat".

OUR ELECTRICIAN

There's a story now current, tho' strange it may seem,
Of the great Malachias, and his wonderful scheme.
Amongst other things he conceived that it might,
Be a very fine plan to install a new light,
In his dark little room, of fifteen by three ;
So he settled the matter, and said : " Let it be " .
And while in the city, with Pere Joe's best rig,
He purchased a switch, and indeed, felt so big,
That tho' trusted with objects demanding great care,
He broke all the eggs, till there wasn't one there.
But he finally returned to the one, dear old place,
And by clever manouvering avoided disgrace,
Till he stole to his room, and there, in his might,
Set to work with his switch, to install the new light.

His hands worked like lightning. He inwardly laughed,
When he thought of his shrewdness, in escaping the wrath
Of one whom he'd wronged ; and in failing to beg
The pardon of pardons for breaking the eggs.
The work went on lovely. He filled up with pride.
He dreamt of the future, and his well chosen bride.
He went on a-dreaming, and it's sad to relate,
That most probably, this was the cause of his fate.
For when in the depth of this dreamy romance,
He suddenly stopped, and seemed in a trance.
His hand gave a tremble. His face turned quite white.
He looked to poor Joey, like a ghost in the night.
He has made a short-circuit. There was a sharp crack.
Then poor Malachias fell flat on his back.

The truth of the matter soon sank in his head ; ;
And in trembling fear he crept under the bed ;
And in silence hid there for an hour or more,
Regardless of thumping that came on his door.
The man at the door stopped pounding and said :
" Come ! let me in, or I'll break in your head !
Don't think you can come here and blow out the fuse !
Come ! Open this door Sir. ! Don't dare to refuse !
Do you know your foul switch has left us in the dark ?
Heh, I'll switch you that hard that you'll see naught but sparks—
Do you hear me Malachias ? do you hear me, I say.
Come Sir !——Open up !——Open up right away " ?
But his words were in vain, tho' he ceased not to call ;
For brave Malachias was hugging the wall,
In dread, and in fear, and in shame, and in doubt,
As to what he could do, to again get about.
The Prefect was angry. He walked briskly away ;
Resolved that he'd capture him the following day.

Now you know Malachias has a fine appetite ;
That a well-put-up meal is his one vain delight :
So after ninety-three hours of fear and unrest,
He decided that probably it would be best,

To get something to eat,—say only a “bun.”—
 Than to starve in his room,—unwept and unsung.
 Accordingly he crept slowly forth from his room.
 He shivered ; he shook : and he thought he would swoon.
 He sure was some picture, (he had grown quite thin)
 With his long golden hair hanging down to his chin,
 And that one little garment that he had loved best,
 All torn to tatters.—That bright yellow vest.
 He wavered. He staggered. He clutched for the wall ;
 And by its mere support dragged himself down the hall,
 Till he finally fell down with a thump on his knees.
 The shock made him tremble like a leaf in the breeze.
 He was growing much weaker ; he felt dreadfully sick ;
 But he pulled up his courage, and made his last kick.
 With the force of a man, in ill-luck and despair,
 He dragged himself forward to the head of the stairs ;
 And looking below to the realm of “Eats”,
 He let a faint groan, and relaxed both his feet.
 There followed a rumbling, thundering sound.
 And our hero rolled down four flights, to the ground.

They say he was found, after a moment or more,
 In a small, crumpled heap, on the hard cement floor ;
 And raving quite madly about switches and lights,
 Short-circuits, and eggs, and his drop of four flights.
 And when he gained consciousness, what did he cry,
 But : “Oh ‘Sweet Emalina’ please bring me mince-pie”.
 Well, —he is now well again and all over his fright ;
 Has banished the plan to install a new light,
 In his dark little room, of fifteen by three,
 And has sworn to the matter.—Witness, Joey,
 That’s the story now current, tho’ strange it may seem,
 Of the great Malachias, and his wonderful scheme.

MIDNIGHT DRIVE

No belle, no sweetheart Linus owned.
 He dwelt on the first floor,
 The fairest flower that ever bloomed,
 Beside young Willa’s door.

You yet may see “Price Webber” play,
 Fair Harold reach the town ;
 But the sweet face of gallant gay,
 Will ever wear a frown.

The night is dark, the snow-drifts deep,
 The wind howls loud and long,
 The “Father”, he is pledged to keep,
 His promise deep and strong.

Tonight, he to the town must go,
 For strong his duties bind,
 And he will not his fate forgoe,
 Though moans the wintry wind.

"Of all my brave and gallant band,
On whom I've looked with pride,
Can there not be found one strong hand,
Who me tonight will guide".

Forth from the ranks our hero sprung,
With tall and stately mien,
And swore that he had braved such storm,
No man had ever seen.

He quickly stepped into his ward,
And donned his armour bright,
And pledged his word upon his sword,
To lead his Lord aright.

He harnessed then his dappled bay,
And brought him to the door,
Then wrapped his master in the sleigh,
As he was wont of yore.

And now he hears the stern command,
"Mark well the Minister chime,
In hospital I've work on hand,
Return at half-past nine".

So up the town he quickly sped,
The streets were all aglow,
The stores were decked in blue and red,
The lights flared on the snow.

He hurried on with quickened pace,
His heart beat quick and light,
The "Picture-house", the determined place
Where he will pass the night.

A picture came upon the screen,
At which he looked with pride,
When, sudden as the night's moon-beam,
A lass sat by his side.

Alas! too soon the show is o'er
Our hero now must rise,
And step into the night once more,
And face the wintry skies.

He saw his new-found lady home,
Home to her father's door,
And vowed by all the powers above,
He ne'er had loved before.

And while he did his love maintain,
In accents soft and low,
Across the midnight air there came,
A sound which breathed woe

The shrill notes of the midnight chime,
Waked Linus from his dream,
Alas! quoth he, "what fate is mine",
Alas! how changed the scene.

"My master I have sure betrayed.
There is no hope to save,
your boastful lover, "my fair maid
From a dishonored grave".

The parting words were quickly spoke,
Oh ! haste ! " Speed Malice speed !
Gird lion and limb and quickly yoke
Your fiery, prancing steed ".

But when he reached the hospital,
And rapped upon the door,
The direful news came from the "salle"
Your master's gone before.

He sought to soothe his aching brain,
With hopes which gave to grey,
If he would ply both spur and rein,
To take him on the way.

His dappled bay urged to the work,
Plunged through the drifts of snow,
And never such a record broke,
E'en reined by "Father Joe".

But all in vain. His Master's safe,
Within the college wall ;
And from his Kingly throne did make,
His story known to all.

The "Prefect" was on vengeance bent,
The "Chieftain", he did frown,
And vowed the Culprit would repent,
His good horse "Morgan" brown.

And as they sat in council grand,
And contemplated all,
Of how they would the Culprit land,
Within the prison wall.

A sound of bells broke on the ear,
The "Chief" did grimly say :
"Now come my man ! Come ! Answer here !
The prisoner stood at bay,

But Linus ! all repentant now,
"And tamed his heart of fire",
With suppliant knee and bended brow,
He braves the Council's ire.

"I pledge thee faith, my Liege, my Lord ;
This night's work I'll undo,
And ever after keep my word,
To country, King, and you.

"I know that I have broke my vow ;
And caused my master pain.
A wayward son kneels to you now ;
He ne'er shall sin again."

Then in his place the master rose,
And from his missal read :
"A blessing, on thy new-pledged vows,
And on thy youthful head."

In silence then the youth withdrew,
To his little eight by ten,
And to his new-pledged vows proved true :
But he never smiles again.