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# The Funny Man

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We come with a message of mirth and of cheer,  
Although with sadness to some 'twill appear;  
If the joke's on yourself, just pass it o'er,  
And if on your friend, why laugh till you roar.



J. Johns-n: I hear strange sounds in your room at night;  
do you snore in your sleep?

Swivel: Gee, I don't know; I never lie awake long  
enough to find out.

Mulligan: (to fair one) Are you fond of puppies?

She: What a singular way you have of proposing, Mr.  
Mulligan!

Professor: (in geography class) What is London not-  
ed for?

Donovan: For its stupidity, sir.

Professor: What makes you think so?

Donovan: Why, sir, you said yourself that the popu-  
lation of London was very dense.

Grant: Who was coaching McGuigan during the  
hockey season?

O'Neill: Oh! I was giving him a few tips myself.

Fitz: Say, McIsaac, why don't you put that cat out?  
Do you expect I can study with her making such a noise?

McIsaac: That isn't a cat, that's Henderson sing-  
ing.

Obie: (having run over a lady's dog) Madam, I  
will replace the animal.

Lady: Sir, you flatter yourself!

Coady: I think Caribou's got hydrophobia.

Joe: Hydrophobia? Why that's a dog's disease.

Coady: Yes, but it means "fear of water."

Malone: An idea has been running through my head  
all day!

Judge: Well, it certainly had room enough!

The following conversation was overheard during the football season:

Firpo: (on the side-lines) Dis is too rough game—dis football.

Sam: Oh, football! Such a hignorance! Not football—shoeball.

Professor: Now, Wilfred, what is the Latin word for “cold?”

Callaghan: (thoughtfully) I can't remember just now, but I have it at my finger's ends.

Landrigan: Lend me your mug to shave.

Walsh: Shave your own mug.

Dick: What kind of tobacco do you like best?

Shylock: Other people's tobacco.

A fairy appeared to Caribou on the campus the other day and said: “Caribou, I'll give you three wishes for your kindness to the boys during the early part of the winter. “What is your first wish?”

Caribou: A ton of beans.

Fairy: And what next?

Caribou: A large stomach.

Fairy: And what for your third wish?

Caribou: M-m-more beans!

D-n-he: Charlie, do you ever think about marrying?

Hib-t: Yet, I'm forever thinking about Marion.

Sam, the Chink Popped into his McLaughlin with his Bulldog, Rob. He met a Farmer with a Red Polecat and a White Caribou which he Judged to be Twins. The Farmer took a Chick for a Goose, Plugged him into a Stonewall, and by a Foot-and-a-half just escaped a Tar-hole filled with Frogs and Grasshoppers. Like a Baby Elephant, the poor Boob Swivelled around and Punched the old Doo-dad. In the Nick of time, Lady Kelly and Maggie came and invited them both to Corney's. They arrived on the Dot and bought a Chicken Pie and Popcorn. They sat down to a Jug of beer which Bubbled and Zip-zipped. A Pussy Gipped Pa and they thought his case was Hopeless until Doc injected some Dope. In conclusion, Boswell gave a Synopsis of Shakespeare, while Caruso sang Old Black Joe from a Bag of Chaff.

An advertisement appeared in the Guardian last June. which read as follows:

Wanted—A Saxaphone; must be in good condition; apply office.

In a few days, the following letter arrived in answer to the ad;

Dear Sir:

I would like to apply for the position of Saxaphone; I have never been a Saxaphone, but I am in good condition. Seen on the Bulletin Board:

Lost, stold or rund away. Been loose him 'bout since two, tree weeks now, his tail cut off close to my body, If somebody find him, keep it, I belong to him. Reward,  
Apply to J. H. Box 25.

Erat Romanorum dictator.

Qui hated his uxoris mater.

Ipsam leonibus dedit.

Et Mortuam truly he credit,

But he found her at home two hours later

### AMONG THE AUTHORS

The "Tractarian Movement" .....	By Dick Johnston
Glasshouse Dwellers.....	By Henry McDonald
Freetown the Fair (poem).....	By Vincent Murphy
Sartor Resartus (revised).....	By Norman McKendrick

