

# THE FUNNY MAN

A ship is like a woman, often tender to a man-of-war, often running after a smack, often attached to a buoy and sometimes making up to a pier (peer.)

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Crowley—"What's good for a bald head?"

Smith—"Rub with brandy till hair grows, then take the brandy internally to clench the roots."

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Greene is thinking of marryin'. Forget it, Tom.

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Alec—"Which has the more legs, a pig or no pig?"

Hec—"Why do you ask such foolish questions?"

Alec—"So you ll understand them."

Hec—"Well one pig has more legs than no pig."

Alec—Oh, no! A pig has four legs, but no pig has six legs."

Sam is studying to be a bishop; he thinks he'll look good with the "Crozier."

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Dougan—"Golly! Long pants make a fellow look awful tall."

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Doyle may get "Gay" in Summerside.

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"So Fisher's an actor now, you say?"

"Alas, no, I said he had gone on the stage."

In selecting men for the mile run, don't overlook our war horse.

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Smith is ill in bed,—smoked a cigar from the wrong pocket.

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McAdam—(interrupting Walker's description of a certain hockey match) "Say, did anyone help you to lose that game?"

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Smith—"How did you take that cork out, Austie?"

Austie—"With a cork-screw; why?"

Smith—"From what I heard, I thought you opened it with prayer."

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If Eddie blubbered would a tennis ball?

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Prof. in History—"Queen Mary said that when she died, the word 'Calais' would be found written on her heart." Looking at Morgan, who is dreaming, the Prof asks: "What word did she say would be found written on her heart?"

Morgan—(somnolently) "Kelly, sir."

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Prof. Tanton—(forming quartette) "Now, who is first bass?"

Brennan—(who ought to be at ball practice) "I, sir."

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John-a-Sw-n-y is becoming quite melancholy.

Never mind, Spinko, you needn't abandon your beloved class book in the holidays.

"Do you" said Gertie, t'other day.

"In earnest love me, as you say,  
Or are those tender words applied,  
Alike to fifty girls besides?"

"Dear, cruel girl," cried Smith, "Forbear,  
For by those lips, those eyes, I swear!"  
She stopped him as the oath he took,  
And cried "you've sworn, now kiss the book."

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"Give me a kiss, dear."

Dear—"What cheek!"

Alleyn—"Oh, either."

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Dentist—"We must kill the nerve of that tooth."

Roy—"Very well, sir, I'll wait outside. I'm too delicate to watch you killing it."

