



Who is that man who sits and bites
His pen with aspect solemn?
He is the Funny Man who writes
The monthly local column.

By day he scarce can keep awake,
At night he cannot rest,
His meals he hardly dares to take
His jests, he can't digest.

His hair though dark, is streaked with
white,

His cheek is wan and pale
And all for seeking day and night
For jokes that are not stale.

His joys are few; the chiefest one
Is when by luck a word
Suggests to him a novel pun
His readers haven't heard.

And when a Yankee joke he sees
In some old book, well then,
Perhaps, he gains a moment's ease
And makes it do again.

The thought that chiefly makes him
sigh,
Is that a time must come
When jokes, extinct like mammoths,
lie,
And jokers must be dumb.

When every quip to death is done,
And every crank is told,
When men have printed every pun,
And every joke is old.

When nought in heaven or earth or sea
Has not been turned to chaff,
And not a single oddity
Is left to make us laugh.

From the 1st Year Examination
Papers.

Young oats should never be fed to
green pigs.

In a head of wheat we find—A Col
onel, two flowering glooms and a rake
off.