

As Through the Telephone.

"Hello?" "Hello!" "Give us Fletcher's Bakery, please." "Is that Mr. Fletcher?" "Yes." "Will you come up to the office of Mr. Didymus, please; I'm Mr. Corriveau. I want to close that lease of water power for Electric Light." "Oh! yes! Odell was saying something about that. Of course any agreement you make with him is all right. But it's a kind of a mixed occupation, isn't it, Electric Light and Clothes' Pins, and a carpenter and joiners' shop?" "Yes, rather, but we'll fix the clothes' pin business all right. We'll switch that off on to another line." "Oh! I see, clothes' line; but how about Davis and Morris and the joiner business?" "That'll be all right we'll dovetail that in with our own business. I saw them, and its all plane sailing now, but it was a pretty close shave, as they thought we were trying to chisel them out of the water power. Fact is, we've inaugurated a mutual benefit arrangement between them, the Jencks Co. and ourselves, but I won't bore you with the details." "Bore who? What do you mean? What are you talking about?" "Why, that water power." "What water power?" "Who the deuce are you any way?" "Griffith, City Hall." "Confound it all, that's the worst kind of tax of all, taxing a fellow's patience. Why, I was talking to Mr. Fletcher." "Can't help that, somebody rung me up." "Is that City Hall?" "Yes, yes, what is it?" "I've been trying to get you for the last five minutes." "Trying, eh? Well you've got me now—go ahead." "How much is to pay on that lot of mine?" "Fifty cents a gallon for the whole lot, ten casks." "What sort of land measure is that?" "That's ale measure, and good measure too. You'll find it hold out all right enough." "I'm talking to the city Secretary. Who are you, and who are you talking to?" "Hopkins—I'm talking to the Magog House." "Its assessed twelve hundred—twenty dollars due." "Twenty dollars due! ten casks of ale! what do you mean?" "Nothing ails me. What do you mean? There's nothing paid on last assessment, and its twenty dollars." "Hello!" "Hello!" "Is that the Central?" "Yes." "Well thank the Lord, I've got one place sure. I wish you'd send some one to fix up the line. I'm hitched onto the Brewery and Magog House, and next thing I know, I'll be getting a temperance lecture from Mr. Elkins, for being in the way of temptation." "Oh, never mind, Mr. Didymus, that won't hurt you." "Perhaps not; but somebody'll think I'm hitched onto these lines for convenience sake. I say, Mr. Wallace, I wish you'd see what's wrong with the instrument at my house, I can hear a message there but can't send one." "All right, I'll attend to it." "Hello!" "Hello!" "Give me McFarlane Mill office, please." "Hello!" "That rye we were talking about, send me up a couple of bushels." "Rye! what rye? a couple of bottles of rye! We don't keep nor use the beverage." "The rye you showed me yesterday. I want two bushels." "You want two bottles do you? well you can't get it here. Give us your name anyway, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith." "G. G. Bryant. Isn't that the McFarlane Office?" "No! this is the Examiner office. Well, that's a good one. Wait till Murray and Foss hear of your ordering two bottles of rye. You're a nice consistent man to have in the Council, aren't you?" "Oh, you shut up, Morehouse, it was rye for my fowls that I wanted." "All right, I won't say anything about it, but when you get up another foul game, don't make a very face over it. Good bye. Don't indulge too freely." "Hello?" "Hello!" "Say, couldn't you work in that double entendre of the Colonel's, about a certain party being a knowing card?" "No! I think not. It wouldn't Lucke well. People would think there was some little game up." "Well, nobody but the boys would know, eh?" "I guess not and they'll under-

stand that anyway." "Hello!" "Please send me up a nice ham." "We don't keep any." "Ain't you fuller?" "Not any fuller than usual. I'm a Scott Act man myself." "Oh! I beg your pardon. It was Fuller's store I wanted." "All right, Mrs. Jones, I got your order, but our line is crossed with the Land Co., and Mr. Davidson thought you were talking to him." "Oh, dear! how annoying! I hope he won't feel vexed at my asking him if he was fuller." "Hello?" "Hello!" "Is that Didymus?" "Yes." "I'm Corriveau. I'm going to let my light shine before men to night, and I'd like to have you come down. It'll be at the Corset Factory." "Then of course it'll be a success." "Certainly; you might go an Octave higher on that, if you're not a person of stayed habits." "Well, perhaps I am, but I'm not tight-laced." "All right, come down. See you later." "Hello?" "Hello!" "D'ye ken anything o' Rabbie Burns' Works?" "Aye, aye! mon, I do that." "D'ye min' whar he's hau'd up afore the presbytery? ye ken whar for?" "Ou, aye! mon." "Weel, they tell me there's an individual in town, that's in the same fix. Did ye no hear about it?" "Feth, na!" "Bide a wee, an' I'll up an' tell ye about it. Happens the wires might be crossed, an' I'd no like folk to hear." "A'recht! a'recht! dinna be lang, an' come ben, when ye come. I'm jest deen' wi' curiosity to ken wha it is." "Weel! weel! hau'd yer wheest, ye wad na guess in a month o' Sundays."

He Was Going to Take Something Warm.

Thimblethorpe was going to take a Russian bath the other day when he met his friend Boomby. "Where are you going?" was the first greeting that met Thimblethorpe's ears after they had shaken hands. "Oh, I am going to take something warm," as he slowly contracted his left eyelid. "Come along?" Nothing loth Boomby caught on, and followed his bosom crony into what he thought was an exceedingly hot room. "Let us take a drink of water before we order the stimulants," remarked Thimblethorpe. "A good idea," was the answer, "for I feel awful warm." He partook of the *agua pura*, and soon the perspiration began to ooze from every pore. "Come out of this," he said; "I couldn't drink anything stronger than soda now." Just then, as he glanced at the shelves around the room, on which were reclining several nude figures, it began to dawn upon him that he had been made a victim of a huge practical joke. "Don't say a word about it and I'll stand a quart bottle," he whispered, as he darted out of the street door and into the nearest apothecary shop to cool off.

HUMOROUS.

"I'm going to board," was what the log remarked on entering a saw mill. "When a baby cries all night, do not become impatient. Be thankful that it isn't twins." "Hand-painted suspenders are now worn, but lots of men will continue to hold up their pants with a leather belt fastened with a shingle nail." "As two ladies were gazing at the large black bear brought into town yesterday, one remarked: "Oh, what a nice buffalo robe his skin would make!" "Foresight: "But, Sylvia," said Hattie, "if you climb that fence Mr Tawmus, who is over there, will see your stockings." And Sylvia replied "I thought of that." "It is curiously stated that a Hebrew's nose never grows after ten years of age. Probably for the same reason that lightning never strikes twice in the same place—not necessary."

OIL OF PEPPERMINT.

We publish an article on this subject in another column with the view of inducing some of the farming community to investigate the matter and ascertain if there isn't a probability of creating a new and profitable industry amongst us. A conversation with we had a Wayne County, N. Y. gentleman some time ago, satisfies us that we have rich bottom land throughout this part of the Eastern Townships well adapted to the culture of peppermint and the question of profit seems to depend in a great measure upon the number who may be induced to engage in the culture, so as to distribute the cost of the necessary machinery. The quantity of peppermint oil produced throughout the world may be roughly estimated at 100,000 pounds and of this the United States produces some 70,000 pounds. Of this quantity Wayne County alone produces about 40 per cent, but on account of its better quality and the greater care taken in the extracting process this realizes as much or more than than the remaining 60 per cent. The labor necessary in producing the crop is light, and from what we could learn from the gentleman referred to, it will yield on good soil, a return of \$30 to \$40 per acre. About two crops is all that it is advisable to take off the ground without replanting and the new roots for this purpose are furnished by the old plants. Peppermint grows luxuriantly in many of our gardens, and those who have had experience with it, know that it keeps spreading and is a difficult thing to eradicate, but when grown for the oil, it is apt to become mixed with noxious weeds which impair the quality, and necessitate the replanting. The plant is gathered by cradling in August and September.

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IN THE ROYAL HOTEL—CALGARY.

Martin.—"I'm glad to see you back, Reilly. Hope you enjoyed your trip and brought the Belgians with you."

Mayor Reilly.—"I say, Martin; we have pulled together a good while and have been friendly; but if you ever mention Belgians to me again, the Calgary papers will contain a dissolution of partnership notice."—Winnipeg Siftings.

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