

Our Telephone.

GRIP.—Hello, Blake!
 B.—Hello!
 GRIP.—
 B.—I don't care. I didn't feel like replying to any more addresses, anyhow.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Well, yes; it might have looked better, that's a fact.
 GRIP.—
 B.—O, pshaw! that doesn't mean anything. He had that all fixed up before he left England. Nothing but a piece of mere tactics, I assure you.
 GRIP.—
 B.—What's that?
 GRIP.—
 B.—Jealous of John A.? Not a bit, upon my word I ain't!
 GRIP.—
 B.—That's all. So long.

GRIP.—Hello, Mowat!
 M.—Hello!
 GRIP.—?
 M.—I can't assist you—um—um—I'm afraid. Never wrote a poem in my life.
 GRIP.—
 M.—Oh, I beg your pardon. Er—er do I understand you to say Judicature Act?
 GRIP.—
 M.—Ah, I see, well, you've got the facts correctly. Give it to the lawyers—um—um—pretty strong. Can't be too hard on 'em.
 GRIP.—
 M.—Quotation? lines to wind up with? Ah, now I think I get your idea. I'll consider it.
 GRIP.—!
 M.—What's that. Did you say you wanted it tolerably soon?
 GRIP.—
 M.—Yes, well, here it is, as nearly as I can recollect:

"This rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I!"

GRIP.—Hello, Frankland!
 F.—Hello yourself!
 GRIP.—
 F.—Yes, that's me, Manager Street Railway—correct.
 GRIP.—
 F.—Paying first rate. Best thing I've done since I got here.
 GRIP.—
 F.—Oh, I don't know, about fifty trips a day each way I should think and an average of half a dozen passengers each trip.
 GRIP.—
 F.—No, there's no particular reason why we shouldn't accommodate the public. What's the matter?
 GRIP.—
 F.—Double track on Church street? Oh, give us a respite from labour! Out of the question, my dear Sir!
 GRIP.—
 F.—Well, let them walk then. It'll give 'em a good appetite for their suppers!
 GRIP.—
 F.—Steam cabs? No, I didn't hear about it. Joke, isn't it?
 GRIP.—!
 F.—Honest Injun? Well, look here, hello!
 GRIP.—
 F.—I'll see that more accommodation is provided on the Church street line at noon and six o'clock, and I'll do my best to get rid of the switch nuisance.
 GRIP.—
 F.—Thanks, you make me blush. *Au revoir.*

GRIP.—Hello, John Bright!
 B.—Hello!
 GRIP.—
 B.—It's a humbug, sir; a palpable humbug.



POSITIVELY HIS LAST APPEARANCE.

OUR ED.—Now then, if any of you chaps would like to take the Championship, you've only got to say the word, but hurry up, 'cause you see my business demands my attention.

GRIP.—
 B.—Influence the elections? No, decidedly not.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Not the slightest objection in the world. You can say that I am as sound as ever on the free trade question, and that Protection or Fair Trade or Thimble Rigging or whatever else you like to call it has no more chance of winning here than—than—
 GRIP.—
 B.—Yes! than I have of becoming Archbishop of Canterbury.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Oh, yes, but you must bear in mind that there is a difference between the people of England and Canada.
 GRIP.—
 B.—No bears near Toronto this fall, did you say? Hav'nt you had any bush fires then? Sutherland must have been cramming me.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Yes I believe there was a gentleman of that name stopping at a London hotel lately. I saw him at several dinner parties.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Does he though, and do they take the joke seriously? Started the Fair Trade cry! Well that's the richest I've heard yet. Is that all?
 GRIP.—
 B.—Good bye.

GRIP.—Hello, Conkling!
 C.—Hello!
 GRIP.—
 C.—I hav'nt quite made up my mind yet, but I think I can work him if I try.
 GRIP.—
 C.—Treason to the Republic? Well, that's a matter of opinion, you know.
 GRIP.—
 C.—Compared with politics it don't pan out much. I've tried it two months, and I think now I'll drop it.
 GRIP.—

C.—Oh, come; not quite so bad as robbery; simply putting the public funds where they'll do the most good. To the victors belong, cetera, you know.

GRIP.—
 C.—That's rather strong language to an ex-Senator. Call me up again after a while. Here's Kelly and Cameron and I've an appointment with them to put up a certain little racket. Adieu.

GRIP.—Hello, Bunting!
 B.—Hello.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Gave myself away? How?
 GRIP.—
 B.—Be hanged with *Infra Dig.* I don't know the fellow; who is he?
 GRIP.—
 B.—Well, if you put it that way, perhaps it was a little too windy. I told Griffy to make it short and to the point, but he stopped over.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Pshaw, that's nothing, a mere flea-bite, my dear fellow.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Well then, all I've got to say is that editors don't know how to make money. Besides, I'm not an *Editor*.
 GRIP.—
 B.—Is there anybody there with you who might overhear?
 GRIP.—
 B.—Well, then, I don't mind telling you that the *Mail's* present *bona fide* circulation is exactly—
 GRIP.—Hang that Central Office; they've switched him off!

A meeting of representatives of the Smith family was recently held in Pittsburg to devise means to get hold of six hundred thousand dollars said to be waiting for them in England. Should they succeed in securing this sum, it is estimated that each representative would be nearly one cent richer.—*Norristown Herald.*