



### SUPERFLUOUS NOTICE.

FARMER—"Post no bills here"! Well, I'll be soured, Maria! Who would want to post bills on such a skunky little thing as that when the hull fence is so handy?"

### LOST HIS PLACIDITY—BADGERED MORE THAN HE COULD BEER.

MINISTER CARLING, in his private capacity, is about one of the worthiest men in the Cabinet, and they say his bottled stout is good. As Chaucer said of the sailor,

"And certainlie he was a good fellah,  
There was none such from Hull unto Carthage,"

but in his ministerial incapacity he is too easily put upon, else he would never have fathered such wild statements as to the number of immigrants into Canada the past year, and which aroused a storm of denial when the Report on Emigration was laid before the House. Some one deeper than himself has evidently stuck him on his statistics. *Customs* of the country, he says, did it. Ottawa correspondence betrays that when members wanted to know where he got his figures he "lost his placidity and refused to answer any more questions, saying that he did not like to be cross-examined in a manner worthy of the Old Bailey." Nobody likes to be cross-examined, but the responsible Head of Emigration should not forget that cross-examination is applied to none but unwilling witnesses. It is a pity he lost his placidity. It would have been better had he lost his —, another word ending in —idity, with four letters prefixed. It will be a pleasant relaxation from his ministerial labors to guess what that word is, for the public have found it out long ago. To do the worthy man justice he was probably willing to tell all he knew, but the only fact the cross-examination elicited was that he knew nothing about anything.

Emigration is—and should be made—a leading question of the day. Without a large and increasing flow of suitable immigrants the extravagant support given to the

C.P.R. and other means of transit has been made in vain. A steady flow of new settlers should be kept up at whatever temporary cost. And yet Foster's remarkable budget has placed only \$55,000 to provide for immigration, that is to say, just enough to pay a job lot of partizan salaries.

### SHE WAS TOO FLY.

I WILL not be answerable for debts contracted by my wife, Sarah Flight, maiden name Whattly, she having left my bed and board without just cause. Chas. Flight, Dovercourt Road, city.—*Ad. in Telegram.*

Oh, why did Sarah sally out?  
Why fled she thus by night?  
She's gone, of that there is no doubt;  
Yet never took her Flight.

"I am deceived," her husband said  
"Whattly her troth did plight,  
But oh, What-lie she told instead,  
Did flighty Sally Flight."

A crow is faithful to its mate,  
Although not bound by laws;  
Though it may leave in autumn late,  
But never "without caws."

She was too fly, was Sarah Flight,  
To simply fly away,  
And left her spouse in sorry plight  
With drygoods bills to pay.

This was not right of Sarah Flight,  
Her husband ill could spare her,  
Deprived of wife, dark seems his life,  
A desert of Sahara.

### HE KNEW THE ROPES.

MISS D'OPERA—"Have you heard the latest about Gilbert and Sullivan?"

MR. DE RING—"Gilbert? You mean Gilmore, I guess!"



### THE UNJUST FATHER.

"Vor, vor you clime de fence ofer; vi don you volk de gate around?"