



THE WRONG BOX.

"Parisians have been informed by a local paper that John L. Sullivan is the son of Sir Arthur Sullivan."

We give above a sketch of the musical knight and his little boy. Can the misapprehension have arisen from the fact that Sir Arthur composed the music of "Cox and Box"?—*Funny Folks*.

liquor license who, when he gets the tip that a continuance of the privilege depends on his political course and governs himself accordingly? Or to the gentlemen who assemble in the Red Parlor and hand checks marked with three or four figures over to Sir John in return for monopoly privileges at the expense of the taxpayers? Or—but the list might be indefinitely extended. If bribery laws can't touch these classes of influential bribe-givers and takers is there any particular use in jumping with both feet on the poor no-account rascal who sells his franchise for a two dollar bill?

WITH lady physicians, and woman-suffrage at municipal and school elections, those who advocate the extension of women's privileges have reason to live in hope; and now that Mis-campbell has secured a seat in our local legislature as the representative of one of the Simcoe's, the cause is looking up, and there's none of the proverbial old woman about Simcoe's member either. Oxford comes out strongest in this line.

THE Mail says:

There is said to be a little rift within the Tammany lute, but not one, it is thought, of so dangerous a sort as to make the music of the organization mute.

The rift will not trouble them much. Tammany never has any difficulty in securing abundant supplies of "loot."

AN EYE FOR BUSINESS.

BOGGS—"Cold, ain't it?"

FAKIR—"How cold?"

BOGGS—"Oh, dunno."

FAKIR—"Let me sell you a thermometer then."

THE LAST OF THE CLAYMORES.

THE Claymores of Clyde
Were renowned for their pride,
Their castles, broad acres and cattle,
Their prowess in arms,
Which gained them their farms,
When of old they had led in the battle.

Like the dukes of Argyle,
They had thriven a long while
On soil whence its sons had been shifted,
And even their kine,
In regular line,
Descended from those they had "lifted."

But this old stock at length
Had been shorn of its strength,
And had come to the end of its tether.
Its head was fourscore,
A year or two more
And the line would elapse altogether.

This old Scottish lord
No heirs could record,
And he feared to the crown and the stranger
He must leave all his land,
In the grave close at hand
He could not play dog in the manger.

His lawyer made search
Through every Scotch church
For some one akin to his lordship.
At last he found one,
A seventh cousin's son,
Who had cleared out the country aboard ship

He followed the clew
Through the Old World and New,
His patience quite equalled a setter's,
And in the far West,
To do the behest
Of his client he wrote many letters.

The Claymores' strange ways,
And family traits,
He had studied a full generation.
From history's pages
He found in past ages
The race had been famed for spoliation.

So the annals of crime
He searched in each clime
He traveled on this legal journey,
And when the long trail
Led at last to a jail,
It did not surprise the attorney.

A highwayman there
Lay in dread of the "chair,"
That latest invention new-fangled,
Where those who have killed
Are doomed to be grilled,
Instead of rope-dangled and strangled.

Yet he who has gold
In the New World or Old,
Can always play trumps in life's euchre.
Grim Fate without grace
Takes poverty's ace,
But never the joker of lucre.

So the glitter of chink
Makes blind Justice wink,
And Mercy is moved by the same ore.
The villain is freed,
And owned as indecd
The legitimate heir of Lord Claymore.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

Why is the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier like a jilted lover?
Because he has been disappointed in the *maritime* (marry time) part of the business.