



### POLITICS IN RURAL QUEBEC.

WET. SURGEON—"Well, why don't you give her the castor-oil, as I told you."

HABITANT—"I am afraid, M'sieu. Ze cow, she is Rouge by ze color, and ze Castor oil will agree not. See ze look of her eye!"

trains, and all the sights, sounds, marvels and mysteries that go to make up New York? Then, chief of all—the men whose names make the city what it is to you. GRIP was glad to renew the genial friendship of the great cartoon makers of *Puck* and *Judge*, Keppler, Oppen, Gillam and Hamilton, and to find them all happy, though in the midst of a red hot campaign. Comic journalism in Gotham has other able representatives in *Texas Siftings*, *Time* and *Life*, and a new candidate for fame and fortune has just appeared under the title of the *Saturday Cartoon*. Worth and McCarthy are the principal artists of *Siftings*, which is edited by the jolly "Fat Contributor" A. Miner Griswold, and managed with consummate business ability by another good fellow, Col. J. Armoy Knox. From Park Row, the nest of newspaperdom, GRIP spread his ebon wings and fluttered to Union Square, which is the Mecca of all single-tax men henceforth, for to that histrionic locality the offices of Henry George's *Standard* have lately been removed. Here the great apostle of freedom was found at his desk, pen in hand, putting together one of the brainiest papers that leaves any New York printing machine. Beside him, also hard at work upon their congenial task, were his two bright sons—young men who have evidently inherited a good share of their father's intellectual power, and the full measure of his kindly disposition. To many readers of current controversy, Henry George's name stands for the embodiment of anarchy, or socialism, or crankism of some equally hare-brained variety; and their mental picture of him represents a forlorn fanatic who declaims against home and society in some wild fashion. This is because his critics are given to lying. There is not a more moderate, level-headed, sensible man in America to-day; and if those who have

heretofore thought of him as an anarchist could have shared GRIP's privilege, and enjoyed the hospitality of his home circle, presided over by an accomplished wife and charming daughters, it would have effected a radical cure of their wrong impressions. The next best thing for such persons to do is to read some or all of his works, as thousands of Canadians are doing to-day, we are glad to know.

EVERY patriotic Toronto bosom expands with pride at the thought that *our* boys are leading again in the International League, and the fact also reflects glory on the various towns and cities to which the players individually belong.

### ONLY.

ONLY a summer eve in Aug.,

Only a plush settee,

Only the wail of a mournful frau,

Only my love and me.

Only the gaslight turned down low,

Only her form embraced,

Only a whisper, soft and low,

Only an arm and waist.

Only a clove to disguise the beer,

Only a wild, weird thrill,

Only our lips cooing near,

Only to meet with a will,

Ah!

Only a stealthy step on the stair,

Only her papa's boot,

Only a groan 't the summer air,

Only a sudden scoot.

THE SCOOTIST.