



ON THE SWOOP!

GRIP has taken the liberty to amend the above excellent cartoon of Mr. Punch's by the introduction of Mr. Bull's figure, the latter having made at least as great a record as an African "Swooper" as the German Eagle, or any other bird of prey.

and unalterable affection to England and then squeal every time that John Bull takes us at our word and sacrifices our interests to his is neither dignified nor manly.

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THE Toronto *Telegram*, in view of the approaching Summer Carnival, protests against an undue display of the Stars and Stripes. It is kind enough to consent to a few being shown here and there, as a recognition of our American visitors.—but as a general thing would like the obnoxious bunting kept in the background. There is a large class of professed loyalists and crack-brained Yankee-phobists to whom the American national flag is as a red rag to a bull—and probably the *Telegram* editor is a crank of this sort. But while he was about it why didn't he set some definite limit to the number of U.S. flags that in his opinion should be allowed? Is the proportion to other flags to be one in a thousand or one in ten? How is the misguided citizen, who wants to fly the Stars and Stripes, to know whether his particular bunting is an infringement on true loyalty or not unless some rule of this sort is adopted? We see nothing for it but the appointment of a Flag Commissioner to regulate the matter. Or why shouldn't the License Commissioners undertake the double duty?

THE name of "Equal Rights" has been a good deal abused during the Campaign, many political aspirants devoid of principles being always ready to catch up a popular cry to advance themselves. But the Equal Rights Association, GRIP is glad to see, is determined to keep itself free from all partizan entanglements. The recently issued manifesto shows that the movement will not be permitted to become a stalking-horse to help any set of scheming partizans into office, if the Association can possibly help it. As soon as a movement of this character is captured by the politicians and made subservient to any party its usefulness is gone.

THERE are very few events, whether grave or gay, occurring during a Campaign which the enterprising party journalist cannot turn to political account. But surely the *World* is going rather far to make the terrible Longue Pointe Asylum fire do duty as an argument against the Ontario Government on the ground that such a fire might have happened in Ontario, and that if it had Mowat would have been to blame. If we are to make issues, not only of the actual or supposed sins of Governments but of all possible evils which might occur and be in any way traceable to them, there is obviously no limit to political charges other than that assigned to the imaginations of party scribes—and that has never yet been ascertained.

FROM THE "PIRATES."

WHEN the political heeler isn't heeling,  
 Isn't heeling,  
 When the hustler isn't hustling round for votes,  
 Round for votes,  
 You may see them from the party clubs a-reeling,  
 Clubs a-reeling,  
 With the whiskey they've been pouring down their throats,  
 Down their throats.  
 When the spouter isn't making an oration,  
 An oration,  
 He loves to tap the festive demijohn,  
 Demijohn;  
 Taking all things into due consideration,  
 'Sideration,  
 The Premier's life is not a happy one,  
 Happy one.



A HOD-FELLOW.

MRS. FINUCANE (looking in at the door)—"Shure, Mrs. Gannon, what's all the shtampin' up here? We can't get anny rest down beneath."  
 MRS. GANNON—"Don't throuble yersilf, ma'am; 'tis only me ould man walkin' the baby to shlope."—*Funny Folks.*