



"BRETHREN, 'LET US JOIN IN SINGING THAT
GRAND OLD HYMN, 'HOLD THE FORT.'"

[Sketch from thumb-nail memoranda made at the Methodist
Church, Simcoe.]

FOREIGN POLITICS.

DEAR GRIP,—Your cablegram addressed "Foreign Capitals" found me at once. I am always to be found at the Paris Bourse, or close by the London Stock Exchange, or inside the Tzar's (never spell this "Czar" in my letters if you please), or, as I was saying, in the Tzar's winter palace in St. Petersburg—in fact it was here your message to send you a *résumé* of foreign politics found me. I happened to be discussing that railway accident with his majesty, and was trying to prove to him that it was one of his own officials that upset the train by going to sleep on the rails—the blockhead! You see now the reason? Any Russian official's head would upset a train. His majesty agreed with me, and a large contingent of police are to be at once transported for life to Siberia without trial! Serve them right.

However, what you want is a little sketch of foreign politics, eh? Well, to begin with England, you know, of course, that she has got herself into a nice muddle at Souakin (don't spell that *Suakin* as you value my correspondence.) Souakin is surrounded with a howling horde of Dervishes. I need not tell you what they are. They are men who spin round like tops till they drop—you have heard of them. General Sir Something Grenfell (Fred, I think he told me his name was, but I was in a tremendous hurry trying to catch a P. and O. boat on my way to Constantinople when I last saw him at Cairo), Fred Grenfell went out and attacked them the other day. He did quite right in my opinion. Why, the whole British garrison was perfectly sick and giddy at just watching those insane Dervishes spinning. Not a man could hold his tumbler to his lips—and they all tried often and long.

Then there is that abominable East African muddle. Some say it has all been caused by Jack the Ripper.

How, I cannot quite understand. Probably somebody will ask a question about it in the House. At all events the Sultan of Zanzibar—a regular fire-eater he is—I declined a letter of introduction to him the other day—has been slaughtering right and left. Perhaps *he* is the real Jack the Ripper—people said he was dark and Oriental looking. Probably this is the origin of the story of the cause of the troubles in Zanzibar.

On the whole things are pretty lively. The *Cologne Gazette* fulminates (this is a pet word of Professor Goldwin Smith's), against Sir Robert Morier for telling secrets to Bazaine, and Sir Robert Morier tries to turn up his nose at the *Cologne Gazette*, whereas the *Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, i.e., the North German Gazette, Prince Bismarck's semi-official organ (be sure you get all this rightly printed. That *Nord Deutsche*, etcetera, is a pretty big gun, and is always referred to with all its titles, but it is only a newspaper after all, you know; and not even an illustrated one—like GRIP!), the *N. G. Gazette* (the *N. G. Gazette*!! Ha! ha! I really must show this to his Highness and tell him what N. G. means on your side of the Atlantic. How he will grunt—he is too fat, and his military collar is too stiff and tight to allow him to laugh. It will do his gout good), the *N. G. Gazette* I was saying, and the *Fremdenblatt*, and the *Temps*, and the *Journal de St. Petersburg* (don't forget the "o"), and the *Moscow Gazette*, and the *Freeman and United Ireland*, and the *Reichsanzeiger*, and the *Débats*, and the *Novoe Vremya* (for heaven's sake don't get the *Novoe Vremya* wrongly spelt, however you pronounce it)—in fact the whole continental and British press had fiery leading articles on the subject at once—and every one of them quoted all the others! But this is an every-day occurrence here.

General Boulanger continues to be elected in scores of Departments. How many seats he already has I have not counted. Probably the whole French Senate will consist of General Boulanger presently. He would like this. There would be no one to oppose him in revising the constitution—that is what he is after. In what direction he wants it revised, whether towards Monarchism, or Orleanism, or Napoleonism, or Opportunism, or Republicanism, or Anti-Clericalism, or Communism, or Extreme-Left-Centre-ism, or any other of the parties now existing in France, nobody knows. Boulangerism is the word now. It sounds loud-mouthed enough, and that is all that is needed.

Will wire more next week. Have to explain the Russian Budget (there is a surplus, for a wonder), to the Tzar now. He doesn't know how to add; he only knows how to subtract!! H

"HORRIBLE DICTU."

TO-DAY an ug-ly little pug
I in a window spied,
A scarlet rib-bon like a bib
Around his neck was tied.

He wore a star-ing, lordly air,
That spoke a haughty mind,
And while I mar-veled why such are
The pets of womankind,

A maid with feat-ures ultra sweet
Assumed a graceful pose,
And kissed that ug-ly little pug
Right on his ugly nose.

And since that mo-ment filled with woe
My soul is in eclipse,
For I have kiss-ed that pretty miss
Full often on those lips.