

Those Dreadful French Cartoons Which Made England Crazy.

Ne nous desolons pas, c'est de l'argent bien place.—From Le Charivari.

La famine aux Indes.

Rassurez vous, la vieille Dame, vous n'etes detronee que dans l'estime des honnetes gens.



(We needn't worry. It's money well invested.)—From Le Charivari.

(The Famine in India.)—From La Rire.

(Reassure yourself, old lady, you are only dethroned in the estimation of honest people.)

THE French illustrated newspapers have been publishing cartoons about the Transvaal war which have driven the English to a state of extreme exasperation.

For the first time in history newspaper cartoons endanger the peace between two great nations.

Joseph Chamberlain in his speech at Leicester the other day deliberately threatened France with war if she did not cease publishing insulting cartoons against England.

The cartoons of which he complained most bitterly were those directed against Queen Victoria, whom he said very truly that most Englishmen regarded as almost a sacred person.

The Sunday Journal prints a few of the cartoons which have aroused the anger of the English. The worst of these pictures could not possibly be printed in this newspaper, but these are sufficient to show the deadly and boundless hatred of England which animates the French at the present moment.

A cartoonist who has been most conspicuous in this crusade against England is A. Willette, whose work has been appearing in the Courrier Francais and Le Rire. The latter devoted a special supplement by Willette to abuse of the English.

Perhaps the masterpiece of this collection in Le Rire is a cartoon representing the progress of England through the world. The way is led by a typical English soldier, followed by a row of Salvation Army lassies and another of music-hall girls. The British flag is borne by a peculiar Highlander, accompanied by a clergyman, who carries Bibles and samples of goods and gunpowder.

S. M. la Queen Victoria, la grande Doyenne.—From Le Musee.

John Bull comes next with murder in his eye, a bag of gold under his arm and a rifle in his hand. Disease brings up the rear, while stretched along behind are rows of telegraph poles with dead men hanging from them. The line under this horrible hag gloating over the dead bodies of English soldiers on the battlefield, and loss of relatives in South Africa.

It must be noted that saying: "We needn't be worried. It is not nearly as violent as money well invested." One may imagine the effect of this in England, where hundreds of families, from the greatest down to the poorest, are in mourning for the horrible hag gloating over the dead bodies of English soldiers on the battlefield, and loss of relatives in South Africa.

In another picture a group of famished natives of India are shown, while a fat English officer looks on with apparent satisfaction and an Englishwoman takes a photograph of them.

A mild example of the pleasantries offered to Queen Victoria is found in a picture where she is seen grovelling on her knees before President Kruger, who says: "Reassure yourself, old lady, you are only dethroned in the estimation of honest people."

The feeling of M. Willette culminates in the drawing where he exhibits Britannia hideous as usual, carried away by death. This is inscribed: "The day on which perdition Albion perishes will be a day of universal rejoicing."

With a large historical view M. Willette attributes the burning of Joan of Arc, the exile of Napoleon and the misgovernment of Ireland as crimes to the English. Presumably the French people of to-day are ignorant that Joan of Arc was deliberately handed over by the French to the British enemy, while the exile of Napoleon was ordered with the hearty sympathy of the French Government of the day. Ireland is deserving of all sympathy, but it is doubtful if she will appreciate the particular brand of it offered by the French journals.



Le jour ou crevera la perfide Albion sera une jour de re-naissance universelle.

(Tralalala, Tra'lalala. Here comes the English Oh yes Save himself who can.)—From Le Rire.



(The day on which perdition Albion perishes will be a day of universal rejoicing.)—From Le Rire.



(The English have been here! There is not enough left to scratch oneself with, my children.)—From Le Rire.



Erin.—O Dieu, que j'ai si long temps implore! Seriez vous Anglais?—From Le Rire.