

Correspondence.

CITIZEN THRIFTY TO ALDERMAN GREEDY.

SIR:—I remark with surprise that it is proposed to borrow a large portion of the money necessary for this year's Corporation expenditure, on the ground that as much of that expenditure has been for the benefit of posterity, it is well to spread its repayment over a long series of years.

As it is evident that little of the work done is of a remarkably lasting character, may I enquire what posterity is to be benefited?

Yours

Toronto, Sept. 12, 1876.

JOHN THRIFTY.

ALDERMAN GREEDY TO CITIZEN THRIFTY.

DEAR SIR:—As I can hardly expect the pleasure (and profit) of again being an Alderman, I see no reason why I should keep the cat in the bag. I therefore give you a plain answer to your question.

You ask what posterity is to be benefited by the public works done in Toronto this year. I reply, the posterity of the aldermen who sold the materials for the said works.

Yours with extreme contempt,

Toronto, Sept. 12, 1876.

GEORGE GREEDY.

Music of the Future.

Messrs SUCKLING & SON, the Music Dealers, of Yonge street have just published a charming song entitled *In the Sweet Far Away*. The words are by Alderman DAVIDS, and therefore we presume the primary reference of the title was to the Day when the city debt will be cleared off; the music is by the popular London composer GLEDHILL, and is adjudged the best of his efforts. This Song is sure to become popular. Might GRIP suggest to Sir JOHN to sing *In the Sweet Far Away* at the next entertainment of his troupe, *apropos* of the Conservative Reaction?

Current Events.

No. 5.

Me Darlint Grip:—

Meself and NORAH has been luckin wid feelins av intherest for a cartune from yez forinist the throuble atune ROBINSON and the *Tellygram* man. Sure, wuddn't it do me heart gud to see that bombastick wind-bag av a mumber putt up in wan av your picshures, in the act av givin me noble JACK a black eye! Av coorse, that same bruizer is a Consarvatiff, but I am not wan of thim keind that swallows the likes av his goins an; I wud consither it no less nor a priviledg to hould the sponge for the worst Grit in the country av it kem to a fight. Whell, it's all pasht now, but I do be suffrin a gud dale av contimpt from the min I am workin wid, an account av your not takin notice av the eyint wid your pencil. It's the opiuon av wan an all that yez wor afeard av the fisht av JOHN BIVERLY. Wid all respect fur yez, me kind Misther GRIP, fwhat cud I say to that?

MICKINZIE is at his ould tricks again, I obsarve. Luck at him there at Watford beyant, the other day, batherin the bottom out av some av the nastest little grevances that the chafetin uver used up. Sure, Sur JOHN 'ill have tinkerin enough to keep himself and all the gipsies av the country busy all winther sotherin up their damaged tins asoor they can be av further use to the Consarvatiff Reaction. This is the soort av sintimints I had to put up wid among the min I do be workin wid, thim bein all Grits av a purnounced caracker. I kep purty well quiet, d'ye moind, for a couple av days, anticipatin the foine picnic down at Belle-ville, an bedad wasn't I on hand there wid Sur JOHN and Misther GIBBS an thim. Sur, yez have no conception av fwhat that town lucked loike. Fwhin we wor ridin up from the station, me and Sur JOHN and the rist av the distinguished gests, the chafetin pinted wid his blessed finger at the streets covered wid flags and red petticoats and more flags an sthreamers, an citry, and, sez he, turnin roun to the depitashun in the waggon, an pintin his blessed finger, sez he, "Gintlemn, av we can't force the dures av parliment wid picnic iliquince," sez he, "we'll force thim wid buntin!" sez he.

I regret to say that there wasnt air a man av thim but mesif that was aware av the joke, bein a lithery man an wan av a comic paper staff av coorse I twiggid it at wanst, but Misther MACDOUGALL, Misther GIBB Brothers, an KING DODDS an BOULTBEE and thim, lucked as unsartin as hins after a clap av thunther. I turned roun to congrachlate Sir JOHN an encurrich him fwhin I foun that the poor man had fell out av the waggon imejately after the effort. We putt him in again, but he mcd no more jokes that day, and provratily he towld me the contimpt he had for the intellects av all av the crowd exceptin mesif. Whell, I will not attmpt to describe the Cilibration, further nor to say that me ould frind MICKINZIE BOWEL had on a clane collar and fwhite plug hat, an Mister SHEPPARD wore a fwhite vest and a bokay av floars in his button hole, and wuddint spake to air a Grit in the town for love or money. I blave yez are aware that the Consarvatiff Reaction is comin to a pint, or as Misther BOWELL sez in his paper, "Is it a Fiction or a Fact?"

TERRY TIERNEY.

Grip tells His Mind to the Telegram.

GRIP makes fun of the *Telegram*. It is his vocation, and he performs his duty with that unshrinking fidelity which is the characteristic of the truly great. But the *Telegram*, above and unlike the other two dailies and the *Leader* ghost, is worth making fun of. It has a grotesqueness of operation—a habit of attacking castles with pop-guns and killing beetles with heavy artillery, peculiarly its own. Then its delightful transitions from grave to gay—its curious mixture of sermon and light comedy, are irresistible. But GRIP will never deny that it has done and is doing good service in exposing the civic defalcations, a work which the *Globe* and *Mail* should be ashamed of having left to it. But for the *Telegram* the city would never have known the extent to which it is being defrauded—never imagined the depth to which its representatives are descending—never guessed its position till bankruptcy overtook it. Pass on, O *Telegram*. Smooth be thy course! There at the larboard oar labours the tall and melancholy Bystander; there beside him pulls indefatigably the jolly Sunskitter—the light of other days. There at the helm, beneficently beaming on the rowers from one yet undamaged optic, sits the overthrown but undisgraced non-combatant of Scott street. Peace be with them! Should the torrents overwhelm, GRIP will in a moment cast them the life-buoy and pull 'em all ashore.

TROUBLES IN GROSS.—GRIP was pleased with an editorial in the *Mail* yesterday, telling its readers that they should not fly into a passion at every-day annoyances, but allow them to "lump" themselves, on the principle of the boy who wished to save trouble by saying grace over the whole barrel of pork at once. This must be the foundation of the old saying that if you do not like it you may lump it. But the *Mail* withholds the very main point of all. What are we to do with the lumped and accumulated grievances? Should we, for instance, express no annoyance till we have on successive days scratched our finger fourteen times, and then balance matters by taking a spare moment to utter a fearful yell which will wipe off the whole accumulated grievance at once? Will the *Mail* explain?

The British Diplomatist and the Friend of Humanity.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.—Surely, it is not considered correct to throw the influence of Britain in favour of massacre, spoliation, and destruction!

DIPLOMATIST.—Not directly; certainly not. Most certainly such a state of affairs is not contemplated.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.—Then why is it encouraged? Why is our armed fleet close by, except to protect and encourage the Turks? Why are they not told that we will not assist them?

DIPLOMATIST.—My dear sir, the preservation of Turkey intact has always been considered a British necessity. While we deplore the irregular mode of warfare they employ, we still are fully aware that that warfare is in our cause, and that if they did not fight, we must.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.—Then must I understand that Britain intends to maintain a Power in existence in Europe which, to the end of its existence, as it has from the beginning, will rob, murder, and outrage its millions of Christian subjects?

DIPLOMATIST.—The necessity is cruel. But we cannot, as you justly remark, change the Turkish nature, and we cannot do without maintaining the Turkish empire.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.—Sir, I doubt not the vengeance of Heaven will overtake the nation which, for any purpose whatever, supports such wickedness.

DIPLOMATIST.—Consider how much we must undo to meet your views. Ever since the Crimean war we have been lending money to Turkey, great part of which has been spent by her in the purchase of breech-loading rifles, first-class artillery, and iron clad ships. These have proved most effective, and before them the battalions of Servian and Bulgarian Christians (armed with little but the old Brown Bess and smooth-bore field-pieces,) have fallen like grass before the mower. The slaughter is as much the work of England as if her troops had effected it. Her money has done it. We wished to strengthen Turkey. You all knew we intended to do so. Why did you not complain before?

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.—But we had no idea the Turks would carry on war in this manner. They are killing thousands of women and children, besides massacring the male prisoners.

DIPLOMATIST.—You were willing to arm barbarians, and trusted to them to use the arms in a fashion not barbarous. My dear sir, you cannot make war with rose-water. The Turks are behind the age, that is all. Read the speech of your own Prince HAL at Harfleur, and you will find Englishmen then practised just what you blame the Turks for now. Do not blame us; but rather tell us, if you know, how to help it.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.—Withdraw your fleet and your moral support.

DIPLOMATIST.—And find ourselves plunged into a general war, in which, in the vastness of its misery, such horrors as you now deplore will be too small to notice.

[Scene closes.]