



THAT MODEL FARM CALF—A VERY LIVE ISSUE IN THE PROVINCIAL CAMPAIGN.

MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

II.

MISTHRESS GRIP:

THE Belt Line is the root by which to see beauty and grandeur.

Beauty and grandeur are mixed in the scene,
And most of Toronto encircled between.

'Tis a fact that speedin' along on the trolley, one sees life quite differently to thrudgin' on the sidewalk. Yer elevashun above the hurryin' crowd of pedestrians gives ye at wanst a commandin' advantage an' unfolds to view an ever-varyin' panorama of movin' human life. As the only difference between a pinch and a punch consists in the difference between *n* and *i*, so it is betwixt those who go abroad an' tell magnificent lies about their foreign thravels, an' those of us who, unlike the mariners of England, "stay at home at aise," an' take the trolley, and chayte ourselves into the belief that we are seein' life. And maybe, faix, that there's no chaythery in it, afther all. Praps life an' advinthures upon the trolley will be found as amusin', an' intherestin', an' instructive as on board an ocean steamer or a railway thrain, an' less labor lost—to say nothin' about the economy of the thing.

Entherin' a Belt Line car t'other mornin', I overhard two min discussin',—what, do yez think?—Whether 'twas chaper to live or die in these expensive times!—There was a cheerful subject for ye?—I won't soon forget a remark med by wan of 'em.—"It is wonderherful," sez he, "how people, an' even clargymin, widh all their praises of heaven, are anxious to stay out of it as long as they can."

Here an' there, as the car filled up, yez cud hear a golden word in the shape of a proverb. But, ginerally, it was met widh some delusive countherpart calkulated to underhermine it. "Thrain up a child in the way he shud go," sez one. "Yez can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," answers another. An' thin on goes the throlley agin, widh a whiz an' a buzz. At the next stoppin' point, yer right ear ketches a whisper, "Anything for a change." An' yer left aurikular katches the words, "niver lep out o' the

frayin' pan into the fire."—These two were discoorsin as to a probable change of government. Afther another short intherval there comes to ye the sage advice—"Marry in haste an' repint at layshure." "Happy's the wooin' that's not long in the doin'," is the ready reply; an' equally ready come the words—"Hottest love is soonest cowl'd." (Here Mrs. O'Day gives me one o' her pinethratin' glances.)

Whilst ruminatin' on the questhun of marriage, more owld proverbs come up to bother one. "Absence makes the hart grow fonder," sez a pipin' voice. But another timid one makes anser, "Out o' sight out o' mind." Right forninst me a nice lookin' girl gives ready ear to the advice, "Keep two sthrings to yer bow."—But yez hear the counter-croak, "Between two stools ye come to the ground."—I'm about to make a remark as to "killin' two birds widh one stone," when Mrs. O'D. tindhers her advice. "Tim," sez she, "think twice before ye spake wanst." The dear sowl quite forgets that tho' sich words sound well as a maxim, still if they wur acted upon, there wud be very little talkin' in the world.

A pert, forward young fellow of Mrs. O'D.'s acquaintance here puts in his oar.—"As to talkin', Misthress O'Day," sez the fellow, "do you know what happened to Balaam?" Quick as thought, the sharp lady answers,—"The same that happened to me—an ass spoke to him."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," is the next observashun that strikes the ear. At the word "Moss," there's a pricking up of all the ears of all the people in the car. And one gent, in a Howl-and-screech voice cries out—"Moss did you say?" "Did ye say that Charley Moss was goin' to bate Oliver A. Howland?" No answer. Conversation stops. A deep silence follows.

"Madam," repates the Howl-and-screech gent, elevatin' his voice, an' addressin' Mrs. O'D., "Which in your opinion is goin' to win?—What do you hold on the subject?" To him the careful lady responded calmly an' deliberately,—"Sir, I howld my tongue." And a laff jined in by the whole company, filled the car.

Yer thrue frind, TIM O'DAY.