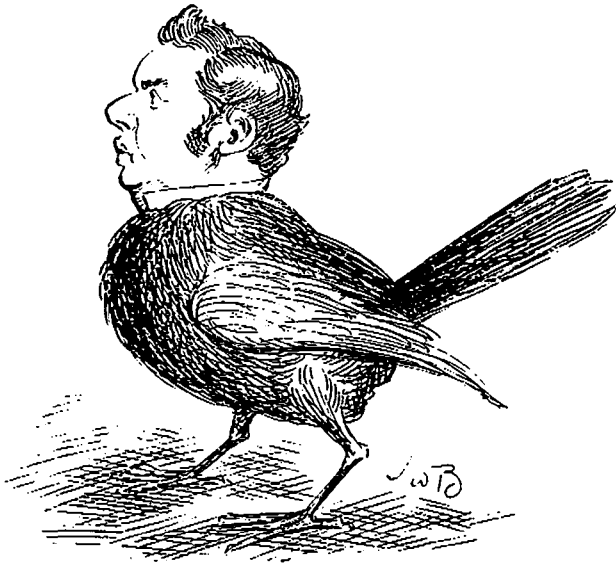


GRIP'S MIDDLE-NAME PORTRAITS.



SIR JOHN SPARROW THOMPSON.

MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

MISTHER GRIP :

THE sayson is comin' for holiday thrips, an' I'm goin' to take wan. It may be a sayries of thrips, in fact—purvided always that Misthress O'Day has no object shun. With yer permishun, it will be a pleashure to me to be discorsin' with yer readers about the people, an' the places an' things that chance may give me the opportunity of seein' an' obsarvin'. Other people (who can afford it), are takin' their favorite lines of thravel for Europe, Asia an' Africa, an' around the world, for sport, to spind their holidays an' their spare money. Let em go - to Jericho, if they like. I hope they may all ind health an' divarshun, an' also the Thru an' the Beautiful, of which some say they are in sarch, an' not make the discovery at the journey's end that 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view. For my part, (for raysons best known to meselt), I have determined to take the Belt Line. To pitch me tint (metaforically) on boord the trolley. From that coin of vantage, men an' women, an' their ways, an' things in gincral will be discussed — with reflectshuns an' recollectshuns. A pop at folly as it flies—or as the printher once "set it up"—"Shoot *Polly* as she flies"—will be taken. But the folly, and not the individual, will be always the mark aimed at. Others may seek for subjects worthy of their pen in far off places and climes: those of your correspondent will dwell in all around us, and about us, and with us in our everyday path of life an' manners.

As the spoon said to the saucepan, we are going to have stirring times. And the use of the trolley shall be to me the spur of the moment in ridin' for the *Grip* stakes. To begin with:—

Who has not expayrienced the inconvanience of gettin' aboard a sthreet car in a hurry, whin the platform, out to the front step, is crowded with *gentlemen*—ahem! As you get yer foot on the first step, the conducthor has signalled, the car has started, with a whiz, an' the crowd on the platform remain stock-still barrin' yer way, although there may be plinty of room inside the car. The conducthor may thry to help ye up. He mostly does so, but in a way that is much more likely to throw ye off yer balance on the step to the pavemint than to help ye on through the crowd gathered around him. If he took the same throuble to to keep a clear passage on the platform, an' used his hands in shovin' back the crowd, an' keep out of the way himself,

instead of thryin' to pull ye through them, he would be a help instead of a hindrance; ye wud feel far safer, an' yer clothing wud be claner an' less liable to injury.

What a motley crowd there was on boord the other mornin', as with Misthress O'Day, pantin' an' sthruugglin', we forced our way in. Some noble an' bright an' happy faces; some sulky an' scowlin', an' some lookin' down in the mouth, puttin' you in mind of the dentist, who always does so. There were eager children, gaily prattling an' kneeling upon the sates, lookin' out the windows, their soiled boots not improving the ladies dresses by their contact. There were sad countenances; countenances betokening passion, and others, both of men and women, telling plainly of mysthery and thragedy consailed behind a hypocritical extayrior. All about you you see faces intent on the deadly sthuggle and battle of life—some of the combatants with closed lips and firm unflinchin' eye; others with thrimblin' aspect, whose every look was like a sigh or a groan. Wan small waisted maiden I noticed. I could not help thinkin' how great a waste of health that little waist represinted. She was engaged in lively carryin's on with her escort, a young man who appeared to be a school taicher. I overheard her askin' him, with an immense giggle, if the roots of words produced the flowers of speech. Misthress O'Day, who has a grate head—a head I niver saw turned except wanst in a bonnet shop (and put the sthrongest minded woman there an' twill turn her head)—gave me a nudge, and added sotto voce. there are very few, Tim, like you an' me who know how to be idle an' innocint.

We were gettin' out at the corner of Spadina an' Bloor. Mrs. O'D. ladin' the way, an' carryin' a long-handled umbrella, as long as an Irish pike. All of a suddint I saw her bring it down upon something that obsthucted her way out, an' there was a thunderin' yell of pain an' anger. A young swell, writhin' in agony stooped down to rub his foot. She aimed well an' hit him on the bunion. He had, I noticed whin enterin' the car, one leg crossed over the knee of another an' was taken up in readin' something. He never moved to take down his extindid foot, an all who had to pass him had to rub agin it—the ladies' dhresses espeshully bein' made to do juty as a door mat for him. Mrs. O'D., although a very sweet tempered woman, was mad enough at havin' her nice, new dhress soiled in this way, whin comin' in. And as the unmannerly fellow still kept his leg cocked up, an' she had to run the gauntlet of his dirty boot whin going out, she took this manes to taiche him manners. She recommends the adoption of it in all like cases.

Yer thrue frind,

TIM O'DAY.



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CAPTAIN GAYCHAP HASN'T MUCH HAIR, BUT WHAT HE HAD HE MANAGES TO ARRANGE — —