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JACOB'S PATENT LITHOGRAM.



A SUGGESTION.

The work on the Yonge street job ought to go on by night, and the Aldermen might be made of some use to the city if they were told off for service as above, in the absence of an electric light.

*. See Comments on Page 2.



HOW TO "FREE IRELAND."

Dynamite Skirmisher.—Bedad, we nivvir thought av that befoor! Shure, wan can av dynamite wud be enough to put ould Oireland an' her throbbles out av existence at wanst! I'll mintion that to Rossa, so I will!

Literature for the Dog-days.
SIMPSON'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

Written for GRIP by Charles G. Buck.

Never within the memory of Scarbrough's oldest inhabitant had there been such a winter as the last. Never had the snow and ice offered themselves in such attractive forms, both in the street and on the river, as they did now. Skaters were happy and the fortunate owners of sleighs in ecstasy. Even the less favored ones, who possessed but waggons or carriages, took off the wheels and in their place put the fascinating runner. In consequence all Scarbrough made sleighing the fashion and no youth of any pretensions neglected to take his particular female fancy out for a ride. Plym Simpson felt this most keenly and although he held but a minor position in the bank and drew a salary even smaller than that position merited, he made up his mind that, in order to be recognized by Scarbrough's upper ten, it would be necessary for him to keep up with the style. Nay more. He had noticed with no little concern, that Sallie Adams the idol of his boyish heart, had "accepted with pleasure" on no less than four occasions, the proffered ride, and that, too, from some of his most despised rivals.

"Therefore," argued Plym, "if it takes the last dollar I have in the world, Sallie will have a ride and I will handle the reins." This was a manly assertion for a man to make who had never driven a horse in his life, alone, but when Plym said anything, even to himself, he generally meant it. That night there was a heavy fall of snow, so he seized the opportunity to make an engagement with Sallie, and her mamma for the following afternoon, and the next morning betook himself to the livery stable.

"Every rig in the house is out to-day, sir," smilingly replied the proprietor, to Plym's question.

"But I must have a horse and cutter for this afternoon," continued Plym, a little nettled. "I have made an engagement which cannot be broken. Haven't you got a friend of whom you can borrow?"

"Well, Mr. Simpson, I'll do the best I can. What I want is a cutter, I have a horse that will do very well in an emergency like this, so come around at three o'clock and if I have a cutter by that time, he is yours." At precisely the appointed time, Plym presented himself at the stable, and sure enough the proprietor had been successful. There stood a very nice cutter with a horse harnessed to it in complete readiness for him. Plym was delighted and spruiging into his seat, he snatched the whip and dashed out into the street. Away he flew! past the bank, past the post office, past his friends on the sidewalk, past his own home, until it seemed but a minute when he had halted at the hitching post in front of Sallie's residence. Here he alighted, tied his horse with the same knot that he used when tying his cravat, bounced up the steps and into the house. Sallie had not quite finished her toilet, so while waiting for her to come down, Plym took up a book and tried to look composed. Let us leave him for a moment and return to the horse and cutter which was to furnish so much pleasure and fun that bright afternoon. There stood two urchins at the horse's head, grinning and giggling as only mischievous urchins can. "What were they doing?" you ask "Why, simply crossing the lines, passing the one attached to the right side of the bit, over to the left, fastening it, and vice versa!"

"Jimmy gracious! ain't she a stunner though, Harry," remarked one youth to his companion as he took a look from his place of concealment behind the fence. "Well, I should blush," whispered the other with his eye glued to a small round hole in the board.

Nor were the irreverent critics entirely at sea by any means. More rosy cheeks, a more sparkling pair of eyes or a more beautifully moulded form than her's is not met with every day, and as Plym lifted her into the cutter he actually closed his eyes. The poor fellow was not sure whether it was the white snow or the still whiter hand in his, that dazzled him so.

At last she was comfortably seated and Plym untied the horse. But he never noticed the lines. How could he? Then he sprang in,

tucked the robe carefully about his legs, nodded a farewell to the watchers in the window and seized the reins. Then he took his whip from its rack. "Where shall we go first, Sallie?" said Plym with a smile.

"Anywhere you like, Plym," she answered with her soft gentle voice, at the same time throwing a kiss up at the house.

"Well, here goes, then, now for a fly! and Plym struck the horse a sharp cut. Of course he pulled on the right line and the consequence was that before either he or his fair companion were aware of it, they had driven clear up upon the sidewalk. This appeared so amusing to one of the boys behind the fence, that he rolled over in the snow and roared. Plym kept shouting "whos!" and "get up!" almost in the same breath, while he brought the horse to a state of mind bordering on insanity, by turning his head first one way and then the other. Sallie, although nearly frightened out of her seven senses, had presence of mind enough to scream and then jump out and run for the house, where she was met at the door by her excited mother in whose arms she would certainly have fainted away had not the attention of everyone been called once more to the unfortunate Plym. Having discovered the cause of his trouble he quickly righted matters by recrossing the lines. His first thought after that was to get into the middle of the street as soon as possible, for already an unpleasant crowd of curious observers had begun to collect about him, so he bravely made the attempt of turning around suddenly. The snow had drifted considerably at this point and the horse, finding a snow bank in his way and being in a hurry to do something, he did not know what, took a lively jump, upset the cutter which in time spilled Plym, and made for the stable. The bystanders soon found that Plym was uninjured and then some one in the crowd laughed. Then another and another and finally it ended in a general howl. Plym didn't say a word, but he went around Scarbrough for a full month after that with his pocket knife unclasped. He still calls on Sallie however. They say vengeance is sweet but I guess Plym thinks she's sweeter.