



COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

WOMAN—"Why don't you tramps work instead of going about begging?"

DUSTY HIGGINS—"Work! Begorry I've worked till me back's broke."

WOMAN—"When was that, I'd like to know?"

DUSTY HIGGINS—"At the House of Industry. Devil a bite or sup would they give me till I'd worked about half a day."

THE COURTING OF MAGGIE O'FLANNAGAN.

"Now's the time to make Jerry happy, Maggie! Leap year will soon be over, you know."

"And what's lape year to Jerry thin?"

"Why, Maggie, don't pretend! Havn't I often told you that Jerry's great enemy is bashfulness! You know he wants you badly enough but he's afraid to tell you so."

"Go along wid you for an impudint spalpeen!" said Maggie, but she had a pleased smirk on her face, I could see that.

"And if all was true you said, why should Jerry be plased over its bein' lape year more than any other year I dunno," said she.

"Leap year, Maggie! is a year to bashful lovers and constant sweethearts. It occurs every four years, when it is decreed that each faint-hearted lover should have the question popped him by his girl. Do you see?"

"Go way wid your nonsince, shure! I don't know half you be sayin', and you needn't try to decaive Maggie O'Flannagan wid any of your stories!"

"Well, Maggie, just you ask the mistress about it and if I havn't told you gospel truth I'll eat my slippers."

A few days after this I interrogated Jerry shovelling in the back lane

"Well, Jerry! and how goes the world with you?"

"Purty well, Misther Harry! considerin' its bein' sich an awfu' year, what with the elections an' the harrud times, an' grip and all sich disaises! I have been feelin' it comin' on a long time, Misther Harry, and this terrible year has brought it."

"Brought what, Jerry? The hard times or the grip?"

"It's about as bad jist, for it's Maggie O'Flannagan has fixed it to be married to me wan of these days."

"And how did that come about?"

"Indade and that's more than I can till you."
 "Why! don't you know how you came to ask her?"
 "Ax her? Ax her did you say? Begorra she did the axin' herself."

"Oh come now, Jerry, that's mean of you. She perhaps helped you a little, but you know you needed help, being a little shy!"

"Misther Harry, if I should drop dead in my thracks it's no lie I'm tellin' you, but jist the truth. Maggie she began an' says she, 'Jerry, this is lape year!' 'An' if it is,' says I, 'what's the matter wid it?' Says she, 'I was tould about it and it's in the almanic as will!' 'Will!' says I, 'I'm willin' for it to be.' 'Oh!' says she, 'Jerry did you mane it?' 'Mane what?' I says, bein' that turned about that I didn't know what she was afther at all. 'Why, to marry me!' says she. 'Maggie O'Flannagan!' says I, 'are you forgittin' yourself so far as to propose to a man roight out in face?' But she was niver abashed the bit. Says she, 'in ginerol it's the man what proposes'—'And the Lord,' says I, 'disposes!' But she pretended not to hear that. Says she 'It's the roight of the woman this year to propose and the man has jist to excipt.' 'Don't he niver refuse?' says I. 'No, Jerry Dougherty!' says she, 'unliss he wants to lose thirty-five dollars in the bank and tin dollars what's comin' to me from the missis!'"



STRICTLY NECESSARY.

POLICEMAN—"Ey'm a native iv Toronto."

CITIZEN (scornfully)—"Your accent convinces me of that."

POLICEMAN—"Ey hod to go till the Neurth iv Eirelan afore I cud qualify for the foorce."