



THE BOY IS THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

Pompous Stranger (to small resident): "Er—I want to go to the Horticultural Gardens?  
Precocious Juvenile: "All right, sonny, run away, but don't stay too long!"

FIXING "LITTLE FATHER."

The Maoris, who are being ruined by drink, do not distinguish between the use and abuse of it; and they have humour in them, as the following story from Mr. Froude's "Oceana" shows: "A missionary and a chief, whose name I think was Tekoi—it will do, at any rate—were intimate friends. The chief had great virtues; he was brave, he was true, he was honest, but could not resist rum. Many times the missionary found him drunk, and at last said to him, 'Tekoi, good man, I love you much. Don't drink fire-water. If you do, Tekoi, you will lose your property, you will lose your character, you will lose your health, and in the end your life. Nay, Tekoi, worse than that, you will lose your immortal soul.' Tekoi listened with stony features. He went away. Days passed, and weeks and months, and the missionary saw no more of him. It seemed, however, that he was not far off, and was biding his time. About a year after, one stormy night, the missionary, who had been out upon his rounds, came home drenched and shivering. The fire burned bright, the room was warm; the missionary put on dry clothes, had his supper, and felt comfortable. He bethought himself that, if he was to make sure of escaping cold, a glass of hot whiskey-punch before he went to bed would not be inexpedient. His Maori servant brought in the kettle. The whiskey-

bottle came out of the cupboard, with the sugar and lemons. The fragrant mixture was compounded and just at his lips, when the door opened, a tattooed face looked in, a body followed, and there stood Tekoi. 'Little father,' he said, 'do not drink fire-water. If you drink fire-water, little father, you will lose your property, you will lose your character, you will lose your health—perhaps you will lose your life. Nay, little father, you will lose— But that shall not be. Your immortal soul is more precious than mine. The drink will hurt me less than it will hurt you. To save your soul, I will drink it myself.'

THERE is a difference between coal-dealers. An honest one says of another, "His weighs are not my weighs."

"Bless me," he said, looking at the clock, "it's after eleven! How time flies! I had no idea it was so late," "It is better late than never," she said, hiding a yawn.

Two burglars had ransacked a house in Dublin and secured every portable thing of any value. While passing through the pantry, one of them picked up a piece of cold meat and was about to eat it. "Whist, Pat!" said the other warningly. "'Av' yez forgot phat day it is?" "Be jabers," said Pat, dropping the meat, "I had: it's Friday mornin'!"