

with her instead. She could not understand what he found so interesting in those big books without pictures.

Suddenly he looked up and asked:

'Papa, what is a sentinel?'

'Well, Fred,' said papa, 'I usually find that the best starting-point for such a question is the dictionary, and here is what it says: "Sentinel—one who watches or guards; specifically, a soldier set to guard an army, camp, or other place from surprise, to observe the approach of danger and give notice of it."'

'Oh, yes, I know!' said Fred. 'A sentinel is a soldier with a blue uniform and a bayonet,' and his eyes sparkled as he spoke.

'Well,' said papa, 'a soldier may be and often is a sentinel, but there are sentinels who are not soldiers, and, come to think of it, I believe there is one out in the yard now.'

'Oh, where?' asked Fred and Elsie in the same breath, and looking out of the window eagerly.

'Put on your hats and come with me,' said Papa. 'But wait; first you must be sure of your definition. What would a sentinel be doing?'

Papa smiled down into their eager faces.

'Watching,' said Fred, who was quick to catch a meaning.

'Very good,' said papa. 'And now we will go and look for one.'

Fred looked doubtful; he was a little afraid his papa was joking, and Elsie, with her mind full of soldiers, held very close to papa's hand.

They went out through the garden and close to the barnyard fence.

'Now,' said papa, very quietly, 'see who can find the sentinel first.'

Fred and Elsie looked about. There was nothing alive in sight but the geese, and they were fast asleep. Then they noticed that one great white goose was not asleep, but was standing awkwardly upon one leg, looking here and there.

'Oh,' exclaimed Fred, 'I know—' But before he had finished the sentence there was a loud 'Quack, quack!' from the big white goose, and instantly the whole flock was wide awake and noisily flapping their wings.

Then how papa and Elsie and Fred laughed!

'He was a sentinel, sure enough,' said Fred, 'for he not only watched, but he gave the alarm. Do geese always have a sentinel on guard when they sleep?'

'Yes,' said papa, 'they never sleep without one of their number being on guard.'

'Well,' said Fred, with another laugh, 'they're not such geese as we take them for, after all, are they?'

GRACE'S KINDLY DEED.

What a lot of kind little deeds seem to be waiting for young folks to do! Truly there is no end to the number.

Grace Tremont had gone to a musical recital with her mother, and it was an event the girl had looked forward to with pleasant anticipation, as her sister was to take part in the programme. But mother and daughters were late in starting, and when they arrived at the hall it was found that Mrs. Tremont and Grace would have to content themselves with seats near the door.

It was just as the programme had been opened that Grace, looking in the direction of the door saw a pale, wistful face belonging to a little girl no older than herself.

'Look, mamma,' she said, drawing her mother's attention to the blue eyes peering so wistfully into the hall, 'doesn't she look as if she'd just love to come in?' And then pushing closer to her mother, she added, 'She might sit here, mamma—there's room for another with a little bit of crowding.'

'I'll see if the usher will bring her to us,' Mrs. Tremont said, responding to the loving entreaty in Grace's eyes, and then beckoning to a young man that she knew.

'Yes,' said the latter in response to the call, 'she will be only too glad to come in. She is the janitor's daughter, Betty, and she often comes and looks in at the door. I believe the little thing loves music.'

'I just thought, if I was in her place instead of my own, I would have liked some one to ask me to come in,' Grace said later, when speaking to her mother of the incident. Then she added softly:

'I like to try and do little things to please Him.'

WHAT HE THOUGHT.

At a small social gathering of gentlemen the other evening, the talk fell upon that interesting if somewhat well-worn topic, mother-in-law. One of the party, Mr. Z—, who is himself not the most amiable of men, indulged in a good deal of cheap sarcasm at the expense of the lady in question.

'Nevertheless, gentlemen,' he concluded, with a self-approving smile, 'you will scarcely believe it, but the fact is I lived five years in the house with my mother-in-law, and we never had a single quarrel. What do you think of that?'

'I think,' said a 'dry old stick' of a Scotsman who was present, 'I think that it speaks vera weel for your mither-in-law, ma mannie!'

SMART RETORT.

When in December, 1897, on the death of Sir Frank Lockwood, the seat of York became vacant, Lord Charles Beresford stood for the election, and was opposed by Sir Christopher Furness, afterwards Lord Furness. The contest was close and exciting, and eventually won by Lord Charles Beresford with a narrow majority of eleven, after two counts, on a poll of over 11,000 votes. Lord Charles says:—

'My brothers, Lord William and Lord Marcus, were helping me. Lord Marcus accompanied me to a meeting, and I told him that he must make a speech.'

'"I can't," he said. "I don't know what to say."

'I told him to begin, because he would surely be interrupted, and then, being an Irishman, he would certainly find something to say. Lord Marcus thereupon rose to his feet, and a voice immediately shouted:

'"Who are ye?"'

'It was enough; the fire was kindled.

'"Who are we?" cried Lord Marcus. "I'll tell you who we are. We are three brothers, and our names are Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and we have come here to put out the burning fiery Furness."'

ASK THE BULL

Trust Pat to find a joke in the most adverse situation, and little cares he if the joke is against himself. Once an Irishman was trying to lead a bull. He tied the rope to his wrist, and the bull took the lead. He took it with a vengeance. As the Irishman was flying around a corner, a friend shouted:

'Where are you going, Pat?'

'I don't know,' he replied, 'Ask the bull.'

Dr. DUNCAN'S Celebrated Skin Ointment

A bland and soothing emollient salve for the cure of Eczema, Psoriasis, Varicose, Ulcers, Pimples, etc.

Dr. Duncan's celebrated Skin Ointment relieves Skin Irritation immediately it is applied.

Dr. Duncan's celebrated Skin Ointment is a proved Remedy, and to all sufferers from Skin Troubles it is highly recommended.

For Chapped Hands it has no equal.

Price—2/6 per Pot (post free) from—

The "GRAND" PHARMACY

3 WILLIS STREET :: WELLINGTON.

W. F. SHORT,

MONUMENTAL SCULPTOR, POWDERHAM ST., NEW PLYMOUTH.
Every description of Monumental Work undertaken in latest and up-to-date style.