

scemed no hesitancy about asking even the most casual acquaintance for a loan.

Out in a piece of wood, I once saw a tree which had been killed by a vine, which grew up from the ground at its roots. Steadily day by day the vine climbed up and around the tree, thrusting its tendrils down through the bark and sucking the sap until at last it smothered and drew the very life out of its helpless victim.

The habit of borrowing will do just that very thing if left to go on uncontrolled. Closer and closer the habit will fix itself upon the young man who indulges it, until in the end it will prove his ruin.

It is better to know what it is to go without some coveted thing than to allow this habit of borrowing to get a hold upon one's self. We can spare many things better than we can our reputation for upright dealing with men. Borrowing leads to carelessness about paying and soon to positive deception. Shun the habit at all times. If it has fastened itself upon you, cast it off now, and forever keep it far from you.

HOW SHE WAS TROUBLED.

"I was afflicted with that tired feeling and had no appetite. A friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla which I did and in a short time my appetite was better and the tired feeling was gone. Since then we always take Hood's when we need a blood purifier." Mrs. S. Kinch, Beatrice, Ontario.

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A CLEVER PARROT.

Mrs. Charlotte Boner contributes to July St. Nicholas, "Tim, a Parrot Story." Mrs. Boner says:

"Soon after Tim came into my possession, I noticed that at night-fall he became restive; and often while making ready his cage for the night, I said: 'Tim wants to go to bed,' or, 'He wants to go to bed,' frequently adding 'so bad.' It was not long before, at the first shade of twilight, he would let me know he was sleepy, by saying: 'Tim wants to go to bed. He wants to go to bed so bad.'—always speaking of himself in the third person. Afterward, by teaching, he acquired the use of the word 'I.' Now, on hearing sunflower or other seed poured into his cup, for feeding, he will exclaim: 'Oh, I'm going to get such a nice dinner!' For it happened that I spoke of his food as 'dinner' whenever I gave it to him, and having heard it so called he cannot be induced to change the phrase to 'breakfast' or 'supper.'

"Sometimes before covering him at night, I say: 'Kiss your mother good night—here,' presenting my lips and smacking them; at which he will slide to the bars of his cage and very gently

touch my lips with his open bill. "Only once he, like the monkey that married the baboon's sister, 'kissed so hard he raised a blister.' I scolded him severely for the rudeness, and he seemed to understand. If I do not kiss him good-night he is sure to say: 'Kiss your mother good-night—here,' smacking his bill. He never says: 'Kiss me good night.'

"Tim has never known the commonplace name of 'Polly,' and he has never been asked by me if he wanted a cracker. I have always been alert to check any visitor who was about to ask the old question: "Does Polly want a cracker?" With the same caution I have checked the 'Howdy do Polly?' by requesting the visitor to say: 'Howdy do, Tim?'

Tim seemed to have noted my wish to exclude 'Polly' from his list of words. One day a lady called, and, on discovering the bird, exclaimed: 'Why, howdy do, Polly?' He immediately corrected her by replying: 'Say, howdy do, Tim!'

"So much by way of illustrating the fact that a parrot knows how to apply intelligently the phrases that he acquires in mimicry. In the few further examples that I shall give of Tim's talking, let it be understood that he repeats only what he has heard, but the reader will notice his tact in applying his remarks as if he knew their meaning.

"Frequently, when my husband is leaving for the city, Tim calls after him: 'Good-bye, John.' It need hardly be explained how the bird learned that phrase.

In some way he knows when we are eating at table, perhaps from having occasionally been in the dining-room at meal-time, and from noting the table-noises made by knife and fork, cup and saucer, etc. He often calls out at such times, wherever he may be: 'What are you eating? Is it good?'

We have a Scotch-Irish terrier, named 'Jack,' and a huge jet-black cat, named 'Tony,' who often engage in a friendly tussle. Sometimes, when Jack has been too rough for Tony, I have encouraged the cat by saying: 'Whip him, Tony! whip him!' As the cat and dog are almost hourly at their play of racing and wrestling, it is a common thing to hear Tim, who may either see or only hear them, shouting: 'Whip him, Tony! whip him! whip him!'

"Jack sometimes expresses his affection for me by tousling my skirt, and I feign to be alarmed at him, and cry: 'Oh, please don't, Jack!—please don't!' in baby talk. One day, when Tim was sitting on a lady visitor's lap, Jack playfully began to nip and bark at him. With outstretched wings, and feathers all a-ruffle with real or affected fear, the bird cried: 'Oh, please don't, Jack!—please don't!'

"This dog we were compelled to name Jack because of Tim. We had owned a dog of the same breed and name, that was slain by our country-road trolley, and Tim was continually saddening us by calling him. It was my custom,

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when the dog was out in the park somewhere, to go to the door and call: 'Here, Jack!—whistling—here, Jack!' occasionally saying to myself: 'Where is Jack?' This the parrot repeated over and over, time and again, after the death of the dog: 'Here, Jack!—whistling—here Jack! Where is Jack?—where is Jack?' And that dog used to run to meet the postman and bring our mail to the house in his mouth. Whenever I heard the whistle of the postman, I would call the dog and tell him to go get the letter. Tim soon had the command pat—'Come, Jack! go get the letter.' So when, after the death of our dog, we were fortunate enough to get another of the same family, the new one also was called 'Jack.'

"Tim has learned to imitate the postman's whirring whistle so perfectly that in summer-time, when he hangs in the front or the back porch, he often causes neighbours to run to their doors expecting the letter-carrier. Last summer, to the great worry of conductors, he learned how to stop the trolley-car that runs near our house. Mimicking the call of a certain gentleman whom he had heard hail the car, he would cry: 'Hey, there!—hey!' and whistle shrilly. Several times the conductor hurriedly signalled the motorman, who frantically shut off the current and put on the brakes. At first they were quite nonplussed at seeing nobody; for they could not see Tim because of the vines on the porch, and probably would not have suspected him if they had seen him, so human was the call. In some way they learned of this trick, and thereafter the conductor looked about sharply before stopping at that spot."

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—"Sit humbly at Christ's feet, and learn of him."

—"Whoso lifts the sorrows of others helps bear the cross of Christ."

—"The great deed is a thing of earth, but the good deed lives forever.—Samuel Rutherford.

—"Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely avenged! Slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and the work is finished.

—"The world is looking out for the best things, and what we want is to show that the religion of Christ is the best in the world.

—"Any man can sing by day; but only he whose heart has been tuned by the gracious hand of Jehovah can sing in the darkness.

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