



—The celebrated South American Tapir, the only one ever exhibited in this country.”

what's going on outside of Toronto, they're a kind of a contrast to the hayseeds at home, and they can talk about yachting and camp life, and it makes Sweet Clover kind of contented with life on a farm and feather beds, when they describe tents blowing down, and sleeping in canoes; but Araminta forgot all about the young men when she was entertaining her country cousin, and that I'd maybe prefer seeing something new when I came to the city to what I would have every day at Rural-dell, without taking a railroad trip.

Alice.

PEOPLE ONE DOESN'T LIKE.

v.

THE UNDECIDED MAN.

YOU meet him everywhere, at home, in the trolley-car, in the road, and all over it. He's quite accustomed to hearing both his friends and his enemies abuse him, but he hasn't the nerve to resent it. He is aware that he is highly irritating to other people, and awfully sorry for it. Short of mending his ways, or letting any one else decide for him, he's ready to do anything to show his contrition for keeping half a dozen people waiting for him, or at the last moment changing the summer arrangements of the entire family.

Not that he never knows his own mind; he's almost always pretty sure of what he doesn't want, and what he won't do, at least until somebody says so, and then as often as not, he heads round on the person, and is perfectly sure it is the thing he was looking for all along.

You might forgive his vacillation, if he didn't insist on you giving him your "honest opinion," on anything and everything he happens to want to do, or think of. He tells you with a miserable expression, that "it would be an absolutely kindness on your part to tell him what you think." It may be on the most trifling matter, that he craves your opinion, but he never rests until he gets it, he is persistent in that at least. You do so, few of us can resist being good-natured when it comes to giving advice. There is a certain satisfaction in the feeling that one is convincing a person who is halting between two opinions, especially when one can solve at once some problem that has been long puzzling one's friend's weaker reasoning powers.

The Undecided Man is grateful, and makes up his mind on the spot to do the reverse of what we advised. One would suppose that knowing his way of taking the opposite side, his family would contract the habit of opposing him, to gain their own ends. However, you can't be sure even of his being contrary, he agrees with you just often enough to make it a dangerous experiment. He is never very happy when a line of action is determined on,

he always sees as many fors as againsts for following either way, and prefers the see-saw of indecision, to the responsibility of action. It is nothing to him that he worries a friend half to death with his "changes of mind," he is so strangely impressed with the importance of his own conduct, and the long chain of accidents that may arise from the fact of his going by a 7 o'clock train or the afternoon boat, or whether it would be wiser to "take an umbrella or leave it at home," "to run the risk of his losing the umbrella, or of a sudden thunder-shower coming up." There is always the chance of there being a "might have been," at the end of the day, and he wants to avoid regret, he hates to repent and is consumed with such a desire to do the right thing, he generally does the wrong, but he won't let you decide for him, he is "a responsible being with a conscience," this Undecided Man.

J. M. Loes.

TO A GIRL I KNOW.

I used to think, in days gone by,
That I would die of grief,
If you should ever play me false
Or shatter my belief.

That I would pray for sweet revenge,
If you should prove untrue,
Or that, perhaps, I'd take to drink
And blame it all on you.

But strange to say, I did not weep,
Nor gnash my teeth with rage,
Nor curse my luck, like folks in books,
And heroes on the stage.

I did not even tear my hair,
When you had jilted me,
I merely read your letter through,
And said one big, big D.

M. D.

LABOR DAY.

SEPTEMBER third is Labor Day,
Let every Jack and Jill feel gay,
And tell it to their neighbors:
They call it Labor Day because
'Tis one of our Dominion laws,
On that day no one labors!

THE Chinese general, Jak Sun, and the Japanese commander, Cor Bet, seem to have a good deal of trouble to get together for the proposed fight.



EVERYTHING GOES—AND EVERYBODY.

FARMER HAYSTAX.—“Well, boys, I scraped this together intendin' to pay off the mortgage, but I wouldn't have you miss the great Industrial Fair on no account. Go down to Toronto, an' see what pints on farmin' you can git from the circus in the hoss ring!