

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

My DEAR CHILDREN:

Uncle Tom's Family Picture is finished at last and will be sent off to those who subscribed for it, and now Mr. Weld says that he will send one of them to every one of my nephews or nieces who will send in two new subscribers to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE. This is a very good offer, and I want all of you to try to avail yourselves of it.

The prize for the best collection of forfeits is awarded to Nina M. Knapp, of Melbourne, P. Q. She sent in a very fine collection, also the description of "A Merry Evening in the Province of Quebec," which you can see in another column. Nina well deserves the prize, and if she ever comes up my way I want her to visit me and I will get together a lot of young folks and show her what pleasant evenings we can pass in Ontario. She need not think, however, that I will miss it as "Archie" did.

Rose Widdifield says she has not forgotten me, although it is so long since she wrote. As Rose sends in a lot of new subscribers to the ADVOCATE, I forgive her.

Willie A. Rutherford sends the following puzzle:

174.—My first is in pike but not in trout, My next is in nose but not in snout, My third is in young but not in old, My fourth is in wet but not in cold, My fifth is in heart but not in soul, My sixth is in saucer but not in bowl, My last is in fast but not in slow, My whole is a part of the State of Florida.

175.—A room has eight corners, and there is a cat in each corner. Seven cats before each cat, and a cat on every cat's tail. Tell me how many cats there are in the room.

MICHAEL STEELE, Avonbank.

Quebec is ahead! I have a ready told you about Nina; now here is another Quebec niece who can write a good letter. Not that I do not appreciate my old nieces and nephews in Ontario, but I mean in new ones.

Stanstead, P. Q., Dec. 20, 1873.

My Dear Uncle Tom,—

I take it for granted that you'll adopt me. You see how sorry I shall be if you don't. I have been your niece in spirit for some time, and now I want to be acknowledged as one of "the family." I'd like to see that picture, that family group. I'd have liked to send you my picture, but I don't think you'd want such a little homely pug as me in it, would you? I'm 13. Please excuse me for not being older; I can't help it. I'd like to send you some forfeits if I wasn't so stupid. You know I can't promise to be a very useful niece to you, cause folks say I haven't much complication in me—no, I mean application.

Please don't despise me because I live in the Lower Province, but please just speak to me in your nice column. If you don't I'll be a very hard child to manage at home, and I will wonder "what's got into the child," cause I shall have the blues awful and I will sigh and say sadly—"disappointed merit." I am as ever, your O very far off niece,

CORA HIBBARD.

P. S.—Pa likes the ADVOCATE so much. P. S. No. 2.—Are you any relation to "Uncle Tom's Cabin?" That's a conundrum.

P. S. No. 3.—I guess my big sister could write you some games; she knows lots. I'll make her.

P. S. No. 4.—As for forfeits my big brother says going to Rome is the best forfeit, but he's a humbug, ain't he? How tired you must be of me. I will now close.

C. H.

I hand Cora over to Hattie Haviland, of Ingersoll. I want Hattie to send me an answer to this letter of her cousin away down East.

Lizzie Forbes sent a very nice collection of forfeits, and a pleasant letter along with them.

176.—Why is a talkative man like a pane of glass? AMELIA CARR, Compton, P. Q.

Willie E. Flewelling, Barneth, sends a new geographical puzzle which I may use some time.

177.—What is the difference between a summer dress in winter and an extracted tooth?

178.—Why do women talk less in February than in any other month?

MAGGIE C. MILLER.

179.—My 1, 2, 3 is a beverage, My 2, 3, 4 is part of the head, My 2, 3, 1 we all do, My 4, 3, 1 is a quadruped, My whole is a drop of water.

C. J. ATKINSON.

180.—When is a nutmeg like a prison window?

LIZZIE ELKINGTON.

181.—Why are 20 hundred weights of coal like a cracked brained mortal?

NELLIE V. MCGANNON.

Emma A. and Francis Nelson, of Ottawa, send answers to last month's puzzles and some new ones.

182.—Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters and I am still the same.

EMMA J. GILL, Medonte.

A MERRY EVENING IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

I thought you would like to hear about a party I attended the other night. It was a lovely evening, and as our sleighs dashed along over the snow, the merry bells appeared to enter into our fun and echo back our thoughts of fun and frolic.

We arrived at last at the old homestead of Farmer Brown. After having divested ourselves of hats, caps and shawls, we were ushered into a large parlor nearly filled with old and young, all showing by their bright and smiling countenances that they were bent on fun and plenty of it. After a little music and friendly chatting, Mr. Brown suggested round games, and you may be sure we all entered heartily into the idea.

We first played "Miller," then "Blind-man's Buff" and when we were pretty nearly out of breath, Hattie proposed "Auchen Furniture." I suppose, Uncle Tom, you know what that is, but for the benefit of my cousins I will describe it.

Hattie, calling herself cook, asked each one what he or she would be. Joe was water; Susie, fire; Bob was poker; Charlie, frying pan; Ella, pot; I was gridiron; Old Mr. Brown, spoon, and old Mrs. Brown, strainer. Hattie called out "water, water, water," three times, and as Joe did not answer "water" before she was through, he had to pay a forfeit and stand up and take her place. Then he called out "poker, poker, poker." Bob was too busy watching Ella and Charlie, who, to Bob's chagrin, were seated close to one another; so, as poker did not answer in time, he was obliged to pay and take his turn. Bob shouted "frying pan, frying pan, frying pan," but it was such a long word and Charlie was on the watch, and said "frying pan" before Bob was through, so Bob had to try again. He determined not to fail this time, so he called out "change, kitchen furniture," when everyone had to change seats and he had a chance to try for one. Then there was a rush. Off went Ella for the rocking-chair, which Mrs. Brown had vacated, and off went Bob and Charlie for the seat alongside. Mischievous Ella dragged it away just as Charlie was going to sit down, and Bob gained the coveted position and was for the moment happy.

Charlie, who was up, commenced "poker, poker, poker," but before he had fairly started it, Bob was repeating it and thus held his position. All the rest of us entered into the fun of the thing, and just as soon as we were called up we would go to the other side of the room, just as if we were going to call spoon, or strainer, or fire, and suddenly would say "poker, poker, poker," and so poor poker would have to start.

When we had secured enough forfeits, Deacon Jones was chosen judge, and he really looked like on as he sat in the centre of the room. He gave gravity to the proceedings, for his weight is about 240 pounds. The good old Deacon could not at first think of any forfeits but "Going to Rome," and a "Kiss in the Corner," and I believe he wanted to go and perform the operation himself, but after a while he got warmed up a little and told Archie to "make a bob-sled" with Alice and put four pins in it; but Archie did not know how to do it, so Ned jumped up to show him how. He got down on one knee with Alice on the other, telling Archie all the time to look how it was done. Then all at once, when he was not looking, Ned put the four pins on Alice's lips. So Archie got cheated out of his bob sled by not knowing how it was done, but I guess he will know next time, don't you? What do you think the next forfeit was?

A kiss Yankee fashion; so Maggie got up and pretended she was going to kiss Fred, but she ran away and kissed Harry instead, which so exasperated Fred that he caught her and was determined not to be fooled, but I think he had a pretty hard time of it, as he disappeared soon after to comb his hair and arrange his necktie, his ears looking much the color of a beet.

Louisa now proposed "Going to Jerusalem"—which so astonished old Aunt Jerusha that she opened her eyes and put on her spectacles, saying she would like to see Jerusalem, as she had heard it was a pretty place.

We arranged the chairs, and Ada, going to the piano, struck up a lively piece. We all marched round the chairs, when all at once the music stopped and each one scrambled for a seat. When we looked to see who was going to Jerusalem, there stood Aunt Jerusha as large as life. Dear old lady! she laughed until the tears ran down her face. "Sakes alive!" said she, "how quick that 'air thing did stop."

After that we played "Fish, Flesh and Fowl." Maude could think of nothing to say but "Rooster," no matter whether it was fish or what, and George kept saying "Lobster" for fowl; and poor Bob was trying to think of turbot, but he was too late, so he had to get up after all from that dearly bought seat beside Ella's. I felt like saying to him what Arthur did when they were at school in the class reading. The teacher did not notice when he came to the word "Philosophy" and could not pronounce it; Bob nudged Arthur to tell him, but Arthur was not quite clear about the word either, so he said "Skip it, Bob." But Bob, thinking that was the word, went on reading "Skip-it-bob"—which, of course,



That man NOSE too much for his donkey.

nearly sent the children into fits of laughter. I must not forget to tell you what a mistake Mrs. Smith made at the party, when her daughter, Jennie, brought her beau to introduce him. His name was Augustus Riley, but Mrs. Smith did not hear quite as well as she used to, so when Jennie said "Mother, this is Mr. Augustus Riley," the old lady said "Bustus Riley! what a funny name."

I need scarcely tell you that there were a great many taken with sudden coughs and were obliged to use their handkerchiefs freely, their faces all the time looking very red.

Now, Uncle Tom, I have written you such a lengthy epistle that I will not finish about the party, but will write again next month.

Your loving niece,

NINA.

Uncle Tom's Scrap Book.

[The names under the clippings show which of my nieces or nephews sent them in.]

DEACON DODD AND BETSY ANN.

Deacon Dodd once feelingly said about his Betsy, long since dead, "If ever an angel loved a man, That angel, sir, was Betsy Ann; If I happened to scold her, she was so meek" (Which the deacon did seven times a week) "She'd clap her apron up to her eye, And never say nothin', but only cry."

But, ladies, perhaps you'd like to be told That Deacon Dodd, like other men, Waited a year and married again; But he married a most inveterate scold, And now 'tis the deacon's turn to be meek And he gets well rapped from week to week; But rather than "open his head" he'd burst, He wishes the second was with the first! But, as she's as tough as a hickory limb, No doubt she'll live to say of him: "If ever a saint the footstool trod, That man—that saint—was Deacon Dodd."

A Dutchman thus describes an accident:—

"Vonce a long while ago, I went into mine able orchard to climb a bear tree, to get

some beeches to make vrow a blum pudding mit; and ven I gets on de topmost branch, I fall from the lowmost limb mit one leg on both sides of de vrence, and like to stove mine outsides in."

NELLIE V. MCGANNON.

As I went into the garden I saw five brave ma ds sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids. Said I to the five brave maids sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids, "braid broad braids, brave maids."

NINA.

I saw Esau kissing Kate. The fact is, we all three saw; for I saw Esau, he saw me, and she saw I saw Esau.

NINA.

THE MAN WE LIKE TO SEE.

Good morning, Mr. Editor, how is the folks to-day? For next year's paper I thought I'd come and pay.

And Jones is goin' to take it, and this is his money here; I shut down on lendin' it to him, and then coaxed him to try it a year.

And here's a few little items that happened last week in our town, I thought they'd look good in the paper, an' so I just jotted 'em down;

And here's a basket of pears my wife picked expressly for you, And a sma' bunch of flowers from Jennie, she thought she must send something too.

You're doin' the politics bully, as all of our family agree.

You must keep your old goose quill a-floppin, an' I won't be takin' your time, I have things of my own I must tend to, good day, sir, I believe I will climb.

The editor sat in his sanctum, and brought down his fist with a thump, "God bless that old farmer," he muttered, "he's a regular jolly old trump!"

And 'tis thus in our noble profession, and thus it will ever be still, There are some who appreciate its labor, and some who perhaps never will.

HATTIE HAVILAND.

DON'T BE AFRAID.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your houselest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the dusty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses, and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearstones, it will be sought at other, and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and fire light of a home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

"AND NOW KISS ME."

A very pretty and exceedingly modest young lady, the other morning, stepped into a well-known music store to make some purchases, and was waited upon by an equally modest clerk. Throwing back her veil, the lady said "I want Rock Me to Sleep." Procuring the music, the young gentleman laid it before her. "Now," said the young lady, "I want the Wandering Refugee." The clerk bowed, and this was also produced. "And now," exclaimed the purchaser, with a bewitching smile, "Kiss Me." The unfortunate youth gazed in mute astonishment. "Wh—what did you say Miss?" he at length found words to ask. "Kiss Me!" "I ca—can't do it," he gasped in agony; I never kissed a young lady in my life." The veil instantly dropped, and the would-be purchaser, hurriedly laying the music on the counter, took a hasty departure. The clerk only recovered after a somewhat spirited explanation with the proprietor, but hereafter, the new composition, "Kiss Me," will be conspicuously posted at the entrance of the establishment.

What relation is a loaf of bread to a locomotive? Its mother. Why? Because bread is a necessity and a locomotive an invention, and we all know that necessity is the mother of invention.

"Woman is a delusion Madam!" exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or another," was the quick retort.