

Uncle Tom's Department.

To our Nephews and Nieces.

A great many of our young friends have sent us puzzles, rebuses, enigmas, etc., and wonder why they are not published. We heartily thank those who have forwarded them, and make a general acknowledgment of those we have used and those we have not. We endeavor to select the best of them, though sometimes find it quite a task, as there are such a number to choose from. Some of our little nephews and nieces forget to send the answers, those we cannot publish; and some send those which have appeared in our columns before. Please remember these little mistakes in future. Hoping to hear from you all soon, **UNCLE TOM.**

Puzzles.

28.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

My first is in green, but not in brown;
My next is in village, but not in town;
My third is in knife, but not in fork;
My fourth is in mutton, but not in pork;
My fifth is in elbow, but not in arm;
My sixth is in field, but not in farm;
My seventh is in August, but not in May;
My whole is a Township in County of Grey.
C. W. R.

29.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in live, but not in die;
My second is in wing, but not in fly;
My third is in come, but not in go;
My fourth is in tie, but not in bow;
My fifth is in lose, but not in find;
My sixth is in cross, but not in kind;
My seventh is in dirt, but not in clean;
My eighth is in saw, but not in seen.
My whole is the Christian name of the girl that composed this.
V. S. M.

30.—ANAGRAM.

Arw dan vole rae egnarts cerspoom,
Raw heads oolbd nad ovel eshds earst,
Wra sha wordss adn olve hsa tarsd,
Rwa keasrb dahes nad owl rebkas thares.
L. B.

31.—

My first is in wood, but not in tree;
My second is in hive, but not in bee;
My third is in needle, but not in thread;
My fourth is in blanket, but not in bed;
My fifth is in night, but not in morn;
My sixth is in shear, but not in shorn;
My seventh is in mast, but not in ship;
My eighth is in waist, but not in hip;
My ninth is in reap, but not in mow;
My tenth is in plain, but not in saw;
My eleventh is in drag, but not in plow;
My whole's a name well known to you.
T. M. T.

32.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

My first is a vowel.
My second a number.
My third a relation.
My fourth an animal.
My fifth a vowel.
F. L.

33.—Why have chickens no hereafter?

34.—A gentleman being asked by a lady how old he was, answered, Madam, what you do in many things. How old was he.
ROSA.

35.—RIDDLE.

What shoemaker makes shoes without leather,
With all the four elements put together,
Fire, water, earth and air,
And every customer takes two pair.
HATTIE H.

36.—How many times will a black squirrel have to go to a corn crib that has one hundred ears of corn in it, and take three ears with him each time.
L. S. V.

37.—Curtail a fish, and then transpose, A well-known tree it will disclose.
T. M. T.

38.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of eleven letters.
My 10, 9, 7, 11 is part of the visage.
My 1, 9, 3, 11 is strongest of all sentiments.
My 1, 2, 5, 10, 11, 8 is a singing bird.
My 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 is a mineral.
My 7, 8, 9, 3, 11 is almost indispensable in cooking.
My whole is the name of a celebrated Arctic explorer.
A. N.

39.—

It's seen in the stones, and dwells in the wood;
It shuns the bad, but loves the good.
It's often used when John is hurt.
It shuns not gold, though it does dirt.
It's seen in you, and not in me,
And now its name you'll quickly see.
FRANCIS.

40.—I am a word of 5 letters.

My third is one-tenth of the fifth.
My fifth is one-half of the first.
My second and fourth stand for yourself.
The whole is what I hope you all are.
R. W. K.

41.—

There is a little thing that's found in many lands,
Although it teaches, multitudes, yet nothing understands.

'Tis found in every kingdom, yet not in earth or sea;
'Tis in all sorts of timber, yet not in any tree;
And in all sorts of metals, but yet, as I am told,
'Tis not in iron, brass, tin, silver, nor in gold.

Wild Africa this wonder wants, and so doth Asia,
But yet, as travellers do inform, 'tis in America.
Germany enjoys it, yet does not France nor Spain;
In Hungary and Poland you seek for it in vain.
In Amsterdam 'tis common, yet Holland wants it still.
It is in every mountain, yet not in any hill.

It never was in Italy, in Rome it still appears;
It comes in every moment, yet not in twenty years.
Old England cannot show it, nor Scotland, as men say,
Yet in Westminster and Cambridge you may see it every day.
And though you never think of it, 'tis never out of mind,
And always in its proper place, indeed, you may it find.
LIZZIE S.

42.—PICTORIAL REBUS.



A place in Canada.

43.— B A Y L H

Name of a place.

Answers to March Puzzles.

- 16.—A lighthouse.
- 17.—The bells, because they ring when they are tolled (told); but the organ says, "I'll be blowed first."
- 18.—David. 19.—Stone.
- 20.—There stands a castle by the sea,
With an ancient keep and turrets three,
And in it dwells a lady rare,
Rich and lovely, with golden hair,
By the wild waves splashing wearily.
- 21.—The Farmer's Advocate.
- 22.—London. 23.—Carrie.
- 24.—Sir John Macdonald, Benjamin Disraeli, Prince Bismarck, William Ewart Gladstone.
- 25.—Minnie May's Department.
- 26.—Lord Dufferin. 27.—Spider.

Names of those who have sent correct answers to puzzles in March number:—

Mrs. J. Brown, Maria Clemens, William Jeffery, C. Strong, Joseph Grant, J. C. Hunter, Fred Niles, Lewis Van Sickle, A. J. Taylor, Mary Douglas, Francis Atkinson, Rosa McNames, Duncan McIntire, Wm. Broughton, Sarah J. Sharpe, Mary McLean, Robt. Hyde, Margaret George, H. McAvish, Hattie Haviland, Geo. Wilson, Alice Nicolson, Minnie Thompson, Geo. Woodhouse, W. J. McBrayne, J. Palmer, Frank Lawson, P. Duart, John Blake, Albert Shier, Henry Parker, Stella M. Duart, A. E. Harvey, Thomas Taylor, E. Elliott, S. Rudd, J. Day, B. H. Kerr, S. Wilson, Thos. Lemon, J. H. Houser, M. Adams, Mrs. F. Rothwell, Libbie Poole, F. Washington, J. H. Reesor, B. Woodhull, Geo. Stenemagel, Norman Samis.

ERRATA.—We regret that the printers made a few errors in printing some of the puzzles last month, but hope they will be found correct in the future.

HUMOROUS.

A little fellow, who was at a neighbor's house about noon the other day, watched the preparations for dinner with great interest, but, when asked to stay and eat something, he promptly refused. "Why, yes, Johnnie, you had better stay," said the lady; "why can't you?" "Well, 'cause," said the little fellow, "ma said I mustn't unless you ask me three times." They invited him twice more right off.

It takes the Chinese to bring out the inherent beauties of that favorite rhyme, "How doth the little busy bee:"

How belly small chin-chin sting bug
Im-im-plove ebly sixty minit all a time,
Go, pickes up sting bug juice all day,
All kin' places 'loun flowels just got busted.

What is the difference between forms and ceremonies?—You sit upon forms and stand upon ceremonies.

"How long have you been in England?" was the question put by a young Englishman to a young American at a public dinner in London recently. "About two weeks," was the reply. "Really!" was the rejoinder of young John Bull; "and I notice you talk our language as well as we do." "Yes," was the reply of Brother Jonathan, "I have not been here quite long enough to forget how to speak it."

"Well, my son," said a Detroit father to his eight-year-old son, the other night, "what have you done to-day that may be set down as a good deed?" "Gave a poor boy five cents," replied the hopeful. "Ah, ha, that was charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan, was he?" "I didn't stop to ask," replied the boy. "I gave him the money for licking a boy who upset my dinner-basket."

The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance. The birds of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, give no song. The cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit.

LUCK AND LABOR.—Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labor, on character.

Luck slips downward to indulgence.

Labor strides upward, and to independence.

DEAR SIR,—A little incident came under my observation a few days since, which was so amusing and so characteristic of a large class here, that I thought I would send it to you, though it does not come under the head of "servant-gal-ism." We were waiting at a small station for a train, when two girls (I should say young ladies, I suppose) came in, with that peculiar strut which they intend shall let you know "I am as good as you." They walked about, making all sorts of remarks in a loud tone, and at last came to a window opening into the little telegraph office; though no one happened to be there, the machine was chinking away.

"What in the world is that?" cried the more modest of the two.

"La! don't you know? That is a sewing-machine; my sister has one just like it."

"But it is going, and there is no one here."

"Oh, well, it is only spooling thread now; it does that itself. Don't you see that green spool on top?"

This was satisfactory, and the sewing-machine that "went all by itself" called forth much admiration, much to the amusement of the waiting passengers.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

"What are you looking after, daughter?" said an old man at a Christmas party. "Looking after a son-in-law for you, father?" was the reply.

A SWEET ANSWER.—A little boy and girl, each five years old, were playing by the roadside. The boy became angry at something and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry. The boy stood looking on a minute, and then said, "I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie; I am sorry." The little girl's face brightened instantly, the sobs were hushed, and she said, "Well, if you are sorry, it don't hurt me."