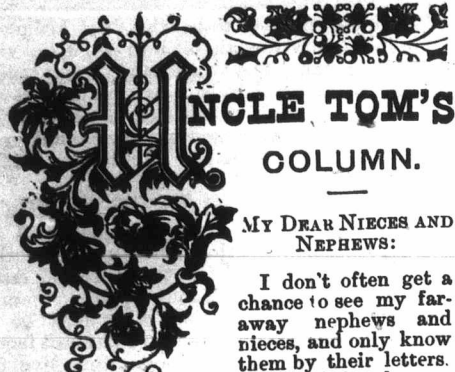




MY DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS:

I don't often get a chance to see my far-away nephews and nieces, and only know them by their letters. But I had the pleasure of hearing of some of them through their fathers and brothers, who were up in London at the Dominion Grange meeting, and I hope to see some of them in Toronto at Exhibition time, for there will be a great gathering of farmers and their wives and little ones at that time from all over Canada. If you go there, inquire for me, and I will be most happy to make your acquaintance. I have not had my usual allowance of letters from you this month, but I suppose the reason is that you are afraid of that hole in my pocket. Some of my children have sent in recipes for salves to cure it, and cements to mend it, but just tell me what is the use of a pocket without a hole in it? How would you get your hand in? I think that must be a conundrum.

UNCLE TOM.

Ingersoll, June 12, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

I enjoyed the Queen's Birthday very much, but I think it would tire you to tell all the amusements I had, but there is one thing I must tell you, and that is the Ingers 11 Cricket players beat the London Cricket players, but perhaps the next time they play, London will have the honor.

Well, now, we must get the hole in your pocket mended, because I think it is very dangerous, and if it should let any of the little nieces or nephews through, it might hurt them, and I think you would feel very sorry if they got hurt. Get Aunt Tom to warm a little glue, and then take a piece of cloth and glue it on, and let it get cold. I think that will stop it up.

HATTIE HAVILAND.

HIDDEN CITIES OF ENGLAND.

249. Who made that rug by you side.
250. "Which is the right road to B?"
"Right on, sir."

251. Is that ox for Douglas?

CANADIAN CUFF.

252. My first is in French, but not in France.

My second is in jump, but not in prance;
"third is in lame, but not in sound,
"fourth is in beat, but not in pound;
"fifth is in sea, but not in land,
"sixth is in finger, but not in hand.
"whole is a river in England.

C. C.

253. I am composed of 14 letters.

My 4, 9, 8, 8, 5, 12 is a puzzle,
"3, 13, 13, 9, 6, is a girl's name,
"7, 9, 1, 11 is to be ill,
"8, 9, 10, 11 is a nick-name,
"2, 6, 13 is a fow,
"13, 9, 13, 6 is a number.
"whole is the name of a celebrated author.

C. C.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

Have all your pockets holes in them? If not, pick out a good one to put this letter into. I want to bring a charge against you, and I want my cousins to act as jury.

Dear Cousins,—

Old and young, male and female, please to lend an ear to my complaint. Do you know? I have written two letters to Uncle Tom, and he has let both of them fall through that fearful hole in his pocket. Why don't he tie it up with a string or pin it. If he don't mend it, he will himself fall through some day, and then what is to become of us? And now, my dear cousins, good bye. Forgive mistakes; me too.

KATIE RICHMOND.

Katie sends me some good selections for my scrap book, and although there is a hole in each of my pockets, still her letter is sound.

Maud Milford sends me a nice letter about her garden and her cousins, and also a very good selection for my scrap book.

SQUARE WORDS.

254. An ancient city, a jewel, a tool, a girl's name.

255. Immense, a river, a place of confinement, a girl's name,

CLARA GOOD.

256. When should an innkeeper visit an iron foundry?

257. Why is the early grass like a pen-knife?

258. Why are dogs valuable to tanners?
AMELIA BOBBER.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

234. Do unto others as you would be done by. 235. Three ducks. 236. His name was Not.

237. During the month of March I called at an inn, and found the keeper dressed in a full suit of Tweed, lined with Holland, wearing shoes made of morocco, having soles of cork. A negro conducted me to my room, where I saw a table covered with a black cloth, which I removed and discovered it was covered with (Seychelles) sea-shells of all sizes and shapes.

At noon the landlord blew a big horn, and then we all went to dinner; the table was covered with a white cloth and furnished with china. The cook served us a trout which had too much salt in it; we also had black bread, with an egg each. For dessert we had Champagne and oranges. After dinner, Ann and Elizabeth and I rode out with a span of grays; we were much troubled with a strange man who had a span of 'lydes. As it was getting cold Elizabeth put on a cashmere shawl, and Charles put on a black coat, trimmed with large brass buttons.

238. Cod, and I dwell in the sea. 239. One word. 240. Gentleman. 241. Honor and fame from no conditions rise; act well your part, there all the honor lies. 242. Hail-stone. 243. The letter M. 244. London. 245. Cora.

UNCLE TOM'S SCRAP BOOK.

"Anna, dear, if I should attempt to spell Cupid, why should I not get beyond the first syllable?" Anna gave it up, whereupon William said: "Because when I come to c u, of course I cannot go any farther."

BUYING A HORSE AND A WIFE.

Mr. G. Gerard, of Philadelphia, formerly American consul at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, communicates to the press the following amusing reminiscence of his African consular experience:

"There is a very singular custom among the farmers—how to get a wife. If you desire to get married, you should first make enquiry whether the lady you love has a horse; if so, you must ask her whether she has a horse for sale. If she says 'No,' then you had better quit the house at once. She does not like you. But if, on the contrary, she says 'Yes,' it is a good sign, but she will ask you a very high price. If the amount named is paid on the spot, the engagement is concluded, as fully as if the marriage was consummated by the parties.

"On my arrival at the Cape, I did not know of this custom. I wanted to purchase a horse and I was informed by an old Dutch resident that Widow — had one to sell. I followed the address given, and soon arrived at the door of the widow (who, by the way, was not bad-looking.) I asked her whether she had a horse to sell. She looked at me very sharp; then asked me whether I had any letters of introduction. I said that I was an American consul, and would pay cash for her horse. 'In that case,' said she, 'letters are not necessary.' I paid down the sum demanded; then, after taking a cup of coffee, she sent her horse by her groom, and both accompanied me home. On the road the groom asked me a thousand questions; 'master,' said he, 'will my mistress go to live with you in town, or will you come and live with us? You will love my mistress, for she was very kind to my old master (laughter.) Where will the wedding be?' (looking at me and laughing.) Truly, I thought, the poor fellow has drunk too much, or he is an imbecile. I felt sorry for him.

"When I arrived home I found many people at my door congratulating me not for the horse, but the acquaintance of the widow. 'Truly,' said one, 'you have been very successful.' 'She is very rich,' said another. 'I really did not know what it all meant, and I began to be very uneasy, when to my great surprise, a lady alighted on my steps, and at once I recognized the widow! She very coolly asked me when I desired to have the ceremony of the wedding performed. Then, indeed, I fully perceived the scrap in which I was, and told her frankly that it was a horse I wanted, and not a wife. 'What,' said she, 'do you mean to act thus to a lady like me? If so, I shall send back for my horse, and will repay you the money. In a few hours her groom was at my door with the money. I gladly gave back the horse, thankful to have thus escaped. A few weeks after, however, the widow was married; a more ambitious man had bought her horse."

SALLY STEBBINS.

Sally Stebbins, seeing Sam slyly stealing sugar, stepped silently, seized Sam's spoon, scattering several spoonfuls. She spoke sharply, shaking him soundly.

Sam struggled, scratched, screamed; struck Sally spitefully; scampered swiftly shed-ward, seeking sire. Sister Sally scolding, speedily swept scattered sugar.

Sire Stebbins, smoking segar, sawed slender spruce saplings. "Sire, sire," said Sam, "Sally's snar-y; she scolded, shook sire's so soundly; she's snappish."

"Stop, Sam," said sire sternly; "Sam stan't speak so; Sally's splendid, splendid!" Said Sam, satirically: "Scissors! sometimes she's sensible; sometimes she's simple."

"Simple Sammie, sensible Sally," said sire, smiling.

"So Simon says," said Sam.

"Simon?" said sire.

"Simon Somers," said Sam; "Simon's sparking Sally!"

"Sparkling Sally!" said sire, surprised.

"Surely so," said Sam, "Simon's seen Sally seven successive Saturdays."

"So, so," said sire; "Simon's steady, smart, social; scorns swearing, swindling scamps."

"Surely so," said Sam. "Simon's super-dangulous."

"Shoul'n't speak slang, Sam," said sire; "seize splinters, shavings, seek Sally; say sire's starving—skeddaddle."

"Shoul'n't speak slang, sire; skeddaddle's slang."

"Speed swiftly, saucy scoundrel," said sire. Sam sped swiftly, shouting, "Some supper, Sally, supper; sire's starving!"

"Samuel Stebbins, stop screaming so; Susie sleep soundly," said Sally, simultaneously striking Sam.

Sam started, stumbled, spilled Sally's soap-suds—souse, splash.

Sam sprang, shrieking "si e, sire. Sam's scalded."

"Scalded?" said sire.

"Spattered shoes, stockings some," said Sally, smiling; "soap-suds scarcely steaming scares Sam."

"Shame! shame! silly Sam," said sire.

Sam slunk slyly, soberly, sheepishly shed-ward.

Sire soothed scared, robbing Susie. Sally scoured spoons, starched Sam's shirt, served supper.

Soon sire Stebbins, Sam, Susie, Sally sought shady sycamore shrubbery. Sally sewing sang some sweet songs.

Sam shortly spied Simon Somers, Sally's suitor, striding swiftly Sally-ward. "Sire, sire, see Simon," said Sam. Sally, seeing Simon, stopped singing, smiling, sighing softly. Stebbins senior signalled Sam; so sire, Susie, Sammie sauntered shed-ward.

"Simon's sober," said Sally, seeing Simon seem sorrowful.

Simon smiled sadly; sitting, said softly:—"Sally, sweet Sally."

"Sally, scarcely surprised, said, 'Simon, seek sire.'"

Simon speedily sought sire. Sire said: "Sally's smart," Simon said, "Sally's splendid, superfine."

"So, so, Stebbins satisfied," said sire.

So Simon Somers, Sally Stebbins' one," CANADIAN CUFF.

A book-seller was, a short time back, rather astonished at a miner's wife bringing him a Johnson's dictionary which she had purchased from him a few days before. She said "it was a poor book, and of no use to her."

She had looked for "rheumatic," but could not find it; she had also searched for "gnat" but it was absent as well. On the book-seller pointing out the words, she still declined to retain the volume, remarking that "she wanted one where they did not spell the words in that outlandish manner!"

EMELINE WILKINS.

On the bank of the Hudson river; in one of the villages that dots its shores, a lot of idlers were standing, seeing which could throw stones furthest into the stream. A tall, raw-boned, slab-sided Yankee came up and looked on. For a while he said nothing, until a fellow in a green jacket, a leader of the party, a conceited brother of a boy, began to try his wit on Jonathan.

"You can't come that," said he, as he hurled a stone out into the river.

"May-be pot," said Jonathan; "but in our country, we've a purty big river considerin'."

and the other day I have a man clear across it, and he came down fair and square on the other side."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled his auditors.

"Wal now, you may laff, but I can do it agin."

"Do what?" said the green jacket quickly.

"I can take and leave you across that river, jist like open and shut."

"Bet you ten dollars on it."

"Done," said the Yankee, and drawing

forth a X coupon, (a broken down east bank) he covered the bragger's shinplaster.

"Kin you swim, feller?"

"Like a duck," said green jacket. So without further parley the Vermonter, seizing the Yorker, dashed him head over heels some ten yards into the Hudson. A terrible shout rang through the crowd as he made his way to the bank. "I'll take that ten spot, if you please," said the shivering loafer, "you took us for green horns, eh?" and he claimed the twenty dollars.

"Not so fast, my rustic doughty."

"Why not; you've lost the bet."

"Not exactly, I didn't reckon on doing it the first time; but I tell you I can do it," and again he seized him and flung him three yards further into the stream. Again he returned.

"Third time is the charm," said the Yankee, stripping off his coat.—"I kin doo it I tell you."

"Hold on," said green jacket.

"I will doo it if I try till to-morrow mornin'."

"I'll give it up, shouted the sufferer, between his teeth, which now chattered like a mad badger—"Take the money!"

Jonathan very coolly pocketed the money, and as he turned away, remarked,—"

"We aint much acquainted with you smart folks down here in York, but we sometimes take the starch out of them down our way, and I reckon you won't try it on strangers agin; I reckon you won't," he continued, and with a grin of good humor he left the company to their reflections. KATIE RICHMOND.

A KITTEN'S COMPLAINT.

I am a kitten just six months old, A regular beauty, I've often been told;

You may search through all the country round But a finer kitten will not be found;

And though it is true, as poets sing, That beauty isn't the principal thing,

It surely is nothing more than right To be glad one wasn't born a fright.

I think that I must have had a mother, But before I could tell one paw from another,

Somebody took me out of the hay And carried me miles and miles away.

Saying cooly, "I thought that maybe You'd like a kitten to please the lady."

Please the lady! just think of that— What a horrible fate for a cat!

Mean little wretch, what his mother can see Lovely in him, is a wonder to me;

He clutched at my throat till I gasped in despair, He jerked at my whiskers and pulled at my hair;

He poked his fat fingers straight into my eyes, And laughed with delight at my pitiful cries.

O, ee, when he dragged me about by the tail, And nobody came at my sorrowful wail,

I gave him a scratch in his face so red— And what do you think his mother said?

"Eat me, and called me an ugly old cat! Call'd him her lamb and such nonsense as that."

Now, I should really like to know If there's any reason that you can show

Why a baby, that can only creep and cry, Has a better right in the world than I?

I've made up my mind that the case is clear That if somebody doesn't interfere,

And take me away from that horrible child, My cruel torture will drive me wild;

Somebody surely'll find me lying One of these mornings dead or dying,

And then, if your heart has ever known pity, Pray say "Here lies an unfortunate kitty

Who might have lived to be known to fame, Killed by a baby—what a shame!"

LAVILLA HEACOCK.

I LOVE, YOU LOVE.

Old Jones, the village pedagogue, The grammar lesson called one day;

Young Bess, a maid of sweet sixteen, Began the well known words to say:

"First person, I love," first she said, Sly Tom beside her whispered "me?"

"Second person, you love," Bess went on, "Aye, that I do," said Tom, "love thee."

"Third person, he loves," still Bess said, Tom whispers—"who is he?"

"Oh, Tom," said Bessie, pleading low, "Do hold your peace and let me be."

"No whispering," calls the master loud, And frowned upon the forward youth;

"First person, we love," Bessie said, "By George!" Tom whispers, "that's the truth."

The lesson o'er, at last poor Bess, With cheeks all crimsoned, took her seat,

While Tom, sly fellow, turned in vain The maiden's soft blue eyes to meet.

But when the recess hour was come, Tom begged a walk in coaxing tone,

And 'neath the trees Bess said again The lesson o'er for him alone.

HATTIE HAVILAND.