

## Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:—As I have asked you to give me a description of your homes and surroundings, that you may understand more fully what I want I will give you a pen-etching of an old farm homestead I once knew—one with which is linked many sacred and happy memories of the early days when as yet none of the fledglings had left the nest. A quiet, peaceful place was that old farm home—at least so it seems now as I look back upon it through the vista of memory—nestling in the shelter of the hills, which completely shut it out from the highway. Those hills! Who that knew and loved them could ever forget them, when the standing grain bended to and fro upon them in great waves of gold before the summer wind, while the sunshine and shadow quickly chased each other over them. Behind the house and but a few minutes' run for the brown, tan feet of blithe, happy youngsters were the woods, beautiful as nature left them. "The bush" was ever a favorite resort, and amid the whirl of social demands and business pressure one can scarcely repress a sigh for the days that are gone when freedom from work was granted, to chase chipmunks and gather the first wild flowers gave true unmingled pleasure, and was all the recreation that was sought, when even to childish ears the sigh of the pines had a strange, sad music. Not often now, do I visit the old haunts, yet, when that pleasure is mine, many a tree, and stump and stone recalls a tale of "ye olden tyme." The unpretentious house was situated on a gentle rising; two poplars, planted by a mother's hands years before, stood as sentinels in front, while in the old-fashioned garden bloomed roses, whose parent-stems had been taken across the Atlantic, transplanted from the heather-knoles of old Scotland to flourish in the then virgin-soil of Canada. Right in front of the kitchen door, and but a short distance from it, babbled one of the brightest, clearest, most musical "burnies" that ever bare-headed, bare-footed, brown-handed girls and boys paddled in. I can see it yet with the water dammed up at a place just where it ought not to be, with a very ingenious, if a very crude, attempt at a water-wheel, placed there by the mechanic of the family. Away down through the meadow it wended its way, with many a graceful curve and turn, and then its waters mingled with those of a larger stream in boyish vernacular, the "big creek," which ran at the base of the hills before mentioned. As the waters danced and flashed in the April sunlight, each sun-crested wave seemed radiant with burnished silver. Strange fates could the burnie tell if mortals could but read "the books in the running brooks." Beyond the stream were the pioneer buildings—relics of the days of hardship and privations—and the old orchard grown from seeds planted over thirty years before. Before we leave the old homestead we must go "up the lane," a part of the farm associated with loggings, fires, fallows and sore backs, for the wild-flower days did not last long and roots had to be picked. To this day the smell of field-fires and burning stumps bring back those days on the farm, and I would fain throw myself on the green grass and look up to the soft clouds and blue sky with the trust and faith of the

early days. The hills, the woods, and the horizon seemed to shut us in, for there was not a neighbor's house in sight, yet happy indeed was the childhood of our little world. But with all else of the things of time, changes must needs come to the old farm. As we knew it, we know it no more—my picture of it is one which hangs on memory's wall, then farewell to its quiet nooks, and pleasant walks, farewell to its fields and flowers, farewell to the burnie and the birds, a tender farewell to one spot, sacred as the last earthly resting-place of little feet that never grew tired in treading the weary pathway of life—farewell old farm home. UNCLE TOM.

P.S.—I am hoping to have interesting letters from all of my nephews and nieces by the 20th of May. The prizes will be well worth obtaining.

## Puzzles.

## 1—TRANSPPOSITION.

Nteso islaw od ton a spinro amke ron nrld rash a  
aegc dnism contnein nad uteqi aetk atth rfo a  
gmteehiar fl I vah demfoer ni ym elvo dan ni ym  
ulso ma erfe gesina neaal aht arso vbaoc jenyio  
huse rieytl.

## 2—DROP VOWEL.

Th-l-v-ng th-ngs-f--rth-and-s--  
Fr-d-m-n th-r-m-st-r-ll.  
Th-n-sh--ld-n-t-m-n, th-r-m-st-r, b-  
t-and-r fr-and t-ll.

[The sender of the two above puzzles omitted to write his name.]

## 3—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



## 4—STAIR.

## Diagram.

\*\*\*\* The steps form five half  
squares.  
\*\*\*\* 1. A kind of fish. 2. A  
rabble. 3. Not in. 4. To  
cry. 5. Passion. 6. To  
row. 7. A stately walk.  
\*\*\*\* 8. To blow. 9. To steal.  
\*\*\*\* 10. A spy. 11. Cute.  
\*\*\*\* 12. Metal. 13. The nose.  
\*\*\*\* 14. Tidy. 15. A kind of  
grain. 16. A prefix. 17.  
A letter.

HENRY REEVE.

## 5—HIDDEN GEMS.

1—Please give me a pear Lucy. Oh! what a beauty.  
2—We are to have a gate just like yours.  
3—Mary, you must mop all the water that you  
spilt.

4—Oh! rub your ear, it is frozen.

BEATRICE M. MATHIAS.

## 6.—LETTER M PUZZLE.

## Diagram.

A D  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
B C E

From A to B—To devote with loss.  
From A to C—A defence.  
From D to C—Censured.  
From D to E—A follower.

HENRY REEVE.

## 7—OCTAGON.

1—To sigh. 2—Made naked. 3—A species of  
satin. 4—An opening. 5—A blessing. 6—To allure.  
7—A number.

FAIR BROTHER.

## 8—ANAGRAM.

Methought an anagram I'd make  
Out of nothing; alas for me,  
I could not do it without a key;  
Right here I make a great mistake.  
For above all things, don't you see,  
Out of nothing there can nothing be.

But I will make it out of something.  
While the moon casts her silver light  
On this fair world of ours some night!  
Yes, my friend! to this text I'll cling.  
I'll make that anagram some night;  
Now you just see if I don't for spite.

FAIR BROTHER.

## 9—NEW CHARADE.

My first she was a waiting maid,  
She went to fetch some tea;  
How much she brought my second tells,  
As plainly as can be.  
Now when you have the answer found,  
Name it to others, too;  
My whole is just the very thing  
In telling them you'll do.

A. HAWKINS.

## 10—REBUS.

Name a work of six letters containing six words  
besides itself. Don't transpose a letter. A. H.

## 11—TRANSPPOSITION.

Noec omer het selfd era lead ni reeng.  
The sikes rea lebu nad raif.  
Nda loivtse weets ethri cenrargfa fatw.  
Roughtuht eth bylam ral.

EARNEST RAMSAY.

## 12—TRANSPPOSITION.

Fiendyril sodwr rea teofn kopens.  
Nwhe het ginselfe ear kudinn;  
Kate meth rof rethi lear lauve.  
Sasp hmet yb dan verne dmin.

ARTHUR S. REEVE.

## 13—HIDDEN GRAIN.

What are you trying to do?  
The cape Ann wore was brought from Bassons.  
He lost his book when he got into the car yester-  
day.  
Will Mac or Nahum help you?  
Manco attacked a large bear single-handed.

ARTHUR S. REEVE.

## 14—A GEOGRAPHICAL STORY.

I want to tell you about my (Mountain in Oregon) who live at (Bay north of Canada.) They like (Mountain in New Brunswick), (Islands in Polynesia), and they have (Bay off New Zealand) of it, too. (A division of Australia.) She's the eldest, has a (Town in France), new (Valley in India) dress, a (Lake in Oregon) watch, and (River in Nova Scotia) chain, with a (River in Louisiana), (Lake in Kewatin) attached to it. A young (Island west of England) comes to see her sometimes. He calls her his (Island in Panama Bay), and gives her (Town in Ceylon); I took a (City in China) to the parlor one day and saw him. He has a (River in the North-east Territory), (River in S. Carolina) nose, a (Bay south of Africa) moustache, and parts (Island in the St. Lawrence river), in the (River in Nova Scotia). I like (Island in Georgian Bay) best. She gave me an (River in Cape Colony) for being (Cape off Nova Scotia) when I done her (Lake in Ontario) for her. She put (River in Montana) and (River in Indiana) in my tea, too. She's (Islands north of Australia) in our (Lake in Kewatin), you know. Mother says it's her (Bay off Newfoundland). Then there's (Island in the Coral Sea). She uses (Cape west of the United States) when her (Mountain in New Brunswick) headed (Lake in Ontario) old stick of a (River in Ontario) beau comes to see her. My (Town in Guinea?) I must make (Island S. of S. America). I'm going off on a (River in England) to-night, so (a Greenland Cape) for the present.

FAIR BROTHER.

## Answers to April Puzzles.

1—What's the use of always fretting at the trials we shall find ever strewn along our pathway; travel on and never mind.

2—Fates may threaten, clouds may lower,  
Enemies may be combined,  
If your trust in God is steadfast,  
He will help you, never mind.

3—  
D  
E E  
N C  
P O L O N A I S E  
A L T L A T  
B T T T  
L X P A B L E  
E X P A B L E

5—L E V E R 8—T R A I N  
E D I L E R A I N  
V I X E N A I D  
E L E C T B R A I N  
R E N T S R E I N  
A I M

T R A I N  
R U I N  
A I R  
R O S I N  
O W E N  
S E T  
S P A I N  
P A I N  
A I L  
I N  
N