

Uncle Tom's Department.

Winter Song.

Summer is all very well, you see—
Boating, swimming, and that,
And catching a fish is a very good spree,
And so is holding a bat.
Some mirth's to be got when days are hot,
But give us old Winter for fun,
We say;
Give us old Winter for fun.

In the cold forest we hide, we hide,
Armed with a good cross bow;
Or over the lake on skates we glide,
Or we build a castle of snow.
Then, "O mih!" how the balls do fly!
No fun like a battle of snow,
We say;
No fun like a battle of snow.

And what do we care when the dark night comes,
And we must shut the door?
Do we sit and mope, and bite our thumbs,
And wish it were June once more?
Oh, no, not we; Oh, no, not we;
No tree like a Christmas tree,
We say;
No tree like a Christmas tree!

And, oh, what a lark to cork one's face,
And dress like an Ashantee;
Or like an old dame, in wig and lace,
Going out to cards and tea!
Call Winter tame? For shame, for shame!
No, jolly old Winter for me,
I say;
No, jolly old Winter for me!

Oh, when does time so merrily jog,
And the hours so blithely fly
As when we are round the blazing log
And the words are loud and high?
Call Winter slow? Not so, not so!
Old Winter we jolly boys love,
I say;
Old Winter we jolly boys love.

DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—I have

not heard from so many of you as I should like, however, I suppose you are all busy preparing for hoary-headed old winter, which has shown some inclination to be with us. The first thing necessary before we can enjoy our leisure hours is to see that our homes are made warm and comfortable, both for ourselves and animals. It is necessary to see that our windows are fastened closely in the casements. I have been at places where the windows would rattle, rattle, every time the wind blew, which is quite enough to make one fancy they feel cold, whereas a man with a hammer and a few nails, a lath or two, and a little putty, could make the house snug and comfortable. I believe in thorough ventilation, but have it under our own control. There are many who spend wretched winters simply for the want of a little attention to such matters. We must see that our outside doors fit snug, and have a sand bag to lay along the bottom of the doors to prevent any draught, and it is a good plan to have a damper in the stove-pipe to keep the heat from going up the chimney. Yes, I can fancy I hear some of my nephews say, it takes a great deal of wood to supply these stoves, so we must get our wood-houses filled with dry wood and a nice lot of kindling wood, to be in readiness at any time; and when we have attended to these numerous little duties, which will add to our comfort, we won't spend our winter evenings pleasantly, which constitutes one of our great charms of winter life. Now, my little friends, by next month I hope you will have time to enjoy reading good books and useful newspapers, also find amusement in deciphering our puzzles, and hope you will favor Uncle Tom, and our readers, with some of your ideas, by writing something useful or amusing for our Christmas number. Send us some good Xmas puzzles.

SQUARE WORDS.

- 134.—Joins the hands to the arm; a wanderer; the tooth of a large animal; slaves employed in husbandry; a place of the meeting of lovers.
135.—To cry like a sheep; a large spoon; the Christian name of a male; sprightly; opinion.

- 136.—To entangle; relating to a ship; to shun; to lift; exceeding another in years.
137.—A character in the "Lady of Lyons"; vigilant; a confused mixture; a plea for public sports; the vapour of hot liquor. J. C.

POPULAR SONGS.

- 138.—The, in, neat, lad, struggle past harm.
139.—Eh, gin, hit truth, plain men work.
140.—Rain I take blame.
141.—Sport for, John.
142.—Haw, line, law, we test real heresy. MYRA.

143.—ENIGMA.

In me are placed all sorts of things,
Coats, waistcoats, money, pins and rings;
That I am useful none deny;
Upon the coach I am rather high;
Theatre, opera, there I am
The richest man in Rotterdam,
If he were to the play to go
Do you think he would despise me; no.
If you are able me to do
I think I'll always come to you
To take my part now this is dear
When I get one upon the ear. PUZZLE BOY.

144.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A town in Ireland, a city in Syria, a town in France, a river in England, a town in Illinois. The initials and finals name two distinguished men in ancient history. T. M. T.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

- 145.—Firstly a vowel you will place,
Then something that with winter comes,
And next a language you will trance
Not used by living tongues,
My next a month it's plain to see,
A river now you'll please to add,
Then what will boys expect to be,
Then last a letter that's in crag. F. L.

I enver nea cobense ougr ribde
'Tlli oyur aveh now ym thera.
ANNIE, J. M.

151.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 4, 14, 6, is what many long to hear, when
10, 19, 3, 14, makes them ask a question.
My 22, 7, 5, 8, 18, 2, is something nice to eat
either raw or cooked.
My 11, 1, 20, is a marsh.
My 9, 13, 21, 15, 10, 17, 12, is to finish.
My whole is an adage.

Answers to October Puzzles.

115.—Macbeth.

R A T
J O L L Y
F A I L W A Y
T O P

117.—Cap-it-a late. 118.—Black Sea. 119.—Chair, hair, air.
120.—Birds of a feather flock together. 121.—Looking-glass.
122.—Toronto. 123.—The Chevrolet. 124.—Massa whip I
(Massawippi, name of a post office and lake in Quebec.) 125.—
A Canon. 126.—Liverpool. 127.—Because he sets down
three and carries one. 128.—When U and I are one. 129.—
The nose. 130.—Because he is in Seine (insane). 131.—Be-
cause she tries to get rid of her weeds. 132.—The sun and
your boots; it takes the shine out of both. 133.—Chatham.

Names of Those Who Have Sent In Correct Answers to Oct. Puzzles.

Edith H. Cutten*, Annie J. Nicholson, Jas. H. Cross, J. E. Lovekin, A. Martin, W. Broughton, T. M. Taylor, Frank Lawson, Mary Curry, Janet Hartley, Martha Martin, J. Winlow, J. Reynolds, Kate Jeffery, Lottie Glass, Eva Mason, S. Scott, Louie Fairbrother, Samuel Evans, Eben Church, Sarah McMann, A. Minkler, Wm. Gould, L. Jarvis, Annie Simpson, A. Brook, Eleanor West, J. C. McAlpine, Octavius Craig, Sarah Fitz Gibbon, Maria Homer, Charles Wright, Minnie Morris, Edwin Summers, Stephen Glover, Arch. Johnson.

Humorous.

A little miss, writing to her father on the first day of her entrance at boarding-school, says:—"The first evening we had prayers, and then singing, and a passing around of bread, which I did not take because, not being confirmed, I thought I had no right to take communion. Afterward I learned that I had lost my supper."

A Vermont youth at his mother's funeral said to the neighbors: "Me and my father are obliged to you all, and hope soon to be able to do as much for you."

"Please do not handle," is the Swiss request; "Fe touchez pas s'il vous plait," bows the Frenchman; "Visitors must not touch," says Johnny Bull, firmly; "Hands off," growls the Yankee.

Too FASTIDIOUS.—Passenger on Train: I say, young man, that pipe of yours is rather foul. Second Passenger: Indeed, Sir. Well, it's very odd no one else made any complaint before, and I've smoked it for the last three years.—[Fun.]

"I have just reached my 18th year," lisped a Chicago maiden to her lover, the other evening. Just then her half grown brother happened to come in, and thoughtlessly exclaimed: "Why, sis—you only 18? You've been 18 ever since I knew you!" Of course the boy lied, but then the effect, you know—the effect.

"You'll never marry agin, Susie, you grieve so arter Izick. Was it twice't you fainted, or three times, at the grave?" "Bless yo soul, Sary, it was free times I fainted, an' de last time I nebber like to come to." "Oh, Susie, you'll nebber marry agin, will yer?" "Bless yo soul, Frank Dunn ax't me 'bout dis before my husband died, an' I promised him if he died I'd have him, an' I b'longs to de church, an' I won't tell a lie."

Overdoing it!—Bashful Spooner (on his honeymoon): "Larry, my wife and I have been noticed that the townspeople stare at us very hard. I hope you haven't been telling anybody that we are newly married?" Larry (the faithful factotum): "Me tell 'em, sor? Is it likely O'id go agin my express orders? Why, whinever anybody thryed to pump me, sor, O'ive towled 'em you wasn't married at all."

146.—PICTORIAL REBUS.

The above rebus is rather difficult to decipher, but some of our readers have said that many are too easy, and some say they have found every one out. We wish those who profess to have solved them all to send an answer to this. We also offer a little chromo for the first three answers. We will give an easier rebus for our young nephews and nieces next month. All answers must be received by the 20th.

147.—RIDDLE.

What is that which supposing its greatest breadth to be four inches, length nine inches, depth eight inches, contains a solid foot. S. M.

CHARADES.

- 148.—My first sometimes white as milk,
And oft is composed of silk,
And though it's somewhat like a fable,
Again its color is a sable;
To make the wonder still more rare,
I've often seen it made of hair,
So you'll find out without much pains
'Tis not far distant from the brains;
My second I must now reveal,
Is formed my former to conceal;
My first and second now connect
And then my charade you'll inspect. JAS. H. C.

- 149.—Whole I am a kind of weed; behead and I am an extremity of an animal; twice behead and I am a member of a body; behead again and I am a kind of liquor; curtail and transpose my remainder and I am a term used to denote a musical sound; now behead and I am a vowel. J. E. L.

150.—ANAGRAM.

Ho! ibd em out os oson ediede
Towudl rigeve me umhc ot part

