

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:—I think when you glance at the signature appended you will grant me the privilege of thus addressing you, for isn't your uncle's wife your respected "auntie," and you certainly are your "auntie's" nephews and nieces. Now, we often hear those superior (!) beings called men talk a great deal about "logical arguments and deductions therefrom," and we challenge them to find one flaw in the above reasoning, and therefore you just are my dear nephews and nieces. I must start my letter proper, however, and first I will tell you why it is Uncle Tom has employed his private secretary to write to you this month. Well, the fact of the matter is he was off a-merry-making. Where he was and how he enjoyed himself he probably will tell you himself sometime. I can assure you of one thing, I know wherever he was he did not forget his nephews and nieces. As was the case with "Josiah Allen's wife" it will not do for Uncle Tom's wife to say too much regarding her "Josiah," but this she can say that she knows full well his nephews and nieces always have a claim on his interest and attention. If some of you only knew how deeply he is interested in the welfare of these boys and girls of his you would be surprised. His are not idle words when he tells you that his earnest wish is to see you developing into intelligent, manly, virtuous, honorable young men and pure womanly maidens. I read with surprising interest your letters describing your homes and their surroundings. Some of you certainly have beautiful and happy homes. I can only say to you to tenderly cherish your love for them and to do what each one can to add to their adornment, and should you leave the old home, as most of you probably will, do not forget those you leave in it. A periodical or magazine, an interesting book, and above all a letter more or less frequently, will do much to keep warm the memory of home ties. There are many of your homes I would like to visit, and none more than the home of the winsome lassie down by the sea, where are the roses, whose ancestors came from bonnie Scotland. I should not be at all surprised to find that those same roses could claim kinship with those in the old farm-garden that Uncle Tom knew so well. Be that as it may, the thought is a very pretty one, and this conception of a girlish mind has woven a thread infinitely fine and silken in the magic web called life. In a certain mystical sense that thread—so fine the angels cannot see it—connects two hearts hitherto unknown each to the other—one in Ontario the beautiful, the other in New Brunswick by the sea—because it bespeaks congeniality of thought.

All of your letters, or nearly all, breathed a love of the beautiful—a phase I was much pleased to observe. Many of them described scenes familiar to the writer. I know the home near Niagara is situated in a lovely spot, and in a part of Ontario, rich with historic association. I know of no pleasanter trip on a fair summer day than from old Fort Niagara to Queenston. I have often admired the view from the mountain above Dundas that my niece from Ancaster described, and just let me tell her that view is considered one of the finest in Ontario. I think that my niece, whose home is on the bank of the mighty St. Lawrence, has just cause to be proud

of her surroundings. There are few more enjoyable trips than "shooting the rapids" of the river that drains half of this magnificent Dominion of ours. Very vividly, indeed, do I remember the old pilot, Jean Baptiste, as he shot out from Caughnawaga (C-a-u-g-h-n-a-w-a-g-a) in his canoe, and boldly took the wheel to bring us safely through the roaring waters of Lachine. The river below Brockville seemed a perfect fairy land with its green islets studding the blue waters. I could tell some interesting personal stories of a district north of my little Muskoka niece's home, and in the years gone by, with a merry party, one of whose number has since passed "through the waters" into the beyond, I have gathered shells and paddled with my bare feet on "mighty Huron's sunlit breast."

The letter from Michigan described a part of America, I knew nothing about, but you see it is this interchange of thought that helps us—we all know something about it now, nor have I yet had the pleasure that my nephews and nieces in the North-west have had of seeing the snow-capped Rockies—that may be a treat in store—who knows? I have seen other mountains, though, which made me feel the majesty of the Creator, as I stood awed and silenced, the grandest conception of His sublimity and omnipotence we have in written language—even by the pen of the "rapt Isaiah" came to mind, "who hath comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."

I fear by this time some of you will have concluded that Uncle Tom's wife has done but little else save to travel about; but will it change your opinion any if I tell you that the hand that holds the pen as I write is all discolored by squeezing a jelly-bag for nearly two hours this morning, and then I almost broiled myself over the stove lest that same jelly should burn, for if that calamity should occur I knew the sparkling ruby-light that makes red-currant jelly just one of the daintiest dishes a house-keeper can set on her table, would be a-wanting—the jelly would be "muddy" and would therefore be just a vexation of the flesh. Then, after the jelly was done my hands got a deeper dye, for black raspberry jam was the next on hand.

Since writing the last few lines, I have had occasion to go to the pantry, so I took a look at my jelly and jam; when I held the jelly up in the sunlight the portion of it which had cooled and thickened looked like rubies in solution—my jam like the little bear's soup in the story of "Silver Locks" is "just right," so a contented house-keeper am I, as I sit here all cool and nice in my white dress, quite enjoying my privilege of writing to you.

I had ever so much more to tell you, but my letter is already very long, so I must close, hoping you will accept this from

UNCLE TOM'S WIFE.

Familiar With the Language.

Irish Woman (to Chinaman in street car)—Shove yersilf fernnist the carnor wid yer blue shir-rt, and give a leddy a chance to set down, bad cess to yez!

Chinaman—Wow!

Irish Woman—Can't yez talk Eng'ish, ye yellor haythen?

Chinaman—If I couldn't talkee English muchee better old llish woman, yep, I shootee my gland-mothel!

Puzzles.

1—HIDDEN BIRDS.

1. Don't let the crows wander away far because it is late.
2. Can either Tom or Mac row a boat on the river?
3. Why did he not help her on the horse yesterday?
4. What did you do with the wagon wrench this morning?
5. Did you see the pigs wallowing in the mire?

SNOWBIRD.

2—DROP VOWEL PUZZLE.

K-p y-r-y-n th-g-l, l-d,
N-v-r d-sp-r-r-r dr-p;
B-s-r-y-r-p-th l-ds-pw-rds-
Th-r-s-lw-y-s r-m-t th-t-p.

A. T. REEVE.

3—STAIR PUZZLE.

- *****
The steps form five half squares.
1. A rivulet. 2. Color.
3. To row. 4. A constellation. 5. To torment. 6. To freeze. 7. To bend. 8. To check. 9. To smear. 10. A culinary utensil. 11. Top. 12. A paddle. 13. Twelve sheaves of corn. 14. A mountain lake. 15. A planet. 16. At. 17. In peak.

HENRY REEVE.

4—AN OLD MAXIM BEHEADED AND CURTAILED.

-he -eve -ast -h -lway -rin-
-he -lway -al -h -eve -hin-

AMOS HOWKINS.

5—HALF SQUARE.

- Diagram.
1. The likeness of a person. *****
2. Bearing scents or odors. *****
3. Gnawing. *****
4. To manage. *****
5. To rave. *****
6. An insect. *****
7. A pronoun. *****
8. A letter. *****

FAIR BROTHER.

6—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



7—GEOGRAPHICAL NUMERICAL.

- My 18, 13, 2, 20, 5, 14 is a city in Greece.
My 15, 6, 19, 23, 16, 8 is a town in Ontario.
My 11, 3, 21, 24, 5, 1, 16 is a gulf south of Europe.
My 17, 16, 21, 12, 10, 7 is a village in W. Ontario.
My 4, 9, 22, 5, 14 is a town in Italy.
My whole composed of 24 letters is a vast extent of country in the western hemisphere.

FAIR BROTHER.

8—DROP VOWEL PUZZLE.

-n-b-n-th-s-nds-r-fl-w-ng,
-n-b-n-th-m-nts-f-l-l;
S-m-r-r-c-m-ng, s-m-r-r-g-ng,
D-n-t-st-v-t-gr-sp-th-m-ll.

ANITA S. COTE.

9—VEGETABLE GARDEN.

What nine things grow in this garden?

1. Equal and to cut off.
 2. Half of beggar and to settle.
 3. A low shoe and relation.
 4. A deep vessel, a vowel and toward.
 5. Two-thirds of men and to sink.
 6. A letter and a dish.
 7. Three-fifths of a cracker and a tree.
- My primals down doth name another,
If you, my friend, will take the bother;
And yet one more is suggested,
I'll leave it with you unmolested.

FAIR BROTHER.

10—CHARADE.

My FIRST may be LAST, or LAST may be FIRST,
Reverse and my WHOLE to man is a curse;
Don't TOTAL or fret from reverse abstain,
Your mind will be clear and free from all pain.

SNOWBIRD.