



UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

I have had a lively month of it. I have heard from ever so many of you, and had quite a time counting up the votes for the favorite niece or nephew, as well as reading the selections for my scrap book. I have awarded the prizes for selections—1st to Hattie Haviland, 2nd to Rose Widdfield, and 3rd to Maggie C. Miller, but the prize for the Favorite is not yet decided, as two of my nieces have an equal number of votes; therefore you must continue to send in votes during this month, so that we may decide who is winner. The vote stands as follows:

Hattie Haviland, 19,
Niece, Melbourne, 19,
Cora, 10,
Cora's Sister, 8,
Willie A. Rutherford, 7,
Lizzie Forbes, 6,

and a great many others received a smaller number of votes. In writing this month you can vote for any of the above six names.

Now for puzzles.

194. My first is in chair but not in seat,
My second is in turnip but not in beet,
My third is in dew but not in rain,
My fourth is in loss but not in gain,
My fifth is in cooked but not in raw,
My sixth is in Indian but not in squaw,
My whole is the name of a navigator,
bay, strait and river.

CANADIAN CUFF.

195. Along the road in days gone by,
It toiled so slow and wearily;
What is it that I mean?
Add but a simple letter, pray,
Then see, it travel on its way
With speed untired, I ween.

CLARA L. BOAKE.

196. My first is a part of your body
Which often my whole covers o'er,
My second is also a garment
Which Joseph in ancient times wore.

C. L. B.

197. Two noted historical characters:

'Twas not on Alpine snows,
But on homely English ground;
Upward was their lofty aim,
But low their fate they found.

'Twas not for fame they went,
But at stern duty's call;
They were united in their aim,
Divided in their fall.

KITTIE HIBBARD.

Here are some conundrums from Clara L. Boake:

198. How many young ladies will reach from London to Brighton, a distance of 50 miles?

199. When is a clock like a discontented working man?

200. What relation is that child to its father who is not the father's own son?
Maggie Manning writes me a very nice letter, and sends in two subscribers for a copy of the family picture. She says: "I am really proud of my Quebec cousins; they seem to be very attentive in writing to you."

A good many of my nieces have this month taken advantage of the offer of the family picture for sending in two new subscribers, but none of my nephews have as yet sent in.

My little niece, Florence Baxter, is welcomed into our family. She sends some conundrums:

201. To a bird add what a horse does not like, and you will have a flower.

202. Half a carman and a whole country make a beautiful flower.

Almida Davis sends the two following:

203. Old mother Old stands in the cold; her children die with age, and she still lives and brings forth young, and every one without a tongue.

204. My tongue is long, my voice is strong, and yet I breathe no strife, and you'll me hear both far and near, and yet I have no life.

205. I am composed of nine letters:

My 5, 6, 4 is a number,
My 9, 8, 5 is a very useful animal,
My 5, 3, 4 is a weight,
And my whole is a county in Ontario.

MICHAEL STEELE.

Neil Gilmour and Francis Davis both send answers to puzzles and some new ones.

206. What animal has the greatest quantity of brains?

NELLIE V. MCGANNON.

Kilsyth P. O., March 12, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,

I have been intending to write to you for a long, long time. I was getting jealous of all the rest of the girls, and as I never saw my name in print, I thought I would write to you at last and send some answers, &c. I was sorry to hear of your house plants being frozen; some of our's were in the same fix, but we have some left yet.

We had a good time skating this winter; it was splendid fun to see those that were learning go slipping and sprawling on the ice. We had a splendid big, black cat, but he took to sucking eggs, so we had to kill him; we are so sorry. Dear uncle, I do love all my cousins (if I may count them as such), and if you will only let me be your niece I will do all I can for your column. Farewell.

Your affectionate niece,

JENNIE.

P. S.—I quite agree with Cora that big brothers are a humbug, for I have plenty of them, and I can spare one for Hattie, since she has none, if she wishes.

JENNIE.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.

207.—Do go immediately.

208.—Do not disturb earthenware.

209.—Span the roller.

WILLIE E. FLEWELLING.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES.

183.—Herring. 184.—Salmon. 185.—Bass. 186.—Words very often pass between them. 188.—Lie, Eli. 189.—Addington. 190.—Ural. 191.—Ten. 192.—A penny. 193.—Bee, beer, beast.

Centralia, Exeter, March 10, '74.

Dear Uncle Tom,

My brother takes the ADVOCATE, and I like it very much. I hope you will allow me to be your niece. Perhaps you will not dislike to hear of a merry party that met together one evening in winter. I happened to call at the time, and, being in too cheerful a mood to refuse the invitation which was given me, I sat down among the light-hearted and laughing group.

It is not my business to tell of the nice things prepared for the young people, nor of the various amusements of the evening. All that I can undertake is to tell you of a "mysterious packet" which excited much wonder and furnished us all with much amusement. Though there were a few grown persons present, the party was formed for the amusement of the young people.

After tea various pleasant and innocent games had been enjoyed; but these were all over, and they were seated round a table well supplied with cheese, cakes, tarts and confectionery, in front of a cheerful fire, when a sharp rap was heard at the door; soon after this the servant appeared with a packet directed to one of the company. Every eye was turned to the packet, for the young person to whom it was addressed thought it very odd that a parcel should be sent from home to her, and who else but those at her own house could tell where she was.

One thought perhaps she might have forgotten something, and another supposed it might have something to do with the whole party; but she herself was evidently more surprised than any of them. When the cover was removed from the parcel, on an under cover the packet was addressed to another person. In this way cover after cover was removed, and direction after direction read, till the packet had found its way into the hands of every one of the party.

All began to laugh heartily, for everyone wondered what the packet could contain. On opening it a little farther, they came to a label on which was written "Mind not to break the bottle." Here the greatest care was taken in unwrapping the next cover, when another label was found—"Take care of your clothes," and now every one kept at a distance lest a bottle of aquafortis or something of the kind might be contained in the packet, though this was by no means likely.

Again it went round from one to another, according to the different directions given on the covers, and the party had nearly recovered their fright about the aquafortis, when another alarm spread among them, for they came to the inscription "Keep at a distance from the lamp." "Oh!" cried one, half in jest and half in earnest, "perhaps it is gunpowder!" You may be sure there was a general scuffle. The lamp was put away, and the packet was laid by itself on the table, no one venturing at the moment to proceed further into the contents.

By this time so many covers had been removed that the packet had become considerably less. The wonder, however, as to what could be inside of it had considerably increased. Those who have never been present at the opening of so mysterious a packet will hardly be able to judge of the interest called forth. After a while all were as busy as before in un-

sealing the different covers, their efforts being increased by some kind-hearted wish or cheerful message to every one of the mirthful circle. Good humor and laughter prevailed among them until they came to the very last cover. This being addressed to the oldest and gravest of the party, he stood up, and taking out of it a small piece of paper, read very distinctly the following lines:

1. And now from the husk-like

And useless external,

Let us see, my good friends,

If we can't get a kernel.

2. This packet so huge,

As blown up by the blast,

Has turned out, as you see,

But a cipher at last.

3. Yet if it should teach us

Both early and late,

Disappointment to bear,

Whether little or great;

4. We shall never regret

Our mirth, laughter and racket,

Nor the pains it has cost us

To open the packet.

This impressive and unexpected ending had a very salutary influence, for it gave a value to what would otherwise have been mere amusement. Every one seemed to feel that the whole had been turned to a useful purpose, and I do think that every one on that very account felt the better satisfied.

I hope you will forgive me for writing such a long letter, and I will try to do better next time.

Yours truly,

EMILY L. HICKS.

CONCLUSION OF A MERRY EVENING IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

We had scarcely got over our laughing at poor Mrs. Smith, when Mrs. Brown announced tea, which summons was quickly responded to by a general rush for the dining room, where I am sure we did ample justice to the good things there provided.

After tea Mr. Brown said he would show us something if we would go back to the hall, which we did, and found that there was a magic lantern arranged at one end, and the room was partially darkened for the purpose of seeing it better. We spent an hour very merrily and pleasantly, looking at the different views, and when tired of being quiet so long, Mr. Brown took it away, so that we could have some more games.

Bob said we would play "Family Coach," so after getting our names Aunt Jerusha took a journey to the White Mountains, and I really thought she would never get there by the way she kept Ella (who was "white horse") spinning, and Bob, who was whip, kept continually having forfeits, until he declared he would not sit down at all; and we were sure the old lady would get killed by the number of trips out she got. There were a great number of forfeits to pay, and we thought each had better choose his own judge. The most amusing thing of all was seeing George chase Alice, who had been instructed to pick cherries with him; he ran until he was tired and then had to give up in despair because she was the smartest; he looked so downcast that I could not help thinking of the young man who was paying his addresses to a certain young lady who was very flashy, weighing about two hundred pounds. One evening he called to see her, and while sitting conversing he observed her occasionally turn her head away from him, he enquired the cause, and not feeling satisfied with her answer he got up to see, and picture his surprise on seeing another young gentleman sitting on the other side of her. He did not wait for ceremony, but left immediately.

After the forfeits were paid we played Quaker Mutiny, which caused a great deal of amusement, seeing the young men with bows of ribbons on their hair, and young girls with massive chains and watches in their belts. The next game was "I Admire You." The way it is played is to take a pocket handkerchief, tie it into a knot and commence throwing it at any person whom it may chance to strike, when the one who throws it calls out "I admire you," and the one that received the handkerchief asks "what for," then the first speaker replies something commencing with B, as for your beauty or your boldness. It is a pretty good game, and forfeits are taken if you cannot think of something that has not been said before.

We next played the "Scornful Lady." For the benefit of some of my cousins I will describe it: Commence with a girl sitting in the centre of the room, a boy leads up another boy and commences to describe his good traits—tells how much wood he can saw, and how much plum pudding he can eat at one meal, or anything that he can think of; but the girl turns scornfully away, declaring she would never marry a milner, or that she detests Englishmen. Well, the gentleman has to keep on trying to get one to please her until she says at last she guesses a bookkeeper will do; so she gives him her chair and she leads up ladies, and if he is as hard to please as she was it makes it all the

better fun. She tells him what nice bread one young lady can make, and what a good washer another is, until at last he gets one that will suit him, then he exchanges seats and commences his luck.

By this time we had got tired of games, and music was proposed. Some of the young ladies favored us with some very fine piano music, and Joe said for the life of him he could not keep his feet still. Alice sung us a song, and when she was about half through, Archie, who was so charmed that he could not keep still, but kept hitching in his chair, until at last the chair gave way and down went poor Archie on the carpet. Alice stopped singing, and silence reigned, except now and then a faint burst of suppressed laugh'er. Archie was assisted to a seat on the sofa, a better and a wiser boy.

We now reluctantly thought about going home, and after singing "God Save the Queen," and the boys giving three cheers for the Browns, we were undressed into our respective sleighs, feeling that we had spent a very pleasant and jolly evening.

NIBOR.

Uncle Tom's Scrap Book.

DEAR UNCLE TOM,—Thank you for adopting me. I'm late in sending off my letter, but our paper didn't come quite as early as usual, but I will write even with those dreadful words, "too late," ringing in my ears. Cora says I can have the fun of writing and getting snubbed; she merely wishes to say that she votes for cousin Hattie Haviland, and can I resist this first and probably last chance to vote?—I vote for Nina.

Here is a comical little poem which you might possibly like to insert.



Please excuse that blot do. However, as it is there, I will scratch my likeness on it, as you asked for my picture last month. How do you like it, Uncle Tom?

Yours truly,
KITTIE HIBBARD,
alias Cora's Sister.

MATILDA AT THE GATE.

Matilda, just you mind them hens,
And shoo 'em out away from here;
There's scratching all the garden up—
Why, Tilda's gone—wa'al, wa'al, that's queer.

She ain't contrary as a rule,
And gen'ly obeys my will;
But though she heard me, off she put
Why, there's Lorenzo Pettingill!

He met her and she's stopped to talk—
Them hens will eat up everything—
He's wanting her to take a walk;
Wa'al, it's nice to walk in spring.
He's took her hand—come, that won't do;
She seems to stand uncommon still;
I'd better let them know I'm round—
Good evening, Mr. Pettingill.

He don't mind me—'tain't no use—
Ah, wa'al, my time has been and gone;
But then, I'd really no idee
How 'Tilda was a gettin' on.

These gals grow up, and pretty soon
They lay us old ones on the shelf.
Lorenzo is a smart young man—
I guess I'll tend them hens myself.

MY WIFE AND I.

We never fight, my wife and I,
As other couples do;
Our little matrimonial sky
Is of the brightest blue.
She never beards me in my den
(My study I should say);
She vows I am the best of men,
But then—she has her way!

Some wives are never pleased unless
They wring from you a cheque,
Wherewith to buy some costly dress,
Or jewels for their neck.

My little witch ne'er asks from me
The value of a pin;
She is so good and true you see,
But then—she keeps the tin!

"'Twas not!" "It was!" "It was!"
"Twas not!"

Thus ever scold and fight
Full many a luckless pair, I wot,
From morning until night.
If e'er we have a word or two
The skirmish soon is past;
These words are mild and very few,
But then—she has the last!

JENNIE FINCH.

My niece,
exceedingly
selections.

A VENTURE
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a friend who

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