125-HIDDEN FISH.

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Ancle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,-

"Hurrah for June! bright, rosy June! Joy rises in me like a summer's morn!" as one of those pleasant people, the poets, has said. Let everybody be glad; but most of all you, my youngsters. The month properly belongs to you. Was i't it set apart by Romulus, ages and ages ago, especially for the young people, or "Juniors" as they then were called? And hasn't their name stuck to it ever since? Yes, indeed! So be as merry as you can; but with all your fun and frolic, be thankful, and make June weather all about you. June time—any time—is full of joy when hearts, brimming over with thankfulness, carry cheer to other hearts, making

"A noise like of a hidden brook In the leafy month of June, That to the sleeping woods all night Singeth a quiet tune."

I am well pleased with my host of nephews' and nieces' correspondence for this month, and am glad to see them not falling off; still I feel sure that many more must have solved the simple puzzles of last month in addition to those who have sent their names and answers. It could surely be no trouble to write them on a post-card. Now let me hear from more for July.

UNCLE TOM.

Letters.

Lucknow, May 14th, 1881.

DEAR UNCLE TOM, -I was very sorry that I got too late to send the puzzles in last month, as I have very hard lessons to learn, and when I thought about them it was too late; but, nevertheless, I'll be more punctual hereafter. Pa has taken your paper three years, and this will be the fourth; he likes it immensely. I have not room to send the puzzles this time. Yours ever, to send the puzzles this time. MATTIE V. TOWLE.

DEAR UNCLE TOM, -Father has taken the ADVOCATE for nine years, and it has more than paid for itself, and we could not do without it. The weather has been very warm lately, and the crops are about all in and a good deal up. on a farm, and I think I will try your plan of raising something for myself. I have some pigeons, which I intend to trade off for rabbits and other things. Yours truly,

HENRY LOVERING. Oshawa, May 17.

DEAR UNCLE TOM, -I had very great trouble in making out the answers for this month. They bothered me very much. It has rained for one day and night. I go to school all the time, and when I am home in the evenings I work in the garden. We put in some musk and watermelon seeds. My brother and I went fishing on Saturday, and we caught thirty-four fish. I have some pigeons and ring-doves, in which I take very great interst. I anticipate having a good time on the 24th, and I hope you all will, too. CHARLIE M. FRENCH.

PUZZLES.

124 -- CHARADE.

An old man dwells in yonder cot; His brow is wrinkled, and his hair is gray; And though great riches he hath got, He very soon must pass away.

In charity he took no part, Though having plenty was my second; So avaracious, mean at heart, My first by every one was reckoned.

He's taken ill-alas! he's dying; Cold dewy drops are on his brow; His treasures are his thoughts while lying, But, oh! what are they to him now?

The flickering light will soon be over; No thought, alas! for his poor soul; His time of life and bed of death May justly now be termed my whole. WM. TYRRELL.

1. Aunt Sally's almont-trees are beautiful this year. 2. The poet Cowper chose very nice subjects for his poems. 3. I want to enjoy the Idylls of the King, so leave me under the shade of these trees. 4. Messrs. Smith & Co. divide a capital profit yearly. 5. Mr. MacCormack, ere leaving last night. made Jessie an offer. 6. I cannot write with these pens. Have you no steel ones? 7. Do not disturb Ottaman—he has not often a studious fit. 8. What a pity your sister lost her ring in that haymaking from: 1 am so sonly.
9. I shall visit many places—perhaps Melton Mowin that haymaking frolic! I am so sorry. bray the first.

SUSANNAH B.

126-PUZZLE.

I am not vegetable; I am not mineral; and it is rather stretching a point to call me animal. But, however that may be, it cannot be denied that I am the beginning of animals-of birds, of beasts, and of fishes.

127-AN EXCELLENT MAXIM.



128-ENIGMA.

When the dinner-bell joyously peals through the Bringing thoughts of roast lamb and sweet visions

of grouse, To the dining room hasten—with you I'll be there, Straight in front of your eyes as you drop in your

You take soup, I presume? O most marvellous

Deserving the preference always of fish? hat an insight Count Rumford had into the

Of our hungry humanity when he perceived That, if all the empty space in our inside Could be filled with some liquid, nor baked, boiled nor fried,

Compared with that liquid, would be worth a bit For serving, on hunger, a notice to quit! But his lordship's conclusion, in my case, won't follow,

For soup, it's well known, only makes me more

I ne'er help myself, but I'm bound to report That the host and the guests never let me go short;

Yet I cannot get fat. But I will not complain, Though fated eternally thin to remain; For the more you may stuff, and the more you

may cram, Behold, for your pains, the more empty I am!

Answers to May Puzzles.

119. -- Advancement. 120. ---

Ends

121. Kingfisher, Quail. Hummingbird. Sparrow.

122.—Sebastopol. 123.—1. Alfred. 2 Dora. 3. Andrew, Paulina, 6. Marion. 7. Bertha, 8 Mabel. 4. Edgar. 5. | mum.

Names of Those Who Sent Correct Answers to May Puzzles.

R Elgin Fowle, Harriet Brethour, Hannah Stevens, Richard E Osborne, Ida V Chamberlain, Robert Wilson, Martha C Moore, Henry Lovering, Charlie S Husband, Minnie Gibson, Sarah J Fenwell, Maggie Ella Lucas, Rebecca Gordon, Maggie Roberts, Wm M Adams, Bennie M Oxley, Clara A Cassidy, Charlie M French, D L Vansicklen, Wm Howell, Susie M McIntosh, Jack Smith, Arthur Gordon, Jessie Cassells, Ella Thomps:n, Geo. Fitzroy, H. J. Cousins, Samuel Webber, Ida L Triller.

The New Artival.

A charming little tiddy iddy bit of mother's bliss, A tiny toddles, sweet as flow'rs of spring; A precious popsy wopsy-gives its mammy, den a

A pretty darling itsy witsy ting!

So that the little fellow! H'm! A healthy looking chap. Another mouth to feed, as sure as fate!

No, wife, I don't consider that is coming's a mishap, But still I could have done with less than eight.

BROTHER. My eyes! Is that the baby? What a jolly little

pup!
But I say, ma, wherever is its nose? And I say, father, by and by, when he gets more grown up,

He'll wear my worn out jackets I suppose.

UNCLE.

Another? Well, thank goodness, I am not a married man.
What! Don't I think him pretty? No, I don't.

To keep him from the workhouse you must do the best vou can Don't think that I'll assist you -for I won't !

DOCTOR.

How are we getting on to-day? I trust we soon shall mend. We musn't think we're strong just yet you

know; We better take something which this afternoon I'll send,

And let me see-hum !-ha!-Ah, yes-just so.

NURSE.

He's lovely, that he is, mum! See them sturdy

little legs! He's twice the size of Lady Smither's third; And when he comes a-cutting of his little toosey

 $$\operatorname{pegs},$$ He'll be a man, he will, upon my word.

NEIGHBOR.

Oh yes, dear, he looks healthy, but you musn't trust to that-

I do not wish, of course, your hopes to dash, But when I see a tender babe, so ruddy, strong

strong and fat, I--look, dear, on his face! Is that a rash?

MA (da capo)

A charming little tiddy iddy bit of mother's bliss, A tiny toddles, sweet as flow'rs of spring; A precious popsy wopsy-give its mammy, den, a

A pretty darling itsy witsy ting!

A Baptist clergyman is responsible for the following:—A good brother was visiting at the house of a friend, whose wife was very deaf. The morning after his arrival they read a portion of Scripture, followed with prayers, when the visitor went with his host to the barn. When they returned to the house the deaf wife was still on her knees. Her husband immediately went to her and shouted in her ear, "Amen." Upon hearing that, she arose and went about her household duties.

Compassionate old lady (paying her fare)-"How jaded your horse looks, cabman; is not the bit uncomfortably large for his mouth?" Cabby— "It ain't the big bit in his mouth, mum; it's the small bit in his stomach—the result of hard times,