

Uncle Tom's Department.

Bellevue Farm, Feb., 1875.

DEAR UNCLE TOM :-

I wish you a Happy New Year, and would like you to own me for a nephew. I am going to school now, and when I finish my learning I would like to go up to London and help you with your column. I am delighted when the ADVOCATE comes, and can read all the fine pieces you put in it. I was sorry to hear you had a hole in your pocket, but hope it is mended; if not, I could send you a needle and some thread; also a patch, if you would let me know the color.

The more I get acquainted with you the better I like you, as you are a man of good understanding, and willing to supply all your readers with what information you can. Now, I suppose you are aware our winters are very long and severe, and our summers consequently very short, in Quebec, so that we have not much time to till our land. We sow a few oats and buckwheat, and also plant a small patch of potatoes and beans; still we live very easy and comfortable, not having to work very hard. Now, I am told that you have to work very hard in Ontario to supply us with all the carloads of flour I see coming from time to time; also oats, corn, cheese, pork—in fact, everything we want. I think you must have a fine country in Ontario, as I am told your turnips grow so large you cannot pull them, but send a little boy up in the limbs to shake them down. Also, you grow a very fine berry—those called the pumpkin, which is preferred to the gooseberry for making fruit-cake; likewise preferable over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. I am told it resembles the orange family, and thrives well in the west, and that it is generally planted in the front yard, as a shade tree.

Now I must tell you about Mrs. —'s loss. She had a very fine cat, that died. Being a tortoise-shell and a great favorite, she had him buried in the garden, for the sake of enriching the soil. The carcass was laid right under the roots of a gooseberry bush, the fruit being up till then, of the smooth kind. But the next season's fruit after the cat was buried, the gooseberries were all hairy, and more remarkable, the caterpillars on the same bush were all of the same hairy description.

Melbourne, P. Q. JOHN FOWLER.

DEAR UNCLE TOM :-

I now write my first letter of 1875 to you, hoping it will be favorably received. How very nice the paper is this year. I think you will perhaps like this new kind of puzzle, as it is quite new to any in your paper.

Puzzles.

No. 14—VEGETABLE SEEDS.

(1) The farmer begins by turning the ground well over, and breaking it up with his spade, for of course there must be a nice bed for the seeds to lie in;

(2) Then he covers them over warm and close, so as to escape any frost that may be;

(3) And now, having planted two kinds, he proceeds with the third in its turn. I paid very little for this kind.

(4) I hope to be able to offer a dish of this kind soon.

(5) The gardener is planting some of this, but he gives them us tardily, as I shall plant some in the hot-house;

(6) And, though you may have acres sown, these plants will outstrip them all.

Pickering, Jan. 28. STELLA RENTON.

No. 15.—What two numbers multiplied together will produce 7?

No. 16.—What is the difference between twice 25 and twice 5 and 20?

No. 17.—Prove that seven is half of twelve.

ARCH. J. TAYLOR.

No. 18.—I am composed of five letters :-

I'm not on earth nor in the skies,
Yet by the rich I'm highly prized;
Cut off my head, and then you'll see
Among the nobles I will be;
Cut off my tail, my head replace;
And then a garden I will grace;
If you will my head and tail displace,
You then will find me near your face.

J. H. HOUSER.

No. 19—HIDDEN CITIES.

1. He will go away to-morrow.
2. At the sale my oxen went for fifty cents.
3. We will tar Susan's face and hands.
4. I saw Bob resting on a maple log.

WM. McDONALD.

No. 20.—Place the nine digits (that is, the several figures or numbers under 10) in three rows, in such a way that, adding them together, either up or down, across, or from corner to corner, they shall always make fifteen. This will afford much amusement to nephews and nieces.

Answers to February Number.

No. 8—Ebro, Rhine. No. 9—Kiev. No. 10—Bolton, Bolt, Blot, Lot, L. No. 11—Peru, Tunis, Alaska, Spain.

No. 12—LAMP SINS NEST
ARIA IDEA ELLA
MILL NEAR SLAM
PALL SARK TAME

No. 13—Page.

Answers received from Arch. J. Taylor, Glencoe; J. Swartz, Ottawa; Emma Smith, McGillivray; G. Raws, Warwick.

Correspondents sending us puzzles, &c., for insertion, will please give the answers with them, otherwise they cannot be inserted. This accounts for some of those sent us not being printed.

Wackup's Washing.

Mr. Wackup, a married man of Bridgeport, quit work early the other afternoon, and went home to fix up for the purpose of spending the evening—or rather half the night—with a number of his friends. He found his wife lying upon the lounge enjoying a sick-headache, but he couldn't find a clean shirt. Mrs. Wackup said his shirts were washed, but not ironed, and she was too ill to do it, and it was the girl's afternoon out. A shade of disappointment clouded his brow, and rushing into the kitchen, he slammed the door with much earnestness, and fortunately found an iron on the range nice and hot. Then he dived into the basket of dampened clothes, and found one of his shirts at the bottom, just as he expected.

He spread the garment out on a table, without first removing the oil-cloth cover, and hurriedly consulted his watch. Then he couldn't find the iron-holder, and substituted his pocket-handkerchief, and after burning four of his fingers and breaking one of the commandments, he landed the hot iron on his shirt bosom. He thought the garment had a strange look, but supposed it would assume its proper shape when ironed—and he shoved the iron up and down like a jack-plane. The labor seemed so easy that he mentally said he had a mind to follow the business for a living. Then he undertook to turn his shirt, and just because it adhered to the glazed table-cover he gave it a violent jerk, adding at least six inches more to the split in the back.

Then he noticed for the first time that he had set the hot iron on the tail of the garment, and scorched a hole in it as large as his hand; and in his haste to remove the smoothing-machine he neglected to use the holder, and dropped the hot fraud on his choice toe; and when Mrs. Wackup, who was startled by the intensity of his language, entered the kitchen, holding her head with both hands, she discovered her husband hopping about the room on one foot, and clapping the other with both his hands.

The sympathy that Mrs. Wackup tendered was not of a nature that her blistered husband yearned for just at that particular moment. She placed her arms akimbo and indignantly observed :-

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you old fool! Dancing the can-can around here, and your poor wife nearly dead, too! And"—here her eyes rested upon the wreck on the table—"and if the old idiot hasn't gone and ruined my best chemise! O the—the!"

Wackup didn't tarry to hear his infuriated better-half finish the sentence, but adroitly dodged the broom-handle and limped out of the room and up-stairs to bed, without his supper. The next morning he told his friends that the reason he failed to keep his engagement was, he was suddenly attacked with cholera-morbus at the supper-table, and liked to have died during the night.

HUMOROUS.

A TOAST.—Woman—the last and best of the series; if we may have her for a toast, we won't ask for any but her.

There is a good reason why a little man should never marry a bouncing widow. He might be called the widow's mite.

POETRY FOREVER.—In France they call the baby farmers "angel makers," because the babies pass through their hands to heaven.

There is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can never get enough of the glass.

"I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth," says William Hazlitt; "I hate to see a load of bandboxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them."

A new method of saving paper has been invented out West by editors. They write their articles with stolen chalk on the soles of their boots, and go barefooted while the copy is setting up.

SEASONABLE.—"When the cold wind blows, take care of your nose that it doesn't get froze, and wrap up your toes in warm woollen hose." The above, we suppose, was written in prose, by some one who knows the effect of cold snows.

"Now, then," said a physician, cheerily, to a patient, "you have got along far enough to indulge in a little animal food, and—" "No you don't, doctor," interrupted the patient; "I've suffered enough on your gruel and slops, and I'd starve sooner than begin on hay and oats."

A Kansas lawyer used the word "disparagement" in his plea, and the judge told him that if he couldn't quit using Latin words he could sit down. The lawyer undertook to define his position, and was fined twenty dollars for contempt of court.

An individual at the races was staggering about the track with more liquor than he could carry. "Hullo, what's the matter now?" said a friend whom the inebriated man had run against. "Why—hic—why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

A gentleman, while walking in his garden, caught his gardener asleep under a tree. He scolded him soundly for his laziness, and ended by telling him such a sluggard was not worthy to enjoy the light of the sun. "It was that reason exactly," said the gardener, "that I crept up into the shade."

The following is one of the best English epitaphs we have ever seen upon an insignificant fellow :-

"Poor John Gray! Below he lies,
Nobody laughs and nobody cries;
Where he's gone and how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

1776-1875.

Dr. Franklin described the farmer's condition in 1776 as follows :-

"Farmer at the plow,
Wife milking cow;
Daughters spinning yarn,
Boys threshing in the barn—
All happy to a charm."

Another gives the account of 1875 :-

"The farmer gone to see a show,
His daughter at the piano;
Madam gaily dressed in satin—
All the boys are learning Latin,
With a mortgage on the farm."

"ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM."—A skeptical young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker :-

"Does thee believe in France?"

"Yes, for, though I have not seen it, I have seen others that have; besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others has not seen?"

"No, to be sure I won't."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see anybody that did?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"