

Uncle Tom's Department.

To My Young Friends.

I have received excellent letters from a number of my nephews and nieces lately, but they have again disappeared through that unfortunate hole in my pocket. A number of my nieces have kindly volunteered to fix it, but the winter has been so fearfully cold that I cannot spare it for repairs. When the weather moderates, however, I will give some of you a call. I am always glad to hear from my young friends how they are flourishing, so keep up your correspondence, though they do not receive publicity, for if I published all I would fill the ADVOCATE every month, then Mr. Weld would "go for me" for crowding out his information for the farmers, and I know you would not like to see your uncle hurt. But do not neglect to write, as nothing cheers your old uncle better than to hear of the prosperity of his young friends. Next month a prize will be given for puzzles, &c., so be on the alert, as there will be keen competition.

UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

21. My 1, 2, 3, 6, 8 is a country in South America.
My 6, 3, 4, 5 I could not do without.
My 1, 7, 4, 5 is the soldier's home.
My 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 is a track of country.
My whole is a noted man in the history of Canada.

CANADIAN CLIFF.

22. My 1, 17, 8, 6, 18, 3, 13, 2, obstinate.
My 4, 14, 15, 16, 5, 9, 12, to prosper.

- My 19, 7, 10, 11 a dignitary of a diocese.
My whole is the motto of a most excellent paper.

23. SQUARE WORDS.

1. An island of Italy; a character in Shakespeare; something soothing; a body of men.
2. A point of land running into Lake Erie; a precious stone; belongs to everything; joy, merriment, gaiety.

JNO. H. HONSER.

25. SQUARE WORD.

- My first has caused the direst woe;
My next has wrought some evil too;
My third hauls out the finny crew.

25. I am composed of five letters: Behead me and I am mountains and river in the old world. My whole is an adjective pertaining to the country.

WILLIE PICKLE.

26. RIDDLES.

- What fortune gives me I wear in state;
A little thing does make me great;
All admire me when I don it,
Yet care attend all those who wear it.

LUCY ROBERTS.

27. I picked it up and could not find it;
I put it down and went on with it.

E. L. BOWMAN.

28. Complete I on the water sail;
Deprive me of my head,
A portion of the human frame
You then will have instead.

F. LAWSON.

29. My first's where weary travellers seek,
For shelter and repose;
My second, dancing ladies use,
And gentle zephyr blows;
My third's the echo, soft and low,
Which tells of broken hearts;
My whole is childhood's early dawn,
Two decades, it departs.
Remove my first, and then you have,
What flits through every brain;
Sometimes a pleasing vein of thought,
Yet oft a painful strain.
The poet owns my gentle sway,
The lover is my slave;
I rule the slumbering hero's dreams,
And haunt men to the grave.

30. CHARADE.

1. Complete I am frown; behead me and I'm a cup; curtail me and I am a very useful animal.
2. Complete I am rubbish; behead me and I am hasty; behead me again and I am a tree.

HATTIE HAVILAND.

Answers to Puzzles in March No.

- No. 14—Bean; pea; turnip; radish; mustard, cross. 15—7 and 1. 16—20; twice 25=50: 2x5 and 20=30. 18—Pearl. 19—Goa; Salem; Tarsus; Brest.

No. 20—6 7 2
1 5 9
8 3 4

Answers received to March puzzles: Stella Renton, Pickering; Lucy Roberts, Ingersoll; Hamilton Brown, Melancthon; Jacob Funk, Pelham; Edward Annabal, West Winchester; W. A. Rutherford, Millbank; F. Lawson, Nilestown; F. L. Richardson; Hattie Haviland; Anonymous, Monckton; Minnie A. Reed, Cornwall; Jno. H. Houser, Canboro.

Answers for February received too late for March No.:—Oscar H. Phillips, Schomberg; E. L. Bowman, Nobleton; Jas. H. Cross, Frank Lawson, Nilestown; Hattie Haviland, Ingersoll; E. Finn, Winnipeg; M. Cornish, Oregon.



A GORILLA HUNT IN AFRICA.

The Gorilla.

Those situated in their happy, contented Canadian homes can scarcely conceive of the trials and dangers that men pass through in their noble efforts to redeem the uncivilized portions of our globe. At considerable expense we have secured for our young readers one of the scenes in the travels of that great African explorer, David Livingstone. The Gorilla is the greatest terror that those wild cannibals of the interior of Africa have to contend against, and when an onslaught is made upon these beasts by the natives, with their rude warlike weapons, sometimes a number of the inhabitants lose their lives ere their enemy is subdued. Thanks to our modern firearms, they are not now such a formidable foe to contend against, but even with these—as our engraving shows—great watchfulness is required. One of the travellers tell us that in shooting at this creature when it was running away, he felt "like a murderer," so much did it resemble a hairy man. The Gorilla is a discontented, nomadic beast—covered with iron-gray hair—and wanders from place to place in search of food, which consists of nuts, berries and other vegetable matter. The creature generally moves along on all-fours, but the arms being very long the animal appears to be half erect. In height they vary from five to six feet. The roar of the Gorilla is the most unearthly and terrific heard in the African wilds and resembles very much that of the distant thunder, and can be heard for a great distance.

The following is from one of my esteemed nephews, and I am desirous of having my young friends' assistance in putting it to rights:

A PUZZLE.

Mr. Five-Quarter Wood:

Your who, which and that came to see me the other day, when the most extraordinary word connecting sentences of curious circumstances took place. But I must recount the facts, in order that you may see the position without magnitude of my story. They had brought with them a beautiful 21s. hen, intended as a gift for a neighbor. During the night it escaped from the public 16 oz., where had been left some poisoned thirds of an inch with which it began to 8 quarts away as fast as it could. As a matter of course, a . was soon put to its existence. They were much alarmed when they found it was gone, and even made no 20 grains to hint that a distinguished and exiled 5½ yards, who was staying at my house, knew about it. Of course I was shocked at so 12 doz. an insult to my friend; it incensed me to that 360th part of a circle that I felt it would not be too 40 rods under the circumstances to order them to leave my house. Why! they might as well have accused me of being in 3 miles with a rogue! Happily, however, the keeper of the 16 oz. who is a leader of the 24 sheets of this village, found the body, brought it to my house, and explained the matter. Your who, which and that apologized to me and the 5½ yards. We smoked 2 hogsheds of tobacco apiece, and happiness was once more restored.

Business is good, the 10th of a cent is running again, and every 4 inches is again employed.

Yours truly,
THREE BARLEY CORNS WITHOUT HAIR.

Hattie wishes some of her nieces and nephews to try the following experiment:

THE EYE.

There is a spot in your eye that is not sensitive to light—a part of the eye with which you don't see. Shut your left eye and with your right look steadily at the cross below, holding the paper ten or twelve inches from the eye.

X

Now move the paper slowly toward the eye, which must be fixed on the cross. At a certain distance the other figure—the let-O—will suddenly disappear, but if you bring the paper nearer it will come into view. You may not succeed in the experiment on the first trial, but with a little patience you can hardly fail.

HATTIE HAVILAND.

A New Use for Rum.

The seizure of liquor by the State constables in Massachusetts furnishes many refreshing little incidents which help to make life tolerable in that dry and thirsty land. At North Adams, the other day, a resolute officer seized a jar of something and took it before a magistrate, when the following interesting examination took place:

The attorney for the prisoner asked the constable if he knew it was liquor. He replied:

"Yes, it was rum; I drank some of it."

The prisoner, a woman, was called.

"Did you have any liquor in your house when the State constable called there?"

"Yes, I had some in a jar."

"How long had you had it?"

"About six months."

"Did you have it for sale?"

"Oh, no; I don't sell liquor."

"What did you keep this rum for?"

"I kept it to wash the baby."

"Had you ever washed the baby in this rum?"

"Oh, yes, often; I used to turn the rum out in a dish, wash the baby in it, and then turn it back into the jar."

There was laughter in the court, and the State constable declared he would seize no more liquor kept in a jar.

A gentleman walking with two ladies, stepped on a hogshoop, that flew up and struck him in the face. "Mercy," said he, which of you dropped that?"