

## UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

## MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:—

All too soon has May's prophecy been verified, and although we feel some lingering regrets for the departed, we joyfully greet the coming of the "Peerless Goddess of the year." To those of my boys and girls who go to school even this lovely month will pass too slowly, because they are looking forward to the summer holidays, and every intervening day seems, oh! so long. To talk of this delightful time but makes the longing greater, and, as the realization is yet a few weeks distant, we will leave the subject.

I promised to tell you some flower legends, and when more appropriately than now; but I must confine myself to two or three, lest the editor grumble at my taking up too much space. It is said that all the flowers were growing in a beautiful garden, in which their Maker used to walk, and as He passed among them each flower "bent on its lowly stalk"; but, as the legend says:—

"The lily was vain of her beauty,  
And, as His step drew near,  
Stood proudly erect and stately,  
And said: 'I am fairest here.'  
The Master gazed on it sadly,  
In His gaze grief gathering slow,  
Till the lily bent before Him,  
The lowliest of the low;  
And the tear that fell on its petals,  
As sadly He turned away,  
May be found a glittering dew drop  
In the lily's heart to-day."

The moral in the above legend is self-evident. Perhaps none is a greater favorite than the "little flower with eye of blue," the Forget-me-not, and of it many legends are told, and I shall give you two of them.

One day, in Germany, a young soldier was taking a farewell walk with his lady love, when, passing by a swiftly-flowing stream, she saw growing in the water a pretty flower, and requested him to get it for her. In trying to grasp it, he lost his footing and fell into the water, but before being swept away he managed to reach out the flower to her, and his last words were, "Forget me not!" so the flower has ever since borne that name.

When to flowers so beautiful  
The Father gave a name,  
There came a little blue-eyed one—  
All timidly it came;  
And standing at the Father's feet,  
And gazing at His face,  
It said, with meek and timid voice,  
Yet with a tender grace:  
"Dear Lord, the name Thou gavest me,  
Alas! I have forgot."  
The Father kindly looked on him  
And said, "Forget Me not."

The June roses have not yet started to bloom, but we have many other beautiful flowers to console us during their absence. I must tell you what a delightful drive I had one day recently. Our road lay near a river which flows between two steep and thickly-wooded banks, and although we could hear its murmuring, it was only occasionally that we caught a glimpse of the bright, sparkling water. The trees on either side of us bent over and formed a bower of leaves to protect us from the sun, and flowers and ferns brightened the landscape all around us. Returning in the evening, the song of the whip-poor-will added to our pleasures, and I enjoyed myself so much I was almost sorry when I reached home—the dusty old city once more.

One of my boys wrote me some time ago and told me he works every summer to earn money to go to school, and is now preparing to enter the Normal School. Well done, Harry! you are made of good material, and are sure to get along; I admire your spirit, and wish you every success. I would like to know what place you will occupy ten years hence. If Uncle Tom is a true prophet, it will not be a lowly one.

I have been so busy lately that I neglected writing until almost the last day, and now I am obliged to hasten, but you will soon hear again from

UNCLE TOM.

P. S.—Uncle Tom proposes to hold a Word Competition, and trusts it will prove interesting to the nephews and nieces. A prize of \$2.00 will be given for the longest and most correct list of words formed from the letters contained in the two words, FARMER'S ADVOCATE, all lists to be in our office by July 3rd.

## RULES.

1. Write only on one side of the paper.  
2. No letter to be used oftener in the same word than it appears in FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

3. No abbreviations or proper names allowed.
4. All misspelled words will be cancelled.
5. The singular and plural forms of the same word not admissible.
6. All lists must be numbered and the total written plainly at the top.

## The Death of Mark Antony.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY POMPEO BATTONI.  
(ETCHED BY S. RODRIGUEZ).

Perhaps the most dazzling romance in history is that of Antony and Cleopatra. This picture gives us one of the last scenes in that magnificent and tragic drama. After his disgraceful defeat at Actium, which was due to his insane love of Cleopatra, Antony was a prey to melancholy, and for a short season held scarcely any intercourse with the Queen. Ere long, however, they were on the old terms of intimacy, and soon, also, Antony's spirit revived, so that when Caesar again approached with his forces, he determined to make a fight that should give him either victory or an heroic end. But when the opposing forces met, first his navy and then his army deserted to the enemy, and Antony was left with only a few personal attendants. In his astonishment and despair, he attributed the desertion to the treachery of Cleopatra. Learning that Antony thus suspected her, and fearing the effects of his anger, Cleopatra fled to a strong, tower-like mausoleum, which she had prepared as a refuge in time of calamity. At the same time she caused Antony to be informed that she had put an end to her life. This turned the current of her lover's feelings into the old channel. It was the



THE DEATH OF MARK ANTONY.

last bitter stroke of misfortune. Why should he longer live? He commands his trusty servant, Enos, to thrust him through; but he, to escape that painful duty, falls upon his sword and dies at his master's feet. Thereupon Antony inflicts the fatal blow upon himself. As his life ebbs slowly away, Cleopatra sends, begging him to come to her in the monument. He is instantly carried thither, but, as she cannot descend, lest Caesar's minions take her, it was necessary to draw the dying man up into the monument; this she and her two women, with the greatest difficulty, accomplished. Here Antony died in her arms, shortly to be joined in the spirit world by her whose love undid him. The spirit of this moving scene is vividly conveyed in the verses of General W. H. Stytle, some of which we quote:

I am dying, Egypt, dying,  
Ebb the crimson life-tide fast,  
And the dark, Plutonian shadows  
Gather on the evening blast.  
Let thine arm, O Queen, enfold me,  
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,  
Listen to the great heart secrets  
Thou and thou alone must hear.

Let not Caesar's servile minions  
Mock the lion thus laid low;  
'Twas his own arm that felled him,  
'Twas his own hand that struck the blow;  
His, who, pillowed on thy bosom,  
Turned aside from glory's ray,  
His, who, drunk with thy caresses,  
Madly threw a world away.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,  
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,  
Light the path to Stygian horrors  
With the splendors of thy smile.

Give the Caesar crowns and arches,  
Let his brow the laurel twine,  
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,  
Triumphing in a love like thine.

Pompeo Battoni was born at Lucia in 1708, and died at Rome in 1787. He was one of the most celebrated artists of the decadence, and some of his works have enjoyed great popularity.

## Puzzles.

## PRIZE PUZZLE.

## 1—SQUARE WORD.

My FIRST is "something lean and rough;"  
To show its name, I've said enough.  
I'll call my SECOND, to make it rhyme,  
"A milky fluid derived from chyme."  
Now, for my THIRD, write at your will  
"A clause that's added to a bill."  
If you will catch my FOURTH, be sly,  
For it is "brisk and lively."  
Or, should you meet a pretty dame,  
Perhaps this LAST may be her name.

G. W. BLYTH.

## 2—

Five little patients here I have,  
In a precarious state;  
My FIRST, though nigh to death alway,  
In a chair can sit up straight.

My SECOND I visit much indeed,  
For in bed he long hath lain;  
My THIRD is always in good spirits,  
Though never free from pain.

My FOURTH in scowls and frowns appears,  
And never out of trouble;  
My FIFTH you cannot make him straight,  
In two he'll always double.

CHARLES S. EDWARDS.

## 3—ENIGMA.

Oh, how many tales of me  
could be told  
By the rich and the poor, by  
the young and the old,  
For I never do good wherever  
I am,  
Although I have been from  
creation of man;  
No legs have I got, yet how  
swift do I go!  
And often I cause the blackest  
of woe.

ADA SMITHSON.

## 4—CHARADE.

My FIRST is "to study carefully,"  
Just as my cousins do;  
My SECOND is "an inhabitant,"  
Who to his country is  
true;  
My THIRD is a very small insect,  
Which works almost constantly;  
My WHOLE is what we all  
must use  
When writing to Uncle T.

ADA SMITHSON.

## 5—RIDDLE.

My FIRST is to conquer,  
My SECOND is a part,  
My TOTAL often is applied  
To a great work of art.

Answers to May 1st  
Puzzles.

1—M O T T O  
O T H E R  
T H I R D  
T E R S E  
O R D E R

2—X. L. C. R. (Excelsior).  
3—Love-Knot.  
4—Persist.

## Novel Frames.

The materials for one are primitive—stout thread, pasteboard, pine bark and a little varnish. Separate the bark into thin flakes, which is easily done; select nice, smooth pieces, and cut leaves out of them. I chose my model, oak leaves, from nature, and marked the veins with a penknife. Having cut the pasteboard to the desired shape for the frame, sew on the leaves, taking care that each one overlaps the other so as to hide stitches and cover the ground work. To finish the back and put in the picture and glass, paste stout lining, in which a slit has been cut for the picture, over the back, taking care that room is left for it to slide in and out. If the picture is to be a fixture, one may paste all together. If the frame is to stand on a table or bracket, it must be furnished with a stout support; a piece of thin board is best. To hang, and this way is easier, attach a cord. Varnish the frame afterwards.

Another frame is made out of cork carpet-lining, often packed around bottles. This is gilded, and need not cost more than a few cents for turpentine and varnish, and perhaps five cents worth of gilding, in powder form. But that is not the cheapest, for my latest achievement in frame making costs nothing but a little time, trouble, and a scratch or two.

Choose pieces of board—the cover of a dry-goods box will do—and fit together for the frame, making a groove at the back for the picture to rest it. If you are accurate, the corners will be little trouble; but, if not, and if they look somewhat unsightly, it will not much matter, as the wood will not show in the completed frame. Gather the lichens and mosses which grow on old posts and trees, and glue them securely over the frame. You will have a pretty and rustic, yet artistic, frame.—The Housekeeper.