

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—The bright holiday time is just here, and every one of you will be looking out for the fine treats in store for you. Oh! such running and jumping, bounding and hopping, frequent tumbles and merry shouts as emanate from all happy children—when your little duties are done for father and mother, and you are at liberty to gather for rambles, ball playing or croquet, archery or botanical expeditions, or work among the flowers; and from each of these amusements you should have strengthened muscles, ruddy cheeks and robust health, as well as great enjoyment. My wish for you all is that you may have a good time, and help some other body to have a good time, too.

Some of my little friends have again misunderstood us in regard to the prizes offered last month, which were but two, one to the one who answered the most puzzles correctly, and one for the best selection of puzzles. So, dear nephews and nieces, do not feel slighted or unjustly treated, but try again.

UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

55—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

1. In sell, not in buy;
 2. In wheat, not in rye;
 3. In vine, not in tree;
 4. In blind, not in see;
 5. In mutton, not in sheep;
 6. In look, not in peep;
 7. In coat, not in vest;
 8. In slumber, not in rest;
 9. In pencil, not in chalk;
 10. In stand, not in walk.
- If you can't answer, 'tis a pity,
For it is the name of a city.

56—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The whole, composed of eight letters, is what we are all fond of:
The 2, 3, 4, 1, 6 is a relative,
The 1, 6, 7, 8 is a boy's name,
The 5, 7, 8, 6 is a whetstone.

57—ENIGMA.

I am a vegetable substance of scarce six inches long,
And sometimes come from distant parts—not Pekin or Hongkong;
If so I am British, if good, of foreign birth,
But until you have destroyed me you can never know my worth;
I am used by high and low, rich and poor, youth and age,
Prince, artisan and peasant, philosopher and sage;
I am no favorite with the ladies, 'tis really very sad;
They can't endure my presence—call me everything that's bad.

JAMES H. CROSS.

58—CHARADES.

1. My first gives warmth to man and beast; my second is a period of time; my whole we ought to rest upon.
2. My first often bears the weight of my second; my whole is generally found at a meeting.
3. Valor may defend my first,
Death alone prevents my next;
And life itself, though aptly called
The fleeting journey of a day,
Or voyage through a stormy sea,
Is but my figurative whole.
4. My first is what we ought to be
To friend and foe, 'tis true;
My next a lake in Scotland is,
And may be found by you.
My whole doth wondrous power possess—
The answer please proceed to guess.

MARY J. BOWMAN.

59—ANAGRAM.

O, eterh rea kolos dan netso htta tard
Na tatnis hunsenis ot hte threa,
Sa fi het losu ttha nmmtoc gaueh
Meso resaetru ti utrholg file adh gthosu.

60—WORD-SQUARE.

1. Fermentation. 2. An island. 3. A man's name. 4. Information.

JOHN THOMAS.

61—WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

Remove one word from another, and leave a complete word.

1. Take a crime from a clergyman's house, and leave an attendant. 2. Take a summer luxury from worthy of observation, and leave remarkable. 3. Take savage from to puzzle, and leave a drink. 4. Take suffrage from a bigot, and leave a river in Great Britain.

CYRIL DEANE.

- 62—Make a word by adding the absent vowels: N g s t n b l.

G. AMOS HAWKINS.

62—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 50 letters:
My 10, 22, 30, 5, 33 is dreaded by all.
My 8, 12, 11, 6 will wait for no one.
My 2, 1, 7, 14, 46, 48 is what conversation should be.

My 3, 50, 35, 43 is a kind of grain.
My 19, 38, 4, 40, 36, 27 is needed for farming.
My 7, 34, 8, 28, 25, 37 is a disagreeable shrub.
My 13, 42, 6, 10, 25, 9 is used in sewing.
My 29, 20, 26, 31, 14, 16 are employed by sportsmen.

My 21, 49, 44, 32 is a tumultuous brawl.
My 14, 15, 24, 11, 17, 4, 14 is a precious stone.
My 41, 17, 23, 27, 36 is a common name for a dog.

My 39, 50, 18, 45, 36, 3, 13 is a color.
My whole is a maxim that the discontented should remember.

LAURA.

63—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



64—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

Every other letter is omitted:
H- d-t- m-c- w-o -o-h -e-l -h-t e -a-h -o -o.
C. D.

65—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

- My first is in faith, but not in sight;
My second is in air, but not in fire;
My third is in sunshine, but not in light;
My fourth is in harp, but not in lyre;
My fifth is in silk, but not in flax;
My sixth is in gold, but not in tin;
My seventh is in nails, but not in tacks.
My whole is too often the cause of sin.

Names of Those Who Sent Correct Answers to June Puzzles.

James H. Cross, Elizabeth Simpson, Amelia Straubel, M. A. Andrews, Effie Jackson, Maggie Blair, Mrs. Hopworth, James M. Jackson, W. J. Fennell, Minnie Fraser, Edward James, John Strauss, Alex. Henderson, Frank Plumber, Jennie McArthur, Henry West, Joshua Barker, Mary Bailey, Sarah J. Symonds, Ellen Farmer, John McKenzie, Edward Cooper, Amelia Chambers, Geo. W. Tilley, Hugh Scott, Octavius Crafton, Andrew Chisholme, Alice Payne, Lottie Cross, Mrs. James Kirby, Frank Jell, Jane A. Johnson, Abraham Labatt, Nellie C. Graham, Lillie Stone, M. W. Collet, Austin D. Mabie, Emmie V. Johnson, H. Wilkinson, Sallie Emerson, S. N. Knapp, Emily Morrison, J. H. Tousley, Mary Bradley, Amos Hawkins.

We have to congratulate Effie Jackson upon her success in answering the greatest number of puzzles last month.

Answers to June Puzzles.

- 41—Garden, Orchard and Forest.
- 42—Dear Mister White.
We wish you good-night,
We are sorry we cannot stay longer;

We have taken twenty-one geese
At a penny a-piece,
And left the amount with the gander.

- 43—Spine.
- 44—Winnipeg.
- 45—Pictou.
- 46—A mole.
- 47—Assassination.
- 48—Coal.
- 49—Plumber, lumber, umber, plumb, plum.
- 50—Arkansas.

51—

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

52—THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE.

53—W A A L
A N N A
A N O N
L A N D
S
A C E
A B H O R
S C H O O L S
I R O U T
I L L
S

HUMOROUS.

A Miss Joy was present at a party recently, and in the course of the evening some one used the quotation, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," when she exclaimed, "I'm glad I'm not a beauty, for I should not like to be a Joy for ever."

A French paper points out how the passion for gambling is shown in England, so that even in wedding notices it is necessary to state that there were "no cards."

A well-known dramatist can say rude things. Some one said to him last week, "You want a new hat." "Yes, that's quite true," he replied; "but why say it? I never told you you wanted a new head."

"Here's a neat toast," said an old gentleman as he read from a volume in his hand—"In ascending the hill of prosperity may we never meet a friend." "What is there neat about that?" asked his wife. "I don't see any point to it." "Don't see any point!" exclaimed the husband. "Why, if you're going up the hill of prosperity and meet a friend, he must be going down, mustn't he—must be on the downhill path, unprosperous—must, in short—" "I see, I see!" interrupted the old lady.

Eureka as an art centre, according to *The Republican*: After strolling about for some little time, she was suddenly rooted before a pretty landscape. She stood and gazed with parted lips and quickened breath, and when one of the attendants, all smiles, minced up, the lady heaved a deep sigh and exclaimed: "My, what a lovely frame!" A prominent citizen also made a tour of the gallery, rapping every frame within reach and throwing his head on one side to examine them critically, and finally bawled across the hall to an attendant: "I say, mister, are all these here frames solid."

A bright little fellow of four years, whose correctness the father questioned, asking: "If Mary should tell you anything that was not exactly so, what would you say?" "I'd say she told a lie." "If brother should say anything that was not so, would you think it right?" "No, I'd think he told a lie." "Well, supposing you should say something that was not exactly so; what then?" "I'd say I's mistaken."

POLITE FICTIONS.—Mrs. Brown: "Dear me, Mrs. Jones, are those tall young ladies really yours? I had no idea that you had daughters grown up!" Mrs. Jones (who is still possessed of considerable personal attractions): "Oh, yes! I was married at fifteen, you know! And is that young gentleman really your son?" Mrs. Brown (who is also possessed of ditto, ditto): "Yes—a—I was married at twelve."

William L. Dayton while at college could not pronounce his R's. One day he told his professor that the students on the campus were having a wot. "A what?" asked the professor. "A wot," said Dayton. "A what?" said the professor. "Oh, a wumpus," exclaimed Dayton, as he stalked away.