

## Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES.—The last days of Autumn are fast declining, and already we can hear the footsteps of Winter, as he comes hurrying along, with his usual attendants, frost and snow. We cannot help feeling something like regret at the loss of our lovely Summer and all the pleasures peculiar to this season; still those of Winter, though entirely different, are in my estimation equally as charming; do you not all find them so? Who amongst my numerous family of nephews and nieces does not enjoy a good sleigh-ride? Very few I am sure; if so they are not true Canadians, for I am confident Canada would not care to lay claim to those who did not fully appreciate her amusements. When I was in the country we thought there was no better fun than to wrap up warm some bright moonlight night, pack ourselves into a large sleigh, (seats were considered superfluous articles!) and start off for a two or three hours drive. I am afraid those who live in the country do not sufficiently value its pleasure. It only is the "city folks" who know how delightful it is to spend a few weeks of the winter at a large country house. And now comes the skating! What more pleasant or healthy amusement could you wish for than this one? What matters if you do meet with a few accidents in learning, you feel amply rewarded for all the "bumps" you may have received when you have become an adept at the pastime. How do you spend your winter evenings? Part of the time I suppose is devoted to studying your lessons for the following day. After they are finished it is a very good plan to procure an amusing book, and one of you read aloud, whilst the others are busy with their various occupations. This will enable you to employ your time both pleasantly and usefully.

UNCLE TOM.

## Answers to October Puzzles.

81—Cleopatra's Needle.

82—Josephus.

83—BOMB  
OLIO  
MIEN  
BOND84—S no W  
T erre R  
O liv E  
Republi C  
M on is  
E hip S  
Storms. Wrecks.

85—Chaucer.

86—Now, Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke;  
And thus unto the Calendar,  
In merry guise he spoke:"I came because your horse would come,  
And if I well forbode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road."

87—Be just and fear not.

## Names of Those Who Sent Correct Answers to October Puzzles.

James Richards, L. M. Arnold, Polly Hammond, Minnie Howell, Lizzie Munroe, Albert Lewis, Bessie Lee, Alice Barker, Fannie Burns, J. C. Cox, Tom Stevens, Geo. Barker, Frank Johnson, Jessie Thomas, Minnie Hill, Carrie Jell and Georgina Findlater.

"Can dogs find their way home from a long distance?" says an exchange. It's according to the dog. If it's one you want to get rid of, he can find his way home from California. If it's a good one, he's apt to get lost if he goes around the corner.

## PUZZLES.

88—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

F-i-t-t-e-r-n-v-r-o-f-i-l-d.

JOSIE AND ELIZA.

89.—DECAPITATION.

Whole, I am a purchaser; behead, and I am a wanderer; behead again, and I am on the other side; transpose my remainder, and I indicate a minister of the Gospel.

JOSIE AND ELIZA CLARKSON.

90—CRYPTOGRAPHS.

Xron vtzpp xo erhoo dooc zbzkñ ku crfmnoh  
pkbrenkub eh kn hzkn.

91—CHARADES.

One cold winter's night, as a traveller was walking  
Through my deep first by the light of the moon,  
He glanced at the heavens and by their dull look  
Knew that my second would commence very soon.  
He quickened his pace, and at the next turning  
Espied a farm house, a most welcome sight;  
He knocked at the door and asked for shelter  
From the descent of my whole in its might.

92—My first will name an Irishman,  
In my second he likes to be;  
A man who loves his native land,  
Is my whole, as you will see.

## An Ode to a Lot of Stovepipe.

Infernal stuff, your nature well I know,  
So when I took you down six months ago,  
Each piece I numbered so that I might tell  
Exactly how you'd go together well.  
And now the time for chilly nights draw nigh,  
To put you up again I madly try,  
But all in vain. The joints that then did fit  
Now do not come within an inch of it.  
I get you two-thirds put in place and then  
Crash you go tumbling to the floor again.  
Once more I try. You're rather full of soot,  
And I am getting daubed from head to foot.  
I jam my thumb, but still I persevere,  
One piece goes down again and rakes my ear.  
I grab to catch the piece, another goes,  
And falling scrapes the hide all off my nose.  
And then another piece falls with a slam,  
And then the rest goes down and I say "Dam."  
And then my blood gets boiling and I say,  
By all that's blue, I'll fix you anyway.  
Once more I go to work. By patience great  
I get all but a single section straight.  
And that I am about to place, when oh!  
The chair I stand on tips. Down flat I go;  
While on and around me with a horrid crash,  
The whole comes down again in one grand smash.  
And then my wife remarks, "I never saw  
A man so clumsy!" I say, "Hold your jaw!"  
And for a tinman send, while I retire  
To wash myself and swear, to vent my ire.

[Boston Post.

## A New Capitalist.

He didn't look as if his pockets held fifty cents, but a rich man has a right to dress as he chooses. He had loafed up Griswold street until he saw the right sort of a face, and then he asked:  
"Can you show me a bank?"  
"Yes, sir—three doors below, or just across the street, or right back there."  
"Thanks. I'd like to put some money in some bank, but I'm a little afraid of banks. I always did prefer a note of hand to a bank."  
The citizen picked up his ears and asked the amount.  
"A trifle," was the answer. "Do you know of anybody who'd like to take some, and give me a note for a year at seven per cent? I think of going to Mexico for a while."  
"Let's see,"

mused the citizen. "I don't know but what I'd take some myself."  
"Lemme git a drink, and then we'll talk," said the stranger.

"Yes—certainly—come on," said the citizen, and the two went into a basement. Drinks were ordered by the citizen, one after another, until his shinplasters felt lonely. He said he could make good use of a few thousand dollars for a year, and some of his friends might also take a few thousand

more. The stranger put down gin, whiskey, lager and brandy until his legs gave out. The citizen laid him on a bench and tried to sober him, but the fellow went dead asleep while they were trying to force vinegar down his throat. The bar-keeper said he was an old loafer, and a policeman was sent for to take him to the station. When they got him down there and searched him they found four cents, a brass-backed comb and a door key in his pockets, and the citizen who wanted to borrow a few thousand dollars went softly around the corner to see if the mail had come in.

"Ciphering."—School boy (kept in)—"Let's see—one t'm's ought's ought. Twice ought's ought. Three t'm's ought—oh, must be something—stick it down one."—[Punch.

An Irish porter, closing a shop one rainy evening, took off his coat while putting up the shutters. When asked why he went out in his shirt sleeves in the rain, "Shure," said he, "don't I want a dry coat to go home in?"



93—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



## HUMOROUS.

There is romance in figures. A young man met a girl, I'er, married her and took her on a wedding 2-er.

A Norristown youth, who was trying to master a bicycle, when asked his age, said he had seen fifteen summers and about one hundred and fifteen falls.

A negro was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with a neighbor's fruit, and being caught in a garden by moonlight, nonplussed his detectors by raising his eyes, clasping his hands and piously exclaiming:—"Good heavens! dis yere darkey can't go nowhere to pray any more without bein' sturbed."

"Any good shooting on your farm?" asked the hunter of the farmer. "Splendid," replied the agriculturist, "There's a lightning-rod man down in the clover meadow, a cloth peddler at the house, a book agent out in the barn and two tramps down in the stock yard. Climb right over the fence, young man, load both barrels and sail in."—Hawkeye.