

## Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—Here half the year is gone already; we can scarcely keep count of the months, they fly so fast, and the prizes I offered in January last are soon to be distributed. The competition is pretty keen, so you had better look sharp and send some real good puzzles for the July number, which will contain the names of the fortunate ones for the first half year. I shall then offer the same prizes to be given again the 1st of January, and I hope to hear from a great number of new nephews and nieces, as well as all the old ones. Surely most of you have patience enough to work for six months, especially with the chance of winning such splendid prizes.

UNCLE TOM.

## Puzzles.

## 1—ANAGRAM.

Eb alonzac ni a rerppo eusca,  
Het yaw yht treha sietrdc ehte;  
Tle nthnog tub odgo tyh lwil eorfpere,  
Schur lal hatt lil-esetfcl hets.

M. E. DRYDEN.

## 2—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 5, 6, 7, is a domestic animal.  
My 2, 4, 3, 8, is a bird of the genus Passeres.  
My 7, 8, 1, is a well known beverage.  
My whole is a pleader.

A. E. ANDERSON.

No. 3.

I am a word of three syllables and thirteen letters; one vowel occurs four times, one consonant six times, one twice, and another once. Reverse me and I am still the same by exchanging my double letters for my single ones.

LIZZIE C. WATT.

## 4—CHARADE.

When friends part with friends, as often they do,  
With pressure of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, they then bid adieu;  
The parting, though painful, the thought is so sweet  
That 5, 6, 7, 8, other day they hope for to meet.  
This rhyme may be simple, but we think that it shows  
That 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, is that TOTAL does.

FAIR BROTHER.

## 5—PENTAGON.

- |                                      |       |
|--------------------------------------|-------|
| 1—A consonant.                       | *     |
| 2—A wager.                           | ***   |
| 3—A premium.                         | ***** |
| 4—Flesh of animals taken in hunting. | ***** |
| 5—A struggle.                        | ***** |
| 6—To clear up.                       | ****  |
| 7—To want.                           | ****  |

FAIR BROTHER.

## 6—SQUARE WORD.

- 1—Pertaining to the sun.
- 2—A tribe of Indians.
- 3—Charged with a full load.
- 4—Any active cause or power.
- 5—Openings produced by violent separations.

FAIR BROTHER.

## 7—DIAMOND.

- 1—A consonant.
- 2—Angry.
- 3—Merriment.
- 4—A fictitious marine animal.
- 5—Attraction.
- 6—With a low sound.
- 7—A mineral found between layers of coal.
- 8—Something indispensable to "Uncle Tom's Nephews and Nieces."
- 9—That may be magnified.
- 10—Cut short.
- 11—Legal power.
- 12—An accountant.
- 13—

An outcry. 14—The goddess of mischief. 15—  
In "Uncle Tom's Department."

FAIR BROTHER.

## 8—SYNCOPE.

A mansion=position.  
Bitter=parched.  
Method=a river in Europe.  
A waterfowl=a cradle.  
Part of a house=a strong wind.  
A small glass vessel=a boy's nickname.  
Durable=dark.  
Syncopated letters mean a rope dance.

ROBERT J. RISK.

## 9—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



## Answers to May Puzzles.

- 1—SHY  
AWL  
ILL  
DISSOLUTE  
VOLUNTARY  
YOUNGSTER  
OFT  
RED  
PLY  
ELM  
WOE  
TWO
- 2—Persevere and succeed.
- 3—Letter-Writing.
- 4—Be not too wise in your own eyes,  
Or you'll soon see what a great fool you be.
- 5—The pen of the author and statesman,  
The noble and wise of our land,  
The sword and the chisel and palette,  
Shall be held by the little brown hand.
- 6—Revise—devise.  
Feign—reign.  
Pierce—fierce.  
Crate—grate.  
Grow—brow.
- 7—Home-rule.
- 8—There is no lack of kindness  
In this world of ours,  
Only in our blindness  
We gather thorns for flowers.

## Names of those who have Sent Correct Answers to May Puzzles.

A. Manning, Chas. E. Smith, Emma Dennee, Lizzie C. Watt, Minnie A. Brown, A. Ludwig, Robert J. Risk, Nellie Green, Fair Brother, Minnie Evans, Geo. Cairncross, A. L. Munroe, Esther Marshall.

## How to Save Boys.

Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vain ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that your homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in any measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public-house at first, for love of liquor; they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they find does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it, then, that their homes compete with the public places in their attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires by night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupation for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass happy boyhood, and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions, depends on you. Do not blame miserable bar-keepers if your sons miscarry. Believe it possible that with exertion and right means, a mother may have more control of the destiny of her boys than any other influence.—Selected.

## Silenced.

The Scotch often use humor to settle a question which, otherwise, might give rise to an excited argument, involving much hair splitting logic. The following anecdote of Norman McLeod, the eloquent preacher, illustrates this happy use of the wit which transfixes a man as an entomologist does a bug. He was on his way to church, to open a new place of worship. As he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with the peculiar kind of a wig known in that district—bright, smooth, and of a reddish brown—accosted him.

"Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you."

"Well, Duncan," said the venerable doctor, "cannot you wait till after worship?"

"No, doctor, I must speak to you now, for it is a matter upon my conscience."

"Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, Duncan, for time passes."

"The matter is this, doctor. Ye see the clock yonder, on the face of this new church? Well, there is no clock really there; nothing but the face of a clock. There is no truth in it but only once in the twelve hours. Now, it is in my mind very wrong, and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord."

"Duncan, I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well. You are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still."