

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS:—

The response to my call for "Word Pictures" has pleased me very much, as all those sent in are worthy of praise. So difficult has it been to judge between them that I have decided this time to award three prizes of \$1.00 each, instead of following the offer in previous issue; and in future will give two prizes of \$1.00 each, as lack of space will not admit of more than two pictures. I would like portraits for next month, but if you think them too difficult, choose any subject you prefer, but send in your work before the 20th of November.

UNCLE TOM.

UNCLE TOM'S PICTURE GALLERY.

A Canadian Autumn Day.

BY ADA ARMAND, PAKENHAM, ONT.

They sing of beauty afar who roam,
But our beloved Canadian home
Holds more of beauty unto mine eyes
Than Italy's far-famed sunny skies.
An artist's brush might dare portray
This beautiful October day.
I, tho' unworthy, shall strive to paint
The picture in words, but ah! how faint!

To depict this bright ethereal dream
My feeble words, how weak they seem!

At dawn the radiant evening Queen,
Arrayed in her robes of silvery sheen,
Smiles a soft farewell, as she sinks to rest
Where the fleecy clouds form a downy nest.

In the east gleams a halo of mellow light,
As the beautiful Day King bursts in sight,
And smiles on the teardrops night has left,
Till earth of her diamonds is all bereft.

Then upward and onward he wends his way
Warming the heart of his fair bride, day,
With his warm caresses. The wooded land
Shows touch of a master-painter's hand.

And russet and gold, and brown and green,
With many a tinge of crimson sheen,
In purest harmony softly blend,
Till the scene our fondest hopes transcend.

The hill-tops so soft by the cloudlets kissed
Have stolen a wreath of their azure mist;
While greeting our eyes as they southward roam
Is the neighboring church's glittering dome.

Now from the tower the bell's soft tone
Proclaims that noon-tide has long since flown;
And we westward turn, where, his course near run,
But glorious yet, reigns the monarch sun.

And the songs of his praise that we cannot hush
Now bring to his face a rosy blush,
Which reflects on hill-top and vale and tree,
Making a vision most fair to see.

The gates of evening now open wide,
And through their portals he swift doth glide.
And while we gaze on his dying splendour,
All nature is wrapped in the gloaming tender,
And filled with peace by this perfect day.
Night drops her curtain—we steal away.

An Unknown Grave.

BY FOSTER CARTER, WHONNOCK P. O., B. C.

Far from the scream of the iron horse, and farther still from the haunts of civilization, hidden away in the mountainous interior of the southern coast range of British Columbia, lies, almost unknown to mankind, a beautiful crescent-shaped lake, surrounded by lofty peaks that mark the spot of a lonely grave.

Here, on a summer's day the scenery is grand in the extreme. The sun pours down his brilliant rays from out a cloudless sky. Flocks of wild fowl besport themselves on the wide, gleaming expanse of water, which here and there the soft, subtle chinook fans into tiny ripples that lap in mystic rhythm the rocks of its iron-bound coast.

On the west shore of the lake rise, black precipitous cliffs, which as they ascend recede until their tops, aye, and half of them, are hoary with the accumulated snows of years gone by, and down whose mural declivities foaming cataracts plunge for hundreds of feet into the deep blue waters beneath.

On the east the mountain ranges that slope gently down to the water's edge are clothed with the green growth of giant cedar and hemlock forests, among whose pathless wastes the manless lion and big-horn sheep find as yet a home of freedom.

To the north can be seen, in striking contrast to the beetling cliffs on the left and the sloping mountains on the right, a flat tract of country, the unknown valley of a mighty torrent, which twines like some gigantic serpent through park-like scenery of alder groves and sandy reaches where the deer and bear are wont to roam in broad daylight.

But when the storm cloud lowers and the mountain tops are hid from view, when the north wind shrieks down those awful gorges and the angry billows dash on its rock-bound coast, when the scream of the wild fowl is lost 'mid the roar of that fearful gale: then, look! far out on those dark, glooming waters is an Indian skiff, tempest-tossed, now up in the air, now down in the depths below. A faint form struggles hard, just for a moment. Then, the waves roar, and the wind shrieks on, and by and by a billow, larger than its brothers, hurls in its mad fury something against those cruel rocks. What is it? The waves leap on, the storm cloud lowers and the wind screams still, over the lonely grave of an unknown pioneer.

A Picture on Memory's Curtain.

BY A. B. PICKETT, ANDOVER, VICTORIA CO., N. B.

In the dim distance, which becomes hazy as it stretches away to the hours of childhood, a vision rises, clear, defined, distinct—different from the fitful glimpses of the many scenes which dot my memory's pictured screen. How many little events crowd together in the rush of recollection, centred around that bright spot back in the days of old when youth seemed so slow, but now appears to have gone like a flash on the expanse of heaven, leaving behind only a glow to mark its passage. And now there crowds up the scene of the old home. A river, gleaming past among the birch and cedar trees, reflects the rush of bright moonlight which pours down from over the hills. On this side the beams in their glory show an undulating meadow, stretching back from the fringe of trees to another hill which rises up until over the top the eye can see only the star-lit sky in its sombre beauty. On the edge of the wood covering part of this hill a brook babbles down its stony path, hollowing out its miniature gorge, age after age, with tireless energy. Down it falls, the arching trees meet overhead and shut out the prying beams. In those shadowy recesses how many times I have lingered, protected from the heat of a summer's day, and cooled by the draughts of air which sweep up its tortuous avenue, laden from the hay fields with the scent of flowers. The moss-grown wooden spouts lead the sparkling water into the pool which has refreshed the thirsty who come to drink its cool contents. Often have I climbed the hill at its steepest part, and rolled stones down into the splashing depths, and from that same fir-crowned hill what a vision of river and valley do I see!

Winding to this side and to that, with fields reaching down to the water, and again with steep banks rising up, it stretches on like a beautiful ribbon, until another turn hides it from our sight, and a low mountain, nearly as blue as the sky itself, miles and miles away, shuts out the view of farm and forest.

As in fancy I climb the hill still higher and gaze again, other spots I see which I have clambered over in past times.

And now I wander down the hill by the brook's side, until, where it enters the meadow, a grove of butternut trees spread about; beneath the arching trees a bridge spans the water where the lane comes in from the river road. The butternuts are falling with a quick thud, as the wind brushes the branches about, and squirrels when the dawn breaks will lay in harvest against the winter. The yellow moonbeams, dancing to the wind's music with the black shadows, ever and anon retreat to the shelter of a passing cloud, and the shadows alone sweep over the fields.

The brook sinks into the soil as we advance, and the meadow is left unbroken in front of the house.

Home again! Back to the old home where the years flew in their joys and sorrows over my childhood's hours!

Can memory forget the worn-out threshold, the weather-stained door, and the tiny paned windows? Can the sight of these not bring again before me those with whom I passed the years, gone forever in the mists of time? The father and mother who strove for the best, one of whom has reached the end of life's stony path, the other still assisting with her help and love others to clamber on, and the other companions of youth crowd forward through the mind.

But the rooms are empty: all that answers is but an echo, for another and newer home stands but a short distance away. The old house is forsaken, its duty has been done.

Change and decay are monarchs at last. From the house a road winds along the hill, until it reaches and enters another wood. On one side the forest of trees climbs upward above us, on the other the flat stretches away to the river. Beneath small culverts and bridges a dozen brooklets and streams pour down the slope. Music of trickling and running water is never absent as we pass along, and the huge evergreens above, sough in the winds and tower gloomily over the moon-lit pond, which, beside the road at the foot of the hill, shines and glitters among tamaracks and alders.

Now the road has wandered away from the old homestead, and loth to leave also, by fancy's magical aid I am carried back to other haunts, to the road leading away over the hills through the fields to spots and to places not forgotten, until at last the dawn breaks and piles a mass of rosy clouds upon the horizon. Then of a sudden the vision fades and is gone. Realities of life alone remain.

Puzzles.

1—DECAPITATION.

To ADA SMITHSON.

Dear Cousin, I read your puzzle,
I was delighted with its words,
Its first was smooth and musical,
And as delightful as the birds.

To you all the great fame is due,
Not a mite belongs to me;
And if you doubt my word in the least,
Wait till the end of the year and see.

I am sorry to be late for the Photo Group,
And sorry your pleasure to betray;
But I believe if the truth were told,
My face is far better away.

Persevere and succeed, is my motto;
And I always mean it to be;
It should be the motto of every last;
So now good-bye to thee.

THOS. W. BANKS.

2—SQUARE WORD.

Kind friends, this evening we greet you,
As we raise the "emblem of peace,"
In the shadows of "the moonlight,"
"To have effect" or cease.

We've brought along some "sea-weed"
Though incinerated it may be,
"Twill stand" upright, unshaken,
We present it now to thee.

FAIR BROTHER.

3—TRANSPOSITION.

My whole's a word of letters four,
I am "a mimic," nothing more,
Transpose and then "I'll cut or shave,"
'Tis natural for this little knave.

Again transpose, Lo! and behold!
You surely will "a plant" unfold,
Once more transpose, now mind your eye,
For I am sure "a fruit" you'll spy;

And yet again, transpose so neatly,
I'll "garner in" the whole completely.

FAIR BROTHER.

4—DECAPITATION.

Dear cousin Ed., it grieves me much
To hear you thus complain
Of tardy correspondents; sure
I'm loth to give you pain.

But "rolling stones," dear cousin,
Are very hard to trace,
Especially when, like some we know,
They go at such a pace.

A letter long ago I'd've sent,
Did I but know th' address;
A missive sent just to "St. Paul"
Would 'most get lost, I guess.

So when again you write the 'dom,
Your quill do not let slumber,
Until unto your name you add
Your street and also number.

Your puzzles with pleasure I always solve,
Whenever I two I'll send some;
Now kindly think of the wish I send,
And be not angry at THREE old friend.

ADA ARMAND.

Answers to 15th September Puzzles.

1—Written. 2—Pleasure. 3—S A I N T
4—The, he. A R M O R
5—Came, mace, acme. I M B U E
6—In-eur-red. N O U N S
7—Or-at-or. T R E S S

Names of Those Who Have Sent Correct Answers to September 15th Puzzles.

Henry Reeve, Josie Sheehan, I. Irving Devitt, Morley Smithson, Joshua Umbach, Addison and Oliver Snider, Geo. W. Blyth, Thos. W. Banks, A. R. Borrowman, Frank Grayson, Minnie Moore, Geo. Rogers.

A Sermon in Rhyme.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Row before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them, and by kindly sharing
Own you kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go;
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—Exchange.