

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—What a budget of letters I received last month, to be sure; just imagine—there were over five hundred competitors for the prizes offered for writing in April number; and here I've got letters and writing of all kinds, shapes and sizes, common and uncommon, characteristic and otherwise; some so small as to be almost illegible, and some the object of which seemed to be to see how much space each word could cover; in fact I have been almost buried in samples of penmanship. But after the most severe criticism the prizes have been awarded as follows: 1st class, prize, a silver bracelet, to Miss Mary P. Scott, Cote St. Michel, P. Q.; 2nd class, prize a pair of silver ear-rings, to Miss Ella McDonald, Thornbury, Ont., and 3rd class, prize a beautiful pocket-knife, to James E. Foster, Clarksburg, Ont.

It is impossible for me to describe the writing of any of these lucky prize winners. Writing is one of those things that must be seen to be admired.

Miss Scott writes an even, easy, graceful, pretty hand, forms her letters beautifully, and allows just proper space between each word; a fault I find with a great many is the connecting of the words all together. Miss Ella McDonald, a child under fourteen, also writes a very pretty hand indeed, whilst James Foster's writing is really wonderful for his age (15); he has excellent command of his pen, and writes a splendid hand for all purposes. While there were a great many others, very, very good, I would specially mention that of Bessie Bladell, Goodland, Lapeer Co., Mich., a child of eight years, who writes so neatly and so nicely that it would be a credit to a child of ten or twelve. Miss Laura Whyte, of Maller-ton, P. Q., sends some very fine writing, which can scarcely be distinguished from copper-plate. Of the many faults with some of your writing I shall mention a few: some make the strokes and loops so long as to be out of all proportion; others write far too slanting, which is never pretty, and then a cramped hand is very ugly, some shade too heavily, and others write too faint. The prettiest writing for all occasions is an even, neat, legible hand. If the following letter was badly written, as we suppose it was, it must have been a rare specimen, and I am sure there is not one of my nephews and nieces but what could correct it. A young teacher, at the close of his first term of school, taught in the backwoods, asked the chairman of the school-board for a letter of recommendation, thinking it might be useful to him in securing another school. The chairman cheerfully complied with the request, and the teacher left the district with the following very flattering letter in his possession. We give it as it was written:

"This is to Notifi All Conserved, that the bearer has taught our skool four muntths to the Satisfacshun of all. And that so fer as we no he is A perfect gentleman, which he has been sence coming into our midst, an' that no fault has bin found with his skool-keeping which has bin orderly and which the children has bin learned as Much as by any Prevous Teecher who has taught in this District. Any skool-bord on the hunt of a reliable an' competent teacher, will do well to Hire him, as he is a

good Teecher, and a first-class gentleman, all of whitich i testify to of my own free will."

ZACHARIAH BINNS.

Now, I want you all to try and see how much you can improve this letter, and I will give exactly the same prizes as last month—1st class, for young ladies, a silver bracelet; 2nd class, girls under fourteen, a pair of silver ear-rings, and 3rd class, boys under seventeen, a splendid pocket knife. You can change the words and express it in as nice a manner as possible, still it must contain the same meaning; mind the spelling and punctuation as well as the writing, but, as the prize is not given for writing this time, you all have a chance. Place at the top of your letter which class you are competing in, and have your communication in by the 25th April. Of course, I will trust to your honesty that it will be your own work without the least assistance from any one. A one cent stamp will carry your letter if you write "Printers' MSS." on the outside; do not seal, but turn in the lapel on the back of the envelope. Instead of Zachariah Binns, give your own name and P. O. at the end of the letter, and don't forget the puzzles, especially you who are working for the prizes to be given at midsummer.

UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

1—PICTORIAL REBUS.



2—REVERSIBLE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

- My 1, 2, 3, is a sailor.
- My 4, 5, 6, is the juice of pines.
- My 6, 5, 4, is a well known troublesome animal.
- My 3, 2, 1, is a rodent quadruped of the genus Mus.

And my whole is concrete salt.

FAIR BROTHER.

3—MONUMENT.

DIAGRAM.

- 1—In "Uncle Tom."
- 2—A small cake.
- 3—To worship.
- 4—A messenger.
- 5—Spacious.
- 6—To esteem.
- 7—To entertain.
- 8—A loose garment.
- 9—To bury.
- 10—A large body of water.
- 11—A relation.
- 12—Astride.
- 13—View or aspect of a country.

My primals are, containing remarks or observations, and my centrals are something our country is proud of.

FAIR BROTHER.

4—DROP VOWEL PUZZLE.

Th s - h - t - s p - r - l - s
Th h - v - n h - t - s t - r - s
B - t my h - r - t h - t - s m - d - n
My h - r - t h - t - s l - v -

ELEANOR FARLINGER.

No. 5.

Change gave to sold in four moves.
Change cold to warm in four moves.
Change work to play in seven moves.

SARAH J. PICKETT.

6—ANAGRAM.

Ghhout bsouelrt xreslpp uoy
Trehdsaniea nad xev oyu
Dgttraeni ryou sagrerop ni merbos yazar
Of nikhrs boka thiw rretro si rysuel na roer
Orf nehws shete'r a liwl te'shre a yaw.

T. E. TOMKINS.

No. 7.

My first is "mightier than the sword."
My second is "the noblest work of God."
My third is one of the most useful productions of my second.
My whole is a useful accomplishment, very interesting just now to the readers of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

SARAH J. PICKETT.

8—SQUARE WORD.

A girl's name; an object of worship; space a girl's name.

MAGGIE WHITFORD.

9—DROP CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In paint, not in grease; in aunt, not in niece; in England, not in Rome; in spire, not in dome; in typical, not in real. Two flowers we now reveal.

ADA ARMAND.

Answers to March Puzzles.

- 1—Words of kindness, words of warning. Deem not ever spoke in vain; Even to those thy counsel scornning Oft shall they return again.
- 2—We complain of the times, But they never will mend, Till we live up to the rule To earn more than we spend.
- 3—Sponge.
- 4—News.
- 5—Where none admire 'tis useless to excel.

6—
O
A N T
A L T A R
O N T A R I O
T A R D O
R I O
O

- 7—Wrath, cause, sable, fear.
- 8—Horse-shoe.

Names of those who have Sent Correct Answers to March Puzzles.

Joseph Allen, Lillie Stovin, Jeannie Allan, Bessie J. Johnson, Eleanor Farlinger, Nancy Warren, Eleanor H. Ferguson, Mary Kalar, Sarah H. Pickett, Minnie Flayter, Maggie Whiteford, Addie Wetmore, Maud Bennett, R. A. Skinner, Henry Reeve, James E. Foster, Beatrice Gunn, Willie Webster, May Cook, John Clark, Hattie J. Dyer, Ada Armand, Martha E. Jackson, Anita S. Cole, H. E. T. M. Roberts, Alice Smith, Patrick L. Shortall, Robert Wilson, Annie Burnley, George Tait, Belle Allison, Gussie F. Crawford, Minnie Stafford, Ella Jordan, Maggie Jordan, Nellie Thompson, Adela La Pierre, Cinderella, Bittenhouse, Ida Halliday, Mattie Rogers, R. P. Hogan, Will Thirwall, Becca Lowry, Jessie Thompson, Lillie Silcox, Madeline Laws, A. Manning, B. Forbes, Lizzie C. Watt, Fair Brother, T. E. Tomkins, Frank L. Milner, Emma Deunee, Mary Turnbull, Mary Silcox, Walter J. Stretton, Fannie S. Sears, Frank Baldoch, Mary Morrison, Sarah Laine, Frank Blahney, Herbert A. Johnston, May Coulson, Minnie Bauer, Bertha G. Lent, Mary Brown.

Not "Such a Lot."

When relationships often become too complicated for mature minds to follow, what wonder that a child should refuse to believe that one man can be at once several men?

"Mamma," said little Mary, "is Uncle Ned Arthur's uncle, too?"

"No," said her mother, "he is Arthur's father."

"Well, is he your uncle?"

"No, he is my brother. He is Fred's uncle, and yours, and Cousin Lizzie's."

"Now," said Mary, shaking her small head very positively, "I know Uncle Ned isn't such a lot as that."—[Everett Free Press.