

Uncle Tom's Department.

Special Notice to Puzzlers.

It is impossible for me, dear Nephews and Neices, to tell you "how" to find out the different kinds of puzzles; if you do not understand them at first, wait until the answer appears, and then you know all about it. Several correct answers to the January puzzles were received too late for credit in the February number. All communications must be received by the 15th, to be issued in the following month.

Our little Nephews and Neices have supplied us liberally with puzzles this month, that we shall not be able to publish all, but will endeavor to choose the best, and thank them all, hoping they will not forget us in the following months. Please send us original puzzles, and by no means those which have been inserted in these columns before.

UNCLE TOM.

Encourage the Boys.

I should like to say a few words for the boys, for I think that some of them are wrongly used. There are many farmers' sons who work for years with little or no encouragement, for they are charged with laziness. Now it is hard to work with no thoughts of recompense. Who can blame them for becoming dissatisfied with farming and going into the city to seek employment. Fathers should look to their sons' welfare, and not treat them as hired men; give them a share in the stock, and let them have the profits of a plot of ground which they can plant and cultivate as they wish. The boys thus encouraged will take a new interest in the work about them that will doubly repay you.

UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

16.—RIDDLE.

All alone by the sea,
Seldom any visit me;
Yet thousands see me every year,
And many an anxious heart I cheer.

H. CLARKE.

17.—Which is the most polite—the organ or bells of a church?

JAMES TONGOOD.

18.—Five hundred begins it, five hundred ends it; the first of all letters, the first of all figures, and five in the middle remains.

J. RUSTON.

19.—I am a word of five letters; take away two and leave one.

J. S. M.

20.—Heret dautss a seltac yb het ase
Hitn na canteni Juke dan stnterr cther
Dan ni ti swelld a dyla rear
Chir dan rolley thin nogled riha
Yb het dwil resan shagplin rawily.

FANNY.

21.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 11, 9, 7 is a part of the human body;
My 17, 8, 5 is a beverage;
My 1, 14, 16, 12 is a reptile;
My 2, 5, 6, 17 is an animal;
My 15, 11, 13, 18 is a cavern;
My 10, 3, 18, 9 is a prophet;
My 1, 2, 5, 7, 8, 10 is an English river.
My whole is a first-class Canadian periodical.

W. BROUGHTON.

22.—PICTORIAL REBUS.

A place in Canada.

L
D
O
N

23.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in peach, but not in plum;
My next is in hand, but not in thumb;
My third is in rat, but not in mouse;
My fourth is in room, but not in house;
My fifth is in Bill, but not in Sam;
My sixth is in sheep, but not in lamb;
And now, if the letters you rightly take,
The name of a little girl they'll make.

HATTIE HAVILAND.

24.—ANAGRAMS ON WELL-KNOWN STATESMEN.

1. Hard colds join man.
2. I bad Jennie similar.
3. Nice crisp bark, M.
3. No lad, I will stem war, gate.

W. BROUGHTON.

25.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty letters.
My 3, 2, 4, 6 is a number;
My 17, 8, 9 is a month;
My 13, 14, 2, 3 is something sore;
My 16, 5, 4 is something bright;
My 7, 8, 15, 9 is a girl's name;
My 11, 18, 19 is the lion's home;
My 13, 14, 19 is a kitchen utensil;
My 13, 14, 15, 16 is a portion of anything.
My whole is something to be seen in the FARMER'S ADVOCATE every month.

J. WARREN.

26.—PICTORIAL REBUS.

A person of distinction.



27.—ENIGMA.

I'm a well known individual, persistent, patient, wise,
If "mind were measure of the man," not insignificant in size;
But whatever man may think of me, I know my place and station,
And strive to do my duty in my day and generation.
I'm a thorough cosmopolitan, and tho' not given to roam,
In every land and every clime can make myself a home.
On my personal appearance I have no words to waste,
Such things are really matters of individual taste;
The limbs I have, the clothes I wear, are good enough for me;
I've hands to toil, a mind to plan, and keen, bright eyes to see.
Whilst I'm reputed wise, and have respect for education,
School-boys of every age and class are my abomination;
That restless and enquiring mind so vaunted by each sire,
Is oft to me a cause of woe, destruction swift and dire.
Like many a "savant," I abhor the prying housewife too;
With broom and duster, I have wished her oft at Timbuctoo.

One's privacy is never safe when such are on the fly,
One's air-castles are swept away, and plans set all awry.
As to attainments, I can claim in science no mean place,—
That is if you'll consider me a sample of my race;
With genius of the highest rank I industry combine,
I'm eminently practical, in geometry I shine.
Blondin and Leotur may find in me a rival in their fame,
For I'm a fearless acrobat—right worthy of the name.

Like every dunce or demagogue who now harangues the masses,
I do not hesitate to say—"I'm one of the working classes."
I am a skilful architect; a cunning hunter I;
My manufactures with the looms of East or West may vie,
I am a keen anatomist, and can take bones asunder
Where many a prizeman of "McGill" would fear to make a blunder.

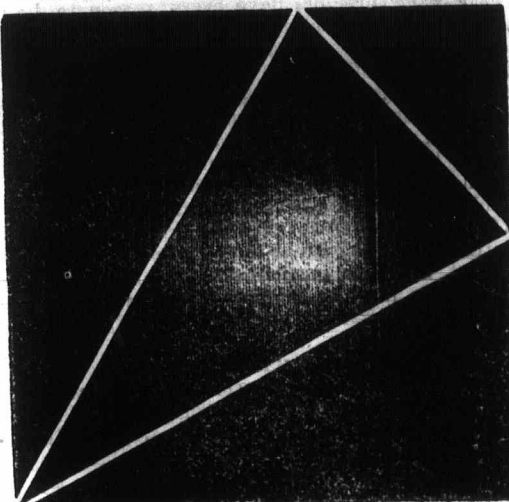
Professor Dawson, too, will own (I owe him an apology)
That I am pretty well made up in my meteorology.
In politics a radical, I fear no monarch's frown,
And once I taught a lesson which gained a prince his crown;

Where fawning courtiers kneel I hold my own in palace halls,
Yet do not scorn the humble cot, with bare, unlovely walls.
I have my summer residence within a leafy bower,
And houses that I visit at when wintry storm-clouds lower;

Though often an unwelcome guest, man would my claim refuse,
Veiling his want of courtesy with plausible excuse;
His lack of hospitality but makes me greater tease,
I'll come and go, I'll work and play just when and where I please;
"My own house is my castle," may suit a churlish man,
But I give him timely warning—I'll store it if I can.
I covet not his worldly goods, in purse I'd hurt him not,
I only ask for room to toil, a place to swing my cot.
God's earth so vast, so nobly planned, is not made for the few;
Each creature rightly claims a nook in which his work to do.
Don't talk to me of vestal rights and territorial claims,
Let those who make these bug-bears be frightened at their names;
Don't talk of municipal rates and taxes manifold,
'Tis very well to pay your way when God has given the gold;
But when a creature's nothing else to bring him to the van,
Then "pluck and push for me," say I, and "let him win who can,"
For tho' when purposes will cross, the weakest gets the wall,
Yet perseverance wins the day,—there's room enough for all.
Now, friends, you have my photograph; do I walk, or swim, or fly?
Moving on land, in sea, or sky—say, who or what am I?

Answers to February Puzzles.

Solution of S. E.'s puzzle:



9.—A book.

10.—Dictionary.

11.—He hitches two horses to the mill and grinds one bushel, then he takes out one horse and puts in another, and grinds one bushel; one horse has now ground two bushels. He is unhitched, and the one that has already ground one bushel is put in his place, and the remaining bushel is ground; each horse grinds two bushels.

12.—Uncle Tom's Department.

13.—
M
Kid
Madam
Griddle
Middlesex
Mineral
Pasty
Pen
X

14.—Air. 15.—Love.

Names of those who have sent in correct answers to puzzles:—

Margaret George, Eliza Shier, Janet Shier, Wm. Broughton, Stella M. Duart, R. S. Thompson, R. W. Kerr, Eliza Sherlock, David A. Stewart, Simon Erb, Robt. Reesor, J. M. Reesor, George Bremer, A. Shier, S. P. Dey, James B. Towgood, Colon Blake, Julia Warren, George House, David McKervie, Maggie Sym, R. Gibson, George H. Littlewood, Hattie Haviland, Robert Gray, Jas. H. Cross, J. H. Houser, Sarah M. Leroy, Jas. Armable, Richard and Geo. Barley, J. C. Hunter, C. W. Rutledge, J. Taylor.