

## Uncle Tom's Letter.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:

The merry holidays are over, and the quiet schoolrooms are again astir with the busy hum of children studying, some of whom have gladly returned to work. But I see among the number assembled, some whose faces wear a look of discontent, as if they thought life should be one continual holiday. And among children of a larger growth the same sentiments are plainly discernable. All of you have been either visiting or receiving visitors and having a very pleasant time, and now you feel as if you cannot be content to go back into the old groove.

But life has been likened to a piece of Mosaic, which each one of us must build, and we must mingle the dark with the bright, the sombre with the gay, or our work will be but imperfectly done. These cheery visits to or from our friends are the bright parts, but our everyday duties must be thrown in as a relief, lest even the brightness should grow monotonous. The present is all we can claim; the past is gone, the future uncertain; and even if it were certain,

"We cannot count on ravelled threads of age  
Wherewith to weave a fabric; we must use  
The warp and woof the ready present yields,  
And toil while daylight lasts. When I bethink  
How brief the past, the future, still more brief,  
Calls on to action, action!"

And so I hope that you are all benefited by your vacation, and ready to resume your work with renewed ardor.

Even old Uncle Tom has been enjoying some relaxation. On my return from a pleasure tour I found that some friends had preceded me, while more followed soon after. All remembrance of infirmity, and also the sense of what was becoming to a man of my years, seemed to desert me as I saw the gay young faces flitting about, and I joined in all the romps and enjoyed them as much as any one. Music, laughter and merry chatter held sway in every nook of the quiet old home, but this morning the last of the guests departed, and I found myself unconsciously singing a verse from Moore:

"I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed!"

I felt so lonely I hated to think of returning to work, for still that sad refrain kept ringing in my ears; but ere long another and a wiser voice spake to me in the words of Adelaide Proctor, and said:

"Rise! for the day is passing,  
And you lie dreaming on;  
The others have buckled their armor,  
And forth to the fight have gone."

And thus encouraged, I said good-bye to melancholy and bravely took up my work, the heavier part of which is for to-day completed, and I embrace with pleasure this opportunity of having a quiet chat with my boys and girls, whom I now espy returning from school. But what makes the boys hasten so? They appear to be pursuing something, and so they are, for they have found a frisky little squirrel perched on the fence top, and who ever heard of a boy who could resist such a temptation?

Speaking to a teacher not long ago, of the Band of Mercy, I asked: "Do the children keep their pledge?" "Oh! yes," she replied, "I think they keep it very well, except, perhaps, in the case of a squirrel. I could trust boys with anything but that—country boys, especially." The same lady met with an amusing incident with two of her very small boys who belonged to the Band. One came in crying, and on being interrogated, said his brother had struck him. The teacher said, "Jacky, why did you strike your little brother?" "Well," answered Jacky, "he was chasing the hens, and you know we're not to hurt dumb animals."

But, joking aside, I think it an excellent idea to have Bands of Mercy established in every school, and I am sure it will do much to inculcate kindness among children. I remember well, when at school, one big fellow used to climb trees and take young birds out of the nest and destroy it. I thought him

very cruel then, and to this day I consider any boy who uses his power over helpless birdlings, or other innocent creatures, in this manner, to be at best a coward, and unworthy of being trusted. Do you not agree with me?

Ceres has emptied her wealth into the coffers of men, and now fair Flora wears a sorrowful smile, as if regretting that her gifts for this year are so nearly at an end, but Pomona beams graciously upon us, as she holds out to us her hands o'erflowing with panned pippins, luscious grapes and many other treasures. These bright, cool days are an agreeable change from the sultry weather of mid-summer, and we anticipate with pleasure the coming long evenings and the opportunity for reading that accompanies them.

Perhaps we may then read a pleasant book together and exchange opinions thereon, as we did some years ago with Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Evangeline."

The sun has dropped behind the Western trees, and reminds me that time is fleeting.

UNCLE TOM.

[P. S.—Uncle Tom offers a prize of \$1.00 to the boy or girl sending the best description of any fair or exhibition held this year, article not to exceed one column in length. Competition closes Oct. 8th.]

## The Small Boy's Corn Essay.

Corns are of two kinds, vegetable and animal. Vegetable corn grows in rows; animal corn grows on toes. There are several kinds of corns—unicorn, capricorn, corn dodgers, field corn, and the corn which is the corn you must feel.

It is said that the gophers like corn, but persons having corns do not like to "go fur" if they can help it. Corns have kernels, and some colonels have corns.

Vegetable corn grows on ears, but animal corn grows on the feet, at the other end of the body.

Another kind of corn is the acorn. This kind grows on oaks; but there is no hoax about the corn.

The acorn is a corn with an indefinite article indeed. Try it and see it. Many a man when he has a corn wishes it was an acorn.

Folks that have corns sometimes send for a doctor, and if the doctor himself is corned, he probably won't do so well as if he wasn't.

The doctors say that corns are produced by tight boots and shoes, which is probably the reason why, when a man is tight, they say he is corned. If a farmer manages well he can get a good deal on the acre, but I know a farmer who has a corn that makes the biggest acher on his farm. The bigger the crop of vegetable corn a man raises, the better he likes it; but the bigger the crop of animal corn, the better he does not like it.

## He Couldn't Make it Out.

The proprietor of a tannery, having erected a building on the main street for the sale of his leather, the purchase of hides, etc., began to consider what kind of a sign would be most attractive. At last, what he thought a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger-hole through the door-post and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while he noticed a grave-looking person standing near the door, with spectacles on, gazing intently at the sign. So long did he gaze that finally the tanner stepped out and addressed the individual:

"Good morning!"

"Morning," replied the man, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?"—"No."

"Want to sell hides?"—"No."

"Are you a farmer?"—"No."

"Are you a merchant?"—"No."

"Lawyer?"—"No."

"Doctor?"—"No."

"Minister?"—"No."

"What in thunder are you?"—"I'm a philosopher; I've been standing here half an hour trying to decide how that calf got through that auger-hole, and for the life of me I can't make it out!"

## It Sounded Funny.

Scotch Highlanders have the habit, when talking their English, of interspersing the personal pronoun "he" when not required, such as "The king, he has come." Often, in consequence, a sentence is rendered extremely ludicrous. A gentleman says he lately listened to the Rev. Mr. —, who began his discourse thus:

"My friends, you will find my text in the first epistle general of Peter, fifth chapter and eighth verse.

"The devil, he goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

"Now, my brethren, for our instruction I have divided my text into four heads. Firstly, we shall endeavor to ascertain who the devil he was? Secondly, we shall inquire into his geographical position, namely, where the devil he was going? Thirdly, who the devil he was seeking? And fourthly, and lastly, we shall endeavor to solve a question which has never yet been solved, what the devil he was 'roaring about.'"

## The Supply Exhausted.

There was once an old minister who was always deploring deeply the want of proper judgment in the members of Parliament in the selection they made in appointing magistrates.

He thought they should be intelligent, Christian men, when in most cases the reverse was the case. Very soon after a number of men throughout the country had been appointed to this office, the old minister was riding out in a nice covered buggy, and was met by one of these newly-appointed magistrates, who addressed the old minister in these words:

"Indeed, Mr. —, you are out in style to-day; why don't you do as your Master did?"

"How was that?" said the minister.

"He rode on an ass."

"O, I cannot do that," was the reply.

"Why can't you?" asked the magistrate.

"O, I cannot get one, because the Government has just made magistrates of them all."

## Puzzles.

## PRIZE PUZZLE.

1—"Pi."

Sier! ofr het ayd siaspnig.  
Nad oyu ile amerdnig no;  
Eth hotres eahv culekhd ethir amrtuo.  
Nda rhfot ot teh gthi rea noge.  
A peela ni eth kaam asitwa oyu  
Chea ama ash meo atrp ot ylap  
Het Ptsa dan het Ftreu rae ghntio  
Ni hte cfea fo het retsn ta-oyd.

"GLOUCESTER."

2—ENIGMA.

Sometimes I'm on water, sometimes I'm on land;  
Sometimes I am lying, but sometimes I stand;  
Sometimes I am moving, sometimes I am still;  
Sometimes I am short, sometimes at your will;  
Sometimes I defy you, sometimes I am long;  
Sometimes with the old, sometimes with the young;  
Sometimes in the day, sometimes in the night;  
Sometimes I amuse, sometimes I affright;  
Though you can touch me, yet feel me you can't if you try;  
Then answer, dear cousins, and say what am I!

MORLEY SMITHSON.

3—ANAGRAM.

When Adam and Eve together dwelt,  
In Eden's lovely garden,  
There was a tree grew there, I'm told,  
Whose fruit they were forbidden.  
But one day they from it did eat,  
Although they said they never.  
Then from that "earthly paradise,"  
The Lord CAST ADAM FOREVER.

4—CHANGED HEADINGS.

A many-headed monster  
You may call me if you please,  
When with my FIRST I am arranged  
You'll find me in the seas;  
Change, and with me, in mirror true,  
You'll find you are bedeck'd;  
My THIRD head on, I nestle close  
To many a lady's neck;  
When you go for your morning walk  
My FOURTH head's at your feet;  
Now change this for the FIFTH and I  
Shall be a seasoning meet;  
My LAST head tells, should you enter in,  
What you desirous are to win.

ADA ARMAND

## Answers to August 1st Puzzles.

1—Vile, evil, love, veil. 2—Man. 3—It is the mind that makes the body rich. 4—Montreal. 5—Pedestrian.

## Dispersion Sale

—OF THE—  
LINDEN FARM HERD

## SHORTHORN: CATTLE

—ON:—  
Friday, Sept. 21, '94.

Owing to serious loss through fire, I have decided to sell, by Public Auction, on above date, at Linden Farm, 4 miles north of London, my entire herd of Shorthorns. The cows are all in calf to Royal George, which now stands at the head of the herd, a very sure and superior sire, whose dam won three silver cups in Scotland. He is a Kinnellar-bred bull, imported by Mr. Arthur Johnston, Greenwood, Ont. Kinnellar, Rosedale and Wimple families are well represented in this herd. That noted heifer, Wimple sent in this herd. That noted heifer, Wimple is a sample of the sort to be sold. She is due to calve in November. A few choice young bulls, also a number of high grades, and one pure-bred Berkshire boar, bred by Arthur Johnston, will be sold. The stock are all in nice breeding condition. Remember the date, the last Friday of the Western Fair.

Catalogues on application to this office, or John Gillson, London.

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## STOCK GOSSIP.

In writing to advertisers please mention the Farmer's Advocate.

Mr. R. R. Longsli, Williamstown, has purchased for use at the head of his herd, the fine young yearling bull Royal Gloucester, bred by Arthur Johnston, Greenwood. He was sired by Indian Chief, dam 34th Duchess of Gloucester. Mr. Longsli reports sales as being very satisfactory, and he had sent four young bulls to Duncan Stewart, Inverness, Que., and had just received a letter stating that the purchaser was well pleased with them.