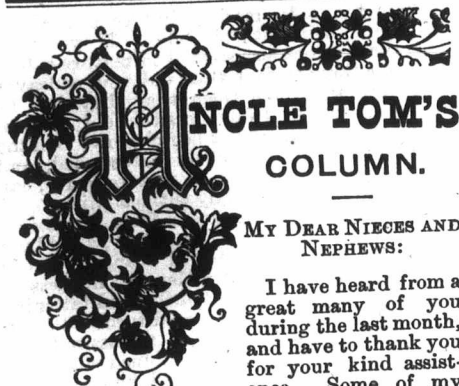




UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

MY DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS:

I have heard from a great many of you during the last month, and have to thank you for your kind assistance. Some of my little friends complain because their letters have not been printed. Now I will tell them what is the matter.

THERE IS A HOLE IN UNCLE TOM'S POCKET, and it is a very curious hole too. Whenever I receive a real good letter, which I know will interest all my youngsters, that hole closes right up and keeps it for me. No fear of that letter being lost. But when there comes a letter in which there is nothing new or interesting, or which is just the same as what has been printed before, that hole opens out wide and the letter drops through. There is no chance of my finding it when it comes time to print. So, you are all to bear this in mind. Remember the hole in Uncle Tom's pocket. When you write, put in something funny or new, something that you are quite sure will interest all the other little ones, or make them laugh. If you will all do that I am quite sure that the hole will disappear.

Do you see the little boy below. He appears to be very happy over something, and is dancing away like mad. What's the matter with him? I asked him what pleased him and he said, "Why, don't you know? Uncle Tom's got a son! That's what's the matter."



210. When is wheat like a blunt knife?
211. What is the difference between forms and ceremonies?

BELLA E. HESS.

Aggie Francis wants to be a niece. All right, Aggie, but when you send puzzles you must send along the answers also. Don't have me puzzling my poor old brains muddling over them. I am not so young as I was ten years ago.

Michael Steele, of Avonbank, writing on the 6th of April, says: "I suppose you will be very much surprised to hear that we have a cherry tree in bloom." Indeed I am; here it is the 21st, and lots of snow on the ground.

212. Which were made first, elbows or knees?
213. My number definite and known
Is ten times ten, told ten times o'er,
Though half of me is one, alone,
And half exceeds all count and score.

JAMES McELROY.

HIDDEN PLACES.

214. From England to America I came.
215. Ma, please give me an apple.
216. You must go west on the Grand Trunk.
217. Yesterday Mary landed here.
218. Oh! I owe you some money.

J. McE.

Rosalind Harrison says she has been having a good time sugar-making, eating taffy and visiting Aggie.

My old friend, Lizzie Forbes, is again on hand. She says she will do her best to maintain the reputation of the Ontario nephews and nieces, although she acknowledges that the Quebec ones are real smart. I always like to receive a letter from Lizzie, because she writes so well. Every word is clear and distinct, and she evidently takes pains. Let me hear from you again, Lizzie.

Maple Lodge, April 3rd, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

Will you allow me to be one of your nieces? I would be so delighted to have all those nice girls and boys for cousins. I have been reading my cousins' letters. Some of them seem to think that big brothers are a humbug. Well, now, I don't, for I have a big brother, and he is a big brother, and not the least bit of

a humbug. Why, I don't know what in the world I would do without him. Will cousin Jennie be so kind as to tell me how she finds big brothers a humbug. Good-bye for the present.

Your niece,
AGGIE SMITH.

Aggie sends some new puzzles and answers to old ones.

Newmarket, April 7th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

What can I do to be adopted into your large and merry family? I never heard of a boy who was refused, so I hope by being good and useful to gain admittance into the circle. Besides I am a very small boy, so it will be easy enough to squeeze me into some little corner, and I am such a small boy that the girls won't bother with calling me a humbug. You're family don't seem to be equal in sex, you've got such a lot of nieces, so I'll step up on the platform and help balance my side. I vote for "Niece, P. Q." because I'm sure she's a jolly good girl. Your would-be nephew,
HERBERT C. IRWIN.

219. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 1, 2, 4 is a head dress,
My 7, 6, 2, 11 is to cure,
My 3, 10, 13 is a useful metal,
My 11, 5, 14 is a cover,
My 6, 9, 8 is a girl's name.
My whole is the name of one of one of Uncle Tom's Family.

Emma A. Nelson sends answers to some of last month's puzzles.

I have received a very nice letter from Estella Greene, with puzzles and scraps, and seeds, for which she will please accept my thanks.

Oakland Farm, April 13th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

I think it must have been a pretty dull day when Kittie took her picture. She's dreadfully black in the face. It may be that her picture was taken very early in the morning for they say that "it is always darkest before the dawn." But perhaps this is "a cloud with a silver lining." Your affectionate niece,
LAVILLA HEACOCK.

220. My whole of course you've often heard,
A name to many dear;
Read carefully and scan each word,
You'll find it written here.

L. H.

221. How many animals can you make out of this sentence: Nor scratch had he, nor harm.

SAMUEL HAMMOND.

222. Why does a cow look over a hill?

ROBERT KENNIE.

223. In spring I look gay,
Decked in comely array;
In summer more clothing I wear;
As colder it grows
I throw off my clothes.
And in winter quite naked appear.

D. C. M.

224. I have but one eye, and that without sight,
Yet it helps me whatever I do;
I am sharp without wits; without senses I'm bright,
And I doubt not I'm useful to you.

D. C. M.

HIDDEN CITIES.

225. Abated is the wind, so Richard can go.
226. You will have nice times I hope.

227. Grandpa risked his life once to save mine.

MATTHEW PARKINSON.

228. My first is in slough but not in mire,
My next is in harp but not in lyre,
My third is in praise but not in greet,
My fourth is in rain but not in sleet,
My fifth is in sun but not in lame,
My whole is a country of ancient fame.

M. P.

Wawanosh, April 7th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

I've just a heap of things to tell you. Brother Will has a little pup, a black and tan terrier. It often barks at an old cat I have which is much larger than himself. The dog's name is Frisk; my cat's name is Mag, and we have a big dog called Nep. Do you want to take them all into your family? My little brother was rocking baby, and suddenly called out: "Ma! when I rock baby he puts his eyes out." I remain your affectionate nephew,
WALTER J. AGNEW.

229. I am composed of eight letters:
My 5, 1, 2, 3 is part of an animal,
My 5, 7, 8 is a boy's name,
My 2, 3, 1 is a liquid,
My 6, 7, 8 is a weight,
My 4, 2, 8 is a liquor.

EDDIE S.

My little friend, Minnie McNally, has written to me all about her kittens, and her school, and her lessons—a very pleasant little letter.

DECAPITATIONS.

230. Behead a girl and leave to help.
231. Behead a grain and leave warmth.
232. Behead an animal and leave a verb.

AMY COULTER.

233. Peas' pods in a pot, peas' pods cold, peas' pods in a pot, nine days old. Spell that with four letters.

MINNIE ROSE.

I have to leave some of the letters over for next time.

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES.

194.—Hudson. 195.—Team, steam. 196.—Waist-coat. 197.—Jack and Jill. 198.—50, because a "Miss is as good as a mile." 199.—When it is about to strike. 200.—His daughter. 201.—Larkspur. 202.—Car-nation. 203.—Apple tree. 204.—A-bed. 205.—Frontenac. 206.—The hog, for he has a hog's head full. 207.—Dog. 208.—Bear. 209.—Panther.

Uncle Tom's Scrap Book.

Lillie Chester asks to be admitted into our family, and I am so well pleased with her letter that I admit her and her sister with great pleasure. She speaks of her schoolmates being so smart; well, let them write to our column and then I will be better able to judge. Lillie has written this month again, and sends a very good puzzle, which will appear next time. So will some from Maud Muller; I want her c reet address.

Here is one of Lillie's selections:

THE ORIGIN OF SCANDAL.
Said Mrs. A.
To Mrs. J.,
In quite a confidential way,
"It seems to me
That Mrs. B.
Takes too much something in her tea."

Then Mrs. J.
Went straight away
And told a friend the self-same day,
"Twas sad to think"
(Here came a wink)
"That Mrs. B. was fond of drink."

The friend's disgust
Was such she must
Inform a lady which she nussed,
That Mrs. B.
At half-past three
Was that far gone she couldn't see.

This lady we
Have mentioned, she
Gave needlework to Mrs. B.,
And at such news
Could scarcely choose
But further needlework refuse.

Then Mrs. B.,
As you'll agree,
Quite properly she said, said she,
That she would track
The scandal back
To those who made her look so black.

To Mrs. A.,
Who then did say:
"I no such thing could ever say;
I said that you
Had stouter grew
On too much sugar, which you do."

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—"Ephraem, come to yer muddry boy, whar you bin?"

"Playin' wid de white folks' chillun."
"You is, eh? See hyar, chile, you'll broke your old muddry's heart, and bring her grey hairs in sorrow to de grave wid yer recklessness an' carryings on wid ebil assoayshuns. Habbn't I raised you up in de way you should ought to go?"

"Yessum."
"Habbn't I reezened wid you, and prayed wid you, and deplored wid you in his buzzum?"
"Yessum."
"An' isn't I yer natuerl detector an' gardeen fo' de law?"

"Well, den, do you' spouse I' se gwine to hab yer morals rup ured by de white trash? No sah! You get in de house dis instep; an' if I eber catch you 'municating' wid der white trash any mo', yo' niggard, I'll break yer black head wid a brick!"
"Yessum."

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Twelve ounces of dislike; two ounces of resolution; two ounces of the powder of experience; one quart of the cooling water of consideration; a large spriz of thyme. Sweeten with the sugar of forgetfulness; simmer them all together over a slow fire, skim it with the spoon of melancholy, put it to the bottom of your heart, cork it down with the cork of a sound conscience, and let it remain, and you will instantly find relief.

The above mentioned drugs are to be obtained of understanding, next door to reason, in prudent street, in the township of contentment, in the county of stay-at-home, the Province of remembrance, and to be continued.
LIZZIE ELLINGTON, Paris.

An original neighbor of old Rip Van Winkle was said to be so lazy that when he went to hoe corn, he worked so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimmed hat killed the plants.

An Irishman, on being told that a newly invented stove would just save half his usual fuel, replied: "Arrah, then, I'll have two, and save it all, my jewel."

A witty little Aberdeen boy, suffering from the application of the birch, said: "Forty rods are said to be a furlong. I know better; let any one get such a plaguey whipping as I've had, and he'll find out that one rod makes an acter."

MICHAEL STEELE.

A West India man who had a remarkably fiery nose, was sleeping in his chair. A negro boy who was in waiting observed a mosquito hovering about his face. Quashi eyed the insect attentively, and at last saw him alight on his master's nose and immediately fly off again. "Ah!" exclaimed the negro, "me glad to see you burn your foot."

NELLIE V. MCGANNON.

How often can you repeat each of the following in one breath, without making a mistake:

1st.—Theophilus Thistle, the thistle sifter, sifted a peck of unsifted thistles; where is the peck of unsifted thistles Theophilus Thistle, the thistle sifter, sifted?
2nd.—Quiz! al quiz, kiss me quick.
3rd.—Three grey geese flew over three green hedges; grey were the geese and green were the hedges.

A POETICAL GRAMMAR.

Remember, though box
In the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox
Should be oxen, not oxes.

And remember, though fleece
In the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of goose
Isn't geese nor geeses,

Mouse, it is true,
In the plural is mice,
But the plural of house
Should be houses, not hices.

ALLITERATION.

Every English eagle eats eels eagerly; each eel emits electricity.
Funny Fanny Fagan fairly fainted, fanning fat Frank Frost freely.
G, goose, give George Green's great grown gander green ground groats.

JENNIE FINCH.

My Niece, Maggie C. Millar, sends answers to puzzles and the following scraps.

THE QUESTION SELECTED.—Mr. Skillman had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding Mr. Skillman remarked: "I intend to enlarge my dairy." "You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Skillman. "No," quoth Mr. Skillman. "I intend to enlarge my dairy." Say our dairy, Mr. Skillman. "No, my dairy." "Say our dairy, say you—," screamed she, seizing the poker. "My dairy! My dairy!" yelled the husband. "Our dairy! Our dairy!" screeched the wife, emphasizing each word by a blow on the back of her cringing spouse. Mr. Skillman retreated under the bed. In passing under the bed-clothes his hat was brushed off. He remained there under cover several minutes, waiting for a lull in the storm. At last his wife saw him thrust his head out from his shell. "What are you looking for?" exclaimed the lady. "I am looking for our hat, my dear," said he.

Clara L. Boake, sends the following scraps among many others.

DERIVATION OF BUSS.—BUSS to kiss. Rebuss—to kiss again. Blunderbuss—two girls kissing each other. Omibus—to kiss all the girls in the room.

An urchin not quite three years old, said to his sister, while munching a piece of gingerbread, "Siss, take half of this cake to keep to afternoon, when I get cross." This is nearly as good as the story of the child who bellowed from the top of the stairs, "Ma, Hannah won't pacify me!"