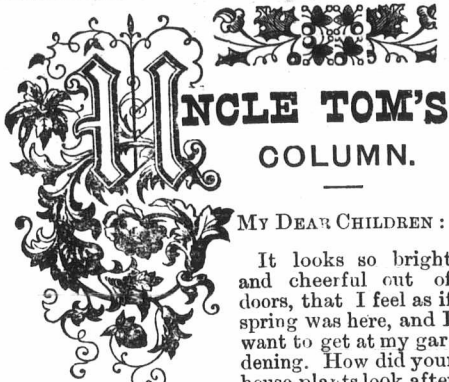




UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

It looks so bright and cheerful out of doors, that I feel as if spring was here, and I want to get at my gardening. How did your house plants look after the winter? I took great care of mine, and they were looking splendidly until one evening I had to go and help at a young folks' festival, and when I came home at night was so tired that I forgot to take my plants away from the window, and as it was the coldest night we had this year, when I awoke in the morning my plants were all frozen stiff. Oh, I was so sorry. So now, if any of my nieces or nephews have some real nice house plants which grow by slips, cut off a piece for Uncle Tom and send it to him by mail. The postage will be only one cent for two ounces. Write me a letter also, saying what the name of the plant is, and how to care for it.

One of my little nieces was telling a friend about the nice book she received at Christmas, to which a sequel was soon to be published. "O, Aunt, isn't it nice; my book's got a sequel to it."

Two of my little nephews were trudging along from market; one had a basket on his arm with meat in it. He said, "My ma's got a *figgulator* what'll keep everything so cold as ice, to put it in. Your mamma got one?" "No, she aint," answered Bob, "but she's got a steel egg-beater!"

"Ho! a leg-beater!" shouted my wee youngster, turning square round to look at the other; "what's that for?"

"Why, to beat eggs with, you goosey!" "Ho!" screeched the little chap in great scorn, "she'd better look out! if she goes to beatin' eggs she'll break in. Eggs is brittle than an' thing. Guess you most don't know what you're talkin' about!"

UNCLE TOM'S FAMILY PICTURE.

For the benefit of those who have not yet succeeded in getting my family picture, I will tell you whose faces are in it. Mr. Welch and the associate editor occupy the two upper corners, and between comes a row of faces containing three nieces (one a first-prize niece), and two nephews. Next comes a row of five nieces, and Uncle Tom in the middle. Then a row containing Minnie May, Uncle Tom's girl and five nieces (one of whom is my friend Nina). Then the last row contains five nephews and two nieces. Then all around the picture you will see little faces peeping through the corner, trying to get into the picture. Remember, you can have one of these pictures if you will send in two new subscribers to the *ADVOCATE*.

PRIZES.

1st.—A prize of ten packages of flower seeds will be given for the best selection for Uncle Tom's Scrap Book. The selection must be in by the 15th of March.

2nd.—A bound volume of the *ADVOCATE* for 1873 will be sent to my most popular niece or nephew, to be decided by the majority of votes sent in to Uncle Tom by his correspondents before the 15th of March. Let each of you, when you write, say which one you vote for.—You can choose any one whose name has appeared in my column during this or last year.

PUZZLES.

HIDDEN FISH.

183. Did you give Mary her ring back?
184. Will we sing a psalm on Sunday?
185. I wouldn't run after Bob as Sarah does.
LILLIE FLORY.
186. Why are the nose and chin not likely to agree?
LIZZIE ELKINGTON.
187. There's not a creature lives beneath the sky
Can secrets keep as faithfully as I;
All things for safety are to me con-
signed,
Although I often leave them far be-
hind.
I never act but by another's will,
And what he commands I must fulfil.
LIZZIE FORBES.

188. Oh, how many tales of me could be told,
By the young and the poor, the rich
and the old;
For I never do good wherever I am,
Altho' I have been from creation of
man;
No legs have I got, yet how swift do
I go,
And often I cause the blackest of
woe;
But if you transpose me a man's name
I show,
A scriptural one I would have you to
know.
MARY JANE FERGUSON.

Rose Widdifield says:
"I should have written to you before this, but I have had the measles, and have not been able to do anything. Did you ever have the measles, Uncle Tom? I can tell you they are not very nice, are they? I want your FAMILY PICTURE for the two subscribers I sent in, as I want to see the faces of my cousins. I will send you my photograph when I get able to have it taken."

I wish all my nieces and nephews would send me in their photographs for my album.
UNCLE TOM.

Nellie V. McGannon sends answers to puzzles.

189. I am composed of nine letters.
My 9, 1, 6 is a horse,
My 3, 8, 6 is a very useful animal.
My 2, 1, 5 is a boy's name,
My 6, 4, 6 is a light chaise,
My whole is a County in Canada.
N. GILMOUR.

190. My 1st is in Laura, but not in Jane,
My 2nd is in Spaniard, but not in Dan;
My 3rd is in dagger, but not in dirk,
My 4th is in chapel, but not in kirk,
My whole a range of mountains you'll find
At the eastward of Europe, bear this
in mind.
BELLA E. HESS.

191. A drover being asked how many
horses he had, said altogether he had twenty
fore legs. How many had he?
WILLIE E. FLEWELLING.

192. If flour was \$8 per barrel, how much
would a tenny loaf cost?
JOHN PARSONS.

193. My positive is an insect,
My comparative a liquor,
My superlative a quadruped.

Walter McCall sends answers and some new puzzles.

Stanstead, P. Q., Feb. 10, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

I mean to be respectful as I am so young. You were so very kind to print my insignificant letter. It nearly took away my breath to see my name in print! And you say Quebec is ahead. O, my, but Nina beats me all out! I'm proud to call her "Cousin." And so you've handed me over to Harriet. Dear me, is she fond of children? I wonder how she will serve me up! O, Miss Haviland, I'm in such a fearful state of *expense*! Please put me on the head, and ask me if I go to school and what I study.

By the way, I want to tell you that we have a perfectly splendid new college down here, and if you want any of your young folks to get as wise as Methusa—no, Sampson; why, no—Solomon is the man I mean—just send them down here; that isn't what ails me, tho'. 'cause I haven't been there yet.

My aged relative, I will now introduce to you my big sister. I hope she will not disgrace your family or me either.

I remain yours respectfully,
CORA HIBBARD.

Stanstead, P. Q., Feb'y 10, 1874.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

And you, my bright, fun-loving cousins, all hail! Cora has so happily introduced me that there remains nothing for me to do but to make my best bow and glide in among you, provided that you'll allow me to do so. I must speak to Miss Hattie H., as she is appointed to "serve up" Cora. I would just say, don't deal gently with her on account of her extreme youth. However you treat her case you may be sure of my approval. Whatever you say to her will be no more than she deserves, be it good or bad!

Ain't you sorry, uncle, that the holidays are gone? How sad that we must now bid adieu to the chicken pies, turkeys and plum puddings that abound so plentifully at Xmas and New Year's gatherings! I hope you all had as nice a time as I had. I was off "a visitin'," and some of our evening parties were equal to Nina's, I guess. We had such fun playing charades. Ever played them? They are fine fun for those who have any dramatic talent. We acted the word "nap-kin." The first scene was "nap," of course. A lady sa-

waiting for her husband to come in in the evening from his store, or club, or somewhere; presently he came and greeted his wife affectionately. She flew to bring him his dressing-gown and slippers, as *all good wives always do*. She devotes herself to him and is very agreeable; he, like a perfect brute, reads his paper, yawns and falls asleep, nods—and there's your "nap." Two or three country cousins drop in for "kin," and behave very green and awkward; a lunch is prepared and the napkins forgotten, for the whole word "nap-kin." The lady must summon the "girl," who will bring them with a flourish. Let the guests put them in their pockets, around their necks, and so make a great fuss over them.—The contrast between the city-bred people and the country cousins is quite amusing.

There, Uncle Tom, my mother wants me. Ain't you glad? Yours, nevertheless,
CORA'S SISTER.

P. S.—Cora says I have disgraced her. I must have Cora's and Cora's sister's pictures for my album.

Ingersoll, February, 1874.

Dear Cousin Cora,—

You see I look on you as a cousin already. I don't think you will have any occasion to have the blues, because Uncle Tom is such a dear old uncle that he don't refuse any one and now, instead of being a bad girl, you can smile and say "appreciated merit." I wish you were in the picture, Cora, so that I could see what such a *homely* little puss as you looked like.

I think every one that takes the *ADVOCATE* likes it. My grandpa is almost as eager to get it as I am. You asked Uncle Tom if he was any relation to Uncle Tom's Cabin? I don't think he is, but we are all related by being descendants of Adam and Eve. As for big brothers being humbugs, I don't know anything about them, for I have no brothers, so I think we will have to leave that question for Uncle Tom to answer.

I remain your affectionate cousin,
HATTIE HAVILAND.

If Hattie has no big brothers, can't she tell us what she thinks about some other girl's big brother.

Uncle Tom's Scrap Book.

Ten little black boys went out to dine
One choked his little self, and then there were
nine;
Nine little black boys sat up very late,
One overslept himself, and then there were
eight;
Eight little black boys travelling in Devon,
One said he'd stay there, and then there were
seven;
Seven little black boys chopping up sticks,
One chopped himself in halves and then there
were six;
Six little black boys playing with a hive,
A bumble bee stung one, and then there were
five;
Five little black boys going in for law,
One got in Chancery, and then there were four;
Four little black boys going out to sea,
A red herring swallowed one, and then there
were three;
Three little black boys walking in the "Zoo,"
The black bear hugged one, and then there
were two;
Two little black boys sitting in the sun,
One got frizzled up, and then there was one;
One little black boy living all alone,
He got married and then there were none.

A miller who attempted to be witty at the
expense of a youth of weak intellect, accosted
him with

"John, people say that you are a fool."
On this John replied, "I don't know that I
am, sir."

"Well, John, what do you know?"
"I know that millers always have fat hogs,
sir."

"And what don't you know?"

"I don't know whose corn they eat, sir."
C. C.

When a woman will, she will,
You may depend on't;
And when she won't, she won't,
And that's the end o't.
C. C.

The Granges are gaining so much power that
every politician wants to prove that he is a
farmer. Here is how one of them shows his
knowledge:

"The hickory berry vine entwines
The brown nuts of the turnip tree;
The cashmere heifer skips and plays
To the tune of the bleat of the feathery bee,
On tall boughs 'mid the buckwheat buds
We hear the low of the finny plover,
While the bay bull hitches to the rumbling
scythe,
Husks out the golden clover."

"Ah, Pat," said a schoolmistress to a
chuckle-headed urchin, into whose muddy
brain she was attempting to beat the alpha-
bet, "I am afraid you will never learn any-
thing; now, what is that letter, eh?"
"Sure, don't you know, ma'am," replied
Patrick.

"I thought you would have recollected that
much, because it has a dot over the top of it."
"Och, ma'am, I mind it well, but sure I
thought it was a fly speck."

"Well, now, remember that it's I."

"You, ma'am."

"No, not U, but I."

"Not I but U, how is that?"

"Not U, but I, blockhead!"

"Oh, yes; faith now I have it, ma'am;

you mean to say that not I am a blockhead."

"Fool! fool!" exclaimed the pedagogress,
almost bursting with rage.

"Just as you please," replied Pat, "fool or
blockhead, it's no matter to me which ye are,
so long as ye are free to own it."
C. E.

Mark Twain, a few months after his first
baby was born, was holding it on his knee.
His wife said, "Now confess, Samuel, that
you love the child." "I can't do that,"
replied the humorist, "but am willing to
admit I respect the little thing for its
father's sake."

An eccentric old fellow, who lives along-
side of a graveyard, was asked if it was not
an unpleasant location. "No," said he, "I
never jined places in all my life with a set
of neighbors that minded their business so
stidly as they do."

SCRUPLES.—English tourist (having ar-
rived at Greenock on Sunday morning):
"My man, what's your charge for rowing
me across the Frith?" Boatman: "Weel,
sir, I was jist thinkin' I canna break the
Sabbath day for no less than fifteen shul-
lin's."

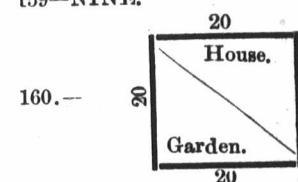
The fondness of the Scotch for meta-
physics was never more happily hit than by
the story Sidney Smith tells of his hearing
of a young lady at a ball, in the midst of a
momentary lull in the music, saying to her
gallant, "That may be true, my lord, of
love in the abstract"—And here the
music began again, and he heard no more.

It was an Irish coroner who when asked how
he accounted for an extraordinary mortality
in Limerick, replied sadly, "I can not tell.
There are people dying this year that never
died before."

Punishing the parson.—Rector: "John I did
not see you at church last Sunday."—John:
"Noa zur, vather sent of to chapel, and sez of
you want lend 'un the wheelbarrow, I beant
to go to church again, never no moar!"

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES

159.—NINE.



161.—Quebec. 162.—Toronto. 163.—Cal-
cutta. 164.—Boston. 165.—Singapore. 166.
Rain, train, strain. 167.—Noise. 168.—
When 'tis a little bear. 169.—A glove. 170.
—The tiller. 171.—Veil, vile.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

As I was awakened one morning by a
(Shanghai) and as the air was (Chili) I wrap-
ped myself in my cloak made of (Cashmere)
and lined with (Sable). When I came down
to breakfast a lot of (Pines) burned brightly
on the hearth. A (Canary) greeted me with
a song. Soon (a slave) brought in the break-
fast, which consisted of a (Turkey) and a
(Platte) well seasoned with (Salt). As I am
fond of (Society) I chatted with Miss (Parry).
My appetite was at first (Keene). After I had
satisfied it a little I ate a (sandwich). As she
was suffering with a headache, I bathed her
head with (cologne), but stopped suddenly on
discovering that (the slave) was (Pekin). I as-
sured him that he would never obtain his
(Liberty) unless he mended his ways, although
my disposition toward him was (friendly); but
should his conduct prove satisfactory, he
might look forward with (Good Hope) to ob-
taining (Liberty) in due time. I then went
and enjoyed a (Race), and after I returned,
finding that the children were making a
(Noise) I sent them to bed after visiting a
good deal of (wrath) on them.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

174.—Key West. 175.—Eight. 176.—He
is easily seen through. 177.—One is too thin
(tooth in) and the other is tooth out. 178.—
Because it is the shortest month. 179.—Tear.
180.—When it is grated. 181.—It's a simple
ton. 182.—The postman.