

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,—I presume that before the ADVOCATE reaches you this month your holidays will be at an end, and "school work" commenced. I received a number of letters during vacation, stating the jolly times some of you had in picnicing, fishing, visiting, and others in assisting their friends during the busy season, attending their flower beds, &c., and I should say they were "jolly times," judging from what I have seen in the homes of my nephews and nieces that I have visited this summer. The splendid crops we have been favored with this year has caused universal joy to old and young throughout our Dominion.

I was pleased to see the taste displayed by my young friends in the way of flowers, hedges, trees and general neatness around their residences, and I shall not soon forget the happy summer I have spent. If the homes of people are a criterion, I think the young readers of the ADVOCATE will take rank among the most industrious of our land. If there are any who do not show signs of tidiness about their dwellings beware, for I will be after you with "a sharp stick" in my visit among you next summer.

I think those spelling matches you wrote me about last season has had a splendid effect, for I notice great progress in your letters. A number of them are well worthy of publication, but there are so many good ones to choose from, it is pretty hard to make a selection.

UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

DIAMOND PUZZLES.

76.—A consonant; a number; higher in place; a planet; circular; to finish; a vowel.

CANADIAN CIFF.

77.—A consonant; the name of a man of old; a girl's name; anger; a vowel.

FRANK LAWSON.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

78.—1. A fish. 2. A Mohammedan pilgrim at Mecca. 3. Pertaining to hearing. 4. To pillage. 5. Poor. 6. Dullness of spirit. 7. Very wicked. 8. To disembark. 9. A puny devil. 10. Jewish traditions. 11. To preserve. 12. To darken. 13. The fabled drink of the Gods. 14. Heaviness of heart. The initials give the name of one of the greatest authors of the 19th century, and the initials the title of one of his works.

CANADIAN CIFF.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

79.—As we were going through the (a lake in North America), we saw a (river in the U. S.), which had a cub. The hunter blew a (river in Montana, U. S.), and frightened a (country in Europe), which had lain (a harbor in New Jersey), by the side of a (lake in Minnesota.) We caught the cub, took it home and gave it some (river in Montana.) As the hunter, who called himself (a cape in the south of England), was going along, he trod on a (river in Idaho), when he muttered, "You are anything but (a river in Australia)," and having dispatched it, put it in a (river in Russia), and sent it to a naturalist. We then returned home, as the day was very (river in the U. S.), and a (lake in Sweden) lot of people you never saw.

CHAS. FULLER.

SQUARE WORDS.

80.—A girl's name; the lair of a beast; an insect.

A. J. TAYLOR.

HIDDEN STATESMAN.

81.—I am composed of 11 letters. My 1st is in wrong but not in right; My 2nd is in in but not in out; My 3rd is in long but not in short; My 4th is in last but not in first; My 5th is in sit but not in stand; My 6th is in all and also in hall; My 7th is in more but not in less; My 8th is in pink but not in white; My 9th is in light but not in dark; My 10th is in art and also in part; My 11th is in rat and also in cat; My whole is the name of a celebrated English statesman.

LUCY A. RICHARDSON.

RIDDLES.

82.—My first is a plaything; my second few play with; my third plays with nobody.

83.—My first I hope you are; my second I see you are; my third you always shall be.

84.—My first some men will often take, Entirely for my second's sake, But very few indeed there are Who both together well can bear.

85.—Two brothers we are, two burthens we bear, By which we are bitterly pressed, And the truth, for to say, we are full all day And empty when we go to rest.

86.—Pray tell me, ladies, if you can, Who is that highly favored man, Who, though he marries many a wife, May be a bachelor all his life.

MARY MAYFLOWER.

ENIGMA.

87.—I'm seen amid green hills and dales—

Among clouds that float above ye; My name has graced the sweetest tales, And all the poets love me.

Swift vessels by me often glide;

In favored spots I'm shady;

A merchant speaks of me with pride,

And so does many a lady.

Yet in my time, I must confess,

Even men's strong nerves I've shaken;

And widows and the fatherless

Through me have been forsaken.

J. H. CROSS.

88.—Before a circle place twice twenty-five, and five in rear, also first of eight, and then you will find what conquers man.

THOS. COLWELL.

Answers to August Puzzles.

63.—Spear-pear-ear-ra. 64.—Fifteen. 65.—Monosyllable. 66.—Money.

67.—C
BE 72.—TEA 73.—CANE 74.—GRAPE
HAM EAR AGED RAVEN
HARE ART NEED AVOID
BARON ART EDDY PEIHO
CEMENT ENDOW

68.—Man: at first he crawls, then walks, and lastly walks with a staff. 69.—Grain. 70.—Because it is between two "i's." 71.—Shakespeare; Winter's Tale—1. Swallow; 2. Hayti; 3. AvoN; 4. Knight; 5. EyE; 6. Star; 7. Pernassus; 8. Exploit; 9. Anna; 10. Regat; 11. EvE. 75.—Whiskey.

ANSWERS RECEIVED TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NO.

—Canadian Ciff, South Granby, P. Q.; Libbie Pool, Alabara; Jenny Gerry; Charles Fuller, Hibbert; Gideon W. Wilson, Whitby; Archibald J. Taylor, Glenora; A. Richardson, South March; John Rennie, Toronto; Ellen Anderson, Wyoming; Ella E. Armitage, Schomberg; Frank Nelson, Ottawa; J. H. Cross, Caledonia; Frank Lawson, Nilestown; Rachel Smith, London Tp.; J. Fortner, Grand Rapids; P. Chester, Montreal; R. Gahan, Owen Sound; L. Sleeman, Petersburg.

Miss Malony on the Heathen Chinese.

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clean broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six years I've been in Amerikay—bad luck to the day I ever left the owld country—to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listin' than drawin' your remarks) an' is it myself, with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onst when the missus kim into the kitchen wid her perlover about the new waiterman which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, it's myself that looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfere wid him nor any other, man," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, with paper collars and brass rings on their finger, isn't the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says kind o' schared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sense to mind his bein' a little strange."

Wid that she shuts the doore, and I mistrustid if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his

paper collar, looks up and—Howly fathers! may I never brathe another breath, but there stood a rale haythen Chineser a grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay box. If you'll blave me, the crayture was that yellor it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trousers, and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from it, behind, wid his two feet stuck into the heathenestest shoes you ever sot eyes on.

Och! but I was up stairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin', an' only stoit wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taich 'em all in their power—the saints save us!

Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldnt be tellin'.—Not a blissid thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp handles, an' he widout a speck or smitch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a 'larnin' him, and he a grinnin' an' waggin his pig tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that chary, that you'd be shurprised,

Is it to ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythin an' he a-atin' wid dromsticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a fildin' down me fine clothes for the ironin' an' fillin' his squirit through his teeth stret over the best linen-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the durrty baste! But the worst of it all was the coppin' he'd been doin' till ye'd be distracted. It's yersel' knows the tinler feet that's on me ever since I've bin in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell, into the way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the practies or the like o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythin would do the same thing after me whinver the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldnt have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be pealin' anything.

Did I lave for that? Faix an' I didnt.—Didnt he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now an' then take up a cup o' sugar, or flour or tay, an' wrap it in paper an' put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blanket and how it cudnt be botherin' anyone. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Saturday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen, when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornast her wid his boondles, and she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call by that name nor any other but just haythen,) she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar, an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blanket and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "Oh Kitty!" in a way that 'ud curdle your blood. "He's a haythin nagur," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrest him," says I. "It's you ought to be arrested," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she gave me so much sass as I cudnt take from no lady—an' I gave her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.—Scribner's Magazine.

An old Grecian philosopher advises all men to "know themselves." That's advisin' a good many to form very low and disreputable acquaintances.

A brick fell from a scaffold on the head of a passing negro. "Fring dem dere peanut shells another way, won't yer? was the darkey's advice as he scratched his wool.

The New York saloonists, arrested for keeping open Sundays, claim to open now "just to feed the canaries." Those canaries are five feet odd inches high, and mostly take whiskey.