

Uncle Tom's Department.

To My Nephews and Nieces.

I have ordered from England a small lot of the choicest Balsams, Asters, Stocks, Hedderwigii, Phlox Drummondii, Cockscombs, Zinnias, Globe Amaranthus, &c., and many of them cost such high prices that we can only put a few seeds in a package. We give you three of these choice packages for one new subscriber. Prizes for the best three puzzles or charades (original) for Uncle Tom's Department:—1st, one Janesville Grape-vine; 2nd, six Col. Cheney Strawberry plants; 3rd, three packages choice flower seeds. Answers to be in by the 20th of May.

UNCLE TOM.

31. HIDDEN FRUIT.

I shall take a nap, please do not disturb me.
See what a beautiful plumage the bird of Paradise has.
Tom, have you been lame longer than I?
We had a big gale Monday.
I looked in the mill and saw at the bottom a toad.
We feared a tempest was coming.

HATTIE HAVILAND.

32. HIDDEN NAME.

I am composed of sixteen letters. My 10, 3, 4, 9, 6 is a useful animal. My 7, 4, 2, 12 is a bird. My 13, 3, 8, 14 is an animal. My 9, 7, 8, 16 is a bird. My 15, 14, 14, 6, 4 is an animal. My 5, 15, 3, 9, 16 is a domestic fowl. My 1, 11, 12 is a drink. My whole is the name of a distinguished U. S. statesman.

F. LOWRY RICHARDSON.

33. Place the several figures under 10 in such a way that by adding them down they will amount to 100.

TABITHA WEST, McGillivray.

34. Place four nines so as to equal one hundred.

FRANK PARKINSON, Teeswater.

CHARADES.

35. I am least of the feline race,
And also fill a humble place;
I always grow above the ground,
And if I'm sought am easy found;
My dress is silky, soft and white,
And I always am the child's delight;
Although I am of noble birth,
Sometimes I lay upon the earth;
But after all I'll let you know
That in a tree I always grow.

JNO. H. HOUSER, Canboro.

PUZZLES.

36. Mr. Honest having 24 sheep that he wished to fatten, and he being blind, had them placed in eight pens, so that in going to them every day he could count nine in a row. Mr. Cheat also having four that he wished to fatten, placed them in Mr. H.'s pens so that he could not detect them, there being only nine in a row. Mr. C. finding out that they were fat enough to sell, went one dark night and slipped out his own four, also taking four more belonging to Mr. H., then placing them again so as to have still nine in a row. How was this done?

JOHN FOWLER, Bellevue Farm.

RIDDLES.

37. What's that which often set at nought
Might well by royal hands be sought,
And is for wounding uses wrought.
'Tis that which wounds but sheds no blood,
Whose might has the whole world subdued
And furnished all mankind with food.
From it empires take their rise
Without a human sacrifice;
Source of all trade and merchandise,
'Tis that which every land befriends,
Health, wealth and sweet contentment
sends,
The throne upon its might depends.

E. M., Monckton.

38. In spring I look gay, decked in comely array;
In summer more clothing I wear;
When colder it grows I fling off my clothes,
And in winter quite naked appear.

JENNIE M. LYNN, Linton.

39. Luke had one before,
Pearl had one behind,
Silas had one in the middle,
And John, poor fellow, had none at all.

BESSIE, Oxford Mills.

40. What is it that grows in the woods and sings in the town, and earns its master many a crown?

TOM RUSTON.

SQUARE WORDS.

41. A Biblical personage, a robber, a bird, to turn aside, a division of the year.—CANADIAN CUFF
42. A title, a division of the earth, a girl's name, part of a musical instrument.
JAS. H. CROSS, Caledonia.
43. A man's name, a city of Europe, a woman's name, tidy.
JAS. H. HOUSER, Canboro.

I received a letter from my niece, Effie Hanes, "Sunshine Hall," together with a piece of poetry, but, owing to its length, I regret not being able to publish it.

UNCLE TOM.

Answers to April Puzzles.

21.—Champlain. 22.—Persevere and succeed.
23.—1, Elba, Lear, balm, army; 2, Long, opal, name, glee. 24.—Sin, ire, net. 25.—Rural. 26.—A crown. 27.—A thistle in my foot. 28.—Ship. 29.—Inn, fan, sigh (infancy). 30.—1, Scowl; 2, trash.

ANSWERS RECEIVED TO APRIL PUZZLES.—Frank S., Paris; Tabitha West, McGillivray; G. A. Gordon, Colborne; J. W. Ryan, Montreal; E. M., Monckton; F. Lowry Richardson; Miss Alice Dunlop, Midland; Jas. H. Cross, Caledonia; Jno. H. Houser, Canboro; Thos. J. Ritchie; W. Wright, Chicago; Bella McDougall, West Winchester; Maggie C. Millar, Spencerville; Lizzie York, Osgoode; Canadian Cliff, South Granby; Thos. Inch, Ottawa; Frank Lawson, Nilestown; Willie A. Rutherford, Millbank; Minnie A. Johnston, Cornwall.

ANSWERS FOR MARCH RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR APRIL No.—Jas. H. Cross, Caledonia; Jos. Hynes, San Francisco; E. Finn, Winnipeg; E. W. Burley, Cressy; Jas. Lyons, Quebec; Thos. Jas. Ritchie, South Dunmore; Margaret J. Stevenson, Diamond.

Comiques—Selected.

What is a modern poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate—
The critic spits on what is done,
Gives a wipe,—and all is gone!—HOOD.

A bed and a pillow of precious stones
Give very poor rest to aching bones.—"LIFE IN CHINA."

The mouse that trusts to its poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.—POPE.

Critics on verse as squibs on triumph wait,
Proclaim their glory and augment their state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss and bounce; waste paper, stink and die.—YOUNG.

Why is a garden's wildered maze
Like a young widow fresh and fair?
Because it wants some hand to raise
The weeds that have no business there.—MOORE.

If you are wise, just use your friend,
Like a cigar, I say;
Suck him as long as you can draw,
Then throw the wretch away.—"KICKERBOCKER."

There's many a man hath more hair than wit.—SHAKESPEARE.

The sun which yearly melts the polar ice,
Has quite the contrary effect on vice.—BYRON.

Some have at first for wits, then poets passed,
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.—POPE.

If beards long and bushy true wisdom denote,
Then Plato must bow to a hairy he-goat.—LUCIAN.

Man is a steerer; life is a pool;
We wrestle and fustle,
For riches we bustle,
Then drop in the grave and leave a' to a fool.—HOGG.

Marriage is like
A cast of dice!—Happy indeed his lot
Who gets a good wife, one of morals pure
And withal easy temper; but alight on
A gadding, gossiping, expensive jade,
And Heaven deliver thee! There is not
In the habitable globe so dire a torment
As this devil in she's clothing!—EPICURNUS.—PETER.

Ah, gentle dame, as it gars me greet
To think how money counsels sweet
How money lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises.—BURNS.

Three cups of wine a prudent man may take;
The first of these for constitution's sake;
The second to the girl he loves the best,
The third and last, to lull him into rest.
Then home to bed; but if a fourth he pours,
It is the cup of sorrow, and not ours.—KICKERBOCKER.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
We'll tippeny we'll fear no evil,
We'll usquebae we'll face the Devil.—BURNS.

Oh! who would fight, and march and countermarch,
Be shot for sixpence, in a battle-field,
And shovelled up into a bloody trench,
Where no one knows? and all for fame!
Not I!—TENNYSON.

Humorous.

Spring is on hand. Lettuce have peas.
Why is the letter T like an island? Because it is the centre of water.

Why is a man ascending Vesuvius like an Irishman waiting to kiss a pretty girl? Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.

Why should a novel-writer be an extraordinary looking animal? Because of his tale coming out of his head.

Time to begin gardening, prepare hotbeds for early plants, boxes to keep the bugs off from the cucumber, and a pile of stones to throw at your neighbor's hens.

A man may grow to weigh a ton
Who feasts his mind with pungent fun;
But he who scorns its simple away
Oft yields to crime an easy prey.

A reporter graphically describes the effect of a storm in the North Sea:—"While the storm was at its highest the vessel heeled to the larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

There is, in a Western State, a woman so cleanly that she rubs the dirt off the firewood before she puts it into the stove. Another woman tries to beat this by pulling the growing beets every morning and washing the dirt off them.

He blushed a fiery red; her heart went pit-a-pat; she gently hung her head and looked down at the mat. He trembled in his speech; he rose from where he sat, and shouted with a screech, "You're sitting on my hat!"

Sunday-school teacher said to one of her pupils: "Johnny, why don't you invite your friend Billy to come to Sabbath-school with you?" Johnny looked up with a grin full of intelligence, and equally full of teeth, and said: "I know you, teacher; you want to get Billy into the class so's you can get a chromo for a new scholar."

Piety and business are very pleasantly blended in the following copy of a circular, which has recently been issued by a commercial firm in Bombay: "Sirs: We have the pleasure to inform you our respected father departed this life on the instant. His business will be continued by his beloved sons, whose names are stated below. The opium market is quiet, and Malwa 1500 frs per chest. 'O grave, where is thy sting? Oh death, where is thy victory?' We are yours, truly—"

A certain Bishop in the House of Lords rose to speak, and announced that he should divide what he had to say into twelve parts, when the Duke of Wharton interrupted him, and begged he might be indulged for a few minutes, as he had a story to tell which he could only introduce at that moment. A drunken fellow was passing by St. Paul's at night, and heard the clock slowly chiming twelve. He counted the strokes, and when it had finished looked towards the clock and said, 'Hang you! Why couldn't you give us all that at once?' There was an end of the bishop's story.

A farmer's lad was crossing a field where a very wild and ferocious bull was allowed to roam at large. When the boy had about reached the middle of the field, he suddenly saw the bull, with head lowered, rushing furiously at him. Being accustomed to manage cattle, he was in no way disconcerted, but ran to a tree near by and commenced running round it, with the bull after him; presently he caught the bull by the tail and commenced belaboring him unmercifully with a stick. The bull, finding that "tail" was turned, started off at a run (the boy swinging on to him), but the faster he ran, the more the boy belabored him, until finally he commenced bellowing. "Oh," says the boy, increasing his blows, "you may bellow, but I'd like to know who started this."

One of the students at Davidson's College, who was too lazy to do anything right, was in the habit of cleaning out his lamp chimney by running his finger down as far as he could and twisting it round. After he had cleaned it out in this partial manner, one day not long ago, a fellow student took it up and carried it to the residence of one of the professors, with the inquiry, "Why is it that this chimney is smoked just up to this point and no further?" The learned gentleman entered into an elaborate scientific explanation of why it was, arguing with great lucidness, and citing various authorities to show the correctness of his reasoning. When he had finished, the student said to him, "No, sir, you are wrong." "Why is it then?" inquired the professor. "Because the fellow's finger wasn't long enough to reach any further," replied the student.