

Tid-Bits.

\$20.00 IN GOLD

Given Each Week for the

BEST TID-BIT.

Commencing with this issue will be given weekly till further notice, a prize of TWENTY DOLLARS in gold for the best selected or Original Tid-Bit, which in the judgment of the committee, is thought suitable for this page. No conditions are attached to the competition except that each person competing must become a subscriber to TRUTH for at least three months and must therefore send along with their Tid-Bit, half a dollar for the quarter's subscription. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended an additional quarter for the half dollar sent. Competitors must send ONE TID-BIT only (the one among their collection they think is the best). The article, or Tid-Bit, need not necessarily be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any pamphlet, book, newspaper, magazine or otherwise, attached to a sheet of paper on which is written the name and post-office address of the sender. If two or more persons happen to send in the same article, the first one received will have the preference if it is considered by the editor as worthy of the prize offered. We want to make this one of the most interesting pages in TRUTH. The Competition is open now. The first twenty dollars will be given immediately after the publication of our first issue in January. Look up your old or new scraps, or send us something original, and whenever it is published the prize will be promptly forwarded. Try now. Don't delay. The article, to Tid-Bit, may be only one line if it contains the necessary point and must not exceed a half a column in length. The offer is open now and until further notice, and the name of the sender and address in full, will be published immediately following the article. Address—Prize Tid-Bit Committee, "TRUTH" Office, Toronto, Canada.

The following stanzas are original, and are sent by Dr. D. M. Welton, McMaster Hall, Toronto, to whom the \$20 in gold will be promptly paid on application.

The Prize Tid-Bit.

When Winter comes earth seeks repose,
And rest she feels the chilling storm,
God covers her with a virgin snow,
And tucks them in to make her warm.

She sleeps her weariness away,
And when the hours their signal ring,
God marks unerringly the day,
And wakes her with the kiss of Spring.

A Temperance Parody on "John Anderson, My Jo."

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
I'd siller in my pocket, John,
Which noo, ye ken, I want;
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But mark ye, how you've treated me,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
We've been over lary together,
Sae ye maun tak' ae road, John,
And I will tak' anither;
For we maun tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go,
And I shall hae the bill to pay,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Ye've blear'd out a' my een,
And lighted up my nos, John,
A fiery sign atween;
My hands are pale as shake, John,
My locks are like the snow,
Ye'll surely be the death o' me,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Twas love to you I ween,
That part me the sae way, John,
And sit aye late at o'ne;
The best o' friend's maun part, John,
It grieves me sair, ye know,
But "we'll nae mair to you town,"
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Ye've wrought me muckle skaith,
And yet to part wi' you, John,
I own I'm unco' faith;
But I'll join the temperance ranks, John,
Ye needna say me no,
It's better late than ne'er do weel,
John Alcohol, my foe.

The Aesthetic Lovers.

Heaved her as onward they strolled
In a path that was rustic and devotional,
If she noticed the beauty of scene:
She replied, "It's a pelliciously, utterly,
Irresistibly, aesthetically, previous!"

He asked her again, as they sat
On the top of the lofty stone fence,
How she liked the position of things,
She answered, "It's a perpetually,
Irresistibly, aesthetically, previous!"

While sweetly like doves they did coo,
He caught sight of her snug little shoe,
She asked what he thought of its milky way,
And he said: "It's consummately, awfully,
Crystallinely, ostensibly, quietly,
Enthusiastically, asthetically too!"

Who is to be Believed?

A traveller at one of the railway stations in France was pacing up and down the platform when another gentleman, by way of entering into conversation with him, inquired if he was going to Marseilles.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Very well, if you have no objection, we will travel together. Is it your first visit to Marseilles?"

"Oh no! As I am a commercial traveller, I go by this line."

"You are a commercial traveller? How very strange; quite a remarkable coincidence, why, I am a traveller as well, and represent one of the first houses in Paris."

"Really? Well, between ourselves, I may tell you that I do not think that you can turn out such good workmanship in Paris as we do in our town."

"Fiddle-sticks! Why, you cannot have heard of our latest invention, which got us the gold medal at the exhibition?"

"No, I did not know about it; let us hear what it is."

"Then just listen. We filled one of our large safes with imitation bank notes, and after we had closed it, we kindled a large fire all round it, which we kept burning for twenty-four hours, and when we opened the box guess in what state we found the papers?"

"Well, I suppose they were uninjured."

"Better than that, friend, they were positively damp."

"Ah! ah! that's a good joke; but it is nothing to what we can do. Our principal made once quite a little safe, inside which he placed a rabbit; then he made a fire all round, which was kept up forty-eight hours, and when they opened it, what do you think had become of the rabbit?"

"Judging from your statement, I should say it was roasted."

"Nonsense! It was frozen."

How to Cook a Wife.

While men spare no pains in obtaining the best materials for this excellent dish, they often seem totally regardless after the first mouthful of the necessary precautions to render it permanently sweet; and if through neglect it turn sour they slander the dish when the fault is in themselves.

It is true the merits of this dish cannot be ascertained at first taste, which is always sweet, the after-piece is the proper criterion of the merits, which depend entirely on the cooking of the dish. Our great object therefore, is not to make the wife sweet, but to keep her so. This may be accomplished in the following manner. Obtain an adequate supply of the purest water of affection with which gradually and gently surround her. Should the water during this process become ruffled, a little of the original balm of courtship will soon restore it to its natural smoothness. The fire should be composed of true love with a few sighs to increase when necessary, the flame should not be too warm yet never suffered to abate entirely, as 'taint would spoil the dish. Coolness is often the ruin of this dish, erroneously asserted by some cooks to be necessary which cook add also sprigs of indifference, but this is a very dangerous practice, as a good wife is exquisitely delicate and susceptible. A few overgreens such as industry, sobriety, and fondness are necessary, and a moderate quantity of the spirit of coaxing and oil of kisses may be added, which gives the whole a most delectable flavour. Garnish with the flowers of endearment and kindness, and you will enjoy the delights of a dish compared with which all others sink into insignificance, namely "A Good Wife."

MRS. M. HOLLIS.

How To Cook a Husband.

What Mrs. Glass said of the Hare is as necessary now. 'Ere you can cook him you must first 'catch him.' Having done so the operation will be as follows: Many good husbands are spoiled in the cooking, some women go about it as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them by conjugal coldness. Some smother them in hatred, contention, and

variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. Such women always serve them up with tongue sauce.

Now it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and good, if managed in this way. But they are on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follows.

Get a large jar of carefulness (which all good wives have on hand,) place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love, let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear, above all, let the heart be constant. Cover him over with affection, kindness and subjection. Garnish with modest, becoming familiarity, and the spice of pleasantry, and if you add kisses and other confectioneries, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation. We would advise all good wives to try this recipe, and realize how admirable a dish a husband is when properly cooked.

One Idea of Sunrise in Eastern Lands.

"And ye tell me, yer honor, that you've been away out there in Egypt and India and them places?" asked a countryman of mine with mouth and eyes wide open, staring at me in great curiosity.

"Yes, Mickey, both in Egypt and India," I replied.

"Sorra a bit o' me but I'd rather go to the East than ate bread and butter."

"Deed then, I am not of your liking this time, Mickey, my boy."

"Och! to be shure, yer honor, but thin ye've seen him dozens o' times gettin' up in the mornin' beyant the bush wid a roar and a leap that would frighten a wet turfstack, as I'm towld."

"Who in the name of all that's wonderful do you mean, man?" I asked in astonishment.

"To be shure I mane the Sun himself in all his splendour, yer honor, Glory be to God!"

ROSE SIGMA.

He Didn't Mean That.

A young lady attending a medical college was told of the incessant change in our structure by the lecturer on Philosophy—a young and handsome professor—"So you see, Miss Blank," he continued, endeavoring to explain to the interesting class and addressing the attentive Miss Blank, "In about six weeks you will positively cease to be yourself."

The young lady blushed and replied softly, much to the amusement of the class:

"Yes, George dear, just six weeks all but two days!" Poor Georgie.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I need not tell you anything further of the duty of cultivating a kindly disposition; but I will tell you a little story about two dogs. George had a nice little dog that was gentle as a lamb. He would sit by George's side quietly for an hour at a time. He would not bark at passers-by nor at strange dogs, and would never bite anybody or anything. Thomas' dog, on the contrary, was always fighting other dogs and would sometimes tear them quite cruelly. He would also fly at the lions and cats in the neighborhood, and on several occasions had been known to seize a cow by the nostrils and throw her. He barked at all the strange men that came along, and would bite them unless somebody interfered. Now, boys, which was the dog you would like to own, George's or Thomas'?" Instantly came the answer in one eager shout—"Thomas'!"

HOW THE BAWDIAN WAS KEPT.—Senor O—, a well-known contributor to the Spanish press, had once the misfortune to occupy an apartment between and contiguous to those of two amateur instrumentalists. One played the bassoon, the other the violin, and their incessant practising sadly interfered with his literary labors. To rid himself of the nuisance, he one morning went to each and offered them a considerable sum if they would consent to remove into other lodgings. The offer was accepted by both "musicians." A week passed over, still the noise went on as before. The Senor went to remonstrate with them: "You promised me to change your quarters." They replied, "So we did, and we have kept our promise—in fact, we have changed apartments!"—*El Diaro*.

SPECIAL PLEADING.—A bully fired off a gun at one of his comrades for a very slight

provocation. Fortunately it missed him. The latter made good use of his cane in legitimate self-defence. The lawyer of the incident gives the following version of the incident. "The two friends met, a dispute arose—(sinking his voice to a whisper)—my client very quietly discharged his gun—(in stentorian tones)—and his opponent dealt him return an enormous blow with a stick!"—*Charivari*.

Life has its glimpses which we would do well to cherish and make the most of. Next do we see or know, much less do we feel or experience, the whole of anything. Only by receiving little by little as it comes to us, eagerly yet patiently, and putting together what we receive as skillfully as we may, do we attain any degree of clear or true conception. He who insists on more than this will forfeit all.

Women are formed for attachment. Their gratitude is unimpeachable. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained it and knows now to deserve it. But that very keenness of sensibility which, if well cultivated, would prove the source of a man's highest enjoyment may grow to bitterness and wormwood if he fails to attend to it or abuses it.

A Frenchman who was troubled with gout was asked what difference there was between that complaint and rheumatism. "One very great difference," replied monsieur. "Suppose you take one vice, put your finger in, you turn do screw till you can bear it no longer—that is do rheumatism; den s'pose you give him one turn more—that is do gout!"

Hearing a noise at night, Jones descended with a lighted candle, and discovers a burglar escaping with a full sack. "Hallo," he cries, "come back, you." "Eh, what?" returns the burglar. "Ah, yes, the silver candlestick! 'rmit me." He takes it from the astonished Jones, and puts it into his bag. "Ten thousand thanks. Have I forgotten anything else?"

A father complained bitterly of the way his children destroyed their clothing. He said: "When I was a boy I only had one suit of clothes, and I had to take care of it. I was only allowed one pair of shoes a year in those days." There was a pause, and then the oldest boy spoke up and said: "I say, dad, you have a much easier time of it now—you are living with us."

A soldier of a cavalry regiment was brought up for stealing his comrades liquor ration. He was an Irishman, and his defence was unique: "I'd be sorry indeed, surr, to be called a thief. I put the liquor in the same bottle, and mine was at the bottom, and shure I was obliged to drink his to get at my own!"

They don't have old maids in Russia. When a lady finds herself at about twenty-five, without any prospect of matrimony, she sets out on a pilgrimage, or a round of travels, and turns up some years after a widow. It is not etiquette to enquire in a lady's presence after her dead husband in that advanced country.

Some men have tact. Said the bridegroom who didn't wish to either offend his bride or die of internal disturbance: "My dear, this bread looks delicious, but it is the first you have ever made. I cannot think of eating it, but will preserve it to show to our children in after years as a sample of their mother's skill and dexterity."

"Didn't you tell me you could hold the plough?" indignantly cried a farmer to a green Irishman, whom he had taken on trial. "Arrah! be easy now," said Pat: "how can I hold it and two horses drawing it away from me? But give it to me in the barn, and, jabbers, I will hold it with anybody."

REASONABLE INDULGENCE.—In an advertisement for a young gentleman who left his parents, it was stated, that "if Master Jacky will return to his disconsolate parents, he shall be no more put upon by his sister, and shall be allowed to sweeten his own tea."

COOKE THE TRAGEDIAN.—Of strong memory few examples will compare, in force, with that of Cooke, the tragedian; who, it is said, committed the entire contents of a daily newspaper in the space of eight hours.

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear," "Well, yes, it is extremely—for her," was the dry rejoinder.