

Tid-Bits.

GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

BE SURE AND READ THIS.

The publisher of TRUTH is determined to amuse and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power. He cheerfully shares with them the profits of the publication of TRUTH.

Every week a prize of twenty dollars in gold will be given to the actual subscriber sending in for this page the best Tid-bit, containing a moral, a pun, point, joke or parody, either original or selected. Cut it from any paper, copy it on any paper, copy it from any book, or coin it out of your head.

A printed form of coupon will be found in the last column of page 27 of this issue. Cut this out, fill up your favorite number and paste it on a post-card, put it in an unsealed envelope and send to TRUTH office at once. It will only cost you one cent of postage in either case.

To prevent others than subscribers from voting the coupons only will count. You are invited to send in your vote. Also to send in your Tid-bits and subscriptions. Please also invite your friends to try their skill. This page is the subscriber's page, and it ought to be the most interesting of all.

TID-BIT AWARD.

The favorite tid-bit published in TRUTH of February 21st, is No. 36, sent by Miss Brodie, of Grosses Isle, Michigan, to whom the twenty-dollar prize will be paid on application. Number 41, Mr. Burritt, London, Ont., has the second largest vote. The number of coupons sent in was large, and a good deal of interest was manifested in the voting. Kindly send in your votes on this week's favorite early. All readers are invited to vote, and the award will be fairly made to the favorite tid-bit, no matter by whom sent.

(147) Plant with the flowers of charity. The portals of the tomb; And the fair and pure about thy path In Paradise shall bloom. The dreams of early youth, How beautiful they are, how full of joy, When fancy looks like truth, And life shows not a taint of sin's alloy. Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. M. C. Blackmer.

(148) Baby's Shoes. Oh, those little, little blue shoes! Those shoes that no little feet use. Oh, the price were high That those shoes would buy; Those little, blue, unused shoes! "For they hold the shape of small feet, That no more the mother's eyes meet, That by God's good will, Years since grew still, And ceased from their totter so sweet. "And oh, since that baby slept, So hushed, how the mother has kept With a tearful pleasure, That dear little treasure, And over them thought and wept. "As they lie before her there, These babies from chair to chair A sweet little face That's a gleam in the place, With its little gold curls of hair. "Then, oh, wonder not that her heart From all else would rather part, Than those tiny blue shoes, That no little feet use, And whose right makes the fond tears start." Fort Huron, Michigan. JAMES THOMPSON.

(149) Golden "Truth." TRUTH is a gem of priceless worth, And should shine in every home, Waiting gifts of wisdom and mirth From the cottage to the throne. TRUTH, like a sunbeam's gleam, Gives gladness both young and old, And like the ark in autumn days, Shows many a streak of gold. TRUTH, like trees when summer is past, Casts rainbow tints on its leaves, Now a promise that ever last, Beamed up in golden sheaves. Danford, Ont. Mrs. H. Lickox.

(150) About Ben Adhem. -Selected. Abu Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw within the moonlight in his room, Making a rich and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold; Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, And to the Presence in the room he said, "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head, And, with a look made of all sweet accord, Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord." "And is mine one?" said Abu. "Nay, not so," Replied the angel; and said, "I pray thee, then, Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night It came again, with a great wakening light, And showed the names whom love of God had blessed, And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest. Thomson Station, N. S. E. Jones, P. M.

(151) A Literary Curiosity. -Selected. The following is one of the most remarkable compositions we have ever met with. It evinces an ingenuity of arrangement peculiarly its own. Explanation:—The initial capitals spell, "My boat is in the glorious Cross of Christ." The words in italic, when read from top to bottom and bottom to top, form the Lord's prayer complete. Make known the gospel truths, our father King, Yield us thy grace, Father, from above, Bless us with hearts which feelingly can sing, "Our life thou art for ever, God of love." As usage our grief in love for Christ, we pray, Show the bright Prince of Heaven and glory died, Took all our sins and allowed the display, In his love for man, and then was crucified, Stupendous God! Thy grace and power make known; In Jesus name let all the world rejoice, Now, labour in Thy heavenly kingdom own; That blessed kingdom, for Thy saints the choice. How vile to come to Thee is all our cry, Enemies to Thyself and all that's Thine; Graceless our will; we live for vanity, Loathing our being evil in design, O God, Thy will be done from earth to Heaven, Reclining on the Gospel let us live, In curia from sin delivered and forgiven, Oh! as Thyself but teach us to forgive, I stem its power temptation doth destroy, Sure is our fall into the depths of woe, Carnal in mind, we're not a glimpse of joy, Hissed against Heaven; to us hope cannot flow, O give us grace and lead us on Thy way; Shine on us with Thy love and give us peace, Sell and this sin that rise against us stay, O, grant each day our trespasses may cease, Forgive our evil deeds that oft we do, Convince us daily of them to our shame, Help us with heavenly blood; forgive us, too, Recurrent lusts, and we'll adore Thy name; In Thy forgiveness we as sinners can die, Since for us our trespasses so high, Thy Son, our Saviour, died on Calvary. 155 Magdalen-st., Montreal. Mrs. S. Woods.

(152) An Acrostic. -Original. Supposed to be soliloquized by a person at a great distance, who has not seen TRUTH in time to compete for the first or middle awards. Thinking at evening while far away, Moaning o'er distant seas, Under the dome of the starlit skies, The question arises, "Can I win the prize Were offered in TRUTH to-day?" 'Tis useless to try for the early awards, Rivers and seas intervene; I rarely hopeless the middle one seems, Thankful am I that another light gleams, Here it is! consolation rewards. Sydney, C. H. Mrs. T. C. Hall.

(153) To a Flower Dropped in a Letter. -Original. Sweet, modest, cheerful, little flower, So lately born to deck some lover; Thy bloom, I fear, so fresh and bright, Before a lover's hand can give thee light, Shall fade, faded thus shall dimly tell Th' lofty praise thy beauty merits well; Yet should thy presence cheer some lone heart; Some thought, his from grief to give extend— How glorious to play so bright a part! Who dare grieve at thy untimely end? Nicola Valley, B. Columbia. A. KENT.

(154) "Poeta Nascitur Non Fit." -Selected. "Taint every feller kin be a poet, No more'n a sheep kin be a goat." 1212 30th St., Washington, D. C. T. H. LOOKER.

(155) On The Choice of a Husband. The love of power, old records show, So deep in female bosom lies, That so than women, long ago, Pat not for this their husband's eyes. And now this same desire to rule Make many a woman woe a fool, Who wails, though not in body blind, The better eye-sight of the mind. A great mistake, by sad experience schooled, They learn, too late, that fools will not be fooled, Wise men, who seek and rates quiet lives, Woe men alone are governed by their wives. Fort Hamwood, B. C. PAUL MURRAY.

(156) A Type of the Church. -Original. Shine on thou bright and silvery moon Shed forth thy light, Without thy mellow rays, how dark Would be the night." Thus spake a woman, tolling on Through drifts of snow; Through forest dense, o'er mountains and The vale below. Oh what a glorious scene to me This picture paints; A pilgrim travelling home, The moon Type of God's saints. Shine on I thou blessed Church of Christ; Thy circle run, Receiving all thy glorious light From God the Son. Oh may thy rays wend their way down Through darkest night; On her way home, the weary and Worn out to light. Saviour, may we thus brightly shine, While here we roam, Reflecting back Thy brightness till We reach our home. Rockingham, Ont. ANNIE C. MARTIN.

(157) A New Version. -Selected. Good motto for merchants and manufacturers and tradesmen generally: "Early to bed—early to rise— Never get tight—and advertise." Maple Ridge, B. C. Mrs. P. McCRAT.

(158) One Thing Needful. -Selected. Though conversation, in its better part May be esteemed a gift and not an art, Yet much depends, as in the miller's toll, On culture and the sowing of the soil. Maple Ridge, B. C. Miss E. A. ISAAC.

(159) Sometime. -Selected. Sometime, sweetheart, our paths will cross again And I will look once more into thine eyes, And feel no more the sorrow and the pain, While soft and sweet will sound thy sweet replies. Sometime, dear heart, sometime through ocean's foam And in sin's rise between us, we will meet, Thy heart will find within my heart its home, And all my bitter life will turn to sweet. -W. U. S. Mrs. J. J. McCANN.

(160) One Kind of Fun. -Selected. Oh, yes, it's very funny, First its rally, then its sunny, Now you melt and now you freeze, Then you choke and then you wheeze, And you gaily cough and sneeze, Oh, we'll stake a pile of money That its very, very funny. Monkland P. O., Ont. Mrs. D. McCOMBER.

(161) Mrs. Lofty and I. -Selected. Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage, So do I; She has dappled greys to draw it, None have I; With my blue-eyed laughing baby, Trundling by, I hide his face, lest she should see The Cherub boy, and cry me. Her fine husband has white fingers, Mine has not; He could give his bride a palace— Mine a cot; Her's comes home beneath the starlight, No'er carves she, Mine comes in the purple twilight, Kisses me, And prays that life who turns life's sands Will hold his loved ones in his hands. Mrs. Lofty has her jewels, So have I, She wears hers upon her bosom, Inside I; She will leave hers at death's portals, By-and-by; I shall bear my treasure with me, When I die. For I have love and she has gold— She counts her wealth—mine can't be told. She has those who love her station, None have I; But I've one true heart beside me— Glad am I; I'd not change it for a kingdom, No, not I; God will weigh it in His balance, Heav'n-hy, And the difference define Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine. Gowrie Mines, Cow Bay, B. C. DANIEL ROSS.

(162) What Is It? -Selected. What do all men love more than life, Hate more than death or mortal strife? That the contented man desires, The poor man has, the rich requires, The miser spends, the spendthrift saves, And all men carry to their graves? Answer: Nothing. JONES ROBERTS, Wyoming, Ont.

(163) Memoriam Acrostic. -Original. Gone to thy rest, brave soul, thy gall a nation's loss; On history's page, our love thy noble deeds emboss; Believed at last thou art, heaven's hosts have got thee round, Dauntless, thy post was held until was heard the sound Of fluttering angel wings, and rumbling cars of fire, Now thou art safe at rest, where spirits never tire. Collins Bay, Ont. Rev. J. H. CHARR.

(164) Enigma. -Original. My First is used by every old dame, To cheer her day by day, My Second is my sweetheart's name That's living o'er the way. My whole is sent through every land, I'm sure it's a welcome guest, For it cheers the long cold winter, We have in the Northwest. THE ANSWER. My First—T. My Second—RUTH. My Whole—TRUTH. Kateswe, N. W. T. ROSIE JOHNSON.

(165) Life. -Selected. The following remarkable compilation is a contribution to the San Francisco Times from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming. The reader will notice that each line is a quotation from some of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of a year's laborious search among the leading poets of the past and present time. Why all this toll for triumphs of an hour?—Young. Life's a short summer, man's a flower.—Dr. Johnson. By turns we catch the vital breath and die.—Pope. The cradle and the tomb, alas, are near.—Pope. To be, is better far than not to be.—Swift. Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.—Spenser. But light comes, speak when mighty griefs are dumb.—Dante. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.—Bunyan. Your fate is but the common fate of all;—Longfellow. Unmingled joys here to no man befall.—Southey. Nature to each allots his proper sphere;—Congreve. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;—Churchill. Custom does often reason overrule.—Rowe. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.—Milton. Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven.—Milton. They who forgive most, shall be most forgiven.—Bible. Sin may be clasped so close, we cannot see its face.—Trench. Vice intercourse where virtue has no place.—Scott. Then keep each passion down however dear.—Theophrastus. Thus pendulum between a smile and tear.—Byron. Her sensual snare let faithless pleasure lay.—Scott. With craft and skill to ruin and betray.—Cobbler. Bear not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.—Milton. We masters grow of all that we despise.—Cowley. Then, I renounce that impious self-esteem;—Bacon. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.—Congreve. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave.—De Witt. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—Gray. What is ambition!—tis a glorious cheat.—Waller. Only destructive to the brave and great.—Addison. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?—Dryden. How long we live, not years, but actions tell;—Wallace. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.—Herrick. Make then, while yet you may, your God your time.—Waller. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.—Hill. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just.—Dante. For, like we how we can, yet die we must.—Shakespeare. May, Mich. J. F. TRAVIS.

(166) A Bundle of Chips. "Now, children," she continued, "what the meal you eat in the morning called?" "Oatmeal," promptly replied a member of the class. "And what is this animal called?" asked the teacher of the class in natural history as he pointed to a picture of a sloth. The class all shouted at once,—"A messenger boy." "Have you confidence in me for sovereign?" asked a fellow journalist Douglas Jerrold, when Mrs. Gaudie was in embryo. "I have all the confidence, but I have the sovereign," was the reply. A wit will have his joke even at the expense of his gallantry. It was in Houghton who, when a lady, more beautiful in her own eyes than in those of world, was boasting that she had been of men at her feet, remarked in an aside,—"Chiropodists." "Wadsworth," said Charles Lamb, "one day told me that he considered Shakespeare greatly over-rated."

"There is Shakespeare are taken by could write "So you see quietly, it wanting." (167) "Forward of the day; "Go on!" Paul's dot forward, an go on. The Mast ye here all The call c to tempera If ye be work is do If ye be selves—ma If you ar it up bill on! Are you another we Are yo crea-d; t Are yu Stop the q Don't y this, and Have y; to be disc You ms it The! You ms will be ge Tempti time's pre Has so; have no t loc y Master l Nobod The pay George! (168) A spe metaph with the he will: once at Thinkin ly upon were se trying wind. Unfo metaph After I positio be emy "W "Tl gusted sternx Tha Taylo to his polite bosom by th Cape "O desper be as Ina had l eyes: and i above: "I bear Hi (169) Tl poee 1. 2. 3. 4.