

## 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. But it from any paper, copy it from any paper, copy it from any book, or coin it out of your head. A single sentence, if pungent or pointed, will do, but don't let it much exceed thirty lines. Be sure and send with each fifty cents for two months' subscription to TRUTH. If not now a subscriber TRUTH will be sent regularly for that time; if already a subscriber your name will be extended. In any case you get the full worth of your investment in TRUTH itself.

The best of these Tid-bits will be published in this page every week and numbered, and every subscriber is invited to inform the publisher which number of the week is his or her favorite. The number receiving the largest vote will be awarded the premium.

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, or 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-bit 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.

#### THE AWARD.

Number 303 in TRUTH of 18th April comes out ahead this time; not so large a vote was polled this time as before. Number 306 comes in a good second, and 302 third, and 301 fourth. Miss Laura Parker, Hamilton, Ont., the sender of 303, can have the \$20 on application, but in applying her full street address must be given.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mrs. E. Brown, Peterboro', acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of \$20, being the prize awarded her for the best tid-bit published in TRUTH of March 21st.

#### (374) Only One. —Selected.

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;  
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;  
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;  
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn;  
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;  
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;  
But only one mother the wide world over!

Peterboro. L. RUTHERFORD.

#### (375) On the Same Footing. —Selected.

How much a man is like old shoes!  
Fur instance, both a sole may lose.  
Both have been tanned, both are made tight;  
By cobblers: both set left and right,  
Both need a mate to be complete,  
And both are made to go on feet.  
They both need beeling; off are sold,  
And both in time all turn to mold.  
With shoes, the last is first; with men,  
The first shall be last; and when  
The shoes wear out, they're mended new;  
When men wear out, they're men dead, too.  
They both are trod upon, and both  
Will tread on others, nothing loth.  
Both have their toes, and both incline,  
When polished, in the world to shine  
And both get out. And would you choose  
To be a man, or be his shoes?

Everton, Ont. Mrs. JAMES GRAY.

#### (376) The Herd Boy. —Selected.

Once there was a herd boy.  
Now this was wrong of him because good boys should  
be seen and not heard.  
Though only a little herd boy, he was much heard  
when he was nigh, and he heard much when he  
was afar off.

For whenever he went to herd the herd, the herd  
heard him herd them.  
He used to herd them with hurrahs, but the herd  
heard him without hurrahs, because of the herd-  
ness of his herding.

For one day he heard a gurdy;  
And the gurdy he heard was a sturdy gurdy. In fact,  
a sturdy-gurdy;  
And he girded that gurdy, and he herded that gurdy;  
and the herded herd heard how he herded it.

And after that, whenever he herded his herd, he  
herded his sturdy-gurdy.  
Till the herd heard, and were hurdle-girded to the  
hurdle girdling of the sturdy-gurdy.

Oakville, Ont. M. KIRKPATRICK.

#### (377) Poetry of Life. —Selected.

The proudest poetry of youth  
Is "Would I were a man!"  
The golden years that lie between,  
Youth like a dream would span.  
'Tis in its thought, 'tis in its heart—  
'Tis ever on its tongue.  
But, oh! the poetry of age  
Is this, "When I was young."

Thus, in the morn of life, our feet  
Would distant pathways find;  
The sun still face to face we greet,  
The shadows fall behind;  
But when the morn of life is o'er,  
And nature grows less kind,  
The lengthening shadows creep before,  
The sunlight falls behind!

With many a murmur slow and sad,  
The stream of life flows on;  
That which we prize, not when we had  
Is doubly prized when gone.  
And many a sad and solemn truth  
Lies written on life's page,  
Between the "Poetry of Youth,"  
And poetry of Age.

Miss J. H. DUNLEAVY.

507 West 40th St., New York.

#### (378) The Wandering Boy. —Selected.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,  
And the cottager shivers on the beggar's door;  
When the chilling tear stands in my comfession's eye,  
Oh, how hard is the lot of the Wandering Boy!

The winter is cold, and I have no vest,  
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;  
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,  
For I am a parentless Wandering Boy.

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire,  
A mother who granted each infant desire;  
Our cottage it stood in a wood embowered vale,  
Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were scionom'd away,  
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;  
I fed from their rigour with many a sigh,  
And now I'm a poor little Wandering Boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,  
And no one will lift to my innocent tale;  
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,  
And death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy.

Paisley, Ont. JOHN SMOY.

#### (379) The Best of All. —Selected.

Fee simple and simple fee,  
And all the fees in tail,  
Are nothing when compared to thee,  
Thou best of fees—fee-male.

Winfield, Kan. Mrs. H. O. ALSHACK.

#### (380) A Gem. —Selected.

Better trust all and be deceived,  
And weep that trust and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,  
Had blest one's life with true believing.

Oh! in this mocking world too fast  
The doubting hand oft takes our youth,  
Better be cheated to the last,  
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

Serogfo, Ont. Miss C. SHADDOCK.

#### (381) Recapitulation. —Selected.

Glass number one, only in fun,  
Glass number two, other boys do.  
Glass number three, it won't hurt me.  
Glass number four, only one more.  
Glass number five, before a drive,  
Glass number six, brain in a mix.  
Glass number seven, stars up in heaven.  
Glass number eight, stars in the pits.  
Glass number nine, whiskey, not wine.  
Glass number ten, drinking again.  
Glass number twenty; not just a plenty.  
Drinking with boys, drowning his joys;  
Drinking with men, just now and then.  
Wasting his life, filling his wife,  
Losing respect, maddening his wrecked,  
Losing his friends; then it all ends.  
Glass number one, taken in fun.  
Raised his life, brought on strife,  
Blighted his youth, sullied his truth.  
In a few years brought many tears;  
Gave only pain, stole all his rain,  
Made him at last friendless, outcast.

Light-hearted boy, somebody's joy,  
Do not begin early in sin;  
Grow up a man as brave as you can;  
Taste not in glass number one.

New Canille, P. Q. Wm. H. SCOTT.

#### (382) What do we Get? —Selected.

Now that the dogs of war have been let  
loose between England and Egypt, and the  
process of scientific slaughter commenced,  
the following lines may be pondered with  
interest:

"Where'er contending princes fight,  
For private place or public sight,  
Arms are raised, the frosts are muzzled,  
They combat both by sea and land.

When, after many battles past,  
Both, tired with blows, make peace at last,  
What is it, after all, the people get?  
Why, (saw, widow, wooden leg, and debt."

41 Dover Court Road, Toronto. H. P. RAY JR.

#### (383) The Competition. —Selected.

DEAR TRUTH:  
I take my little stool  
And sit down in the corner,  
With a much better end in view  
Than had the fam'd "Jack Horner."

For in my grandma's "Methodist,"  
Which I so often read,  
I saw your noble Bible scheme,  
Which roused my childish greed.

For I am but a little girl,  
And only ten years old;  
But still I thought I'd try and win  
Some of your promised gold.

So with my bible on my lap,  
And heart intent on winning,  
I thought I'd scan each single verse  
Straight through from the beginning.

With patient care I searched each verse,  
And scrutinized each word;  
Till "Auldlandman" my vision crossed;  
Then, how my heart was stirred!

And so I hurry, pen in hand,  
With gladness in my eye,  
To tell you where I found the word,  
And, may be, gain a prize.

I'd like to have you note the day  
On which my search occurred;  
On Sunday evening I commenced,  
October twenty-third.

Now, Mr. Editor, I hope  
To be placed on the list  
Of those who sent true answers in,  
And not of those who missed!

And, lastly, to embrace your terms,  
To me a real treat;  
You'll find enclosed the dollar bill!  
(Please send me a receipt.)

And, now, when it shall come to hand,  
I surely can't resist  
From adding all the names I can  
To your subscription list.

New Moscow, Ohio. D. H. OGLE.

#### (384) What is Heaven? —Selected.

"What is Heaven?" I asked a little child;  
"All joy!" and in her innocence she smiled.

I asked the aged, with care oppressed:  
"All suffering off, Oh! Heaven, at least, is rest!"

I asked a maiden, meek and tender-eyed:  
"It must be love!" she modestly replied.

I asked the artist, who adored his art:  
"Heaven is all beauty!" spoke his raptured heart.

I asked the poet, with his soul afire:  
"His glory—glory!" and he struck his lyre.

I asked the Christian, waiting for release—  
A halo round her, low she murmured, "Peace."

So all may look with hopeful eyes above,  
"His beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace, and love!"  
Lambton Mills, Ont. Miss E. CULLAM.

#### (385) Grown-up and. —Selected.

Good morning, fair maid, with locks brown,  
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

O, this way and that way—never stop,  
Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,  
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,  
Tis learning that cross words never will pay,  
Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,  
Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,  
Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,  
O, that is the way to Womanhood Town.

Just wait, my brave lad—one moment I pray,  
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell the way?

O, by telling and trying we reach that land—  
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—  
Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,  
Tis by keeping out of the wide street Firk,  
Tis by always taking the weak one's part,  
Tis by giving mother a happy heart,  
Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,  
O, that is the way to Manhood Town.

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand  
To their fair estate in the Grown-up Land.  
249 St. James Street, Montreal. B. BAKER.

#### (386) Good Signs. —Selected.

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull,  
Where jails are empty, and where houses are full;  
Where church paths are with frequent foot outworn,  
Law courts yards weedy, silent, and forlorn;  
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride,  
Here eyes abound, and youth is multiplied;  
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate  
A happy people, a well-governed state.

Woodville, Ont. R. C. DARTMOUTH.

#### (387) A Week a Day. —Selected.

Adam Day, Esq., married Martha Week,  
and the local poet struck off the following  
lines on the occurrence:—

A day is made, a week is lost,  
That time should not be lost,  
There is soon be little days enough  
To make the week again.

Turtle Lake, Ont. R. J. MACMILLAN.

#### (388) Alphabetical Acrostic. —Selected.

A is an Angel of blushing eighteen;  
B is the Ball where the Angel was seen;  
C is the Chaparron who cheated at cards;  
D is the Deutempe, with Frank of the Guards;  
E is the Eye which those soft lashes cover;  
F is the Fan it perched wickedly over;  
G is the Glove of superlative kid;  
H is the Hand which it spitefully hid;  
I is the Ice which the fair one demanded;  
J is the Juvenile who hurried to hand it;  
K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art;  
L is the Lace which composed the chief part;  
M is the old Maid who watched the girls dance;  
N is the Nose she turned up at each glance;  
O is the Olga, just then in its prime;  
P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time;  
Q is a Quadrille put instead of the Lancers;  
R is the Remonstrances made by the dancers;  
S is the Supper, where all went in pairs;  
T is the Treadle they talked on the stairs;  
U is the Uncle who "thought we'd be going";  
V is the Voice which the niece replied "No" in;  
W is the Waiter who sat up all night;  
X is his Exit not perfectly straight;  
Y is the Yawning fit caused by the wait;  
Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.

CAROLINE LOUISE BASSETT.

Bowmanville, Ont.

#### (389) The Drunkard's Wife. —Selected.

In a hospital ward a woman lay,  
Painfully gasping her life away;  
So bruised and beaten you scarce could trace  
Womanhood's semblance in form or face.  
Yet the hair that over the pillow rolled  
In a tangled mass, was like threads of gold;  
And never a sculptor in any land  
Moulded a daintier foot or hand.

Said one who ministered to her need:  
"None but a coward could do this deed;  
And what bitter hate must have nerved the arm  
That a helpless creature like this could harm."  
Then the dim eyes, hazy with death's eclipse,  
Slowly unlocked, and the swollen lips  
Murmured faintly: "He loves me well—  
My husband—'twas drink—he sure you'll  
When he comes to himself—'that I forgive;  
For tell me—for him—I would like to die."  
A shuddering, a moan, as the words were said,  
And a drunkard's wife on the couch lay dead.

Oh, fathers who hold your daughters dear,  
Somebody's daughter is lying here,  
Oh, brothers of sisters, come and see  
What the fate of your precious ones may be;  
Oh, man! however you love your home,  
Be it palace or cottage, 'neath heaven's blue dome,  
This demon of drink can enter in,  
For law strikes hands and bargains with sin.

You have legalized crime, you have the gold,  
Now hand them over, the souls you sold—  
Keep pushing them forward, drink, brye, drink!  
Your fathers are paid for your souls, they think.  
And in the great mat where's mammon strives,  
Cheapest of all things are human lives.

Gordon, Ont. ANNIE CUMMINGS.

#### (390) Rewarded. —Selected.

GENERAL GORDON, KILLED AT KILMURUM, JANUARY, 1855

The Desert's immortal sleep is done,  
Her centuries of silence have an end  
In clash and tramp of armed hosts that wend  
One way, and still, whatever happens, press on.  
Then ring her wares to Fame's full clarion,  
Trumpeting death to foe and life to friend;  
And the world whistles: "Thus doth Eng'land  
and  
For her great warrior whose hard fight is won."

Nay, turn in silence from the soothful town,  
Retread your desert path and leave your quest;  
A lordlier garrison than a world's renown  
Rewards a lordlier than a world's debate.  
Well done, O faithful servant! Leave man's crown—  
Enter thy God's imperishable rest!

Park Hill, Ont. — Mrs. TINDALL.

#### (391) The Burial of the Turkey. —Selected.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
As his corpse on the table was hurried;  
He was sorry and hot in his well-browned coat;  
In the grave the turkey was buried.  
He was buried quite deep, in the dim twilight,  
The rook did he tweet-g and turning;  
By the blazing and crackling fire so bright  
He was done just enough without burning.

No wailing coffin inclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;  
But he lay as 'twere dead, on his back, and at rest,  
With onions and dressing around him.  
Many and long were the praises we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,  
But thought, as we "sawed on the turkey so dead,"  
"His remains will make hash on the morrow."

We thought, as we followed his cranberry bed  
And smoothed down his onion puffin,  
That the cat in the yard with rest on his head  
Who is we are directing his stuffing.  
Lightly they'll talk of the turkey that's gone,  
And o'er his cry bones they'll upbraid him;  
As o'er he's a wreck the boarders will mourn  
O'er the gravy and sage where they laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
And the turkey was fast disappearing;  
He had seen his last rattle and was finally won  
By our boarding house ma'am amid cheering.  
Slowly and sadly the bones we heaved  
Of a rat, with cranberry glory;  
We carved not a slice, for nothing was left  
But the plate where he lay in his glory.

Everton, Ont. Mrs. H. HORTON.