

Tid-Bits.

\$20.00 IN GOLD

Given Each Week for the

BEST TID-BIT.

We are giving weekly, 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 any other publication, and should be 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 committee as worthy of the prize offered. We want to make this one of the most interesting pages in TRUTH. 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, or Tid-Bit, may be only one line (it contains the necessary points) 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 above the article. *Prize Tid-Bit Committee, "Truth" Office, Toronto, Canada.*

THE PRIZE TID-BIT.

The accompanying tid-bits are sent by Mr. A. Grigg, of Hamilton, and are considered the best of the week by the Committee.

The first one is thought to contain a good "point," in fact several of them. Let the contributor send for his twenty dollars and it will be paid.

TO THE POINT.—There are some pretty sharp things in TRUTH's musings, but if you want a paper full of points, buy a paper of needles.

RUVED OUT.—A man was tried some little time back for stealing several clocks. The defence set up by the learned gentleman who appeared for him was this:—That, after the prisoner had taken the clock to his own house, he put 'em all back! The jury didn't see it!

NOT ALWAYS SO.—Sheep's eyes are a great feature with the ladies—they don't object to their being thrown at them.

A FAMILY TRAIT.—"This," said Captain Boosy, on his return from a journey, "is a hazel stick which I cut with my own hands on the Plains of Waterloo ten days ago." "Ah!" said civilian John Thomas, "the Boosys were ever renowned for 'cutting their sticks' on the field of battle."

GIVE IT UP?—Which river asks the most questions? Is it the Wye? If so, wherefore?

If a duck goes into the river for divers reasons, does he come on land for sun-dry purposes?

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—There is an old saying that "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." May be so, but it isn't always the case. When we find a fellow feeling for our watch, we are by no means inclined to be wondrous kind.

BEWARE!—Very sad. A railway traveler reported to have caught cold recently through sitting next a wet nurse.

VERY PROSPECTIVE.—The most likely thing to become a woman.—Why, a little girl.

A True Story, but Hard to Swallow.

An old lady, the other day, standing at the corner of King and Yonge streets, hailed a passing tram car, which stopped at her call.

"Good bye, then, my dear," said she to a female friend who had accompanied her, "I'll write and tell you how I got on, directly I've got there. You're got my address, haven't you? Not why, I thought I was it you. It's in this bag I suppose, under my pocket-handkerchief, and my keys, and my packet of sandwiches. Oh, I'll come to it directly. I'd better give it to you now, else when I write, I may forget to

send it. That's not it, is it? No, that's the prescription. There, there you are! And you won't forget to write? If you see Mrs. Brown, you must remember me kindly. She's a sweet woman, isn't she? And to think she should be married to such a brute! But that's the way of the world, all over. It's just like my poor dead sister, Maria, she was as meek as a lamb—never did a bad thing, or said a bad word to anybody, that ever I heard of. Drot that car-driver's impudence, if he hasn't driven on again! Now I shall have to wait for the next. And she did.

A Mother's Anxiety.

With gaudy flowers the cliff was gay,
Whither a child had crept to play,
And o'er the brink was bending;
The mother came—she saw her boy,
Her only care, her only joy,
One crag his fall suspending!

He stretch'd to reach the flowers below—
Ah! should she now to seize him go,
Some start or hasty action
Might plunge him headlong in the flood!
That thought with horror filled her blood;
'Twas anguish! 'twas distraction!

As none but mothers feel, she felt!
In trembling silence down she knelt,
And pray'd to heaven for pity!
Then from her breast the gauze remov'd,
And softly sang the tune he lov'd,
Some lullabying ditty.

He knew the song, which oft to rest
Had charm'd his ears, he knew the breast
Which food so oft had brought him;
And still she sung and still she wept,
And near and nearer crept and crept,
Till to her heart she caught him.

A Knock-Down Argument for the Heavens.

The other day, when the wind whistled sad-toned jigs around the Battery, a little old man entered a saloon in that vicinity and asked the barkeeper if he could leave some tracts there.

"A whole car-load, if you want to," was the prompt reply; and the little old man placed a package on a beer table and softly said:

"There's no nobler cause than the cause of the heathen. We should all contribute a small share of our worldly wealth to shed the Gospel light across the seas."

A pair of boxing-gloves were softly reposing on a table and the old man felt of them and went on:

"It makes me sad to see such sinful things lying around when the cost of one glove might save a dozen souls in Africa."

Three or four of the boys had dropped in, and the saloon keeper winked at them and replied:

"Do you want to earn five dollars for the heathen?"

"Verily I do."

"Put on the gloves with me and knock me down, and I'll ante up cash enough to convert a whole regiment of African sinners."

"The cause is noble, the inducement great," mused the little old man as he toyed with the gloves.

The boys encouraged him to go in, desiring to see him knocked wrong end up, and he finally got out of his overcoat, with the explanation:

"It can't be a sin to box for the cause of the heathen."

The saloonist meant to lift him over one of the tables at the first blow; but the blow was warded off very handsomely, and the little old man sighed:

"Ah, um! The heathen walk in wickedness, and they have souls to be saved."

"Look out now!" cried the saloonist, as he got in a left-hander.

"Verily, will I, and I will give thee one in return—for the heathen."

He struck a staggering blow, and the saloonist didn't feel quite so enthusiastic as on the start. He took the defensive, and he soon had all the work he could do.

"That's another for the ignorant minds on the far-off shore!" sighed the little old man as he knocked the saloonist against the wall.

There wasn't any "science" about him, but he struck to kill, and his arms were flying around like the spokes of a wagon-wheel.

"Don't crowd a feller," called out the saloonist as he was being driven back, and

he got mad and put in his hardest looks. He meant to smash the old man's nose as flat as window glass, but he could not do it. He got in two or three fair hits, and was beginning to regain his courage, when the aged stranger sorrowfully remarked:

"My friend, the heathen call, and I cannot tarry much longer. Take this one, and may it broaden your views on the heathen question. Receive this one in the spirit tendered, and you may be sure the five dollars shall be a beacon-light as far as it will go."

He delivered two sledge-hammer blows right and left, and the saloonist got the last on the ear as he dodged the first. He went over in beautiful style, and as he slowly regained his feet he felt in his vest pocket for the wager.

"If you'll come around here to-night and do that again I'll double the money!" he growled as he paid the wager.

"My road points toward Boston," softly replied the old man, "and I cannot tarry. Let us part friendly, for I only boxed thee for the heathen's sake. I gave to thee, thou hast given to the heathen, and so farewell."

—San Francisco Call

Coming to Terms.

One of the most distinguished artists in Paris painted for a lady occupying a brilliant position in society, her portrait, with the intention of placing it in an exhibition soon afterward. The lady, although for a long time celebrated for her beauty, had arrived at that age which is never admitted (fifty years), notwithstanding which she dissimulated, and was as amiable and graceful as in her younger days. Paris is full of resources, and cosmetics are to be obtained there to heal the wounds of all time.

Our heroine had her portrait taken in the most graceful attitude, with all possible advantages, splendidly dressed, and leaning on an arm-chair, smiling in the looking-glass which should return her the most amiable compliments. The painter made a most striking likeness, but this was a great mistake—a flattering one was expected, and the lady subsequently declared that she did not recognize herself in this painting, and the portrait was left on the painter's hands.

This was a double injury. Attacked in his pride of talent, and in his finances, he had not philosophy enough to see a portrait worth three thousand francs left coolly on his hands, and an idea of vengeance presented itself to his mind, which he put into execution at once.

A few days before the one fixed for the private reception of pictures at the Louvre, the lady was secretly informed that her portrait was ornamented with certain accessories rather compromising to her. She went immediately to the artist, and there was the portrait, the same striking likeness, certainly; but the painter had thinned the hair on the head of the picture, and the lady so faithfully painted, held in her hand two large tresses of false hair. On the toilet were several boxes of small bottles, labeled thus—"to wash," "vegetable red," "cosmetic to efface wrinkles," "blonde-water to dye the hair in a minute."

"It is abominable," said the lady, greatly excited.

"Of what do you complain?" coolly replied the artist. "Have you not declared that it is not your portrait? You are right, it is a mere fancy sketch, and it is with that view I shall present it to the public."

"What, sir, do you intend to exhibit this painting?"

"Certainly, madam; but as a cabinet picture, as the catalogue will indicate it under the title of 'The Coquette of Fifty Years.'"

At this the lady fainted, and on her recovery immediately paid for the portrait. The accessories were elicited in her presence, the portrait restored to its original state, and the three thousand francs transferred to the purse of the painter.

Boasting of her industrious habits, an Irish housemaid said she rose at five, made her fire, put on the kettle, prepared the breakfast, and made all the beds before any one else rose up in the house.

A Novel Strike.

A teacher finding it difficult to obtain the prompt attendance of the boys in her class, resolved to adopt a plan which she felt sure would be successful. She said to the boys: "Now I will give a bright new cent to each one who will be in their places every Sunday."

The plan seemed to work well until one Sunday not a boy appeared in his place. The teacher was surprised and somewhat discouraged that her plan had not succeeded. But the next day, while walking down the street and thinking what to do next, she met one of the boys and said to him:

"Well, Johnnie, were were you yesterday?"

"At home, mum."

"But why did you and the other boys not come to Sunday-School and get your new cents?"

"O, teacher, 'cause we've struck; we won't come for less than five cents now."

We are not informed as to how long the strikers held out, or whether the advance was granted.

The Censor of the Press.

Talk about the censor in France; why it is a mere nothing compared to what it is in Russia. A dramatic author who had adopted the title of "Slave of his Passions," for a one-act comedy, was summoned to appear before some general with a long name, ending in *off*, all booted and armed and rolling his eyes in a terrible rage. "Are you not aware, sir," said the general, "that slavery is abolished in Russia? the mere mention of the word constitutes an offence of the first magnitude. You will therefore have to alter the title of your piece." "And what title shall I give it?" "The Negro of his Passions!" "Oh!" "You can either take it or leave it alone! You may go!" The author "took it," and the "Negro of his Passions" had a tremendous success in St. Petersburg. [Nouvelles a la Main.

A Railway Incident.

An old lady sat in a railway carriage with the love of a little dog on her lap. Opposite sat a young man. The latter, in a fit of abstraction, took a cigarette out of his pocket and stuck it into his mouth, without asking anybody's permission. The old lady, exasperated at this want of propriety, snatched the cigarette from him, and, throwing it out of the window, shrieked out "I don't like it!" A few minutes afterwards the little dog began to bark. The young man, delicately, and with the greatest precaution, seized the animal by the scruff of the neck, and sent it after his cigarette; then, making a polite bow to his travelling companion, he said, "I don't like it either!"—*Le Figaro*.

Curious comments by a judge, even in the presence of the prisoner, though extremely rare, are not unprecedented. Mr. Justice Maule once addressed a phenomenon of innocence in a smock-frock in the following words: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent; I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common-sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you 'guilty'; and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be kept in imprisonment for one day; and as that day was yesterday you may go about your business." The unfortunate rustic, rather scared, went about his business, but thought that law was an uncommonly puzzling thing.

A certain church has been struck by lightning a dozen times, and now, when the preacher shows signs of getting long-winded and pausing from his "sermon" to his "eighty-third," the organist slyly imitates the sound of approaching thunder on the pedals. The result is that the preacher finishes his sermon and starts the doxology in an amazingly short time. The congregation has increased the salary of that organist.

"When I was a young man," says Billings, "I was always in a hurry to hold the big end of the log and do all the lifting; now I seize hold of the small end and do all the grunting."