Tid-Bits.

GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

BE SURE AND READ THIS.

The publisher of Taure is determined to amuse and benefit his patrons as far as lice in his power. He cheerfully chares with them the profits of the publication of Taure.

and benefit his patrons as far as lice in his pawer. He cheerfully shares with them the profits of the publication of Tarris.

Every week a prize of freenty dollars in gold will be given to the actual subveriber sending in for this page the best Tid-bit, containing a moral, a pun, yout, joke or paroly, either original or scheed. Cut it from any paper, copy it from any paper and send that it from the published in the paper copy copy in a paper and severy auberriber is invited to inform the publisher which number or it has been any copy if of this issue. Cut this out, fill opy your favorite number and paste it on a pust-card, or put it in an unscaled entelope and send to Tarris office at once, it will only cost you one cent of post-cape in either case.

To provent others than subcribers from voting the coupans only will count.

You are invited to send in your tete. Also to send in your Tid-lilis 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 inferenting of all.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mrs. C. C. Harvey, Cobourg, desires to acknowledge the twenty dollars received for prize tid-bit, published in TRUTH of Jan. Atth.

22 Will each recipient please send an ac knowledgment?

[63]

An Acrostic

TRUTH, of all the papers less, Even high above the rest I yeard allil the course pursue, Tecasities weeker bring to view; Hall, dear Tattii, we welcome you

Max. F. Guirrine London Township, Ont

To "Truth."

You ask us to send you a tid-bit.
This truly a pleasure should be,
When we, with food expectation,
Would be giadly rewarded by thee,
And yet for a moment when we pause at d think,
It makes us almost from this pleasure skrick.

For many the leaves of your paper do turn, They'll criticise rudity, and try to discern What the inner soul of the one may be That write this tables, And ent it to thee.

Woodville, King's Co., N. S. ASSIS R. KIDAR.

AND LICENSES OF THE PROPERTY O

A Glass of Gin.

Gin! Gin! A Glass of Gin.

Gin! Gin! A Glass of Gin! What mignified monsters encion therein! Engred and statused with fitch and must some udeque-jouled and some with libred! Shape of Misry, Shame, and Sin. Flarres that make us heathy and temble. Creatures water human that more resemble litreds of dialodical ain, Ghoule and Vangine, brunn availible Gin! the! A Glass of Gin! Toe Brame of Satan? The Laguage of Mis 2 Incillied from the fell Akunides of Mell for Guiltand Death, his oan bother and twin! That man might full Still once than all the meanest create as with so leand fin. Gin! Gin! A Glass of Gin! When dark! Adversity's day act in. And friends and the perm of earlier years. Cannot trace A tamiliar face. Because, proceed: I lie has no creat! A seed cost arria hole in that! No sole to his shee, and mo leant for heat; No credit. No cash. No told matter wround or heat; No credit. No cash. No told matter to his in the first process of the same are a first process. The first wround of heat; No credit. Till wear of fire its warry and steller. Elack visions are rile, of a rank, a lafter of the first wround are recorded to the street of a rank, a lafter of the first warry and steller. Elack visions are rile, of a rank of a line. The the that there is termen cantend.

It will them in the third of the min told took Misle Angels accrow, and Drumm glin to see him plunge into the black too Of his runt told took Misle Angels accrow, and Drumm glin to see him plunge into the black too Of his runt told took Misle Angels accrow, and Drumm glin to see him plunge into the black too Of his runt told took Misle Angels accrow, and Drumm glin to see him plunge into the black too Of his runt told took Misle Angels accrow, and Drumm glin to see him plunge into the black too Of his runt told took Misle Angels.

Kingsion, L. O. EIXTOX.

A Quiet Answer.

There came a tourist to an old German town, A clery man with somewhat a runtle air; Ills old college up and his clerical cost Hoth fooked most decidedly the worse for wear.

He happened one day at a table to dine, Where a number of young German students sat; They mide fun of his coat and his rustic sir, And asked the price of his anteditusian hat.

Don't you hear how they are making fun of you Or can't you speak German't asked one by side;

side ; "I am used to this kiwl of fue, for I am Chapisin of a lunatic asylum," be replied. Rossmere, Durdee P.O., Man.

That Mortgage.

We worked through spring and winter, through summer and through fall.

But the merigaze worked the hardest and the stealication of them all:

It worked on nights and Sundays, it worked each holicla;

It settled down among us and it never went away.

Whatever we kept from it seemed almost as bad as their:

theft;
It watched us every minute, and it ruled us right and life.
The rust and blight were with us sometimes, and sometimes not.
The dark-browed, scowling mortgage was forever on the spot.
The weedl and the cutworm they went as well as example.

The mortgage stayed forever, eating hearty all the same.
It ualled up every window, stood guard at every door.

noor, And happiness and mushine made their home with till with falling crops and sickness we got stalled upon the grade.

And here came a dark day come when the interest want total.

went trail.

And there came a sharp fercioners, smill kind o lost my bold.

And grow weary and discouraged, and the large, was cheaply sold.

The children left and scattered, when they hardly yet usan t jeski,

were grown; My w feshe pined and perished, an' I found myself Antine died of was a "mystery," and the doctors
neer hew;
But I knew shedied of mortgage—Just as well as f
wantot to.
If the trace a hilden sorrow were within the doctors

Taer'd he' found a mortgage on that women abroken

heat:
Worm or bettle, drought or tempest, on a farmors
hand may fell.
But for a first-class ruination, trust a mostgage
'gunst them all. New Hamburgh, Ont. Mrs. Wn. H. Ascus.

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"Truth." re-

Tauth-truth alone, la hight, hope, life, and power: Earth a parest thought from this liest dower Th. Islae and cril gree fice.

Let us reap mod deals from thee, For all things right are clad to froth's blood Tactive heart corries the unchitest prize, l'airer art thou than the sales

Regina, N. W. T.

LES W. G. PETHYORIL

On The Reception of "Truth." High's prized and loved companion, Pariner of my leliure hours, Thou to me ast ever welcome, As the earth the cooling showers.

On the fall unspotted pages.
Lace and truth together blend,
And I ever half the coming.
As some CM congunial friend.

E. STHONE 2 2 Maynard-street, Halifax, Sma Scolia.

> Origins'. The Other Shore-

The Utter Merce.

Income out to the sumet,
I. we in . The in early.

Methick I see the pear y gates.
And the threak of the to dien day.
I see a white hand in hon
Iterard your dend land shore,
And near a send gree soft yety.
Some a white hand in learn shore
And near the gill del a silent stray.
Now that of a given crown.
The postly gates are coning.
And the shadows fall around.
I drift along on the fiver,
On, on to the univers age.

the one-the unbown sea.

Ah' missischand from the abalous dad,
thou long till you be I on to me?

May Barein.

Arthalaskaville, Que.

The Last Dollar.

To the last or Hendellar, leit thing alone. We do builded companions are appared and

VI its 'wildest companies are measured.

Lead of the mintage reflect beids its hise,

Lead of the could be possible the million too.

It has been then then lone are, too long in successful the million and half them to generally indicate more suction, and half them to generally ask for no quarter, it is yeard and not space.

This my old tatterni pocket hangs continue and hare
Chingo.

William Grance.

From the Persian

"On parent knots, a naked new-born child. Weepling to on salet while all around thee stailed. So live that kinking in the last long sleep, Calus thou may stainlie while all around thee weep." 126 Maitland St., Montreal. K. W. PITTMAN

Mud Pies.

[Written on socing children making mud ples by the roadside.]

"Ye little workers in the sand, So pure of heart, so foul of hand, The noblest work man can devise Boasts little more than your mud ples,

"We sow, we resp, we toll, we trust, All for a little heap of dust, And when at last life's setting sun Scarce finds our little work begun. Twere well could we like you depart With world's soil on the hands, not heart. Toronto. ETTA MCKINNA.

Gems of Truth.

Wins applause by age and south.
Tatrn is ever in the right.
Seek it then with all the might.
Tatrn is ears nothing but convealment,
Nutractice, it is a shield and helpment.
Than thou hast won a glorious prize
That will guide thee to the slies.
Come old and soung from east and west,
Subscribe for Trans, Toronto's leat.

Boyceville, Wis. MRS. N. L. BLIRRERY.

-Selected On one occasion a Scotch laird was waited on by a neighbor to ... request his since as an accomodation to a "bit bill" for 10 at three months, which led to me characteristic colloquy:

"Na, na, I compared that "Why for no, leigh? Ye has dune the

same thing for others."

Ay, ay, Tammas, but there's wheels within wheels you ken sattling about; 1 canna dae's.

"It's a sins' affair to refuse me, laint.
"Weel, we see, Tammas my name till't, ye " the tiller from the lank, and where the lank, and where wadna he really assorthen you at me wadnated, as lang as the siller's in ma pouch."

Rochester, N. Y. C. C. CARRIE, It's a sins' affair to refuse me, lain!

When Dame Fortune wants a man she calls for him," says a philosopher. Very often she finds him not at home. Frequently he is down in a room saying how lucky some men are, and complaining that every-thing seems dead against him.

Dundas, Ont. MARY MARKS.

1821 -Selected The Boy's Estimate of His Mother's Work.

"My mother gets me up, makes the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off, said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up, gets his breakfast, and sends him ff. Then she gives the other children their breakfest, and sends then; to a hool; and then she and the baby lizve their break-

"How old is the baby :" asked the reposter.
"Oh, she is most two! but she can talk

"Un, and in must care, called and malk as well as any of us"
"Are you well paid;"
"I get \$4 a week, and my fathers gets

22.50 a day."
"How much does your mother got?"
With a bewildered look the key said Mother? Why she don't work for any

healy."
"I thought you said she worked for all of

"Oh, yes! for us she does, but there isn't any money in it,"
Pert Hope. L. R. M.

"Courtes; opens many deors," says the old adage. "This may be true as far as it goes," says a commentator : "but you might stand before a bank building and courtesy tell your spinal column was as limber as an old postage stamp, yet the doors wouldn't swing back on their binges worth a cent. Brantford. M. MARTINE.

-Selectal

[84] -Selected An Indian Shareholder's Answer to a "Call."

The sourctary of a gold mine in India, having sent an imperative demand to a certain shareholder for the payment of a "call," received the following reply: "Dear Sir-I have your letter of this date, and note that your directors propose to proceed against me. Your prospectus stated that one of the objects of your company was to seek, win, and work gold in India and else. where.' Things not turning out well in India, your directors apparently consider it India, your directors apparently consider it their duty to seek, win, and work gold release here'—i., out of mo. I can assure you, however, that I am not in an auriferouvein, and as a gold mine I shall be a failure. Your prospectus estimated a yield of occounce of gold per ton on thirty thousand tons of quartz crushed per annum—£10,500 sterling user annum. You may 'crush' me sterling per annum. You may 'crush' me, but you will find that I will not yield nearly so much. My person (which, for the purpose of this calculation, may be considered quartz) weighs, roughly speaking, tenstone, and, if crushed immediately, I estimate that it would yield as under—gold, nd. after, 3s.: copper, 4'dd. Total, 3s. 43d. Dedet cost of crushing—say, £5, 5s.—Yours failt.

St. Catharines. J. M. LANK

"Cleveland is Our President."

TSE DISERPRUOUR PRESIDEST SEDISERPRUOSOCRPRESIDES EDIS ERPRUOSIZOURPRESIDE DISCRPRUSIDIS OURPRESID SERPRUSIBNDIS OURPRESI SERPRUOSIDNANDISOURPRESERPRUOSIDNALANDISOURPRE RPR COSIDNALELAND ISOURPR PRU OSIDNALEVELANDISOURP COSIDNALEVELE VELANDISOUR OST DSALEVELCLEVELANDISO U OSID NALEVELE VELANDISOU E UOSI DNALEVE VELAND IS OUR PRUOSI DNALEVELAND I SOURP RPRUSIONALELANDISOURPR ERPRUSIONALANDISOURPRE SERPRUOSIDNAND IS OURPRES I BER PRUOSIDND I SOUR PRESI DISE RPRUGSIDI SOURPRESID EDI ERPRUOSIS OUR PRESIDE . SEPPRUOSO URPRESIDEN TNEDISER PRUOUR PRESIDENT

Can be read upwards of 5,000 different ways, by starting with the centre letter. C. and taking the most rigzag course to any of the four corners, viz: "Clereland is our President." Cincinnati, Ohio. Dr. P. L. CARTER.

A Chicken With a Defective Fine. A chicken with a clipped wing made

several ineffectual attempts to fly over a fence. An Irishman who witnessed the forts of the "chick" laughingly exclaimed:
"Regorra, she has a defective flew." Sherbrooke, Que.

[57] The End She Had in View--Selected

"I hardly think, my dear," said a husbad to his wife "that Bobby deserved a nhipping for getting his feet wet this afternoon.'

"Perlaps not." "Yerhaps not."
"Well, why did you anank him, then!
What particular end han yod in view?
"I had the same end in view that anybody would have when apanking a little
boy."

Toronto.

That Dreadful Young One-

"Manima," said a youngster of eight to is mother, "do you like to climb things?" "Climb, my child! Why, what a silly មួយខុះដីលា.."

"Taint allly, either. You must have tried to get onto a fence or something.

"Why, Wilie, you must be crary. That's

too funny foolish qu the cook, old pelica A colt 34 SOOII BE Bramp:

[89] " Wha day- scho "To be good boy "Were

> "Grea Buffalo

"Yes'r

"What

Not los Sanday-a facts of t d the d home to I tive con mother, l chiam aui the dust "Why "her. Ik

> Huntir [91]

been play

There which an another : still. T his parie my child when he skull is t was a yo is the ski Ottaw:

> [92] 11-19

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> [94] The Is

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FAD-C [Si] It's Th "The

Lr. Squ lettern. September 1

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