

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. It must be from any paper, copy it from any paper, copy it from any book, or coin it out of your head. A single sentence, if pertinent 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 time 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 prize. 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-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.

THE AWARD.

The award for the best tid-bit published in TRUTH of March 21st, is given to Number 183, an original poem on "The Plains of Abraham," by Mrs. E. Brown, an aged resident of Peterboro. The \$20 will be paid to her on application to this office. Number 202 came in a good second.

Every subscriber of TRUTH is invited to send in a coupon voting for his or her favorite tid-bit in this week's issue. The award will be impartially made according to the number of votes received. The blank coupon will be found on the first page of the cover.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Miss Kate Watson, Toronto, acknowledges with pleasure the receipt of \$20 gold, awarded her for the best tid-bit published in TRUTH of March 14th.

If contributors to this department will kindly send more prose tid-bits and fewer poetical ones they will confer a favor.

(273)

The Whistle.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart who stood While he sat on a corn-stack at daylight's decline. "You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood? I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? tell me," she said. While an arch smile played over her beautiful face. "I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid Would fly to my side, and would here take her place."

Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours "Without any magic," the fair maiden cried; "A favor so slight one's good nature requires." And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm Would work so, that not even mole's cheek Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm: She smiled, and the lady her face arm round his neck."

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine Would bring me the third time an exquisite kiss: You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine And your lips, stealing past, it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent eyes: "What a fool of yourself with your whistle you'd make! For only consider, how silly 'twould be To sit there and whistle for—what?—at night take!" Overboard. W. A. McCANN.

(274)

The Tapestry-Weavers.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no woman can braver be— From the ways of the tapestry-weavers on the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care; And while their fingers deftly work their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding weaver; He works on the wrong side overmore, but works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned, That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvellous skill is learned.

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost! No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well, And how happy the heart of the weaver is no tongue but his can tell.

H.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun, Wherein we are weaving away, till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate; We may not see how the right side looks—we can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath need to fear; Only let him look clear into Heaven—the Perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Saviour forever and away in sight; His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.

And when the task is ended, and the web is turned and shown, He shall hear the voice of the Master, it shall say to him, "Well Done!"

And the white-winged Angels of Heaven, to lead him hence shall come down, And God shall give him gold for his hire—not coin, but a crown.

Samia, Ont.

M. V. SMITH.

(275)

—Selected.

A Place for Every Man and Every Man in His Place.

"The Brewers should go to Malta go,
The Lorry-drivers to Sicily;
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
The Furriers all to Chili."

From Spithard Cooks go over to Greece;
And while the Miser waits
His passage to the Guinea coast,
Spindrifts are in the Straits.

Episterns should to the Needles go,
Wine-bibbers to Burgundy,
Gourmands should lunch at Sandwich Isles,
Wags in the Bay of Bandy.

Musicians! harken to the Sound—
The suppliant Priest to Rome;
While still the race of Hypocrites
At Canton are at home.

Lovers should hasten to Great Hope—
To some Cape Horn is pain;
Debtors should go to the—
And failors to the Maine.

Mr. Bachelors, to the United States!
Maiden to the Isle of Man;
Let Gardeners all to Japan go,
And Shoeblicks to Japan.

Thus emigrants and misplaced men
Will no longer vex us;
And all that aren't provided for
Let better go to Texas!"

Irrequois, Ont.

TANZIE McCANN.

(276)

A Test.

"What would you do," asked the German black, Of the grimy engineer,
"If suddenly upon the track A woman should appear?
And suppose you were running a little behind,
With your gaze chock up to—
And the woman was dead and dumb and blind,
And couldn't hear whistle or bell?"

"No?" cried the engineer,
With a look of odd disdain:
"I'd get out there and leave you here
To take your chance with the train!
I'd stretch out on that pilot plate,
And the woman I would watch
Before she knew whether we were freight,
Express, wild or derelict!"

"That," said the German, "I call game!"
And he stretched in the coal,
And wondered if he'd do the same,
In a similar kind of game.
And the headlight cast a long, thin stream,
Through the night of dismal black,
When suddenly there came the scream
Of a woman on the track!

"Jump!" shrieked the German, "There she goes!"
But the engineer sat still,
And a woman's sorrow, joy, and woe
Were taken like a pill.
"Why didn't you get out on the pilot plate?"
That was the place for you!
"Why didn't you try to arrest her fate,
As you boasted you would do?"

"My friend," said the grimy engineer,
With apologetic cough,
"That woman knew but trouble here,
And now she's better off.
Besides, by grinding her to hash,
A good, fat thing I draw.
The road will pay five thousand cash,
And she was—my mother-in-law!"
Pierpont, Mich. C. A. FOWLER.

(277)

To Spring.

—Original.

Now, Spring is fast approaching,—the mighty lord of day
Has left the southern tropic, bound to Cancer on his way;
Emitting his electric beams around within his sphere,
Electrically Uranus, throughout its length-and-bread year.

Through the ethereal ocean of Atoms that abound,
The great Imperial Motor sends electric force around,
And sets them all in motion,—the most minute globules,
Then, with centripetal tendency, they form Molecules.

And then, by gravitation, these molecules through time,
Will also seek a centre, and in myriads combine,
These molecules will yet be globes, and, around some other sun,
Move, each in its own orbit, as other globes have done.

Creation ever has gone on,—and ever will, you see,
Without one Jewish myth, or one forbidden tree—
Pray, pardon this digression, I mean to welcome Spring,
With all her grand attendants that to us such pleasures bring.

The lord of day marks out her path, and thus prepares the way
For this great queen of nature, with all her grand array;
She will deck our lawns with roses, our fields with lovely green,
Our gardens with choice flowers, delightful to be seen.

She will call those drowsy sleepers from their long night of rest,
And marshal them in order, in various colors dressed.
She imparts all vegetation, gives vigor to the vine,
Without Ceres or Bacchus she will give us bread and wine.

O, beautiful Spring, couldst thou remain evermore with me,
My vigor and my youth also, how happy I should be.
Charlottetown, P. E. I. CHARLOTTE McEACHY.

(278)

—Selected.

1st of April.

"A, man, in its unvaried round,
Brings yearly year old April back,
Still, as of yore, we're ever found,
Upon the same dull, beaten track.
A lot of folks who undertake
Of other people fools to make,
And who, by making fools of others,
Most clearly prove themselves their brothers."

Box 373, Peterboro' P. O.

T. BARNIE.

(279)

—Selected.

A Remarkable Poem.

Cling to the Mighty One,
Cling in thy grief,
Cling to the Holy One,
He gives relief;
Cling to the Gracious One,
Cling in thy pain;
Cling to the Faithful One,
He will sustain.

Cling to the Living One,
Cling to thy woe;
Cling to the Living One,
Through all below;
Cling to the Pardoning One,
He speaketh peace;
Cling to the Healing One,
Anguish shall cease.

Cling to the Bleeding One,
Cling to His side,
Cling to the Given One,
In Him abide;
Cling to the Coming One,
Hope shall abide;
Cling to the Reigning One,
Joy lights thine eyes.

Toronto, 51 Temperance St.
Maeon WATKIN.

(280)

—Selected.

Some go to Church.

Some go to church just for a walk;
Some to stare, and laugh, and talk;
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some their idle time to spend;
Some for general observation;
Some for private speculation;
Some to seek or find a lover,
Some a courtship to discover;
Some go there to use their eyes,
And newest fashions criticize;
Some to show their own smart dress,
Some their neighbors to assess;
Some to scan a robe or bonnet,
Some to prize the trimming on it;
Some to learn the latest news,
That friends at home they may amuse;
Some to gossip, false and true,
Safe hid within the sheltering pew.
Some go there to please the sexton,
Some his daughter to admire;
Some to lounge, and come to lawn;
Some to claim the parish dole;
Some for bread and some for crumbs,
Some because it's thought to count;
Some to vaunt their pious soul,
Some to show how sweet they sing;
Some how loud their voices ring,
Some the preacher go to hear,
His strident voice to praise or jeer,
Some forgiveness to implore;
Some their sins to warble o'er,
Some to sit, and doze, and nod,
But few to kneel and worship God.

Bridle, N. Y.

WM. MAM.

(281)

A Swarm of Bees Worth Having.

"B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B kind,
B wise as Solon, B meek as a child,
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B mild,
B cautious, B prudent, B truthful, B true,
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few,
B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine,
B careful of conduct, of money, of time,
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, B benignant, willing to learn,
B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B smiling, B humble, because thou art dust,
B active, devoted, B faithful to death,
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure,
B dependant, B Christian, and 'you'll be secure"
Dollar, Scotland. JOHN HOSACK.

(282)

Two Sides to a Question.

I was watching the postman this morning—
Watching and waiting to see
If out of his well-filled budet
He was bringing one letter to me,
Until, as I lingered and wondered,
And doubted and hoped, why, it came—
My letter—and bore in one corner
A mystic device and a name.

A name so far-famed that—no matter,
You'll guess it directly, I know;
And the symbol—a hand just extending
A torch to a hand held below.
"That device," so I said, as I viewed it,
"Is full of bright meanings for me;
'I illumine the hopes half-extinguished,'
Yes, thus says the torch, I can see."

Meanwhile, in a flutter of pleasure,
I opened the mislaid; and, lo! I
Instead of kind words of acceptance,
The editor coolly said no.
Not even a reason to soften
The force of the terrible blow;
But "regrets," and "oh, 'd you decline it,"
And "thanks," and "ours truly," you know.

Now when I retold my letter,
And studied that symbol once more,
How far its significance varied
From the meaning I fancied before!
That torch was the symbol of one's
It seemed to say plainly: "You duncie,
Ignite all the trash you dare write,
And make a good bonfire at once!"
Rylston P. O. SCRAH D. ALLEN.

(283)

—Selected.

Tennis in the Snow.

Who tennis play on Winter's day,
Meet he enthusiastically;
There's many a fall 'twixt hat and bill,
When shoes won't to the grass stick.

Then Cupid's dart will reach a heart
Through triple furs instantly.
While Love, 'tis said, will turn a head
Even in a "Tain o' Shanter."

Still Nature shows colour de rose,
Still compliments are pleasing;
While pangs are felt, and eyes will melt,
Although the pipes be freezing.

Somaldern fair, beware, beware,
Of tennis in the snow time;
Or you'll be apt, though warmly wrapped,
To lose your hearts in no time.

Rousselle, Man. W. F. CLEVELAND.

(284)

—Selected.

What a Wife Is.

Lord Erskine declared at a large party
that "a wife was a tin canister tied to one's
tail," upon which Sheridan, who was
present, presented to Lady Erskine the follow-
ing lines:—

Lord Erskine at women presuming to rail,
Calls a wife a tin canister tied to one's tail;
Art fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on
Seems but at his Lordship's degrading comparison;
But when foreboding I considered arieth;
A canister's polished, and useful and bright;
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.
Kingston, Ont. A. ROBERT.

(285)

—Selected.

A Model Love-Letter.

The great love I have hitherto expressed for you
is false, and I find my indifference towards you
increases daily; the more I see of you the more
you appear in my eyes an object of contempt.
I feel myself every day disposed and determined
to hate you. Believe me, I never had an intention
to ever say hand, nor last conversation has
it a tedious insipidity, which has no more
given me the most exalted idea of your character.
Your temper would make me extremely unhappy,
and if we are united, I should experience nothing but
the hatred of my parents, added to the everlasting dis-
pleasure, in living with you. I have indeed a heart
to bestow, but I do not desire you to imagine it
at your service. I could not give it to anyone more
inconsistent and capricious than yourself, and less
capable to do honor to my choice and family.
Yes, miss, I hope you will be persuaded that
I speak sincerely, and you will do me the favor
to avoid me. I shall excuse you taking the trouble
to answer this; your letters are always full of
impertinence, and you have not a shadow of
wit and good sense. Adieu! Adieu! I believe me
so adverse to you, that it is impossible for me ever
to be your most affectionate and humble servant.
P. S.—Read from first every second line to change
the meaning.

Drecksille, Ont.

MISS A. WILKINSON.