

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 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 let it be much more than 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 premium.

A printed form of coupon will be found in the last column of page 27 of this issue. Cut this out, fill in 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.

TID-BIT AWARD.

The voting for the favorite Tid-bit in TRUTH of Feb. 14th, was lively and pretty well scattered, but there is a clear majority for No. 17, the production of Addie House, of Delhi, Iowa. The prize will therefore be paid to her on application. Number 25 came in for a good second, and several others received a handsome number of votes. The award for the best published on the 21st ult. will be announced next week. Send in your votes at once.

(110)

Advice.

BY ELLA DUNHAM.

I must do as you do! Your way, I own,
Is a very good way; and still,
There are sometimes two straight roads to a town,
One over, one under the hill.

You are trading the safe and well worn way,
That the prudent choose each time;
And you think me rash and reckless to-day,
Because I prefer to climb.

Your path is the right one, and so is mine;
We are not like peas in a pod,
Compelled to lie in a certain line,
Or else be scattered abroad.

There's a dull old world, methinks my friend,
If we all went just one way;
Yet our paths will meet, no doubt, at the end,
Though they lead apart to-day.

You like the shade and I like the sun;
You like an even place,
I like to mix with the throng and run,
And then rest after the race.

I like danger, and storm, and strife;
You like a peaceful time;
I like the passion and surge of life;
You like its gentle rhyme.

You like buttercups, dewy sweet,
And crocuses framed in snow;
I like the roses torn of the heat,
And the full carnations glow.

I must live my life, not serve my friend,
For so it was written down;
We must follow our own given paths to the end,
But I trust we shall meet in town.
Rosedale, Mo. Ida. Mrs. S. E. FISCHER.

(111)

The Sailor Boy's Farewell to the Family

Wait, wait ye winds, while I repeat
A parting signal to the fleet,
Where station is at home!
Oh! wait the sailor's earnest prayer,
And let it oft be whispered there,
While other climes I roam!

Farewell to father—goodbye bulk!
Who, spite of metal, spite of bulk,
Must soon his cabin slip!
But ere he's broken up, I'll try
The flag of gratitude to fly,
In honor to the ship.

Farewell to mother—first-rate she,
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,
And reared me for a sailor's life!
May Providence her limbs spare!
And keep her hull in good repair
To tow the smaller craft!

Farewell to sister—lovely yacht!
Whether she'll be maimed or not,
I cannot now foresee!
But may some ship a tender prove,
Well found in store of faith and love,
To take her under lee!

Farewell to George—the jolly-boat!
And all the little craft afloat
In life's delightful bay;
Until they reach maturer age,
May wisdom take the weather gauge
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all on life's rude main!
Perchance we ne'er shall meet again
Through stress of stormy weather!
Till, summoned by the Lord above,
We may unite in peace and love,
And all be moored together.

Box 126, Hinsdale, Ill. Mrs. W. H. SWALL.

(112)

A Model Woman.

I know a woman wondrous fair—
A model woman elsewhere,
Who never runs her neighbor down
When she goes out to sea.

She never goes after church
In dresses or of hats;
She never meets the sewing school
And joins them in their spats.

She never beats a salesman down
Nor asks for pretty plaques;
She never asks the thousand things
Which do his patience tax.

These statements may seem very strange—
At least they may to some—
But just remember this, my friends,
The woman's deaf and dumb.

North Pelham, Ont. ELLA DUNHAM.

(113)

The Great Sheepfold.

De mass ob de sheepfol',
Dat guant de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar de long night rain begin—
Is he call to de herdin' shep'd,
Is my sheep, is dey all come in?

O, den says de herdin' shep'd,
Dey's some dey's black and thin,
And some dey's po' of wodd's,
But de res dey's all bring in,
But de res dey's all bring in.

Den de mass ob de sheepfol',
Dat guant de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So be de down de he's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof, Come in, Come in,
Callin' sof, Come in, Come in!

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
Tro' de col' night rain and win,
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-pat,
Whar de shep' fa' pie'd'n thin,
De po' for sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in:
De po' for sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

Galesburg, Ont. R. Q. ESTERDALE.

(114)

A Kingly Heritage.

The rich man's son inherits care;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble phrase,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants;
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the paria
Of tolling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wears in his easy chair;
A heritage it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a slow heart,
A hardy frame, a harder heart;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toll and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wholesome joy with humble things,
A rank adjusted by toll-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor;
Courage if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Fort Maria, Jamaica. FRANKIE LUTER.

(115)

The Siab.

[The following little poem, written by Will Wallace Harvey, was first published some years ago, when the writer thereof was one of the editors of the Louisville Democrat. George D. Prentice pronounced it a "perfect gem."]

On the road, the lonely road,
Under the cold white moon;
Under the rugged trees he strode,
Whistled and whistled his heavy load;
Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step, timed with his own,
A figure that slooped and bowed;
A cold white blade that flashed and shone,
Like a splinter of daylight downward thrown,
And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good
The barn fowl woke and crowed,
Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood,
And the brown owl called to him in the wood,
That a man lay dead in the road.

Princeton, Ont. S. J. CROSBY.

(116)

Three Lessons.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a golden pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! though clouds environ round,
And sadness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm'st of storm, the tempest's mirth,
Know this, God rules the fate of Heaven,
The inhabitants of earth!

Have Love! not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul,
Hope Faith, and Love; and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges maddest roll,
Light, when thou else wert blind.

Woodlands, Ont. EFFIE CAMPBELL.

(117)

Dedicatory Acrostic.

TRUTH, thou greatest amongst the virtues,
Whom power is held for thee,
United will, fields and demons
Thrust their suaves along thy way.
Hold thou own and fear no evil,
Natan o'er thee can't get away.

Be and lone they've stirred thy fortress,
Ill reports they've raised to shame,
Righteous thou've made thy progress,
Till now, they tremble at thy name.
I see thy power, O TRUTH! till thine
Exalted readers forth shall shine,
Serenely blest by thee, before the Guide divine.

DONALD J. MACMILLAN.

Turtle Lake, Parry Sound, Ont.

(118)

A Sweetheart's Suggestion.

Pat Kelly was taking a ride
On an elegant summer's morning,
And Kathleen's love by his side,
Bright smiles set faces adorning.

And she looked so tidy and neat,
Her figure so plump and trim,
No girl half so pretty and sweet
Had ever appeared to him.

Said Pat: Your eyes are so blue
And your lips so temptingly red,
They're the prettiest I ever knew,
And belong to the colleen I'd wed.

"Ah! darling, if it wasn't this haste
That's pulling my poor arms apart,
They would tenderly steal round your waist,
And yourself be pressed to my heart.

"For my love's that powerful shade
Without you I cannot survive."
The Kathleen blushed and said:
"Mr. Kelly, perhaps I could drive!"

Owen Sound, Ont. W. A. McCLELLAN.

(119)

An Acrostic.

This nineteenth century can boast
Of books, a formidable host—
Rude critics away the public mind,
Opinions are not always kind.
No book in its complete address
Takes rank with TRUTH'S success,
Or in its wide spread usefulness.

Teaching the young to search the Word aright,
Making a flag whose emblem plainly say
Into each heart on danger's awful brink,
That nothing can be half so vile as drink.
Homo thus becomes refined by TRUTH, I think.
22 Young st., Halifax, N. S. Mrs. J. HOSKIN.

(120)

Acrostic and Prayer.

Kharoun has fallen. Ah, sad news.
How England's heart with grief is riven,
And statesmen, warriors, rally now,
Roused into action. Help them, Heaven:
To thee may every British heart,
Oh, Lord, send up a cry, for Thou
Unto the needy heeds an ear:
May Thou, Lord, answer speedily now.

Oh, Thou who madest thy power known
In Egypt's land in days of yore,
Hear us, Oh Lord, and show thy might,
And save Thy people as before.

The race is not always to the swift,
Nor yet the battle to the strong,
Not to the Lord of Hosts, always,
All power and majesty belong.

Oh, cover our soldiers with Thy cloud,
By Thy pillar guide their way,
And may brave Wesley victory gain—
The great I AM his strength and stay.
Box 112, Kilmadine, Ont. Mrs. JESS BUSTON.

(121)

Alliterative Poetry.

THIS NIGHT ON BELGRADE.

An Austrian army awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery beleaguered Belgrade;
Cossack commanders, commanding come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
Every endeavor endeavoring away.
For fame, for fortune—fighting furious fray;
Generals' general's graceful graces God!
How honors heroes' heroic hardihood.
Infatuate, indelicate in ill,
Kinsmen kill kinsmen, kinsmen killed kill;
Labor low levels lowest, longest live;
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murder
ous mire.

Now noly, noxious numbers—notice nought
Of outward obstacles—opposing out;
For patriots—partly purchased, partly premed—
Quite quaking, quickly quarter, quarter quest
Reason returns—religious right redounds—
Swarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
True to thee, Turkey; triumph to thy train—
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine.
Vanish vain victory, vanish victory vain;
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome we
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviers?
Yield ye youths, ye youths, yield your yell,
Z no's, Zapatus, Zoroaster's zeal,
And all attracting arms against appeal.
Cacadees, P. Quebec. NEIL ATKINSON.

(122)

Truth and Light.

Pen and truth in beauty bold,
As if entwined in lands of gold,
The pen to mark the fleeting hour,
And truth to guide the mighty power.

And then a lamp to give us light
Through the dark and dreary night,
Fit emblems of the honored name
That gained for thee a world-wide fame.

And when we overturn the leaves,
We find them filled with golden sheaves;
Sheaves of prose and stanzas of rhyme,
While each TRUTH marks a week of time.

Then truth and light go hand in hand,
And sow pure seed throughout the land.
Now, I leave thee to thy duty,
"As I saw thee in thy beauty."

Glen Morris, Ont. ROSE ROSE.

(123)

"Honor to Tid-Bits."

An aunt of mine a hearth-rug made,
Of cloth she cut and knit bits;
And when upon the floor 'twas laid,
It made me think of Tid-Bits.

For aunt had well arranged her rug,
In corners she had fit bits,
And shaped it out all neat and snug,
Just like a page of Tid-Bits.

The sources whence the rug was drawn
Were various, like the wit bits
That point the morals and adorn
The tales we read in Tid-Bits.

The sailor's jacket might be traced,
And from the soldier's kit, bits
My aunt obtained, and nicely placed,
Like anecdotes in Tid-Bits.

The colors ranged from gay to grave;
Sometimes she had to spit bits,
And all her friends were asked to save,
Like those who send to Tid-Bits.

The hearth-rug seemed to cure your woes;
It made you want to sit bits,
And rest your limbs, and warm your toes,
The while you read your Tid-Bits.

Sure such a hearth-rug ne'er was planned,
And such a book ne'er writ: bits
Have found their way from many a land,
To all them both with Tid-Bits.

To each we wish a long career,
That when this scene is quit, bits
May still be found from year to year,
In hearth-rug and in Tid-Bits.

BARBARA H. ROSEKOPF.

Portage la Prairie, Man.

(124)

Mixed up Slightly.

Here is a little article from the pen of Mark Twain giving an account of a visit while in New York, to the great Bible House:

Still on the fifth floor is a huge room with nineteen huge Adams steam presses, manned by women, (four of them uncommonly pretty too) snatching off Bibles in Dutch, Hebrew, Yarnyam, Cherokee, etc., at a rate that was truly, fructifying to contemplate.

(I don't know the meaning of that word, but I heard it used somewhere yesterday, and it struck me as being an unusually good word. Any time that I put in a word that doesn't balance the sentence good, I would be glad if you would take it out and put in that one.)

Adjoining was another huge room for drying the sheets, (very pretty girls in there, and young) and pressing them (the sheets I mean, not the girls.) They use hydraulic presses, (three of the prettiest were curls, and never a sign of a waterfall