

Tid-Bits.

GIFTS OF GOLD!

\$10.00, \$5.00, \$3.00, \$2.00.

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 four prizes, aggregating twenty dollars in gold, will be given to actual subscribers sending in for this page the best Tid-Bits, containing a moral, a pun, point, joke or parody, either original or selected. Copy them from any paper, copy them from any paper, copy them from any book, or coin them out of your head. A single sentence, if pungent or pointed, will do, but don't let them exceed thirty lines each. Be sure to send with each Tid-Bit fifty cents or 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 choicest of these Tid-Bits will be numbered and published in this page every week. Every subscriber is invited to inform the publisher which number is his or her favorite. The four numbers receiving the highest vote will be awarded premiums as follows: First, \$10.00; second, \$5.00; third, \$3.00; fourth, \$2.00.

A printed form of coupon will be found in the last column of page 2 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.

May 16th.

FIRST

Number 438, "Light Kids all the Rage Again," sent by Emma Parker, Barrie, Ont., having the greatest number of votes takes the first prize, of \$10.

SECOND.

Number 495, "The Art of Love Making," sent by J. C. Murphy, Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, comes second on the list, and consequently the prize of \$5 is awarded to him.

THIRD.

Number 415, "On the Rollers," sent by W. C. Boyle, Delhi, Ont., received the third largest number of votes, and will receive the \$3—the third prize.

FOURTH.

Number 433, "Underselling the Fellow Next Door," sent by Allie Arthurs, Rosedale, city, stands next on the list, and is therefore awarded the \$2—being the fourth prize.

All the above prizes will be paid on application.

Numbers 430, 426, 421, 420, 412 and 411, all had a number of admirers.

We should have a very much larger vote, and a very much greater number of competitors than we do, for the prizes offered. \$10, \$5, \$3, or \$2 can't be made as easily or pleasantly in any other way.

THE COMMITTEE.

(501)

A Young Lady's Soliloquy.

"Cleverly, cleverly, drifting through life,
What was I for? For somebody's wife,
I'm told by my mother. Well that being true,
Somebody keeps himself strangely from view.
And I naught but marriage will settle my fate,
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.
For though I'm not ugly—pray what woman is?
You might easily find a more beautiful girl:
And then, as for temper and temper, in plain
He who seeks for perfection will peep here in vain;
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is
Persevered.

And I should not feel grateful, "for better or worse."
To take the first body who graciously came
To offer those trappings, his home and his name.
I think then, my chances for marriage are small.
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are all of them younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not I?
I try.

I know that I'm not an adept
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept;
For this is the question that troubles my mind,
Why am I not trained up to work of some kind.
"Cleverly, cleverly, drifting thro' life,
Why should I wait to be 'somebody's wife'?"

Dorchester, N. B.

M. A. TAY.

(501)



Lord! for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to mortify my flesh,
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinkingly say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

And if to-day my life
Should ebb away,
Give me Thy Sacrament divine,
Sweet Lord, to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

MRS. A. B. CAMPBELL.

137 Duval Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

(502)

What is It?

It was whispered in Heaven, it was muttered in Hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth it was permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
It will be found in the sphere when it is severed
Asunder.

Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder;
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth and awaits him in death;
It presides o'er his happiness, honor and health,
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth.
Without it the soldier and seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expects it from home;
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor even in the whirlwind of passion be drowned:
'Twill not soften the heart, and though dial to the
car,

'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear;
Not in shade, let it rest like a delicate flower,
Oh! breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

Ans.—The letter H.

MRS. E. ROBERTSON

323 Front St. West, Toronto.

(503)

Spring.

"A bursting into greenness,
A waking as from sleep,
A twitter, and a warble,
That make the pulses leap;
A sense of renovation,
Of freshness and of health,
A casting off of sorrow's fear,
A carelessness of wealth,
A watching, as in childhood,
For flowers that, one by one,
Open their golden petals,
To woo the first sun;
A gush, a flash, a gurgle,
I wish to shout and sing,
As I fill with hope and gladness,
We had the vernal spring."

Sarnia, Ont.

JAMES THORNTON.

(504)

The Rumeller's Sign.

A gentleman was passing by
A shop where hung this sign,
"Here's where you buy your lager beer,
Cigars, and ale and wine."

And saw upon the cellar flap
A drunken woman lie,
Just as she fell, a heap of rage,
Remained unconsciously.

He hastened to the bar and said:
"Good sir, please open this way;
One of thy signs has fallen down,
'Tis going to decay."

The publican was stiff with glee,
His pot boy limp with wine,
And both came hobbling quickly out,
To raise the fallen sign.

"You fool!" they cried, "you must be mad!
What sign do you mean, and where?"
He pointed to the heap of rage,
And answered, "It is there."

"That is the sign these send abroad,
The public daily see—
The finest article these make,
Lost for eternity."

"Why don't these place it where 'Twill show,
Within thy window there,
As all respected tradesmen do,
Who show their finest ware."

"And label it, 'To order made,
Our manufacture fine,'
In lead of hearing it down there,
As though ashamed 'twas thine?"

Dorchester St., Montreal.

O. RUSSELL.

—Selected.

(505)

In Church—During the Litany.

"I'm glad we got here early, Nell;
We're not obliged to sit to-day
Behind those horrid Smith girls—well,
I'm glad they go so soon away.
How does this cushion match my dress?
I think it looks quite charmingly."
Bowed sweetly to the Smiths? "Oh! yes—"
Responds—Pride, vanity, hypocrisy.
Good Lord, deliver us.

II.

"I hate those haughty Courtenays!
I'm sure they needn't feel so fine
Above us all, for mamma says
Their dresses aren't as nice as mine.
And one's engaged, so, just for fun,
To make her jealous, try to win
Her lover—show her how 'tis done."
Responds—From her red, envy, mischief, sin,
Good Lord, deliver us.

III.

"To-day the Rector is to preach
In aid of missionary work;
He'll say he hopes and trusts that each
Will nobly give our duty shrift.
I hate to give, but then one must,
You know we have a forward seat;
People can see—they will, I trust."
Responds—From want of charity, deceit,
Good Lord, deliver us.

IV.

"Did you know Mr. Gray had gone?
That handsome Mr. Rogers, too?
Dear me! we shall be quite forlorn
If all the men leave—and so few!
I trust that we with cupid's darts
May capture some—let them beware."
Responds—Behold the sorrow of our hearts,
And, Lord, with mercy,
Hear our prayers!

253 Simcoe St., Toronto.

LOUISA A. JONES.

(506)

The Better Part.

Asking for earthly wisdom prayed; God gave the
boon he sought.
That king God's laws still disobeyed; he knew, but
did it not.
Ask thou, my child, a better boon; the wisdom from
above:
Nor think thy day of life too soon to learn a Sa-
viour's love.
Pray for what passeth human skill, the power God's
will to do.
Read thou that thou mayest do His will; and thou
shalt know it too.

And what if much be still unknown, thy Lord shall
teach thee that.
When thou shalt stand before His throne, or sit as
Mary sat,
Wilt thou be still His will disclose things now beyond
thy reach.
But listen not, my child, to those who the Lord's se-
crets teach:
Who teach thee more than He has taught; tell more
than he reveal'd;
Preached tidings which He never brought, and read
what he left sealed.

Killegar, Ireland.

MARY E. GILPIN.

(507)

"The Child's Way to Heaven."

"Ob, I am weary of earth," said the child,
As it gazed with tearful eye
On the snow-white dove that it held in its hand,
"For whate'er I love will die."

So the child came out of its little bower,
It came, and looked abroad,
And it said, "I am going this very hour:
I am going to Heaven and God."

There was golden light where the sun had set,
And red and purple, too,
And it seemed as if earth and Heaven met
All round in the distant blue.

The light streamed through from the cloud's dark face
It seemed as if 'twere risen;
Said the child, "I will go to that very place,
For it must be the gate of Heaven."

So off it set to follow the sun,
But the Heavens were wild and gray;
And always, the faster it tried to run,
They seemed to go faster away.

Then evening shades fell heavily,
And night drew cold and damp,
And each little star in the dark blue sky,
Lit up its silvery lamp.

It could not see before it well,
For the sun had sunk too low;
And at last it cried, for it could not tell
The way it wished to go.

So the child knelt down on the damp green sod
To say its evening prayer,
And it said to the good and holy God,
"Oh take me to Thy care."

Sweetly it slept, and long as sweet,
And the child forgot its pain;
In the place where earth and Heaven meet
We shall find that child again.

Battersea Park, Eng.

C. SACKE.

(508)

Woman's Will.

Mrs. dying make their wills—but wives
Escape a work so mad,
Why should they make a will at all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

Toquock, N. B.

WM. WALLACE DAVIS APPARACH.

—Original.

(509)

The Lesson of the Water Mill.

Listen to the water mill!
Through the long long day,
How the clicking of its wheel
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the green wood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Blending up the heavens.
And a proverb haunts my mind
As a spell is cast—
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

II.

Autumn leaves revive no more,
Leaves that once are shed;
And the sickle cannot reap
Corn once gathered.
And the ruffled stream flows on,
Tranquil, deep, and still,
Never gliding back again
To the water-mill.
Truly speaks the proverb old,
With a meaning vast:
"The mill can't grind
With the water that is past."

III.

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too.
Learn to make the most of life;
Leave no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while life lasts;
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

IV.

Work while yet the day's light shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill;
Wait not till the morrow's sun
Eclipses upon thy way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy "to-day."
Power and intellect and health
May not always last;
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

V.

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have dived by!
Oh, the good that might have been!
Lost without a sigh,
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Terrible unbearably,
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take and hold it fast!
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Stonema, Minn., U.S. MRS. E. K. RACE.

(510)

The two Pictures.

A young Alexandrian miss
Was asked by her beau for a kiss
Demurely contented,
She sweetly consented,
And their lips locked exactly like this—

OO

But her pa interrupted the bliss,
And said, "Who's this young fellow, sis?"
And without more ado
The young fellow flew
And his eyes looked exactly like this:

OO

Rale Verte, N. B.

GILBERT WELLS.

(511)

An old Man in a Stylish Church.

Well, w/e, I've been to church to-day;
It was a stylish one;
And since you cannot go from home
I'll tell you what was done
You would have been surprised to see
The things I saw to-day;
The air-ers all were dressed so fine,
They hardly knelt to pray.

My clothes were coarse, and so they knew
At once that I was poor;
They led the old man to a seat,
Circumlocuted by the door.
A stranger came, a man of wealth,
In costly robes arrayed;
Gold rings he wore, and room for him,
Was near the altar made.

I could not help but think it wrong
That he should sit so near,
For he was young, and I was old,
And very hard to hear.
But, then, I thought in yonder world
So pure, and free from sin,
How riches at the gate would beg,
While poverty goes in.

Too far to catch the preacher's voice,
I prayed for those about,
That God would make poor within,
As they were clothed without.
"The true, I am old and childish now;
But, then, I love to see
A Christian wear the simple garb
Of meek humility."