

Tid-Bits.

\$20.00 IN GOLD

Given Each Week for the

BEST TID-BIT.

Commencing with this issue will be given weekly in further notice, 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 otherwise 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 editor as worthy of the prize offered, we want to make this one of the most interesting prizes in TRUTH. The competition is open now. The first twenty dollars will be given immediately after the publication of our first issue in January. 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 (if it contains the necessary point) 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 immediately following the article. Address—Prize Tid Bit Committee, "TRUTH" Office, Toronto, Canada.

THE PRIZE TID-BIT.

SENT BY J. R. LAWSON, KUCIAD AVE., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Sleighting With a Belle.

Now along the snowy highway
Slip the cutter and the maiden,
And the fellow who is spoony,
And the great big robe of bear skin,
And the horse whose mouth is just a
Bout as hard as his harness
And the youth whose 'stache is sprouting
Put his arm about the maiden,
Not attending to the equine,
And they tumble down the snowbank
As you notice by the stockings,
Striped, and of cheerful carnine,
And the bill that young man payeth
On the morrow knocks his salary
For several weeks to blazes.

How to Make a Match.

Two lovers once, on an excursion,
Midst other innocent diversion,
Desirous all new things to see,
Went through a big match factory.
The flying wheels, the dust, the din,
The unknown flitting out and in,
The rats of red tartarous fire,
And weird blue flames and odors dire,
To their huge wonder did conspire.
What need of so much pothering
To make so very small a thing?
They scarce could keep their faces straight,
To see things go at such a rate.
"O, Lucy," cried the laughing swain,
"Some folks are fools, 'tis very plain—
Now, if I were to make a match,
Methinks I'd do with dispatch."
"Yes," whispered Lucy, "so would I—
Say, John (she looked down), let's we try?"
"All right," the swain responded quick,
"You be the sulphur, I—the stick."
Here goes!" He gave a sounding smack,
Which she with unctious echoed back.
The thing was done so spooning in it—
They were engaged within the minute,
Long may they live without a scratch,
To prove the perils of a match.

Finally Said It.

Jeanne off is coy—so when one day
I asked if still she loved the same,
She shrugged her shoulders, turned away,
And answered drily, "Je vous aime."
"Ah, dear, if I have sinned," I cried,
"I pray you my transgression name."
"Why, what's the matter?" she replied;
"Je vous repete, que je vous aime."

"Ah, why by coldness do you try
To banish from my heart love's flame?
Why should you lay your kindness by
And say so crossly 'Je vous aime'?"

"I merit not so fair a dove,
I have not wealth, or rank, or fame;
But you have said 'tis me you love,
Then why this haughty 'Je vous aime'?"

But with consummate art she played
Some moments more her cunning game,
And on my heart sad burdens laid
By her half-meeting "Je vous aime."

Then quick she laid aside the mask,
And love into her features came;
Then kissed me, crying, "Need you ask?
O, mon amour! Je t'aime, je t'aime."

Probably Sorry She Said It.

Last night, within the little curtained room,
Where the gay music sounded faintly clear,
And silver lights came stealing through the gloom,
You told the tale that women love to hear;
You told it well, with firm hands clasping mine,
And deep eyes glowing with a tender light,
Were acting? But your prayer was half divine
Last night, last night.

Ah, you had much to offer—wealth enough
To guild the future, and a path of ease
For one whose way is somewhat dark and rough;
New friends—life calm as summer seas—
And something (was it love?) to keep us true
And make precious in each other's sight.
Ah, then, indeed, my heart's resolve I knew,
Last night, last night.

Let the world go, with all its dross and pelf!
Only for one, like Porcia, could I say,
"I would be trebled twenty times myself."
Only for one, and he is far away;
His voice came back to me, distinct and dear,
And thrilled me with the pain of lost delight;
The present faded, but the past was clear,
Last night, last night.

If others answered as I answered then,
We would hear less, perchance, of blighted lives;
There would be truer women, nobler men,
And fewer dreary homes and faithless wives;
Because I could not give you all my best,
I gave you nothing. Judge me—was I right?
You may thank Heaven that I stood the test
Last night, last night.

His Apology.

Your coming in last night, my love,
Was something sudden, I was helping Nell
To tie the ribbon of her rigolet;
She put the crimson of her mouth up—well,
I'm flesh and blood—and then you, singing, came,
Into the room, and tossed your head for shame.

I saw a sort of maiden Northern lights
Shoot up your cheeks and tremble in your eyes;
I like such things, I like to see the wind
Drive frightened clouds across tempestuous skies;
I like the sea, and when it's really bad,
A very pretty woman very mad!

I liked the dangerous and regal air
(You bear a Queen's name and a Queen you are)
With which you donned your thicket opera cloak,
And clasped it with a diamond like a star.
'Twas charming in my mistress. But, my life
It would not be so charming in my wife.

I like wild things, as I have said, but then
I should not like to own them. Who would be
Proprietor of earthquakes or loose hurricanes,
Or comets plunging in celestial sea?
Or wet a maid that could, if she should please,
Give him a touch of one of these?

Not I. Don't let a female thunderstorm
Brood in your eyes, with every now and then
A flash of angry lightning. You have had
Your March and April, now be June again;
And let your fine-cut eyebrows' alien span
Be bows of promise to your favorite man!

I've had my laugh, and you your pout, and now
(You'll spoil that rosybud if you twist it so)
Give me both hands, that I may say "Good Bye,
The Good Queen Bees," and kiss you, ere I go—
The Good Queen Bees, whose heart, and mind, and
face

Teach me to love all women—as a race!

So when I kissed your pretty cousin Nell,
I honored one who taught me to admire
Hair worn in their twenties—don't you see?
But then, dear Bees, as I was standing by her,
Her lips quite close—now this *entre nous*—
Upon my soul, I made believe 'twas you!

On account of a typographical error occurring in last week's prize Tid-Bit, we again publish it this week:—

ODE TO TRUTH—AN ACROSTIC.

Thrones, dominions, stately towers,
Royal names and princely powers
Upward rise, then precipitate fall;
Thou, Oh Truth, unlike them all—
Heaven born,—shall never fall.

Thou'st welcome, Truth, to hearts and homes,
Light cheerily we greet thee;
Unique, harmonious with the times,
Thy pages filled with prose and rhymes,
Ho! haste we then to meet thee.

Anticipating the Confidence Trick.

He was a plain old man from the country;
He wore an old-style, broad-brimmed hat,
and his clothes were homespun; but when
a slick-looking stranger stepped up to him
and professed to know him, and asked all
about his wife and family, and wanted to
know when he came down and when he was
going back, the old man declined the proffered
hand, and drawing back said:

"That's all right, young man; never
mind the preliminaries; get right down to
business 'twoness. You've got some goods
at the depot and want to pay the freight?
Haven't got nothin' but a fifty-dollar bill,
and let you have five-and-twenty dollars to
pay the freight? Or p'raps you've just
draw'd a prize in a lottery, and would I just
step round with you and see you get the
money; or p'raps—"

But the confidence man had slipped away;
the old man was too well posted altogether.
As the old man gazed after his retreating
figure he chuckled out:
"Slipped up that time, Mr. Bunker; I'm
posted—I read the papers."

Uncle Daniel Drew.

One day when Uncle Daniel Drew was in
the zenith of his power, so to say, a gentle-
man stopped him on the street and said:
"Mr. Drew, I believe you are a Christian
man?"

"Well, y-e-s," answered the speculator.
"Then I ask you to do the right thing by
me. A month ago I sold you some Blank &
Blank railroad stock at 33. In two weeks
it jumped to 60. It is only fair that
you should present me with at least
\$1,000."

"My Christian friend," replied Uncle
Daniel, with a lonesome squint to his left
eye, "I remember that transaction. Next
day after buying the bonds I concluded that
I had made a fool of myself, and therefore
resold for 35. Let us embrace and console
each other and divide my loss between us."
[Wall Street News.]

Cross Purposes.

An Irishman one morning went out very
early in search of some game on an estate
where the game laws were strictly enforced.
Turning a sharp corner, whom did he meet
but the gentleman who owned the estate.
Paddy, seeing the game was up, coolly ad-
vanced toward the gentleman and said,
"The top of the morning to your honor!
and what brought your honor out so early
this morning?" The gentleman replied by
saying, "Indeed, Paddy, I just strolled out
to see if I could find an appetite for my
breakfast;" and then, eyeing Paddy rather
suspiciously, said, "and now, Paddy, what
brought you out so early this morning?"
Paddy replied, "Indeed, your honor, I just
strolled out to see if I could find a break-
fast for my appetite!"

Japanese English.

The Japanese are very precise and cor-
rect, as a rule, in their pronunciation of
English, as they learn more or less like pa-
rots. One day a man went into the Hiogo
telegraph office with a message to be sent to
Osaka. The polite Jap took it from him,
looked blandly over it, and then said:
"You—cannot—send—this—message—to-
day." "Why?" "The gentleman—who
—takes—charge—of—the—telegraph—of-
fice—is—drunk." "Indeed! Is he often
taken like that?" "He—is—very—fre-
quently—drunk." "Well, what am I to
do?" "If—you—will—leave—your—ad-
dress—I—will—send—and—tell—you—
when—he—is—sober."

Before And After.

Just starting off on the wedding trip
Young Wife—I am a—id, dear, that our
trip to Montreal and Quebec will be very
expensive.

Young Husband—It may be a trifle ex-
pensive, but just think what a delightful
time we will have!

Just ending the wedding trip: Young
Wife—What a delightful time we have had,
dear!

Young Husband—Yes we have had a
pleasant enough time, but just think what
an awful expense it has been!

Only Wait.

A wise Quakeress used to say, in her ser-
mons, that there were three follies of men
which always amazed her. The first was,
their climbing trees to shake fruit down,
when, if they only waited a little, it would
fall of its own accord; the second was, that
they should go to kill each other, when, if
they but waited, they would all die natu-
rally; and the third was, that they should
run after women, which, if they would not
do, the women would be sure to run after
them.—[Baptist Weekly.]

A Ride on His Knees.

The obliging visitor, to show that he is
really fond of children, and that the dear
little one is not annoying him in the least,
treats the kid to a ride upon his knees.
"Trot, trot, trot! How do you like that,
my boy! Is that nice?" "Yes sir," replies
the child, "but not so nice as on the real
donkey, the one with four legs!"

"A Solemnious Occashun."

Parson Whangdoodle Baxter distinguish-
ed himself once more at the funeral of an
aged colored man:

"Our diseased brudder was married foah
times during his life," said Whangdoodle,
"but only one ob de widowsan so fortunato
as to be able to survive him long enough to
be present on dis heal very solemnious oc-
cashun.—[Texas Siftings.]

A lady in Cosoytown discovered a mouse
in the flour-barrel. She summoned her
husband and told him to get a gun and call
the dog and station him near the scene of
onslaught. Getting up on a high chair she
commenced punching the flour-barrel with a
pole. The poor mouse soon made its ap-
pearance and started across the floor, the
dog immediately in pursuit. In the excite-
ment the man fired the gun, killing the dog,
and the lady fainted and fell off the chair.
The man thinking that she was dead and
fearing arrest for murder, cleared out and
has not been heard of since. The mouse
escaped.

He had just gone down and purchased
two tickets for the opera, and grasping the
two halves of his week's salary he hastened
to the house and was ushered into her pre-
sence. "Ah, Miss do Smith, a very cold
day, is it not? Will you not allow me the
pleasure of being your escort to the opera
to-night?" "O, thank you so much, but,
Mr. Brown has asked me, and I am afraid I
shall have to refuse you; I am so sorry.
Yes, indeed, it is a very, very cold day."

A check for Mountainville, Miss? I should
like to accommodate you; but hadn't you
better change your route?" Fashionable
Miss—"Change my route, indeed! What
do you mean, sir?" "O, I don't mean no
disrespect; no, indeed, Miss. But there's
a good many tunnels on that road." "Well,
suppose there are, I'm not afraid of tunnels."
"Of course not, Miss; but I don't
see how they're ever going to get that trunk
through 'em."

She had named Friday of the following
week as a day for the wedding. "But
Friday is an unlucky day," said George.
"O, so it is!" she exclaimed. "I had for-
gotten that. No, it wouldn't do to be mar-
ried Friday." "How would Saturday or
Monday do?" suggested George, tenderly.
The girl hesitated and blushed a little.
Then she said: "I—I think Thursday
would be better, George."

Last Sunday an up-town lady appeared
ready for church in a magnificent new silk
dress. "Won't you feel uncomfortable in
that dress at church?" asked her husband,
"The weather is warm and it seems to fit
you very snugly." "I think not," she said.
"No woman ever found a new silk dress
uncomfortable in church."

"You are very late sending your evening
mail out," said an editor to his daughter,
when he came home at 2 in the morning and
met a timid shrinking young man between
the front door and the gate. "Not at all,"
answered the thoughtful girl, "Charles
Henry is now a morning edition."

There, before the boudoir dresser,
With an animated face,
Holding fast a sponge and bottle,
In her girlish glee and grace
She exclaims: "O, I am saintly,
For is not the proverb sung,
Worship thus, so very quaintly:
"Yes, the truly good dye young."

A physician says:—"If a child does not
thrive on fresh milk, boil it." He doesn't
state how long the child should be boiled.
We should think there would be danger of
leaving it to boil too long.

An old Scotch keeper said, when asked
what he thought of some bigger fish than
his own which was reported: "Aye, aye!
they're nae bigger fish; they're just bigger
leaves!"

"One glass sometimes makes a tumbler,"
remarked the chap who found that a single
drink of rum punch twisted his legs in a
bow knot.