Tia-Bits.

GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

DE SURE AND READ THIS.

The publisher of Tauru is determined to amuse and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power. He coherfully shares with them the profits of the publication of Payris.

and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power. He cheerfully shares with them the profits of the publication of Taurii.

Every week a prise of twenty dollars in gold will be given to the actual subcenter sending in for this page the best Tid-bit, containing a moral, a pun, point, joke or parody, either original or selected. In the first of the containing a moral, a pun, point, joke or parody, either original or selected. In the first of the containing a moral, a pun, point, joke or parod, either original or selected. In the first of the control of the containing and paper, copy it from any took, or contained the first of the first parents of the sent regularly for that time; !! already a subscriptor your time will be extended. It any case you get "full worth of your investment in Taurin 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 yous will be awarded the prennum. A printed form of coupon will be found in the last column of page 27 of this issue. Out this out, fill up your favorite number and pasts it on a post-card, or put it in an unsealed envelope and send to Tauri office at once. It will only cost you one cent of portage in either case.

To prevent either than subscribers from voling the coupons early will count.

You are invited to send in your vote. Also to send in your Tid-litte and subscriptions. Ploess also in vite 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.

There was an unusually close competition among the voters for the most popular Tidbit published in TEUM of the 7th instant. The largest number of votes, however, was given to No. 142-"An Unsanctified Smell" -sent in by Miss Kate Watson, Temperance St., Toronto, to whom the prize will be paid. No. 123, contributed by Isabella Robertson, Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, came in a good second, being only a couple of votes

Every attnal subscriber to Thurn is invited to take part in these friendly ballots. Please look carefully over the tid-bits published this week and then send in your coupon for your favorite.

Acknowledgment.

NETTIE COLE, Feola, Kansas, writes:—
"Please accept thanks for the \$20 prize just received for my tid-bit published in TRUTH of Feb. 7th. I prize TRUTH very highly. It is a very welcome guest each Monday.

Lean not on Earth.

Lean not on earth,
'Zwill pierce thee to the hearl,
A broken reed at best, and oft a spear;
On its sharp point, Poace bleeds, and Hope
erriers. expires. Mar M. C. Blackmore.

(21 t)

-Selidid

"Buy the Truth." Come all ye kind people, subscribe for the Tatra,
Person in fair pages in the days of thy youth;
Gree up the days notes and cheap literaure,
For Tatra it will seach you what is been and purs.
In penning those lines I've but spoken my mind,
Cominced that in Tatra rich pearls you'll find.
Feet Gore, N.S.

Mar. Mart Mclaum. West Gors, N.S.

Kan and Woman.

HAM.

If he wears a good cost,
Dit him up, lift him up;
Though to be lort a Most,
Lift him up,
If he has seen wearmed seems,

If he has sor common sche And can house a few pence, Life him up.

TOXAT.

If women once erro,

Kick her down, kick her down;

If micf rises in herro,

Kick her down:

Though her hear tail like rain,

And she mere smiles again,

Kick her down.

MIX.

If his face shows no charge,
Lift him up;
Though crime is his name,
Lift him up.
Though diagrace be his spect,
Let your faughters him court,
Lift him up.

If a man breaks her heart,
Kick her down;
And redouble the amart—
Kick her down;
And if low in condition,
Ou, on to perdition,
Eick her down.

Bixville, P.Q.

SCHAY EXXXESOR.

Oneen of Home.

Queen of Home.

I am queen of my husband's heart and home;
As proud a queen as ever reigned,
My subjects, too, are loyal and time,
And worship me with love unleigned.
I know you will find, wherever you roam,
The happlest woman's the queen of home.
Be her ream as broad as an empire grand,
Or only the span of a narrow room;
Be her castles fair as art can plan,
Or only a simple well-kept home,
She's the happlest woman who holds the crown
Of her husban's love beyond renown;
Whether drosse d in velvets, jew-le and furs,
Or sumple garments meat and plain;
Whether dainties of every clims be hors,
in the frugal fare from labor's pain—
Sho's the happlest woman who's queen alone
Of her husband's heart and home, her throne;
When love is prime minister and faith and truth
Are couns-liors who never fail;
Before whose rule all discords quall,
Controls the household, why should not the queen
Be the happlest woman that wer was seen?
And such a kingsom as this is mine.
Proud queen of my husband's faithful heart;
No Washih or honor or power or fame,
Ceuld uurs me from his aids apart.
And I'm sure you'll find wherever you roam,
The happlest woman is the queen of Home.
Prahody, Kansa,
Mas. William Ball.

Peabody, Kanma, Mrs. William Ball.

Woman's Sphere.

Wollan S Spicers.
They talk about woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a beat, of mankind given,
There's not a bleating, or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a wite or death or high,
That has a feather's weight at worth,
Without a woman in it.

Without a woman in it.

Bulder, strength, and hope of nations,
Whose name has decked all history's pages,
Minth voice so full, of musice's cadence,
And cye that beams with Heaven's radiance,
And decch that souths, when pain around it
Throws her closk, and death confounds use
So gentla, loving, sweet, forgiving;
Made to love, in love believing.
So strong in others' trivination—
The the I bow in scientane—
Thou blending of divise and human—
Noble woman?
Ion, Elgin Co.

NER, T. EICHARDOOK.

Luion, Elgin Co.

MER. T. RICHARDSON.

The Cute Farmer Boy.

One of the parish sent one morn— A farmer kind as d able— A nice lat surkey, raised on corn, To grace the pastor's table.

The farmer's lad trent with the fewl, And thus addressed the paster; "Rlame me if I ain't tired I liere is A gobbler from my master."

The paster said: "Thou should'st not thus Freent the fowl to me; Come; sake my chair, and for me act, And I will act for thee."

The preacher's chair received the boy,
The towl the pastor took —
Went out wisn is and then came in,
With a pleasant smile and look.

And to this young man, proton, he said:
"Deer sit, my bonored master
Presents this turkey, and his best
liospoots to you his pastor."

"Good," sa'd the boy; "your master is A gratieman and scholar! Ly thanks to blue, and for yoursel! lites is a hair a dollar."

The pastor icit around his mouth
A most peculiar twitching;
And so the gobbler holding fast,
lie " tolted" for the kitchen.

He gave the turker to the cook, And came back in a minute, Then took the youngster's han,' and let's A half -- dollar in is.

N.TL Oak.

M. R. MORTOR.

(Ci2) An aid to the Memory.

[Some one has put in verse the order of succession among the sovereigns of England.] First, William the Normen; then William his son; If ny, Siepber, and Henry; then Richard and John. Next. Henry the Third; Edwares, one, two and

Hart, course the Third; seemen, three; three; three; three; three; three; three Hearre we see, I no Einstein, thinh Elekard, if rightly I guess; Two Hearth, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen ness; Then Jamie the Stotchman, then Charles, whom hearth and the Charles, then the stotchman is the charles of the stotchman is the

Then Jamie the community another Charles, ton.
Yet received, after Cremwell, another Charles, ton.
Next James the second secreded the throne;
This good William and Mary together ranse on;
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all pas
Then came Victoria—may the long he the last? All M. Monamor.

—Selected. The Tale of a Tin-

Lord Erskine, in a mixed company after dinner, was one day disparaging woman, and to Ledy Erskine's annoyance he comto a tin kettle tied to the pared a wife of a dog. Sheridan, a few moments afterwards, slipped the following lines into Lady Erksine's hand:

"Lord Ethaine, at woman presuming to rail, Calls a wife a tincamiter tief to one a tail. And the fair Lady Ann, whilst the subject he carries

Seems burt at his lordship's degrading comparison

But wherefore degrading? consider aright? A cannister's useful, and polished, and bright? And should dist its regional purity hide. Tis the fault of the puppy to which it is tied. A. A. HUMBERSTONE. York Mills.

On the War in Egypt.

Hark I the voice of weeping Throughout the British lands, For those who left old England To fight on Egypt's sands,

The hardships and the suffering
of the river jours or past,
Aud Stewart beads his army
Across the desert wast.

But lo ! a host of rebels Entrenched at Ahn Elos, Assail the Briti-h samy & ith a wild, a fearful cry.

They charge the British ranks; They break the British square; They fight but for a moment, Then fly in wild despair.

Short, decisive, was the lattle! Uktr-five men find a grave, And amid nine galant officers Lay Burnaby the brave.

Oh! how costly this to England; Yet they did not fall in vain, For the ground was heaper around them With the rebels they had slain.

Onward march the gallant army, Fighting, conquering as they go, And the rebels fly before them, Fly tefore the British foe.

And now they reach the city.

Ah I what angulah fills their breast,
For they learn, Oh I hale of horror,
Gordon's butchered with the rest.

What! the minted hero Gordon, Sacrificed to rebel bate; He who fought and bled for England? Alse! we feer that was his fate.

Oh I what angulah fills the bosoms Riding from the funeral knell, Over all the lands of Britain, General Gordon, "Fare thee well;

Oh I what we gring of the mothers, Wives and doughters of the skiln; In the homes they left in England, They will never come tack again. Man. W. C. Ozanax.

-Original

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Trathis Strong. dortess.rong nortesia teron ortesia testro ortesia testro ortesia testro ortesia turushies eia tata i hib iestro ortesia testro ortesia estro ortesia estro

The above can be reed several hundred ways. Box 837, Peterboro, Ont. R. lawix.

Keeping Bis Word. The following touching little poem is by Mr. Pres ion, of Livingston, Verginia.

"Only a p-mny a box," he said; Rot the gruiteman turned away his head, As if he shrank from the equalid sight. Of the boy who stood in the falling light.

"Oh, sit," he viammered, "you cannot know," (And he brighted from his metals e the fisher of m That the sudgen is ar might have chance to fall), "Or I think—I toink you would buy them all,

"Hungry and cold at our garret pane. Ruby will watch till I come again, Bringing the loaf. The con has set, And he hear't a crumb of breakiset yet.

"One prenty, and then I can but the bread"
The gradienan stopped. "And you," he said,
"I—I can sutup with them—hunger and cold—
Dat Ruly is only fire years old.

"I promised our mother before she west... She knew I would do it, and died consent... I promised her, sir, through best, threege wood, I always weste think of Endy Stys."

The rentieman paused at the oper door, Such tales he hat dituu heard behre; But he fumbled his puree in the tallight drear, "I have nothing less than a shillig here."

',Oh, sir, if you will only take the lack,
I'll bring you the change in a my must back,
Indeed you may trust me!" 'Trust ou ?—!
But there is the shilling, take it and go.

The anstleman lolled in his casy chek, and watched his cigar wreath me't ino air And smilled on his children, and rue a see The baby saleep on its mother's knee.

"And now it is nine by the clock," he sail,
Those that my da lings wore all abed;
Eise me good night," and each beaure
When you're easing your prayers, remumber the

but then came a message-."A boy at the door." Before it was uttered he stood on the floor. Halt brathless bewildered, and rugged and strance. "I'm Ruby Mikes brother I'm trought you the change?"

"Mike's hurt, sir, "Twas dark, the snowmade him blind blind
And don't take notice the train was behind.
Till he slipped on the track, and the it whizzed by—
And he's home in the garret. I think he will die,

"Yet nothing would do bim, sir—nothing would do But out through the snow I must hurry to you; Of his burs be was ortain you wouldn't have been And so you might think he had broken his word?"

When the garret they hastily entered they saw Two arms mangled, shapeless, outstretched from the straw.
"You did it, dear Ruby—God birss you "'he said,
And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back, and was
dead,
Gordon, Ont.

Annie Cunsumma.

K'Importe.

She loved me when my father held leank stock, and cash, and cattle. When as her door my splindid grays, At two o clock would rattle; Ah. how in some romantior pot, As rolled the rashloued 'arriage. She blushed whene'er I spoke of love, Of hope, and then of marriage.

At all the rouse and all the balls,
I was er constant sultor,
And Torn and Ned stood back, because
They had not got the prewer.
And though Miss Brown and M.a. Smith,
Twas seal afelt rather nettled,
Yet all the goesips in the town.
Declared the thing was actiled.

So there the sun, until one day, So theme the sun, until one day, My faith; a mane and dutted, She only sighed and wept at first, And bit her lin and pouted. But when the bank went down, the sky Portended cloudy weather, And sext day week 'be stock and I Stepped off the stage together I

I stremed from twelve to one o'clock, At two was bardly righted, And up to three I must confess, I felt a little suighted. Trace very hard for one so young To good the truth in minion, That gold is the specific part Of lose's resplendent pinion.

No matter I let it pass—tis true
I norst with boyleh passion,
And trimmed my bat and wore my coat
Exactly in he fashlen:
Some livile pains I vook to picase
Her mbter and her mother,
Disoussed her father's Saxonies,
Drank soda with her prother.

I wrote some letters which were warm, Some somets which were tender, And glit-edged notes and billet-dux, I would each mail to send her. I went so church, if she was there, Three times a day on Sunday, And saked her motions how she liked The sermon every Monday.

Will have lived to bless the good
My early leasons taught me.
To quietly early leasons taught me.
That time and lark have brought me;
A bu-; band has filed my purse
With many a golden clinker.
And she, I bear, on Ripton's Flats
Le stopping with a tinker I
Lima, I'ann.
M. M. CROWN.

A.E. A. Leves,

Pat's Reply.

Moberly Bouse, C.P.R.

Pat Marphy, my footman, desires to suit, And is anxious on errauds to go; He walked shout till be wore in his book A lib-le round hele in the sos.

Next morning I may him intently at work, (I carrely orthin sak aim for laughter.) In the test he was boring a hole with a fork, "Why Pat," says I, "what are you site?"

"Falth master," says he, "you the reason shall heed,"
The truth I don't wish to conceal,
The to let all the wet that course in at the toe
Run launcdistely out at the beel." J. B. Vallertike, Sunderland, Ont.

O. P. R. Construction. The grand old "Rookles" now are passed. The "Selvine" are in view, And if the millione bean but less, The C. P. R. Il soon be through.

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