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. Get 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 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 premium.

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 MADE.

We are pleased to note the lively interest taken by a large number of TRUTH readers in the tid-bit page. Space cannot be found for all sent in, and in consequence two pages will hereafter be given to their publication. Even then quite a number have been crowded out. Competitors will kindly send as short and pointed ones as possible, and the printers ask for more prose in proportion to the poetry, as it tries their "sorts" a good deal to set so much poetry in one issue.

In order to give ample time for all parties to be heard from, *three weeks* will hereafter elapse between the publication of the tid-bits and the publication of the award. Every reader is invited to clip out the coupon on page 27, fill in the favorite number, and mail to TRUTH office. The award will always be given to the most popular received.

The coupons have been sent in very promptly, and the voting has been lively for the favorite published February 7th. The majority is in favor of *No. 4*, the contribution of Nettie Cole, Paola, Kansas, to whom the $20 will be sent.

[31] —*Original.*

"My Valentine."

TRUTH is a maiden fair, I ween;
In age, sweet maid, just sweet sixteen.

The dress she wears is modest brown,
A neat, attractive, pretty gown.

Ribands gayly flutter around;
A blither maid can not be found.

A lamp, her coat of arms, for she
Is of noble family.

She visits thousands every week;
Always entertaining meek.

Or grave, amusing, censorious, gay—
Her moods are changeable as day.

"Strong-minded?" nothing of the sort,
Politics, friend, is not her forte.

"Encourage me?" that never would do,
She loves and guides all followers true.

Will she accept these lines? I fear
She'll think me bold, nor hold them dear.

(Faint heart ne'er won. Fair maiden, pray
Accept these lines on Saturday.

Collingwood, Ont. MISS GRANTHAM.

[32] —*Original.*

An Acrostic.

There are many publications which are hardly worth a dime,
Rather let us say the paling they receive from time to time;
Up to now, our praise, however, most deservedly is thine:
"Tis, par excellence, *the* paper, here its name is brought to view.—
Humbly, thousands more should take it as we hope they *will soon do.*

Big Island, N. S. A. H.

[33] —*Original.*

On Our Light Toboggan.

BY A CANADIAN LADY RESIDING IN BOSTON.

Oh give me the crisp Mt. Royal air,
Its beautiful, sparkling, crystal snow,
Her bright-eyed saucy maid so fair,
As I gaily down the slide will go;
Down the snowy mountain,
On our light toboggan.

Oh give me her merry, laughing girl,
With winter glow upon her cheek,
And over the silvery track we'll whirl,
Our love in silent glances speak;
Down the glittering mountain,
On our light toboggan.

Oh give me my ice-bound mountain home,
Her bonnie snow bird for my bride;
I care not in other lands to roam,
But on through winter of life we'll glide
Down the moonlit mountain,
On our light toboggan.

Boston, Mass. J. J. C.

[34] —*Original.*

Epigram.

It blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get absolution,
Which done, and the weight of their sins they'd confessed,
Transferred, as they thought, from themselves to the priest,
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson souse into the ocean

Toronto. MRS. TAYLOR.

[35] — *Original.*

An Acrostic.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion; —Psalm cxxv, 1.
Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing —1 Thess. v, 16, 17.
Use this world as not abusing it. —1 Cor. vii, 31.
Trust in the Lord with all thine heart. —Prov. iii, 5
Having your loins girt about with *truth.* —Eph. vi, 14,

TORONTO READER.

[36] —*Selected.*

The Tongue Instructed.

Guard well thy lips, none can know. —Prov. viii, 3.
What evils from the tongue may flow; — James iii, 5, 6.
What guilt, what grief may be incurred, — Judges xi, 35
By one incautious, hasty word. —Mark vi, 22, 27.
Be slow to speak, look well within, —Prov.
To check what there may lead to sin: —James i, 28.
And pray unceasingly for aid, Col. iv.
Lest unawares, thou be betrayed. —Luke xxi, 14.
"Condemn not, judge not"—not to man —James iv, 2.
Is given his brother's faults to scan; —1 Cor. iv, 5.
The task is thine, and thine alone— —Matt. vii, 3.
To search out and subdue thine own. —John viii, 7.
Indulge no murmurings, oh restrain —1 Cor. 7, 10.
Those lips so ready to complain. —Lam. iii, 22.
And, if they can be numbered, count —Psalm ciii, 2
Of one day's mercies the amount. —Lam iii, 23.
Shun vain discussions, trifling themes: —Titus iii, 9.
Dwell not on earthly hopes and schemes; —Deut. vi, 47.
Let words of wisdom, meekness, love, —James iii, 9.
Thy heart's true renovation prove. — Luke vi, 45.
Set God before thee, every word —Gen. xvii, 1.
Thy lips pronounce by Him is heard; —Ps. cxxix, 4.
Oh, couldst thou realize this thought, —Matt. xii, 35.
What care, what caution, would be taught! — Luke vii, 35.
"The time is short," this day may be 1 Cor. vii, 29.
The very last assigned to thee; Eph. v, 16.
So speak, that shouldst thou ne'er speak more, — Col. iv, 6.
Thou may'st not this day's words deplore. —Rom. xiv, 12.

Grosse Isle, Mich., MISS BRODIE.

[37] —*Selected.*

A New Version of a Verse.

To — —

A *verse!* I'm not averse to *verse.*
Were I but versed in writing *verse,*
Had I the versatility.

'Tis said that some in *verse* converse,
But *verse perverse* is quite adverse
To my conversability.

But were I versant quite with *verse,*
Your charms diverse would shame my *verse*
By their diversibility.

To give them *verse,* a vert of *verse*
Or verses versus *verse* in *verse*
Would lack the versability.

Fairfield Plains. MRS. C. D. SMITH.

[38] —*Selected.*

Queer.

Here is a queer old cross reading, which is quite contrary in sense as you read it across or running the lines together: —

I always did intend
Single my life to spend,
It much delighted me
To live from women free,
A female to my mind
I never expect to find,
A bachelor to live,
My mind I freely give,
To take to me a wife,
Would grieve my very life,
To think upon a bride,
I can't be satisfied.
The joy I can't express
So great in singleness
I never could agree
A married man to be,

Lindsay. KATIE G. SHARP.

[39] —*Selected.*

'Ear, 'Ear.

Over head and ears his cap of real
He pulls as far as it will go—
He pulls it good and strong,
In days like these when things congeal,
Man wants but little ear below,
Nor wants that little long.

Detroit. MRS. M. MINALER.

[40] —*Selected.*

Bless Them.

"Heaven bless the wives, they fill our hives
With little bees and honey;
They soothe life's shocks, they mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money?"

Wakopa P. O., Man. P. S. B.

[41] —*Selected.*

Two Views of Married Life.

The first view is obtained by reading the following verses as usual; but in order to see the second, read first and third line, then second and fourth:

That man must lead a happy life
Who is directed by a wife;
Who's freed from matrimonial claims,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace
Till he beheld a woman's face;
When Eve was given for a mate
Adam was in a happy state.

Confusion take the men I say,
Who no regard to women pay,
Who make the women their delight
Keep always reason in their sight.

M. BURNETT.

London, Ont.

[42] —*Original.*

Speaking at the Wrong Time.

Grandmother Stuart and her daughter went to the village church on Sabbath to have the child baptized, and to keep the baby quiet the old lady brought a porringer of milk, which she set down in the corner of the pew. A little dog, attracted by the odor of the warm milk, crept quietly in at their feet, and began lapping the dainty mess from the cup. Dame Stuart stamped her foot and called aloud, "Get out, you brute!" then, frightened at the sound of her own voice, she exclaimed, "Losh me, I ha' spoken in the kirk! There, I ha' spoken again! Guidness me, I'me speakin' a' the time!"

A young lady was relating this to some friends in the drawing-room one evening, and was in the act of stamping her foot, and saying, "*Get out, you brute!*" when her astonished young gentleman suddenly stood in the door, and looking fiercely at the young lady, hissed between his teeth, "Did you intend that for me, Miss?" and left, slamming the door behind him.

What need for explanation?

Thorold, Ont. MRS. JAS. MUNRO.

[43] —*Selected.*

All the Difference.

A school boy remarks that when his teacher undertakes to show him "what is what," he usually finds out which is 'switch.

Kingston, Ont. R. A. BELDEN.

[44] —*Selected.*

A String of Mishaps.

A man named Wragg was brought into one of our city courts for disturbing the peace. No witnesses appeared against him, and he was requested to tell his own story.

Judge.—Mr. Wragg will you state the facts connected with your arrest? *Mr. Wragg.*—certainly, sir. Last night, about ten o'clock, I was going along the street quietly and unostentatiously, with my mind occupied in profound meditation; suddenly my thoughts and vision were simultaneously arrested, not by a member of the police, but by an old hat which was lying on the sidewalk. Now, I have a deep aversion to an old hat. In fact, I might say that the whole world has a rooted antipathy to old hats. It may be because old hats are emblematical of a man going down the hill of adversity. Men under such circumstances, and old hats, receive the same kind of treatment, namely kicks. Now, nine out of ten, seeing that old hat lying on the sidewalk, as I did, would have given it a kick, and that, sir, is just what I *did.* I kicked that old hat, and not only that, but kicked a frightful large stone which was inside of it; I felt myself falling forward, and unfortunately I fell against a fat woman, with sufficient force to cause her to fall; in falling she knocked down a ladder; one end of the ladder struck me, the other hit a cart-horse; the horse gave a jump and the carman was thrown off his cart; *he fell on a bull-terrier dog; the dog* gave a yell and bit the carman, who rolled over on me; a nigger rushed out of an alley and kicked the carman for falling on his dog; the carman picked up a stone and threw it at the nigger, but, unfortunately, it went through the window of a Dutchman's grocery and fell into a butter-tub; the Dutchman came out; by this time I had got up and was about to castigate a boy whom I saw laughing, from which circumstance I was led to believe that he had put the stone in the old hat; I ran after the boy; when he saw my bellicose attitude, yelled out for his father; the Dutchman ran after me, and just as I caught the boy, the Dutchman caught me. Sir, my physical power was not sufficient to cope with both. I am not a Sampson. I was vanquished. Not only that, sir, but when released from their grasp, I was taken by three or four other Dutchmen.

Streetsville. MINNIE COOPER.

[45] —*Selected.*

Macready's Dying Spot.

Mr. Macready was never popular with stock actors. He annoyed them exceedingly at rehearsals, by giving every man his particular place on the stage, so that in the picture presented he should be the centre. This actor must stand here, that actor there—it was his will.

On one of the nights of his last engagement in New Orleans, when he was to play *Hamlet*, he was very particular, at rehearsal, in the disposition of characters at the fall of the curtain. He had selected the most commanding place on the stage, well down to the lights, and declared that there he intended to die. It so happened, that as the fatal moment was approaching, just *after Hamlet* had stabbed the king, his Majesty took it into his head to die on the spot selected by the philosophic Dane. The poison was burning in *Hamlet's* veins; he was in the agonies of death; but still he *found time to say, sotto voce, to his step-father,*

"Back—back—I'm going to die there."

The blood of outraged royalty was up, and the stabbed monarch replied,

"I'm king, and I'll die where I please—pick out a place for yourself." And *Hamlet* was compelled to let his soul out farther up the stage.

St. Thomas. JOHN E. ALLEN.

[46] —*Selected.*

Spurgeon as a Politician.

Some years ago, Spurgeon, while on his way to the polling booth to vote, met a Plymouth Brother. "Where are you going this morning?" asked the Plymouth man. "I am going to the polling place to record