

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 book, or coin it out of your head. A single sentence, if pungent or pointed, will do, but don't let it 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 to you 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 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 subscribers' page, and it ought to be the most interesting of all.

[17] **Original.**

She Did Not Prevaricate.

She gazed upon the wreck of that
Which Webster thus defined,—
"A cushion worn by ladies
To expand the skirts behind."

It ne'er would do to wear again,
Ne'er be like "twas of yore
Ere Edward had so fondly pressed
Her whose strong love he bore.

She looked about her in despair
Till, suddenly she spied
Her favorite weekly magazine,
To which a string she tied.

Then fastened it about her waist,
And clapped her hands in glee.
As in her "reuch plate looking-glass
The improvement she did see.

Then swept into the drawing room
With air like any queen,
And Edward clasped her to his heart;
But, on his face was seen

Amazement, and perplexity:
While o'er her face so fair,
A rosy blush suffused itself,
As on the evening air

Was wafted out a rustling sound;
Then whispering, he said,
"Is that where you keep newspapers
And things you haven't read?"

She shook her head but still she saw
That she was not believed—
That still he doubted what she said,
And wished his doubts relieved.

He asked, "What else would rustle so?"
Then pouted pretty Ruth,
"I wish to be believed," she said,
"I tell you its the TRUTH."

ADDIE HOGAN.

DeKalb, Iowa.

[18] **Original.**

Wishing "Truth" Luck.

Wishing TRUTH luck—in circulation,
In every home soon to be found,
Spreading TRUTH to all the nation,
Having it compass the earth around.
In other languages let it be taught,
N'er ever letting it be forgot,
God's Son to His disciples taught—TRUTH.

TRUTH—A shining light to all;
It ead by the aged also, the small,
Unto each home it brings cheer to all;
The magazine for queen or king,
It ead in it the watchword ring—TRUTH.

Luck to editor and each subscriber;
Unto all whom TRUTH brings cheer,
Can't they help to increase its circulation,
Knowing their money not wasted in—TRUTH.

Mrs. H. FURZES.

Shobourg, Ont.

[19] **Original.**

An Acrostic.

TRUTH says, and surely TRUTH cannot tell lies
If you would win a golden prize,
Delay not, but send in time,
Blank verse, rhyme, or prose in a single line
I'll give the lucky point you make
Twenty gold dollars it will take.

Mrs. J. R. PECK.

Hatfield, Minnesota.

[20] **Selected.**

A Puzzle by Bishop Wilberforce.

All pronounce me a wonderful piece of mechanism, and yet few people have numbered the strange medley of which I am composed. I have a large box, two lids, two caps, two musical instruments, a number of weather cocks, three established measures, some weapons of warfare, and a great number of little articles carpenters cannot do without. I have about me a couple of esteemed fishes, and great many of a small kind, two lofty trees, two gaudy flowers, and the fruit of an indigorous tree, a handsome stag, two halls or places of worship, two students or rather scholars, the stairs of an hotel and half a score of Spanish gentlemen to attend. I have what is the terror of the slave; also two domestic animals and a number of negatives.

ANSWERS TO ELSHOP OF OXFORD'S RIDDLE.

Mayhap this bishop fair would be
A greater than plain, you and me,
Yet we're a box yelect a chest:
Two lids, two eyes that roam or rest;
Two drums to ears that hark to hear;
A foot, eye two, of right appear;
A score of nails must workman use;
Good fish, the soles, are hid in shoes;
As smaller fish, the muscles play;
For lofty trees, the palms, make way;
As gaudy flowers, two lids may glory;
While Adam's apple tells a story;
Two respectful calves skip in and out,
And hairs are springing all about:
A noble heart, beris of blind,
Eye-lashes that no handle bind;
Two temples man may worship in,
While arms and balls make warfare's din;
The in-step point us to hotel;
As weather-cocks the reins may swell;
The House of Commons, we suppose,
Dividing, takes the aye and nocs.
The pupils meet as scholars stand
To wait upon them ten-dons grand;
Ah! "wonderful" this man, and high:
But just as wondrous, you and I.

VIOLA F. ACKER.

Lena, Ill.

[21] **Selected.**

Courting in a Cutter.

If your heart with love is laden
For the girl across the way,
And you wish to win the maiden,
Take her riding in a sleigh.
It will put her in a flutter
And you'll make an easy mash,
For within a dashing cutter
How can surely cut a dash!

Besides, in a sleigh wherever you go
You needn't have fear of the beautiful's "no."
M. A. C.

Simcoe, Ont.

[22] **Selected.**

The King's Ruse.

Solomon, wisest King who e'er held sway,
With all his gorgeous court made holiday
To greet a royal guest; for that day came
To visit him the Queen of Sheba. Fame
Of her great beauty, wondrous to behold,
Had reached the King. To him it had been told
How sparkling were her eyes; her face how fair;
How thick and glossy was her raven hair;
Her form how rounded, graceful, delicate;
But most of all, admirers would dilate
Upon her dainty feet and ankles round.
In them they swore perfection had been found
The King, consumed by curiosity,
Resolved those feet and ankles he would see.
His throne he placed beyond a running brook,
Bridged o'er with glass. His seat the monarch took,
Ready to meet his guest. She came, in state
Besetting one so beautiful and great.
Guards, courtiers, slaves, made up her royal train
She halted them upon the open plain,
Descended from her camel, and, alone,
Advanced she to the King of Israel's throne.
Her robes of satin sweeping o'er the ground,
When near the mighty monarch's throne, she found
That she a shallow brook would have to pass,
And, never noticing the bridge of glass,
And, being for her costly robes afraid,
She lifted them, and then prepared to wade,
Boldly advanced, and thought it very odd
That she should pass a flowing brook dry shod.
The King was joyful, as you may suppose,
At his success. 'Tis thus the legend runs.
Thousands of years have passed since then; of King
or Queen, save fame, remains not any thing;
But still that very narrow streamlet flows,
And to the traveler the Arab shows
A bridge of glass, and, in the prophet's name,
Declares to you it is the very same.
And little progress makes the world, alas!
When lady tourists chance that brook to pass,
By those with dainty feet is never seen
The bridge. They are declared, as was the Queen.

Mrs. R. L. ALEXANDER.

Huntersville, North Carolina.

[23] **Selected.**

Only a Sprig of Holly.

H. C. HAYDEN.

Only a sprig of holly
That he had sent to me,
With two red shining berries;
No gift could simpler be.

But as my cheeks were blushing
The happy Christmas morn,
My heart revealed the secret;
My love for him was born.

I wore it at my bridal,
And when he kissed me there,
I found one holly berry
Had fallen from my hair.

My heart said, 'tis an omen,
And thus it proved to be;
He lies in yonder churchyard
Beneath a holly tree.

And I the gift of holly
Am wearing on my breast,
With only one red berry
I need not tell the rest.

Mrs. McDONALD.

Dartmouth, N. S.

[24] **Selected.**

No Brains Needed.

A witty member of the Civil Service sends us the following: A story is told of a famous surgeon—never mind where—who was able by some extraordinary process to extract a man's brain and keep it for any length of time in a frozen state, after which it could be replaced in the patient's head in improved working order. The delicate surgical operation by means of which this was accomplished need not be described, but it used to prove of incalculable benefit to literary men and others whose brains are apt to give way from overwork. One day a dejected looking individual called on the surgeon and informed him that, from domestic and pecuniary troubles, he felt his mind giving way, and that unless it had rest for a short time he dreaded the consequences. He thought the safest thing therefore, would be to have it removed for a week or so. This was accordingly done: the brain was taken out, frozen, labelled with the owner's name and placed on a shelf containing a number of others. Upwards of a month had passed, but still the brain remained unclaimed, and the physician was getting uneasy, when, meeting with his friend one day, he begged of him to come back for his property without delay, as no one knew what might happen—the label might fall off and then substituted, in which case the man would assuredly forget his own name and identity even. "Oh!" said the man, "you may keep my brains; they are of no use to me now. I've got a situation in the Civil Service!"

DOUGALL GILLESPIE.

Stonewall, Man.

[25] **Selected.**

Punctuation Puzzle.

The following paragraph, extracted from the Portland Transcript, is a capital illustration of the importance of punctuation. There are two ways of pointing it one of which makes the individual in question a monster of wickedness, while the other converts him into a model Christian. Let our readers exercise their ingenuity on the problem, and see whether they can discover its two-fold solution:

He is an old experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of the neighborhood he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no price in laboring the cause to promote Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no exertions to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to support the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversity he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to Heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of Reward.

JENNIE PRICE.

Newburg, Ont.

[26] **Selected.**

Names in Novels.

What curious mistakes female novelists sometimes fall into with regard to the naming of their characters. A female novelist once took all her names out of a subscription list in a provincial paper. In the course of time the novel drafted into that particular part of the country, and when it was therein written that 'he respectable lawyer had had several years' penal servitude in his youth; that the proprietor of the most rowdy public house in the town had been in the Balacava charge; that the chief cheese monger was the illegitimate son of a duke, and that the consumptive ritualist curate had wound up a London career of hideous crime by nobbling the Derby favorite—why, the words that we have at our command are not strong enough to express a tithe of the sensation that was caused.

LAURA KERR.

Hamilton.

[27] **Selected.**

At the Barber's.

A man took his seat in a barber's chair. He asked the barber if he had the same razor he had used the day before. Being answered in the affirmative, the patient man said, "Then give me chloroform." That was one to the customer, just as the next is one to the barber. An English gentleman, somewhat bald, entered a hairdresser's in Paris to operate upon, and was thunder-struck to find himself charged 10f. "Ten francs!" he exclaimed, "for cutting my hair?" "Oh, no, Monsieur; not for cutting your hair, but for finding the hair to cut."

J. S.

Toronto.

[28] **Selected.**

A Bird in the Hand.

"Well," the happy bridegroom said to the minister at the conclusion of the ceremony, "how much do I owe you?"

"Oh, I'll leave that to you," was the reply; "you can better estimate the value of the service rendered."

"Suppose we postpone settlement, then, say for a year. By that time I will know whether I ought to give you \$100 or nothing."

"No, no," said the clergy man, who is a married man himself, "make it \$3 now."

N. S.

Belleville.

[29] **Selected.**

All a Mistake.

An English gentleman (says Mr. Edgeworth, in a story cited from Joe Millar) was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Parmenius used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the curious impertinent, the English gentleman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice. He concluded writing his letter in these words: "I would say more, but a stupid tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write." "You lie, you scoundrel!" said the self-convinced Hibernian.

[30] **Selected.**

A Showman's Stratagem.

There is an ancient anecdote of a showman who announced an exhibition of two strange beasts, the gysacutas and the prock, the former being remarkable for strength and ferocity, and the latter for agility and grace. When the audience had assembled a dreadful roar was heard to proceed from behind a green curtain, and the showman appeared in a dishevelled state, shouting: "Ladies and gentlemen, save yourselves by flight; the gysacutas has broken loose, and has already devoured the prock." Thereupon the audience dispersed with marked precipitation, and without stopping to den and its money back. The showman packed up his stock in-trade, consisting of a green curtain and a tin trumpet, and proceeded to the next town.

COL. D. WYLLIE.

Brockville, Ont.