

# 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. Out 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 stretch over thirty lines. Be sure and send with each fifty cents for two months subscription to *Truth*. If not how a subscriber *Truth* will be sent regularly for that time; if already a subscriber your name 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 17 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 coupon only will count.

You are invited to send in your vote. Also to send in your Tid-bit 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.

### AWARD.

The greatest number of votes have been cast for No. 338 Tid-bit, entitled "C. O. D.", published in our issue of 25th April. The sender, Mrs. Layland, Queen St., Hamilton, may have the \$20 on application. This makes the third prize in two weeks (including \$5, for prize poem) which has gone to Hamilton. We hope some other part of the country will be successful next week. Send along your votes. Nos. 321, 329, 331, and 343 were all favorites, 343 leading.

### A CHANGE.

Hereafter, instead of giving the entire twenty dollars to one person, we will divide it into four prizes, as follows: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$3; and 4th, \$2. You have now, therefore, four chances for a prize instead of one, as heretofore. The Tid-bit which gets the highest number of votes will take the ten dollars, the second highest the five dollars, the third highest the three dollars, and the fourth highest two dollars. We hope this new plan will result in a still greater interest in this department.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mrs. S. Woods, Montreal, sends thanks for the receipt of \$20, the prize for the best tid-bit in *Truth* of March 14th.

(412)

### To a Little One.

Only a baby, 'bout any hair,  
'Cept just a little fuzz here and there.

Only a baby, name you have none;  
Barefooted and dimpled, sweet little one.

Only a baby, teeth none at all;  
What are you good for, only to squall?

Only a baby, just a week old;  
What are you here for, you little scold!

### BABY'S REPLY.

Only a baby! What should I be?  
Lots o' big folks have been little like me.

'Alndot any hair! 'as I have too;  
'Apon I hav't, dese I tood grow.

Not any teeth—wouldn't have one—  
Don't det my dinner by gawling a boon.

What am I here for? 'at pretty mean;  
Who's det a better right, 't ever you seen?

What am I dood for? I did you say;  
Ker so many good things, every day,

'Tours I squall sometimes, sometimes I haw,  
Zay desant spant me, 'cause I es so small.

Only a baby, 'as air, 'tis so;  
'N 't you only could, you'd be one too.

'Ats all I have to say; you're 'most too old,  
Dese I det into bed, see a dretting cold.

Haliburton, Ont.

Wm. Nickola.

(411)

### Laugh and the World Laughs.

Laugh and the world laughs with you;  
Weep and you weep alone;  
For this brave old Earth must borrow its mirth,  
It has trouble enough of its own.

II.

King and the hills will answer,  
Eligh—it is lost or is the air;  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from a voicing care.

III.

Rejoice and men will seek you,  
Grieve and they turn and go;  
They will measure all your pleasure,  
But they do not want your woe.

IV.

Be glad and your friends are many,  
Be sad and you lose them all;  
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.

V.

Faith and your halls are crowded,  
Faith and the world goes by;  
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
But no man can help you die.

VI.

There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a long and lordly train,  
But none by one we must all file on  
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

MRS. JOHN A. DOWN.

(Georgetown, New Mexico.)

(412)

### For Those Who Fail.

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"  
The world she has cried for a thousand years;  
But to him who tries, and who fails and dies,  
I give great honor, and glory and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears  
To all who fall in their deeds sublime;  
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,  
They were born with Time in advance of Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,  
But greater many and many a time  
Some pale-faced fellow who has in shame,  
And lets God shake the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,  
And good is the man who refrains from wine;  
But the man who fails and still fights on,  
Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine.

Niagara Falls.

E. M. SEXTON.

(413)

### Good Advice.

Let each man learn to know himself,  
To gain that knowledge let him labor;  
Improve those fallings in himself  
Which he complains so in his neighbor.  
How lenient our own faults we view,  
And conscience voice adopty smother;  
Yet oh how harshly we review  
Those self-same errors in another.

II.

And if you meet an erring one  
Whose deeds are blamable and thoughtless,  
Consider ere you cast the stone,  
You yourself be pure and blameless.  
O list to that small voice within,  
Whose whisperings oft have men confounded,  
And trust not another's tale,  
You would blush if your own were sounded.

III.

Or is judgment if you find,  
Your deeds to others are superior;  
To you has Providence been kind,  
As you should be to those inferior.  
Example sheds a genial ray  
Of light, which men are apt to borrow,  
So first improve yourself to day,  
And then improve your friends to-morrow.

Falsburn, Ont.

C. C. OSA.

(414)

### Gifts for the King.

The wise may bring their learning,  
The rich may bring their wealth,  
And some may bring their greatness,  
And some bring strength and health.  
We, too, would bring our treasures  
To offer to the King;  
We have no wealth or learning;  
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;  
We'll bring Him thankful praise,  
And young weak meekly striving  
To walk in half ways.  
And these shall be the treasures  
We offer to the King,  
And these the gifts that even  
The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties  
We have to do each day;  
We'll try our best to please him,  
At home, at school, at play;  
And better are these treasures  
To offer to the King  
Than richest gifts without them;  
Yet these a child may bring.

London, Ont.

E. W. WOOD.

(415)

### On the Rollers.

This girl had roller skates,  
When she struck out her  
number eight skate  
like a pie gave  
her room.  
hitting cars  
immense  
as she, regardless of expense, sail-  
ed up and down the floor.  
The girl dashed on;  
she could not  
stop; her feet  
momentum gained.  
"Down breaks!" they  
cried; "O maiden stop!"  
She greater speed attained.  
How gracefully she skated  
there—just like a big giraffe—  
and puffed and shrieked in mad  
despair, and made the people laugh  
Then came a burst of thunder sound  
as on the floor she sat upon her bustle  
big and round and made  
it—oh!—  
in misery  
blubbered. She  
never tried to  
hide  
her  
feet,  
for reasons  
quite apparent.

Delhi, Ont.

W. C. BOTLA.

(416)

### Not Any Moore.

A gentleman who had lost his wife, whose  
maiden name was Little, addressed the fol-  
lowing to a Miss Moore, a lady of diminutive  
stature:

I've lost the Little once I had  
My heart is sad and sore;  
So now I should be very glad  
To have a Little Moore.

To which the lady sent the following an-  
swer:

I pity much the loss you've had—  
The grief you must endure;  
A heart by Little made so sad  
A Little Moore won't cure.

MORRIS, P. E. I.

MRS. ROSE, CEX.

(417)

### What is Meant.

Only a line in the newspaper,  
That somebody read aloud  
At a table of languid boarders,  
To a dull, inattentive crowd.

Marked remarks and a marriage,  
And the reader read them all,  
How could he know a hope died then  
And was wrapt in a funeral pall?

Only a line in the paper,  
Read in the usual way,  
But the glow went out of a fair young life;  
And left it cold and gray.

Colder than bleak December,  
Grewer than walls of rock;  
The reader passed and the room grew full  
Of laughter and idle talk.

If one slipped off to her chamber,  
Why, who would dream or know  
That one brief line in the paper  
Had sent her away with her woe—

Away into a lonely sorrow,  
To bitter and blinding tears;  
Only a line in the paper!  
But it meant such desolate years.

107 O'Connor St., Ottawa

R. M. ARNOTT.

(418)

### Contradiction.

Happy that man must pass his life,  
If freed from matrimonial chains;  
Who is directed by his wife  
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

What tongue is able to unfold  
The falsehood that in woman dwells;  
The worth in woman we behold  
Is almost imperceptible.  
Adam could find no solid peace  
When Eve was given him for a mate;  
Till he beheld a woman's face  
Adam was in a happy state.

For in the female will appear  
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride;  
Truth, darling of a heart sincere  
In woman never can reside.  
They're always studying to employ  
Their time in malice and in lies;  
Their leisure hours in virtuous joys  
To spend no'er in their thoughts arise.

Destruction takes the man I say  
Who makes a woman his delight;  
Who no regard to woman pays  
Keeps always reason in his sight.

P. S.—Read first all in written, then read the first,  
third, second, and fourth lines of each verse, and a  
direct contradiction will be found.

43 Finch St., Toronto.

R. W. P. KITCHEN.

(419)

### "For Posterity."

A FACT.

Scene—Canadian Village.

A jolly old farmer from Erin's fairisle  
Was taking his pipe after dinner the while.  
His own pleasant thoughts did the time well be-  
gulle.

Says he to his man, "I was right to come here;  
From debts in the Old Country I never was clear;  
Now this fine farm is mine, debts and duns in the  
rear."

"Your holdings," quoth John, "are splendid enough,  
But you don't build your houses of quite the right  
stuff  
To last for posterity, so on them 'twill be rough."

"Posterity!" cries the old farmer irate.  
"Way for posterity should I build or prate?  
What has posterity done for me, pray state?"

St. Lamberts, F. Q. NORMAN HALFORD.

(420)

### The Best of Wives.

A man once had a vicious wife,  
(A most uncommon thing in life),  
His days and nights were spent in strife  
Unceasing.

Her tongue went glibly all day long,  
Sweet contradictions still her song,  
And all the poor man did was wrong  
And ill done.

A truce without doors or within,  
From speeches long as statesmen spin,  
Or rest in her eternal din  
He found not.

Heavy stothing and disloyal—  
Tried of what stuff her skin was made,  
Falling in all, to heaven he prayed  
To take her.

Once walking by a river side,  
In mournful tones, "My dear," he cried,  
No more let feuds our peace divide,  
I'll end them.

"Weary of life, and quite resigned,  
To drown I have made up my mind;  
So tie my hands as fast behind  
As can be.

"Or nature may assert her reign,  
My arms awakes, my will restrain,  
And swimming, I once more regain  
My trouble.

With eager haste the dam's complaint,  
While joy stands glistening in her eyes—  
Already in her thoughts he dies  
Before her.

"Yet when I view the rolling tide,  
Nature revolts," he said, "beside,  
I would not be a suicide  
And die thus.

"It would be better far, I think,  
While close I stand upon the brink,  
You push me in—my never shrink  
But do it."

To give the blow the more effect,  
Some twenty yards she ran direct,  
And did what she could best expect  
She could do.

He steps aside, himself to save,  
So soon she dashes in the wave,  
And gave, what never before she gave,  
Much pleasure.

"Dear husband, twp! I sink!" she cried.  
"Thou best of wives," the man replied,  
I would but thy hands have tied,  
God bless ye!"

MONTREAL.

O. BURN.

(421)

### For Truth.

Something original; editor, I fear  
You are taxing my powers too far,  
However, my good wishes I'll put into rhyme,  
So accept them please just as they are.

The laws of creation insist on respect,  
Believe in the virtues of cause and effect;  
Trust only in *Truth*, and you'll never be misled,  
If you would be master, and sit at the head.

Renounce all deception, all cunning and lies,  
Let *Truth* be the passion on which you would rise.  
Be humble and lowly, upright and brave  
Be often the servant, but never the slave.

May your journal meet with friends and success,  
From rhyme and tid-bits, always steady for press.  
Subscribers many, grumblers few,  
And *Truth* to the here, all the year through.

25 Manor St., Montreal. ROSE ARDENACK.

(422)

### An Apocryphic to "Truth."

*Truth* is a gem I dearly prize,  
Raise your anthems to the skies;  
Lifts your hearts both great and small,  
To the Center of it all.

Never, then, will be your all in all.  
Time with "Truth" will bring reward,  
Richly honored by the Lord;  
Uncion coming from above,  
To the faithful filled with love,  
Helps to draw them nearer God.

Then when all our warfare's past,  
Reached our home our goal at last;  
Up to Him, "Truth's" mighty friend,  
Timely blessings will descend;  
He who loves us to the end.

MAR. A. ALLEN.

100 Queen's Ave., London East, Ont.