

Tid-Bits.

GIFTS OF GOLD!

\$10.00, \$5.00, \$3.00, \$2.00.

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 four prizes, aggregating twenty dollars in gold, will be given to actual subscribers sending in for this page the best Tid-Bits, containing a moral, a pun, point, joke or parody, either original or selected. Just them from any paper, copy them from any paper, copy them from any book, or coin them out of your head. A single sentence, if pungent or pointed, will do, but don't let them exceed thirty lines each. Be sure to send with each Tid-Bits 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 choicest of these Tid-Bits will be numbered and published in this page every week. Every subscriber is invited to inform the publisher which number is his or her favorite. The four numbers receiving the highest vote will be awarded premiums as follows: First, \$10.00; second, \$5.00; third, \$3.00; fourth, \$2.00.

A printed form of coupon will be found in the last column of page 2 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.

(555)

Little Relics.

Only a baby's picture,
With dimpled shoulders bare;
Large blue eyes softly beaming,
And rings of golden hair.

Only a faded relic,
All wrinkled, soiled, and torn;
'Tis but a tiny stocking
My little girl had worn.

Only a knot of ribbon,
More precious far than pearls;
It slipped just as you see it,
One evening from her curls.

Only her broken playthings—
Little dishes and her doll;
Her pretty cups of silver—
You see I keep them all.

Only a little slipper
That my pretty darling wore
The first time that she tottered
Across the chamber floor.

Why do I keep and love them,
When so many years have fled?
Don't you know? They were my baby's,
And the little one is dead.

Topeka, Kansas.

Mrs. Farnwood.

(556)

What is Heaven?

"What is Heaven?" I asked a little child;
"All joy!" and in her innocence she smiled.

I asked the aged, with her care oppressed;
"All suffering o'er, Oh! Heaven, at last, is rest!"

I asked a maiden, meek and tender-eyed;
"It must be love," she modestly replied.

I asked the artist, who adored his art;
"Heaven is all beauty," spoke his raptured heart.

I asked the poet, with his soul afire;
"Tis glory—glory!" and he struck his lyre.

I asked the Christian, waiting her release;
A halo round her, low she murmured: "Peace!"

So all may look with hopeful eyes above,
'Tis beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace, and love.

Hamilton.

Mrs. Edwin Barber.

(557)

The Hired Squirrel.

A lion to the squirrel said:
"Work faithfully for me,
And when your task is done, my friend,
Rewarded you shall be
With barrelsful of sweet nuts, fresh from
My own nut tree."

"My lion king," the squirrel said, "to this
I do agree."

The squirrel toiled both day and night,
Quite faithful to his hire;
So busy and so faint, sometimes,
He thought he must expire.
But still he kept his courage up, and tugged
With might and main;
"How nice the nuts will taste," he thought,
"When I my barrel gain."

At last, when he was nearly dead,
And thin and old and gray,
Quoth lion: "There's no more hard work
You're fit to do, I'll pay"
A barrelful of nuts he gave—ripe, rich
And big, but oh!
The squirrel's tears ran down his cheeks;
He'd lost his teeth, you know.

St. Thomas.

R. M. Luskday.

(558)

What is Life?

What is life? 'Tis a delicate shell,
Thrown out by eternity's flow,
On time's bank of quicksand to dwell,
And a moment it's loveliness show.

Gone back to its element grand,
Is the billow that brought it on shore;
See—another is washing the strand,
And the beautiful shell is no more.

Orangeville, Ont.

C. M. Wkst.

(559)

A Good Farewell.

Farewell to the "sparkling" wine-cup,
The brain-deceiving wine-cup;
The cup that slays a thousand ways,
The soul-destroying wine-cup!

Farewell to the "flaming" wine-cup,
The teeming, steaming wine-cup;
The greatest ban to mortal man,
Is the vile carousing wine-cup!

Farewell to the "flashing" wine-cup,
The daring, swearing wine-cup;
The cup that calls for fights and brawls,
The peace-destroying wine-cup!

Farewell to the "reveling" wine-cup,
The flattering, fooling wine-cup;
The cup that tears, besmears and wears,
The fame-dealing wine-cup!

Farewell to the "gleeful" wine-cup,
The tingling, jingling wine-cup;
No serpent's fangs can cause such pangs,
As the saddening, maddening wine-cup!

Farewell to the "tempting" wine-cup,
The danger-soothing wine-cup;
The "Upas tree," our land, to thee,
Is the staid, baneful wine-cup!

Farewell to the "fatal" wine-cup,
The all-destroying wine-cup;
The dead sublime, is mine and thine,
That saves us from the wine-cup.

Allan's Corners, P. Q.

Mrs. H. Oliver.

(560)

Over the Fence is Out.

In the noisy plays of our boyish days,
As we batted the ball about,
We had a rule, after hours of school,
That "Over the fence was out."
And though we are men we think now and then
Of the rule of our childish day:
We feel its force with a shiver of remorse,
In graver matters than play.

In struggle and greed, to supply every need,
We shorten life's measure;
An' the gush of joy in the bearded boy
Is lost in the bearded man.
We rear up false claims, we mis our best aim,
And go down in the noise and rout;
We find out too late, by not bating straight
That "Over the fence is out."

We toil and we dig, we rear and we rig,
We barter, we venture, we sell;
We bend every will, we mount every hill—
Forget we are human and frail.
Our energies wasted, true bliss untasted,
We are whirled like dead leaves about,
In life's bleak December, too late to remember
That "Over the fence is out."

(561)

An Old Proverb.

Pouting, my darling, because it rains,
And flowers droop and the rain is fall ng,
And drops are blurring the window panes,
And a moaning wind through the lane is calling
Crying and whining the sky was clear,
And roses again on the lattice twining!
Ah, well, remember, my foolish dear,
'Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

When the world is bright and fair and gay,
And glad birds sing in the fair June weather,
And summer is gathering, night and day,
Her golden chalice of sweets together;
When blue seas answer the sky above,
And bright stars follow the day's declining,
Why, then, 'tis no merit to smile, my love;
'Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

But this is the time the heart to test,
When winter is near and storms are howling,
And the earth from under her frozen vest
Looks up at the sad sky mute and scowling.
The brave little spirit should rise to meet
The season's gloom and the day's repining;
And this is the time to be glad, for, sweet,
'Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

Blue Island, Ill.

E. A. Vickrey.

(562)

Love Satisfies.

They sent him round the circle fair,
To bow before the prettiest there;
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable taste displayed:
Although—I can't say what it meant—
The little maid looked ill content.

His task was then anew begun—
To kneel before the wisest one.
Once more the little maid sought he,
And won him down upon his knee.
She bent her eyes upon the floor—
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then—his sweetest bait
To kiss the one he loved the best;
For all she frowned, for all she chid,
He kissed that little maid, he did,
And then—though why I can't decide—
The little maid looked satisfied.

London.

J. D. Ance.

(563)

Who can say,

Why to-day
To-morrow will be yesterday?
'Who can tell
Why to an ell
The violet recalls the dewy prime,
Of youth and buried time?
The cause is nowhere found in rhyme.

237 Sackville St., Toronto. Mrs. J. H. J. Kana.

(564)

Welcome Papa.

Three little forms, in the twilight gray,
Scanning the shadows across the way;
Six little eyes, four black and two blue,
Brimful of love and happiness too,
Watch! g for 'pa.

May, with placid and thoughtful brow,
Gentle face, beaming with smiles just now;
Willie, the rogue, so loving and gay,
Stealing sly kisses from alster May,
Watch! g for 'pa.

Nelly, with ringlets of sunny hue,
Coolly nestled between the two,
Pressing her cheek to the window-pane,
Watching the absent one home again,
Watch! g for 'pa.

Oh! how they gaze at the passers-by!
'He's coming at last!' they gayly cry;
'Look again, my 'pa!' exclaims inanna;
And Nelly adds, 'There's the twilight star,
Watch! g for 'pa.

Soon joyous shouts from the window seat,
And eager patter of childish feet:
Gay, musical chiming ring through the hall,
A maily voice responds to the call,
Welcome, 'pa.

Yorkville, Ont.

N. Roach.

(565)

The Lady and the Wild-Eyed Poet.

A landlady having presented a Wild-Eyed Poet with a board-bill, he said with an effable up turned gaze: "Madam, it is a season of great political excitement and business depression, so I must pay you in posthumous fame."

"Very good," replied the landlady; "hereafter I will feed you on posthumous hash." Then the Wild-Eyed Poet went mournfully away to the pawnshop, bearing his third-hand overcoat as a sacrificial offering to the necessities of the emergency.

Hamilton.

J. McBRIDE.

(566)

The Reappearance of a Long Lost Ring.

"I am so glad to know you, Mrs. Johnson. I am an old acquaintance of your husband."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, long years ago, twenty years ago, before he knew you, I was his first love. We were indeed betrothed."

"Yes, my dear," puts in Mr. Johnson. "Yes, that was very long ago."

"But you have not forgotten it, John, have you?"

"No, no; but—"

"Do you remember our parting? Oh, how sad!"

"Yes, it was; but—"

"We can talk about it now, for your wife must know me as a friend of hers as well. Let me give you this. It was the ring John, your husband, pressed upon my finger when his heart was free, when we pledged our troth. I give it to you because—"

"Why, John, I declare! If this isn't the ring you said you lost; the ring I gave you when I was engaged to you in 1863."

There's a coolness among the three now.

Ottawa.

O. LaRue.

(567)

Daniel Webster's Anecdote.

Old Father Searle, the minister of his boyhood, one Sunday morning brought down his knee-breeches from the garret, but the wasps had taken possession during the summer, and were having a nice time of it in them. By dint of effort he got out the intruders and prepared for meeting. But while reading the scripture, he felt a dagger, from the enraged, small wasted fellows, and jumped around the pulpit slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced, the more they clung. The people thought him crazy, but he explained the matter by saying: "Brethren, don't be alarmed, the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches." Chester, N. S. Mrs. C. M. Huxford.

(568)

Too Much of It.

On a fine spring morning, just after a nice shower, two English farmers met. "Glorious morning," said one. "Yes," replied the other, "this will make everything spring out of the ground." "God forbid," said the first, "for I buried my wife yesterday."

ARTHUR MIDDLTON.

138 John St. N., Hamilton.

(569)

A Great Convenience.

A California girl has been discovered with two months, one in each cheek. Tols kind may do in the far West, where girls are scarce, and it is convenient to have those who can kiss two fellows at once, but they would never be popular in the East, where there are not enough fellows to go around.

Mrs. N. E. TABLING.

Box 75, Point St. Charles, P. Q.

(570)

Saying "No" Easy.

"How is it you never go with bad boys, or get into bad scrapes?" asked one little fellow of his playmate.

"Oh," said the other, "that's 'cause I don't say 'no' easy."

We thank that boy for his secret. It is worth a great deal more than a bag of money. We have no doubt saying "no" easy has ruined many a child, and man, and woman too—saying "no" as if you did not quite mean it.

When a bad boy or girl tries to coax you to do a doubtful thing, say "no" as if you meant "no," and nothing but "no."

When sin whispers an excuse for doing wrong, say "no" and no mistake. When Satan asks you to serve him, and makes as great promises as he did to the Lord Jesus in the wilderness, do not say "no" easy, but answer him as Jesus did—"Get thee behind me, Satan." That is a "no" he can understand.

SARAH BURKE.

Garrettsville, Ohio.

(571)

The Legend of the Beautiful Hand.

"There was a dispute among three ladies as to which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water and held it up, another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink, and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old, haggard woman, passing by, asked: "Who will give me a gift, for I am poor?"

All three denied her; but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a little gift and satisfied the poor woman. And then she asked them what was the dispute; and they told her, and lifted up before her their beautiful hands.

"Beautiful, indeed," said she, when she saw them. But, when they asked her which was the most beautiful, she said: "It is not the hand that is washed clean in the brook; it is not the hand that is dipped in red; it is not the hand that is garlanded with fragrant flowers, but the hand that gives to the poor, that is the most beautiful."

"As she said these words, her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and she stood before them an angel from heaven, with authority to decide this question in dispute. And that decision has stood the test of all time.

Newborough, Ont.

JENNIE PRICE.

(572)

Needed Knowledge.

"Say, Pete, did you ever know dat I was de keeper ob a erry

"No, I neber hear ob dat afore, Sam."

"Oh, yes, I was de keeper ob a ferry for some time till I lost my vessel in a storm; den de ferry busted."

"Why, how was dat, Sam?"

"Well, Pete, I tell you. One dark night a man come to de ferry, and he ax'd me if I would take him across de river. I told him