

The Comet

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OTTAWA, MARCH 31, 1894.

ONE CENT

THE COMET.

OTTAWA, March 31, 1894.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.—SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

All advertisements must reach the office, 37 Elgin street, not later than Friday noon. Remittances to be made payable to The Comet & Co. to whom all business enquiries should be addressed. All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor.

TO OUR READERS.

As we launch our little sheet out into the public tide, the first thing we have to do is to present ourselves to the literary class, without which no journal can live long. And when a paper makes its *debut*, the readers naturally enough want to know what they are to expect, for in these days of ups and downs and ins and outs, the intelligent People do not care to trust themselves on the tight-ropes of outside Appearance over the gulf of Doubt. So, after this bit of philosophy we will proceed to make ourselves understood. It will be our first aim to give our readers only such pithy and pertinent news as we know they would look for after their day's work is done, and to give it in such a way as not to weary, but rather to cheer them up. Anything local or topical will be given special attention, and personalities will be carefully guarded against; and what we do say, or allow to be said through the medium of *The Comet*, will be without fear or favor. No bias will be shown either in politics or religion, our motto being to please all—the only road to popularity. In the summer months, if all goes well, we propose devoting our energy to the interest and advancement of lacrosse and other sports, and to lend a hand to volunteer movements, civil service doings, and in short to help in any reasonable way to add to rather than to take from the solidity and well-being of this mighty nation of ours.

It would be waste of space to say more of what we *might* do, so we will leave it for the public to see what we *shall* do, provided they award us that support for which we modestly ask them. And then where the people are, there *The Comet* hopes to be also!

SWALLOWING A CAMEL.

Although it may be a little late to talk about the present of the Canadian ladies to the Duke and Duchess of York, in the shape of a handsome pair of horses and an elegant sleigh and robes, yet, after all the fussification that was made by some local busy-bodies over the docking of the steeds, *The Comet* too has its little something to say on the matter.

In the first place it is the fashion in England to dock horses' tails, and any one who was at all "horsey" would as soon think of flying as driving a horse with a long tail. Although we do not commend docking as a humane act, depriving the animals of their only protection against flies, yet we cannot for the life of us see why people should join in the hue and cry just because a single pair of horses had their tails abbreviated, when the same thing is repeatedly done here in our very midst. And the only reason that we can suggest for their doing so is that they had an eye to making themselves appear in print as tender-hearted, and the other eye probably to notoriety.

The Prevention of Cruelty people were also conspicuous in the babble, and were going to play the Dickens with the innocent who did the chopping if they could only get their hands upon him. With all due credit to the society for the good they really do, we think that if they turned their attention to the barbarous fashion of using the bearing rein so much, they would have splendid scope to display their energies, for where there is one case of docking there are a hundred cruel bearing

reins, which are always jerking the animal's mouths, whereas, the docking punishment is sharp practice for the time, but soon over. In the old country the P. C. A. societies are dead against the bearing rein, and one is rarely seen, while docking is let pass without a mumer. We certainly dislike both practices, and it is high time something was done to put down so much bearer. It ought not to be at all.

THE LATEST.

Is *The Comet*!

And everybody wondering and talking about it.

The optimist.

And the pessimist.

And the man who "hardly knows."

But it has got here all the same.

And hopes to please the critical Ottawa public

To tell the ladies where to get a good thing in bonnets.

And give the gentlemen jokes about them.

That Ottawa can't have its own electric light.

But that it can have *The Comet* all the same.

That our busy little Alderman Cluff is sorry (if not sad) about it.

And that he says it was a Mayor's nest.

That it was not a game Cox.

That the Council hons will sit on the bad egg next Monday.

That the *Journal* is strong for our independence in city lighting.

And warmly advocates a civic lighting system that would knock the poor Companies into a cocked hat.

That this is good bizness!—for the people, we mean.

The budget has been through part of the mill.

Brought in by the Foster lamb.

And ground out by the fiery untamed lion, Cartwright.

The taxes have had a million-and-a-half chopped of 'em.

And still the financier says: "Down, down, down!"

Sir Richard says the Tories are stealing the Liberal ideas.

Then Sir Dickey ought to be proud to think they are worth the stealing.

The Waterworks committee met Thursday night.

And played their little farce, *Much Ado About Nothing*.

And Ald. McGuire was the villain.

And tried to throw cold water down the chairman's neck.

And got into it himself.

After which he dubbed the hero a liar.

And then wanted a rest.

But they didn't arrest him.

And Davids son danced "the Campbells are comin'" to the realistic music of a lyro.

And the curtain came down.

And the band played "Down went McGuire."

The three safe blowers have been nabbed.

And are now in safe hands.

Constable Flanagan is a brave boy.

Quite a hero, in fact.

The *Kirmess* is over, and will take a lot of beating.

And Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Perley deserve lots of praise.

Continued on Last Page.