

The Comet

VOL. I. No. 1.

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.

Ode to Mitchell and Corbett

What on earth is this? says the *Empire*, of Manchester, Eng., "Jim Corbett and Charley Mitchell will spar four rounds for charitable purposes." Hold on tight, friends, and try to get your breath again. This is an item which must go through the poetic, as well as the fistic mill:

Says Mitchell to Corbett,
"To good work we'll apply
Our pugilistic prowess, and
With four-ounce gloves we'll try
To aid the cause of charity
By pummeling and punching,
But yet without barbarity"—
"Right you are," says Corbett.

Says Mitchell to Corbett,
"The widow's heart we'll cheer,
By landing on the 'smeller' and
With 'counter' on the ear:
The hungry orphan, too we'll cheer,
With thumps on the 'bread basket'
'Twill be an apostolic deed"
"I'm your man," says Corbett.

Says Mitchell to Corbett,
"We'll clothe the poor, also.
If we take and give a 'dress-ing':
And clouts will likewise go
To swathe the workless and the old,
The feeble and the ailing—
Their blessings all we'll have, I'm
told"—
"Rare good biz," says Corbett.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

[By THE EDITOR].

Good morrow, gentle readers, good morrow! We will have no formalities, but I hope we shall be good friends from the very start, and if I do the writing as well as you can (working the paste-brush when the pen gets tired), and you do the reading as well as I can, why, it will be simply splendid. Won't it now? So we will go straight to business.

Now that Easter is over, and all the girls have donned their Spring bonnets (otherwise hats), in spite of the fact that old Capricornus came back and paid us a visit last week (which was rather cool of him, too), I suppose we can look forward to spring in all its various shapes and forms. The spring poet has already been round worrying the editor out of his wits to publish "just this little ode," and the editor good naturedly refrained from kicking him over the stairs, having been sagely admonished by the Publisher that "we must go slow at first, you know."

And besides that we have other evidences of spring. For instance, every advertisement has in the daily papers an extra-special line SPRING! in it, all the quacks are bringing on their spring medicines, and every street is full of springs and rivulets, and ever and anon those who can't use stilts have to wade through it, as we say—just as the merry copper did after that delusive "corpse" in the pool on Percy street the other day.

It was rather rough on the man of the "corps," however, when he paddled out in the water to put the Scarff around the dead man's neck, to find it was a dummy. And anybody

to put an image in a Corporation pool like that, to make such a talk, was decidedly nasty.

Still, this sort of thing livens us up a bit sometimes, and makes life worth living after all. I'm sure I don't know how we should get along if it wasn't for libels, breaches of promises, political personalities and corporation muddles, with an occasional murder or suicide thrown in by way of variety.

We shall have no reason to complain here in Ottawa for a bit it seems though, what with one thing and another. The infectious diseases hospital, down under Porter's Island, has made things lively lately, and brought forth some sturdy blows and return blows. It is to be hoped that in the midst of it all the poor island won't get blown away, and leave the bricks all unprotected there in the bed of the river.

I was down there looking around the other day when the battle was at its hottest and the boilers were taking a compulsory dip, and it struck me that if all other schemes fail it would be a good idea to turn the cellar into a public swimming bath, and let the remains—I mean the remainder—out to some fancier for a poultry house, or if we get a creamery here, it would make a bad cow shed. Although it seems too close to the city (right in it in fact) for an infectious diseases hospital, yet in the winter, at any rate, it is perfectly ice-olated.

Some one suggested that the new famous hospital should be converted into a hospital for the insane. Don't know what last year's Council think of it.

That must have been a nice bit of work on the bridge at Cassleman, for the whole bridge, iron girders and all, to be washed completely away before it was three months old; and small wonder that the natives are indignant. But what could they expect after setting a butcher to engineer a work like that, who possibly didn't know cement from sand?

Everybody must know that in starting a journal out into this weary world where every one is always hankering for "something new and novel," as we call it, there are many things to be thought about, and many that are never thought about—save by the man who can run the paper better than ourselves. And the *Comet* came in for its share of woe under the cruel hand of Fate. One day while the Publisher, the boss printer, the cashier, and the office boy, not forgetting the editor, were standing round the office bowl and struggling for the towel, in the course of conversation they switched on to the *Comet* question, as to which should be editor and who should be chancellor of the exchequer, and the office boy wanted to know what was to be the price of the paper. Suggestions poured forth, from a dollar downwards, when the

Publisher spake and sed, sedde—"I've fixed the price at a penny; ow will that do?" And a murmur of a cent rose and went round among the whole host of the printers.

The above incident of course will have great influence with the literary people of Ottawa, and I quote it merely to prove that truth is stranger than fiction.

I notice in some English papers they are making a vigorous kick against the employment of female labor in offices, and one writer, under the title of "The Last Days of Mr. Clerk," after flinging his ink all over the dear things, so to speak, wipes 'em down with a dirty duster afterwards, by saying that "the woman's sphere is her home, and it has actually been proved by statistics that the majority of lady clerks are lady clerks not from necessity, but from ambition and discontent." And he says they are cutting their own throats by underselling and ousting the men clerk, adding that "the feminine mind is such a wholly unintelligible thing that this bit of logic does not apply to them."

Now there's a nice thing to say of our darlings! To blame them for being ambitious, too, is what takes the bun. May-be the poor author was shaking in his shoes while some "ambitious and discontented" maiden waited outside to apply for his situation, or to hand the editor an article on "Woman's supremacy, or the tailed-piped clerk," or a parody on Darwin's "Survival of the fittest." I do not altogether (mind I say altogether) blame the fair ones, and if the girls can walk in and take Mr. Clerk's seat in such terrible style, why, they cannot be so dreadfully "unintelligible" after all.

Still, think what we may, lovely woman seems to be getting the upper hand in a way that ought to make her lord and master sit up, if lord and master he is to continue. Over at Liverpool a lady, Mrs. Margaret Walker by name, got her back up over a little secret love affair between Mr. Margaret Walker and another lady who had captured his devotions, and the irate wife began to Walker-round the poor man in great style. She took him by the collar and gave him a good thrashing to begin with. But Mr. Walker was paradoxical, and in spite of the beating he was not to be beaten, so the old Dutch danced him up into the attic and chained him to the bed-post, and it being Lent just then she let him fast, and went up and gave him a sound spanking each day, for four months, until Mr. Walker got mad and would stand it no longer, so he turned up his toes and walked off to that bourne whence no walker return, leaving his strong-minded honey to fight it out with a jury and to figure as a heroine on the jerky old gallows.

Another lady (this time at London), rejoicing in the name of Her-

mann, coaxed an old gentleman into her parlor in Grafton street and played the spider trick with him. She didn't chain him to the bed-post—oh no, not a bit of it—but she polished him off quietly, packed him in a travelling trunk, labelled it "this side up with care," and sloped off to another lodgings trunk and all. But, alas for Mrs. Hermann, the police got scent of it and sent a copper or two to hunt up the lady. The villainess was found, the box was opened, and what the press describes as a muscular man was unpacked and laid on the table for identification inquestoration, while Mrs. Hermann was marched off to pay the penalty of that murder that would out. After all this one is inclined to ask Hermann—y more murders I wonder?

And still they come! This time a ten-year-old. Young Dicky Vant, a colored boy, out in Alaska somewhere, wanted a biscuit which his elder brother was nibbling, and as he didn't get it his color got up, and without further ado he out with a pistol whose bullets were made of lead, lead, lead, and shot the greedy brother through the head, head, and so took the b skit. Dickey was determined to make a name for himself, other than plain Dick, for a month or so before (so saith the faithful reporter) he slow a six-year old brother with the jaw bone of an ass—I mean axe,—and chopped off three of his little sister's fingers, for all of which he is respectfully submitted to the care of a trusty warder, where he cannot give such Vant to his young feelings.

Down in Kentucky a witch got ill-wishing the cattle of Mr. Hugh Warren (so he thought, silly fellow), and he painted her picture—probably to remember her by—procured a silver bullet, showed it to Mrs. Kelly and shot it through the head—the picture, not the bullet. This piece of audacity so cut Mrs. Kelly to the quick that in two minutes by the clock she gave up the ghost. Too bad of that farmer, really. But he must have been a stupid to use a silver bullet when a lead one might have done just as well. Next please.

A Mr. Fitz Giger (good name that) of St. Joseph, was being chaffed by some friends lately when one of them jokingly told him to go and kill himself and straightway he went upstairs and obeyed orders, putting a bullet in his brain-ban. This shows how easily a good life can be blown away with the chaff; but if everybody was so sympathetic as to do what people asked them like that, I'm afraid the end of the world would soon be about.

And I see that some wisecracks have already settled when the end of the world is to come off, even to the very day—yea, more than that, the actual hour. A faith doctor, Mr. J. S. Wills, of St. Louis, prognosticates the event for March 6th, 1869, at 3 p.m., Jerusalem time, and says

the beginning of sorrow commences this year of grace, 1894, "with a series of bloody wars and revolutions in Europe."

It's! It is, is it? This sort of thing is getting a bit played out, tell Mr. Wills, and he must give us something newer than that if he wants to cause a sensation. I remember that just two years ago now, another prophet, Baxter, tried on the same little game at Plymouth, England. He set it down for some time in the deceased 1893, and in his lecture, or whatever you like to call it, he delved almost inextricably into figures, and what he called fax, giving us the exact hour; and he even went so far as to state that so many (I forget the exact number—300 odd I think) were to be taken up to heaven from Plymouth. Before that climax was reached, some of the audience had really worked themselves up to a state of alarm, and I even saw several women drop a troubled tear. But when he went so far as to give numbers so near home as that, why they began to think Mr. Baxter was playing a hoax, and looked at one another in wonder and amaze. During the lecture an attendant distributed little pamphlets, and a more elaborate get-up, with horses galloping in the air, and Napoleon seated in glory on one of them, with the emblem "666" branded on his forehead, the same as the rest of the warlike crowd below. This latter was marked three pence, but as it was Sunday Mr. Baxter said he would sell them for two-pence. I purchased one, and both in that and the presentation, one, you could plainly see that the dates had been altered on the lithographic stone.

The above I give as a plain fact, and it simply shows the utter unutterable absurdity of these predictions. Besides, it is going in direct opposition to the very basis of their arguments—the Bible, which says—well there, everybody knows that.

In the case of the prophet Baxter's lecture, it was announced to be free, but the wily janitor would not let anybody pass without the necessary coin of the realm was dropped in the slot; so that the prophet expected to get a little profit out of the affair. But it was well worth the penny.

The Canadian Order of Foresters are going to give us a treat on Thursday, April 5th, in the shape of a concert, which will come off in the Opera House. The programme includes some excellent numbers, from a violin a solo by Miss E. Bailey to a cornet ditto by Mr. C. Dontigny, and other artists include Mr. Jas. Fax (who will supply the comic business), Miss Williams, Miss M. E. McDowell, Miss E. Bailey, Miss May, Miss Libbie Beach, Miss Agnes Dahamel, and Mr. Ter Meer. Miss McDowell will do a little club swinging, which will be a novelty, and in fact the whole concert, which is under His Excellency's patronage, promises to be a big success. Plan and tickets at R. S. Williams & Sons' Music Warerooms, 159 Bank street.

Sporting Notes.

OUR LACROSSE CHAMPIONS.

The report of our pet Capitals at the meeting last Monday evening was a very rosy affair, bristling with glad tidings of the past and bright hopes for the future, and setting forth their magnificent success which everybody knows so well, of which the team is justly proud. Of course, reference was made to the watch presentation of the Ottawa enthusiasts, which was fittingly acknowledged both by the president and Lord Aberdeen when the tickers were handed to our heroes.—[May-be next year they will have chains to match, if they only watch it.—Ed.]

The gallant little Stars [no relation to the Comet.—Ed.] also came in for their meed of praise for the valuable help they have been to the senior team, and a suggestion was thrown out that a relay should be always in training for emergencies. It was also advised that a suitable constitution and code of rules should be drawn up for the senior league, as the club does not relish the present haphazard way of doing business.

The patience of the public at matches was also considered by advising that some means should be adopted to make sure of the referees being in their places in good time, instead of keeping the crowd there on the grand stand studying the daisies, while the umpires and referees were being chosen, and while impatient gentlemen roamed around running their souls into sin. "This," says the report, "is not as it should be."

A cry was raised against the foul play which goes on game after game, and the fault is laid with the referees and not the rules. They also want to do away with the field captain, and compare him to the fifth wheel of a coach. [He will be more like it when abolished—he will never be seen.—Ed.] Another good idea set forth is to do away with such long rests, and make it five minutes instead of ten.

His Excellency the Governor General was elected patron, and the other officers are: Hon. president, Sir Adolpho Caron; hon. vice-presidents, Jas. Isbestor, F. X. St. Jacques, C. Murphy, David MacLaren, R. J. Devlin and Mr. Newcombe. Deputy Minister of Justice; president, Jas. White; vice-presidents, W. R. Stroud, Dr. Kidd, B. Slattery, treasurer, A. G. Pittaway; secretary, Geo. O'Keefe, committee, J. Terrance, J. Whitty, R. K. Claire, J. A. Seybold, W. Baskerville and W. Stuart, captain, F. Bissonnetto.

Mr. C. Murphy, the hon. sec. of the Capital team, we are sorry to hear, is resigning, as he finds he cannot carry on law and lacrosse at the same time, and make both a success. His loss, of course, will be felt a good deal, but the rest of the club must buck up, on the principle that there are as good Mermaids—beg pardon, Murphys—in the sea as

those that have been caught. Success to him, however, in laying down the lacrosse, so as the better to lay down the law.

MITCHELL AND CORBETT.

Since Charles got so badly beaten he has done nothing but praise his victor, and although he says that Jackson has the best record in the world, he clings to the belief that Corbett will give him beans when they have out their mill.

But that seems very doubtful just now, and Parson Davies, Jackson's manager, says that the champion is trying all his might to get out of the scrimmage; but says Jackson is ready for him at any time, and will have it out whenever Corbett chooses.

But pugilists are a queer lot, and can't be depended on a bit, except for brag and bluster. And the only way to settle their parley is to put up a good long purse, let 'em fight it out, and then perchance they will pursue the even tenor of their way. Not else.

Mr. Jos. Maloney, just returned to Ottawa, says in Wednesday's *Journal* that Mitchell was sick when he tackled Gentleman Jim; "a poor worn out middle-weight of 147 pounds," in fact. Later on he says, "it will take a mighty long time to find a man to defeat Corbett."

The last sentence shows that though Mitchell might have been sick (and this is the first we have heard of such a thing), James could give him a doing just as well if he was in the pink of fighting perfection.

Prize fighters, however, like matches, are apt to fire up when struck and lose their heads.—[Comet's Philosophy in one cent Nos.]

No More Charity for Him.

Two little boys scantily clad but apparently perfectly happy stood on a grating looking at the good things in a baker's window. The good-natured German baker's sympathies were aroused and, taking a five cent apple pie from the window, he handed it to the boy nearest to the door. The latter had been a broad-minded communist before he got the pie. Suddenly he developed into a bloated capitalist and shoved the pie under his coat.

"Gi' me a piece?" cried his comrade.

"Oh! go take a sneak. Didn't his nobs give it to me?"

"Naw, he didn't. He gavo half of it to me."

"You're a liar!"

"You're another!"

A dirty fist shot out and struck the pie-holder on the nose. A clinch followed, and over each other the two young wildcats rolled, stained with mud, blood and pie stuffing. The baker looked out of his window and exclaimed:

"Dot charity is no good alretty. Do next time vat I givs a pie away I keep it myself."

The Child Barber

The energetic manager of the Royal Aquarium is always importing some new fish to tempt the insatiable appetite of the novelty seeking British public. The latest oddity is a little girl named Nelly Wick, who, supplementary to a quick-shaving contest between two adults, scrapes the stubble off the chins and cheeks of twelve men in ten minutes. It is to be hoped this shaver in potticoats will never meet the exacting bush-rauger who once entered the cabin of a barber, laid a six-shooter down on the table before him and ten dollars next to it, informing the operator that if he removed the growth of several months without drawing a drop of blood he would give him the money, but at the first sign of a cut he would shoot him dead. The barber finished the job successfully and pocketed the fee. "Your a plucky chap," said the stranger, "for I would have blown your brains out if you'd made a slip." "No, you wouldn't," calmly remarked the barber, "for at the first drop of blood I'd have cut your throat from ear to ear!" If the latest craze is to be juvenile barbers, of course the upper classes will follow suit; and we shall be having Dolly, aged ten, experimenting on her uncle, fresh from the Antipodes, as a test of efficiency. Let us hope the latter has left his six-shooter behind him!

"False Doctoring."

Even clergy men who preach plain sermons sometimes find that their hearers have misunderstood them. The speech of educated men is so different from the dialect of the street, with which they are familiar, that he who speaks it is not sure of having reached the comprehension of those who use only the everyday language of the people.

A clergyman in Yorkshire visited a sick parishioner, who would not spend a penny more upon a doctor, but who was taking a cheap quack medicine that was doing him harm.

"My dear Mrs.—," said the clergyman to the wife of the sick man, "your husband is killing himself with those pills. It's a case of suicide—a downright sin!"

"Yes, sir," replied the tearful wife, "I know it, and many and many's the time I've prayed against it in the church service."

"In the church service?" rejoined the minister, a little doubtfully. "You mean where we pray for the sick?"

"Oh, no, sir," she replied. "I mean where we always say in the Litany, isn't it? 'From all false doctoring, good Lord, deliver us.'"

The ignorant woman really thought that the "false doctrine," from which she prayed to be delivered, was the taking of quack medicine, such as her husband was doing.

How many foreign languages can your wife speak? Three; French, German, and the one she talks to the baby.

Frolic of the Footlights.

"THE KIRMESS."

"Do you know a good thing when you see it?" asked the Publisher last Wednesday. "Yes," I replied, "a ten dollar bill frinstance." "No, that's not what I mean at all," said the Pub., crossly; "have you been to the Kirmess?" "O—h!" I said, with a tinge of injury, "that's another question. No, I have not." "Well, then begone there to-night!" And like an obedient boy, I be-went, for I know within my heart that the Kirmess was in just the right sort of hands to be done well.

And my heart did not deceive me, for when I arrived at the Opera House at 8 o'clock there was not a single vacant seat, and I had either to stand or to sit on a step with my knees on a level with my nose. The curtain rose and two buglers placed themselves against the pillars like lovely waxworks, and then Major Watson, M.C., emerged from among the elm trees with his fairy wand and announced the arrival of Britannia, Canada, and the United States, when the buglers blew a blast and on came the ruler of the waves, ornate with the customary helmet and a half-mile train of Union-Jack, borne along by a troop of pretty children; and attended by maids of honor and pages, followed by Mrs. Canada, in sweet but modest attire, the Lady of Liberty bringing up the rear, enveloped in the star spangled banner.

When Britannia had taken the throne, and her subordinates had perched themselves at her tootsies, there was a grand parade of the nations, in which innumerable representatives came in and went out, and came in and went out again, getting so artistically mixed up, with all the splendor of the dresses, that it had a very dazzling effect. The Kirmess is necessarily spectacular (which is a nice word), and the dresses were simply superb, both in color and design. When they had done parading, and had lined up like rows of sweet peas, Mrs. Harrison, in black satin, advanced and sang with her sweet and powerful soprano voice, "Rule Britannia" and "God bless thee, Canada," amid wild yells of loyalty.

Miss Maggio and Master Jack Stevens executed a flag dance, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," very prettily, and then there was a May-pole dance by a dozen damzels and an equal number of swains, who flirted round the pole on the end of red and white and blue and green ribbons in good old English style.

It was quite a piece of head-work to follow up the programme, and when the gallant Major informed us what came next everybody made a wild dash at the official hand-book and ran it over from pages 1 to 14, to see who was to do the skipping rope dance, and how many jolly tars were down for the sailors' hornpipe, and whether it was to be done on Wednes-

day, Thursday or Friday, or Thursday, Friday and Wednesday, and by the time we were decided the fun was half over. The Canadian school-girls Misses Mildred McDougall and Muriel Church, did their skip very nicely, and the sailors hauled in the slack with all the air of real old salts.

Major Watson once more arrived and declared what most of us put down to be "Don't eat ice cream," but the programme assured us he was wrong, for it was "Roses and Bees" next, and then out tripped a dozen ruddy maiden roses in red and white muslin, and went down on their knees, and a swarm of hungry bees followed and gathered up the honey quite buzzily to the tune of "lu-h-a-by, Baby," after which came a Prussian wedding, and Miss Church was made Mrs. Capt. Hubbell (real Prussian names), and Miss Elsie Tilley, Eva Rowan, Nora Shaw, and L. Smith were the maids of honour, with a host of pretty Prussians besides to give the thing a send off, Miss Hollingsworth doing duty as Chaperon.

Then there was a Highland Ballet, and Sword dance, both of which went well, Miss Stevens manoeuvring round the blade very daintily. The "Laudebach" was, I think, the event of the evening, and the audience went wild with delight, and when Miss Agnes Grant and Miss Muriel Addison two perky little maids, and Guy Maingy and J. Harrison had gone over their "Ri-tooley-i ooley-i ooley-i oo" they had perforce to give it again, though the Major stood with his wand in a way suggestive of Ajax defying the footlights, waiting to announce the interval—this time really for ice cream and lemons.

That interval was a big success, for I believe the English lady at the ice cream and lemon stall had ordered the steam to be got up to 90 in the shade so as to make a "go" with her refreshments, without which no one could exist ten minutes longer. And everybody made a rush for the same old spot, and carted off the delightful delicacies *ad lib.*, while Hungarian gypsies, and Hindoos, and Gondoliers, and Flower Girls mingled with the multitude disposing of sweets to the sweet, and fans for the fainting. It was a time to be sure, and the more we hustled about to get refreshers the hotter we got, till in utter desperation the players went back to the play, and those who hadn't got turned out returned to their seats.

I quite pitied poor Britannia and Canada and the Marchioness de la Duchess of Liberty (she married an English Baron), who had to sit or stand around the throne, while the audience fanned all the heat at them. Part two opened with a Court Dance, which was, of course, performed in true courtly fashion, to the tune of (what was that standard tune again? But no matter.), and then the Gondoliers of Italy came on with their pretty musical drill, followed by the "Peck-a-boo" dance by four little maids in red and white muslin,

carrying large fans. Miss Geraldine Cox's "Little Gracie" was exceedingly gracefully executed, and she sang very sweetly.

Two young ladies of the party down by the German hut, got hold of me and quizzed me, and when I told them I was representing the Comet they laughed me to scorn; but said if I really *did* they had big orders to give me. The Hindoo wanted me to 'take off' the Prussian; but I told her I didn't see how it was possible, which ever way I looked at it, and then the Prussian (a tall graceful young lady with dark eyes—such eyes!—fair complexion and flower-barral hair) said I must praise the Prussians and give the Hindoos beans, and "Say that the Hindoos are unique, will you?" persisted the Hindoo, and I promised I would. The Prussian threatened me so badly in I printed her name, that I must refrain, but Miss MacQuig was less impetuous, and she really looked very nice.

I can only praise each one individually and the Kirmess collectively; and the flower girls' dance was described by the Hindoo as "queenly," which was quite correct. The Hungarian gypsies were very pretty, and the Topsyies made some good fun by their clumsy evolutions, and their final Topsy-turvy out among the elm trees.

Miss Stevens, as Kate Kearney, was doubtless the star of the evening, and her mellifluous rendering of "Kate Kearney" brought down the rafters. She replied to the enthusiastic encores with a very smart dance to the music of her song.

In short [Call this short, do you?—Ed.] the Kirmess was a brilliant success, and reflects great credit on the directors, who were Professor Melville, and a committee composed of Mrs. George Perley, Miss Clomow, Miss Baxter, Miss Merrick and Mr. Geo. E. Perley, besides many others whom I have not mentioned.

ZENAS.

Algernon (out with Amy his loved one): "Pardon me for bowing to that shabby old codger, but I feel obliged to do it, Amy."

Amy: "Who is he, Algernon?"

Algernon: "He he is the head of our firm."

Little girl—"Its all nonsense 'bout ole maids never telling their ago."

Little boy—"Why?"

"Queen Elizabeth was an old maid wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well th' paper says Professor Dryasdust is goin' to lecture on 'The Age of Elizabeth,' so there."

THE EASTER BONNET.

The milliner with placid brow,

Surveyed the Easter bonnet;

"T'will bring," she said, "more cash

I'vow.

Than any joke upon it."

Hetty's Dilemma.

A STORY OF TRUE LOVE.

She had always been called "Henny" ever since she could remember, and she had never resented it until to-night. But now, sitting in her little room and living over again in a sort of whirl the events of the evening, she hated that undignified nickname, "Henny," indeed! How would the cards look if they should read that "Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Brown requested the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Henny?" Now that she was engaged she would be Henrietta.

By and by she left the window and went to the mirror. Henny was surprised. She was amazed to find that she looked so well. Why, she was radiant! Why couldn't she always look like that, with radiant eyes, glowing cheeks and the beauty of happiness about her mouth? If only, ordinary-looking, brownhaired, healthy little Henny Brown could develop into a vision of loveliness otherwise Henrietta, how much worthier of Ned would she be! And when the young woman's head was devoutly bowed on the counterpane there was an undercurrent to her conventional prayer that ran: "Make me beautiful!"

But even an engagement does not act as a permanent beautifier. The next morning Henny's freckles showed again, for there was no roseate glow to conceal them. Her eyes wore a little heavy, for her sleep had been brief, and altogether she was not pleased with her personal appearance. Her family made the usual felicitous jokes on her engagement, and somehow she did not dare interrupt the breakfast table raillery by a demand to be called Henrietta.

That day fate threw in Henny's path a certain Miss Amabel Wilson, a young person with a complexion of the approved roses and snow variety. Henny looked at her jealously.

"Say, Mat," she finally hazarded, "how on earth do you keep your skin so lovely?"

And Miss Amabel, moved by the compliment, told Henny that there were such things as divers sorts of complexion baths, massage treatment, lotions and creams. And she added that those things taken in conjunction with various exercises and a vegetable diet would convert any woman into a Hebe.

Thereupon Henny took a resolution. During the three months' absence of her lover she would devote herself to the pursuit of beauty.

It is impossible to tell all that Henny went through with in those three months. Her room was a physical culture arena! One tripped over dumb-bells and stumbled on Indian clubs. With great care she had constructed a sort of pulley arrangement which acted as an amateur gallows for the uninitiated person who entered the room at dusk. Her Hor family was driven to the verge of lunacy in its vain endeavor to satisfy her demands for whole-grain breads and a variety of greens. Her

washstand was a jumble of bottles, meal bags, lemons, rubber brushes and the customary paraphernalia of a beauty-seeker. She spent her allowance recklessly in taking vapor baths and facial massago of various sorts. The skin steamer and the shampooer looked with favor upon her.

There is no doubt that this determined onslaught upon the hills that complexion are heir to made Henny a different looking person at the end of three months. Her face had fewer wrinkles, perhaps, and certainly the freckles which had been wont to lend a certain piquancy to the young face were banished, though her mother assured her they would return reinforced in the spring. But, in spite of these improvements, there were times when Henny felt that the smooth-cheeked flawless young person who gazed at her from the mirror lacked some things that had been charms in the Henny of the past.

The day that Ned came home Henny was excited, but she tried to be calm. Would he like her better, be prouder of her? She went down to see him in a trembling condition.

When Ned had time to hold her off and gaze at her, his face dropped.

"Good heavens, Henny! How funny you look! You aren't—you haven't been powdering, have you?"

Henny hastily reassured him on that point.

"You look strange," he resumed. "I tell you what it is, dear; you need to run in the sun and wind and get a little tan on. You look as washed as a hair-dresser's wax dummy."

"Will I take you off to the shore next June. And, Henny, please don't sign your letters 'Henrietta' any more, will you? It's such a silly sounding name!"

THE DRAWBACKS.

Tom—"Yes, we swore to remain true to each other. Then I went away for a long time."

Jack—"And she was always in your thoughts?"

Tom—"I thought a good deal of her—I mean I thought of her a good deal."

Jack—"And when you met her you embraced her fondly, of course?"

Tom—"I would probably have done so were it not for our surroundings."

Jack—"The encounter was public?"

Tom—"Yes, and both her husband and my wife were present."

HER LOGIC.

Cholly Topk. t (to fair one): Suppose I should kiss you?

Miss Lookout: I'd scream.

Cholly Topkhot: That would do you no good, as no one could hear you.

Miss Lookout (simply): I know it.

THE MAIDEN'S REPLY.

Tom—"Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her her age?"

Jack—"Yes."

Tom—"What did she say?"

Jack—"She said it was none of my business."

How I Became Oakum Picker to Her Majesty.

AN EXPERT'S NARRATIVE.

"It ain't everybody as knows that firemen ain't allowed to go round collecting for a comrade's widow, or beanfeasts, and such like, but so many know that it is dangerous to try the 'fireman's dodge' on now. Why, it is three months ago, I was hauled up and got ten weeks for doing it," said an ex-convict to the writer the other day.

"The idea struck me one day as I was looking in a second-hand clothes shop, and saw a fireman's suit, cheap, and as I had a little money at home, I just managed to purchase it."

"I had to wait a week before I got a good chance. Every day I hunted all through the paper to see what fires had taken place in London, and one day I came across an account of one in the West end, out by Bayswater, where a fireman had been killed, and as the papers stated had 'left a wife and three young children totally unprovided for,' I thought I had got hold of good game."

"I cut out the account, put on my fireman's dress, wrote out the first page of an account-book in a good round hand, stating what I was collecting for, and pasted the paper-cutting under it."

"I know it would be no good trying the big houses where there might be men-servants because they would only shut the door in my face. So I went to houses of a more humble kind."

"No one seemed to doubt that I was all right when they had read the account, and the first day I made \$7, the most money I ever made in a single day. But I never made less than \$7.00 a day for the fortnight I was at it. Then it began to get stale, and people seemed to think it funny I hadn't called before, so I dropped it for safety's sake."

"About a month after I first started I was, so I said, collecting for a woman and five kids, whose husband had fallen off a fire-escape and got killed."

I got into a hole a week later at the job and got board and lodging free for four months, and the appointment of Oakum Picker to Her Majesty the Queen.

"That rather sickened me of the 'fireman's racket,' and I throw it over and started the 'dustman's beanfeast.' I got myself up like a dustman and went from house to house asking for contributions towards the district dustmen's beanfeast, but this was so poor a job I gave it up."

"My next dodge was calling at houses to inspect the waterpipes, with a forged letter of introduction from the chief engineer of the water works of the district. I used to examine the pipes, and after a while I would pretend to find one put up in a way that was against the company's rules. I would tell the master or mistress of the house that the pipe must come down, and a fresh one be put up in its place. I always chose a pipe

which looked like an expensive job. They would say to me—

"And won't it cost a great deal?"

"Oh no, I don't think it would be more than a few dollars."

"And supposing we don't have it altered?"

"When I go back to the works I have to report that defective pipe, and if, when I come in a fortnight it is not done, the company will summon you. But of course there is nothing much the matter with it, only the company's so precious careful over their own interests. I'm not obliged to report it, as no one else is likely to see it but me; and that generally fetched them out of their shell, and they would give me a tip not to report."

"But it was only a few that took it the right way, and I am sure that fifty or sixty houses have had their pipes altered when there was nothing the matter with them at all. But it was so much trouble, and I got so little for it, I went back to the 'fireman's widow' dodge, but I had not been at it a week before I was 'had' and sent to jail. So now I've turned honest, and ain't doing anything."

Why so many Broken Engagements?

[BY OUR OWN HEART SPECIALIST.]

"WOMEN are horribly jealous," a man was heard to say the other day. "They are jealous of other women's beauty, attractions, and accomplishments. They can't even bear another woman to have a nice baby or a new gown."

"When it comes to love, there's no reasoning with them. They make exacting fiancées; and, as for wives, they are jealous even of their husband's old friends, and they don't like him to speak to another woman. Jealousy and a woman's nature are inseparable."

This was a man's verdict. Perhaps there is something to be said on the other side.

Are men never jealous of other men? You have only to praise Jones' looks to one of his sex, and ten to one you'll be told he is a brainless puppy. You express your admiration of Jones' mental or moral qualities, and if the man you are talking to doesn't say something of an unflattering nature, he becomes gloomy, and tries to change the subject. Yet, let his own perfections become the theme, and he'll gladly encourage you to talk by the hour.

As for love—are women exacting when they are engaged? What, then, shall be said of men? Who refuses to let his fiancée dance because there must needs be another man to that transaction? Who makes a girl give up calling men by their Christian names whom she has known from her cradle, and who, when she has promised to marry him, resents her even speaking to another man?

If an enquiry could be made into

the number of the engagements broken by jealousy on one side or the other, on which side, does any one imagine, would the balance be? Probably for one woman who quarrels on this point there are ten men to be shown; and, oddly enough, the men repent afterwards much more seldom than the women.

What girl has not suffered, during her engagement, from her lover's jealousy of her own people? He resents the time and attention she bestows on them; he grudges her very affection, it would seem, and the period of engagement, which ought to be the happiest of her life, is very often made miserable to her from his jealous exactions. One man once went so far as to complain of his fiancée writing affectionate letters to her brother at school. He thought no one had any right to her expressions of affection but himself.

As husbands, men can, and do, outrival the most jealous of wives in their baseless suspicions. Any woman who has the misfortune to be married to one of these destroyers of domestic peace can testify how wretched he can make his home. Even a jealous wife, unpleasant as she undoubtedly is, is not as bad to live with as a jealous husband—and the latter species is the more common.

After all, jealousy, like most other vices, comes purely from selfishness, and selfishness is, perhaps, more rampant among men than women. At all events, it can by no means be said that jealousy prevails more largely among women than men.

It is the most foolish quality any one can possess, for it gives the possessor infinitely more misery than those upon whom he vents it, and that is saying a good deal! It is very strongly allied to madness, when indulged in, and if the murders caused by that passion alone were to be numbered, from Othello's time downwards, they would probably be found to exceed those caused by any other motive under the sun. Whether in man or woman, jealousy is harmful, unpleasant, and absurd; any one who has the least respect for himself will try to cure himself of it as a habit of mind.

NO REFERENCE TO THE "KIRMESS."

A small boy's parents had taken him to the opera. The prima donna just concluded a classic aria, and when the storms of applause had subsided the youngster was heard to say:

"Paw?"

"What is it, my boy?"

"Did that woman holler 'cause she was hurt, or 'cause she was havin' a good time?"

Jones—Robbins gave me this cigar.

Brown—I don't blame him.

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Mary and Her Little Lamb.

A GERMAN VERSION.

A very fat and good-natured but extremely dull German boy was a pupil in a school I taught in a country neighbourhood some years ago. The lad's name was Jakey Siefert, but his mother, who came with him on the first day, called him "Shakey," and as "Shakey" he was known from that time forward.

He proved to be as dull as he was good-natured, in fact, although he was ten years old, he was still unable to read.

We were going to close the term with a little exhibition at the school-house in the evening. Nearly all the boys and girls were to have short recitations or parts in dialogues, while others would sing or read essays.

Jakey had not been able to attend school during the last week of the term, but he appeared at the exhibition, and early in the evening came up to me, his round face all aglow with excitement.

"Teacher, oh, teacher," he said, "I haf a piece I would like to speak, too. I haf been a week learning it."

"Very well, Jakey," I said "you shall speak your piece." And when several boys of about his own age had spoken, I called:

"Jakey Seifert."

He came quickly forward, and stopped upon the stage a comical picture of overgrown boyhood and childish excitement. His fat body was clad in a pink calico waist, and around his neck was a huge embroidered white collar, such as used to be worn by our great-grandmothers. His face was shiny as soap and water could make it.

After a jerkey little bow, Jakey commenced:

"Mary had von leedle lamb."

Then he stopped short and began twitching at his trousers leg with the thumb and forefinger of either hand.

"Mary had von leedle lamb."

He stopped again and fell to twisting around on one leg. His lips moved rapidly, but no sound come from them. Some of the other boys began to laugh. Then Jakey cried out,

"You need not geegle like dot!

It vos so—Mary did haf von leedle lamb! It says so in de book."

Everybody laughed at this and Jakey, recovering his good nature, said, in a comically loud and shrill voice: "I cannot dink how it was in boetry. It vas meexed in mine head, but it vas like dis: Mary had a leedle lamb. It vend to school mit hir, vich the teacher he did not like. De children dey did all holler und yell. Dot made de teacher mad. He yoost got after dat lamb. I bet you dot vas goot fun. I vish I vas dere to see it.

He made de lamb git out. I would laugh to see dot. Von de lamb vas out it vould not go away. It said 'round, going 'ba-a-a-a! dill Mary did come out and den it run up to her voost so glad as never vas. De lamb did love Mary because she shentle mid it. I like det lamb story. Good-py?"

Jakey's recitation was the success of the evening and his face shone with pride as he took his seat amid shouts of laughter and applause.

— — —

The Best Novels.

According to Rossiter Johnstone, the following are the best novels written in the English language: The best sensational novel, he says, is Collins' "The Woman in White" the best historical novel is Scott's "Kenilworth;" the best dramatic novel is Bronte's "Jane Eyre;" the best marine novel is Cooper's "Red Rover;" the best country life novel is Blackmore's "Lorna Doone;" the best military novel is Lever's "Charles O'Malley;" the best religious novel is Kingale's "Hypatia;" the best sporting novel White Melville's "Digby Grand;" the best political novel is Disraeli's "Coningsby;" the best novel written for a purpose is Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" the best imaginative novel is Hawthorne's "Marble Faun;" the best pathetic novel is George Eliot's "Silas Marner;" the best humorous novel is Dicken's "Pickwick;" the best Scotch novel is Scott's "Rob Roy;" the best English novel is George Eliot's "Adam Bede" the best American novel is Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter;" and the best novel of all is Thackeray's "Henry Esmond."

— — —

Good Old Mary!

"Mary," said John, "do you love me?"

"Yes, John," said Mary.

"And you will always love me?"

"Yes."

"And if I should die, what would you do?"

"Bury you, dear," said Mary.

— — —

QUITE BEYOND HIM.

Hospitality has not only its charms but its dangers.

At the inauguration of a certain club, there being a liberal sprinkling of ladies present, the chairman, a very little individual, allowed his enthusiasm to get the better of his prudence.

"Everybody," said he, "is welcome here. We are prepared to take to our bosom all men and all women."

Then, amidst the general laughter that followed, a young lady rose and said—

"I guess, sir, you'll find that a rather big order.

A Story of Titles.

WITH APOLOGIES TO DICKENS.

Oliver Twist, who had very hard times in the Battle of Life, and had been saved from the Wreck of the Golden Mary by our Mutual Friend Nicholas Nickolby, had just finished reading A Tale of Two Cities to Martin Chuzzlewit, during which time The Cricket chirped merrily on the Hearth, while The Chimes from an adjacent steeple were heard, when Seven Poor Travellers commenced to sing a Christmas Carol. Barnaby Rudge, who had just arrived from The Old Curiosity Shop with Some Pictures from Italy and Sketches by Boz to show to Little Decriit, was busy with the Pickwick Papers when David Copperfield, who was taking some American Notes, entered and informed the company that the Great Expectations of Dombey and Son regarding Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy had not been realised. He also said that he had seen Boots at the Holly Tree Inn taking Somebody's Luggage to Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings in a street that is No Thoroughfare, opposite Bleak House. This latter place is thought to be the building in which the Haunted Man gave one of Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions to An Uncommercial Traveller, to cure him of a mania brought on through brooding over the mystery of Edwin Drood.

— — —

The Poet and the Kirmess.

The new spring poet blossoms forth in this wise:

When Barnabas takes up a thing,
They're sure to make a splendid hit:

Year after year they dance and sing,
And never ma-Kirmess of it!

Jussu. But we might make a mess of the poet if he comes within brick-throw of the editorial den.

"I had to come back, mamma," said Bessie, who had gone half way across the garden to school while the blizzard was on. "The wind blowed all the wind away so I couldn't breathe!"

— — —

Correspondence.

The Two Sisters.—We're glad to hear from you, dears, and will write some time in the course of the year.

The Lion.—Why did you not look us up as you said you would. We are still alive, you see.

The Hindoo Lady.—We have made it "unique" as you asked us, and hope we have vanished your doubts.

The stately Prussian.—Now we know who you are; but we have not disclosed the occult cognomen. Only those eyes saved you, mind, and the powder on the cheek.

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36 ELGIN STREET.

Teaching Cavalry to Swim. How do you handle money?

The growing conviction in Germany that cavalry in the next war will be almost solely valuable for reconnoitring, has led to the introduction of regular and painstaking exercises in swimming for men and beasts.

The first of these exercises is to accustom the horse to the water, for although every horse is naturally a good swimmer, the physical shock incident to entering the strange element, not frequently renders him incapable of swimming. A cavalry officer has recently expressed the opinion that the failure to judge a horse's swimming powers first after the horse had been accustomed to the water, had resulted in a general under-estimate of the possibility of an efficient swimming cavalry in war.

The horse is first led into a stream with a moderate current to facilitate swimming. A guide-line is fastened to its neck, and is held and carried forward by a swimming cavalryman. Then comes the swimming with the line, and later with an empty saddle, with a clothed cavalryman, with straw packets, and finally, with all the regular baggage.

After this comes the exercises of cavalry troops in bodies, till the transport of whole squadrons and regiments has been accomplished without the aid of a single plank or pontoon.

The Russian cavalry have, already been drilled so thoroughly in swimming that horses without riders are often made to swim two or three miles. Last year special drill in swimming was carried on by the cavalry stationed at Konigsberg, Karlsruhe, and Berlin.

If you want to know something about a man's character watch how he handles his money.

The generous, careless man carries his money loose in his pocket—copper, silver and gold all mixed up together, and when he is going to pay for anything he takes out a handful and picks out the amount he requires.

The man who, if he has to pay a few pence, won't even take the trouble of counting out the amount in coppers, but throws down a piece of silver to be changed—and, by the by, he rarely counts his change—is a type of "a fool and his money are soon parted"

The careful man always carries a purse and keeps the gold, silver and copper in different compartments. A man like this never wastes his money; he values it as it ought to be valued, and, though not niggardly, is determined to have his money's worth. He quite believes that "any fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to keep it," and he is right.

The Afternoon Tea Young Man.

It is rather the fashion among busy men to laugh at the "afternoon-tea young man," regarding him as somewhat weak and effeminate, but like many other generally received opinions, there is found no reason to accept its correctness when examined on general principles.

The afternoon tea young man generally has refined tastes, likes the society of women, enjoys the atmosphere of artistic rooms, and finds delight in flowers and everything else that is beautiful, all of which are to be found at the afternoon-tea.

Instead of being weak, the afternoon-tea young man is really much more astute than his brother who buries himself in the office from breakfast until dinner-time, with only a hasty twenty or thirty minutes for luncheon. The latter may be studying books, but he is losing valuable opportunities of pursuing "the proper study of mankind," i.e., human nature.

There is more human nature to the square inch to be found at the informal social gathering alluded to than under almost any other condition, and the person who is clever enough to keep eyes and ears open finds that his stock of knowledge is greatly increased by such functions.

Every type is represented, and he has but to exercise his tact and diplomacy to bring it to the surface.

Maizie (Leigh).—Received the nice birthday present safely. How prettily you write to us dearie!

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The Latest.

Continued from Page 1.

And they got it through the medium of enthusiastic audiences.

But wot about prohibition?

And the Post echoes in the distance:—

They won't go for Prohibition,
For it isn't in their mission,
And in spite of deputations they
won't make the thing a "go."
And, of course, it stands to reason
That the M.P.'s in cold season
Cannot get along without their drop
o' something hot, you know!

Lottie Collings sprained her ankle the other night, dancing "Ta-ra-raboom-de-ay," and no wonder. "Ta-ra-ra" is much too over-strained, quite out-of-date, in fact.

Capt. Good said the other day that if the British came ashore at Hawaii they would "stamp them to the earth." This is only another instance of the stamp of the windy Yankees' tell him.

McWhirrel still has hopes, he says. Where there's life there's generally hope the adage tell us.

Since the pastor of Grace Church objects to theatrical performances to help the church expenses, and doesn't like the pesky reporters round worrying him almost to death, why not get up a bazaar another time, like they do in England and have a raffie (beg

"Worried" at the finish? At the reporter hates the very thought of bazaars.

A HONEST THIEF.

Police Superintendent — We are sorry to say, O'Hoolihan, that you are discharged from the force. There was a burglary at a jeweller's on your beat, and you have evidently neglected your duty.

O'Hoolihan — Yis, your honor. I met a man, an' he said he was going to the jeweller's.

P. S.—Why, you fool, the man did go to the jeweller's, and stole a thousand pounds worth of goods.

O'H.—Yis, your honor. The man may have been a thief, bu' he was no liar.

What is the proper way of addressing the admiral of the fleet?
"Your warship."

WHAT THE STUDENT THOUGHT.

A student at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him:

"Of what cause, specifically, did the people die who lost their lives at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii?"

"I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student.

Father—"Now Jimmie, I'm g'ing to give you a hard thrashin'. D'yo wantor know what for?"

Son—"Nossir, I don't, 'cos if you tells me what fur then I'm goin' to say I hain't dun it, 'on you'll lick me twice as hard fur lyin' about it."

Labby's Visitor.

[By HARRY FURNIES, OF PUNCH.]

Mr. Labouchere has for once shown a lack of coolness through the great parliamentary crisis. He has quite lost his head over the changing of premiers, and the *sun froul* for which he is noted has quite deserted him. Perhaps two instances of that quality of his may interest my readers. When attached to the British Embassy at Rome, young Labby received instructions to make inquiries about Florence, or some distant place. He wrote for expenses, but they were not allowed. However, Mr. L. started. Nothing was heard of him for weeks. Eventually, in reply to many despatches sent out to ask how he was getting on, a letter arrived—"As expenses are not allowed Mr. Labouchere is obliged to walk. He expects to reach his destination by the end of the year!" At another time I think he was attached to the consul or some such official in America. A busy American rushed into the office one day, and found young Labouchere there alone. "Say, youngster, be slick and tell your boss I want to see him right away!" Labouchere informed the volcanic visitor that his "boss" was out, and that he (the stranger) had better take a seat. He then continued reading the paper. Presently he put on his coat, lit a cigarette, and was going out. The stranger, who was boiling over with impatience, and who had interrogated Labby for over half an hour without eliciting any reply from him except that the boss was out and he didn't know when he would return. At last the American could stand it no longer. "Look here, young Britisher, tell me where your boss has gone?" "Certainly," replied Mr. Labouchere, "he sailed for Europe this morning. Good evening."

THE LOVER'S MISTAKE.

He stole a kiss. With flashing eyes
The maiden asked him how he
dared

To take a girl so by surprise.

For such an insult unprepared.

So wrath she seemed, the young man
thought

His hasty act had not been wise;

And thinking to appease her wrath,
He hastened to apologize.

Fatal mistake. For hardly had
The girl, his first excuses heard,
Thau, really angry now, she turned,
And left him there, without a word.
So all young men, bear this in mind:
In sight of maidens worldly-wise,
It's sometimes wrong to steal a kiss—
But always to apologize.

DID SHE WANT A NEW BONNET?

Mr. Fitzjones—What was the matter with the last girl who called? She seemed to be neat and intelligent and was well recommended.

Mrs. Fitzjones—No doubt about that! But I won't have a girl about the house who dresses better than I do and is more intelligent than my husband.

Short or Long Sentences?

A writer in *Pearson's Weekly*, London, England, gives the following as the result of a chat with the Liverpool Recorder:—

Mr. Horwood, Q.C., M.P., has come greatly into prominence during the past few years, in part by reason of the lenient sentences he passes on prisoners who are brought before him at the Liverpool Sessions. Whilst other judges habitually sentence thieves to imprisonment for months, the Liverpool Recorder has been known to content himself with letting a thief off with the nominal punishment of one day's incarceration.

His attitude having created alarm in some quarters, a representative called the other morning on the Recorder, who, in reply to a number of questions, gave the following information:—

"Ever since I became Recorder of Liverpool in 1886 I have followed out two rules, the first of which is never to imprison a man if I can reasonably avoid doing so, and the second whenever I have felt obliged to punish, to punish as lightly as I feel justified in doing. In carrying out this policy I have reduced imprisonment by about two-thirds as compared with the sentences of my predecessor.

"To speak more accurately, a saving of 2,926 years imprisonment has been effected in the sentences on a total of 3,747 prisoners dealt with at the Sessions up to the end of the year 1893.

"If anyone will think for himself he will see what a saving of human suffering and State expenditure is secured. And look at the following figures:—The indictable offences in Liverpool, as shown by the Police Returns for the year 1886, were 5,626; in 1892 they were only 3,171.

"I don't claim to have reduced crime, but I do claim to have demonstrated that light sentences are as effective in reducing it as heavy ones; because I frequently give a man a month whose offence is such that the law allows me to give him several years' penal servitude. Nearly every judge is in favor of a Court of Criminal Appeal, or at any rate some tribunal for revising sentences. Why, it is actually in the power of a judge to sentence a man to penal servitude for ten years for stealing a shovel!

"In cases of assault and uttering of base coin I have repeatedly given short sentences—say a month or two—with the result that these crimes have been greatly diminished as figures will testify. My attention was first directed to this matter some forty years ago in this manner:—

"At the Manchester Session most severe sentences were the order of the day, while at Salford, a

few yards away, where similar property was exposed, and the conditions of life were identical, extreme leniency was studied.

"It would have been predicted that the calendar of Salford would rise above that of Manchester, or that the Manchester calendar would be reduced. However the number of prisoners at each Court remained practically stationary.

"When I sentence a man to one day's imprisonment he has often been awaiting trial for six weeks or two months, so he does not get off so lightly after all. I have never sentenced a burglar to one day's imprisonment, as some people say, for the simple reason that I have no jurisdiction over burglary.

"I am glad to be fortified on general questions of leniency by views and examples of judges like the Lord Chief Justice, Justices Mathew, Wright and Collins. After prolonged imprisonment a convict comes back to the world absolutely broken down, with everything that was manly in him obliterated. He has been, in fact, a slave for years, and returns to his old haunts a victim to the influence of anyone with a stronger will than he through prison life now possesses. He has no power now to resist evil suggestions and is a poor, helpless creature with no means of livelihood but a resort to pilferage."

"This is not the case, mystery of matters, who, after short sentences, come out of prison with strength left to enable them to seek honest employment."

Mudgo—I'm in a peck of trouble.

Yabsly—What's the matter?

Mudgo—Why—or—you know, I have been paying some attention to old Stockandland's oldest daughter. I've got an invitation to poker with him to-night and I don't know whether he'll get mad if I beat him or think I have no business capacity if I let him beat me.

IMPOSSIBLE.

Spatts—I'm very sorry for that boy. Your scolding cut him to the quick.
Bloobumpor—That's impossible. He has no quick. He's a messenger boy.

Shrowd Doctor—"I see what's the matter; its mental strain—too much worry." Business Man—What do you advise? "Change of scene." "Where to?" "Oh to any country where there is no extradition treaty."

Mrs. Ebergo.—I understand that your daughter said I am a gossiping gadabout?

Mrs. Stayathome—You musn't pay any attention to the child. She is forever repeating what she hears all the neighbors are saying.

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