

throw off our most brilliant humoristic gems at home: and if the parents of those babies persist in "patting upward," it is not our fault if the scintillations that appear in these columns are occasionally dimmed. To exonerate ourself from being accused of "dryness," we publish this recipe, and sincerely trust that, after perusing it, mothers with colicky babies will "pat downward." To make the thing plain to all we append a metrical piece of advice gleaned from a very ancient source.

Legite vos:

"With a downward sweep of the hand, just pat;

The colicky babe will approve of that;
Don't change the motion: if you do, look out,
The youngster will prove it has lungs, no doubt;

And will drive its neighbors into wild insanity,
Expressed in horrible and coarse profanity."

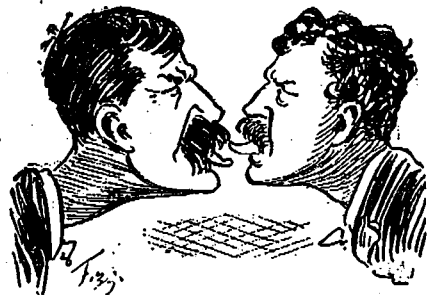
We don't often drop into poetry: (we were going to say 'like Wegg,' but a glance at several exchanges showed that others had skipped round corners and got ahead of us,) but when we do, Pegasus just 'gits.'

THE GREAT HANLAN-COURTENAY MATCH.

ANOTHER EASY VICTORY FOR THE BOY IN BLUE.

THE OLD STORY.

At the word "Go" Hanlan was the first to catch the water and was half a tongue length ahead with "You're a tea-poisoner" before Courtney got any way on his mouth, but he soon by a few rapid strokes of "You know you hired some one to saw my boat" drew himself level with the champion. Both men strained every muscle, their tongues moved so rapidly as to be almost invisible, and though Hanlan would occasionally dart to the front with "You're a snide and not fit to row with gentlemen," his big opponent would speedily diminish the daylight between them by remarking, "Say whether you can beat me or not, Ned."



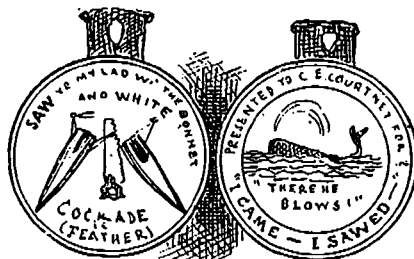
Both men were now becoming thoroughly warmed up to their work, and Hanlan was putting in "You're a liar" at thirty-eight to the minute, Courtney responding with "I'll make you row faster than ever you did before."

Hanlan, by this time, seemed determined to make the muscular carpenter show what he was made of, for, getting his right shoulder ominously up (his back had been in this position for some time), he placed several lengths between himself and the Union Springs man with long, even strokes of "You're a liar, a tea prisoner, a boat-sawyer, and worse than a thief" and it was becoming evident to all that he was far superior to his opponent in the skillful management of his skull and the tongue thereto appertaining, and it was plain that Courtney was becoming used up as his strokes of "Ned, Ned," grew fainter and fainter, and he was compelled to refuse to contend for \$2,000 a side, or to make a match when urged by Hanlan to do so, as "his backers were not present."

After this the race became a mere proces-

sion, Hanlan having it all his own way, and winning as he pleased by fifty tongue-lengths, (female size).

At the conclusion of the race, a medal from the admirers of Courtney in Richmond Springs was presented to him. It is a very handsome one of the best Russian leather, having the champion challenger's crest (a fine saw, ram-



pant, supported by two halves of an outrigger gardenis, on a ground, muddy; surmounted by the motto, "Saw ye my lad wi' the bonnet and white cockade" (feather), the reverse bearing a design representing a whale spouting terrifically, with the motto, "There he blows: There he blows" engraved underneath, whilst round the rim were the words, "Presented to E. C. Courtney, as a mark of something or other: *Venio vili, sed non vinco.*"

Mr. Courtney was wholly taken by surprise and stated that he could row faster than any man living.

The champion made a neat little speech on being declared the winner of the great contest, the following being a brief synopsis: "I am not a speaker" (cries of oh! oh!) "I talk with the oars. Ross is the best man I ever rowed against. Courtney is not: he is a liar, a tea-poisoner, a snide, a boatsawyer and worse than a thief. No gentleman should allow him to row with them. He's a fraud; good-night."

Both gentlemen were serenaded in the evening by a brass band, the tunes played before Mr. Courtney's quarter being, "In the North Sea lived a whale," "Blow, breezes, blow," "See-saw, Margery Daw" "He put some poison in his Souchong tea"—(from 'Dun Tucker') and other appropriate airs: Mr. Courtney appeared at his window and again stated that he could row faster than any man living.

ADDRESS TO A JULY MOSQUITO.

WRITTEN UNDER THE SHADE OF A CEDAR.

BY T. MCTUFF.

Froward, unfeelin', restless pest,
By Satan's spirit sair possessed—
Nor night nor day, will ye gie rest

The man or beast;
But on their bluid, the vera best,
Ye'll hae a feast.

When Spring-time comes wi' promise fair,
Bedecked in brow robes, rich an' rare,
An' wi' her smiles wad fain drive care
Frae human hearts,
It's then ye hasten frae yer lair
To ply yer darts.

Aroon' ye hover till a chance
Ye get tae pierce them wi' yer lance:
An' then tae see yer victims prance
Ye tak' delight—
Whilst my riads frae the swamps advance,
Pleased at the sight.

E'en cattle, grazin' i' the field,
Flee tae the rick, that it may shield
Them frae the weapon which ye wield
Wi' siccan force,
That saunt tae blasphemie might yield
Wi' sma' remorse.

An' wearied toiler, fain to close
His heavy eyelids in repose,
Dreads sair the ruthless midnight foes,
That round are flittin',
As tae the land o' dreams he goes,
Subdued, submittin'.

It's ill in Spring yer stang tae bide,
Fell veeper o' the insect tribe,
An' sidge an' claw a sair blotched hide,
Inflamed thoro';
Yet handle sairer tae abide
Ye in July.

For bluid thou's thin an' mees' spare—
Yet sic a furnished look ye wear,
For this ae time I'll wi' ye bear,
Oot o' compassion;
Sae ye may tek' a goodly share—
Mosquito fashion.

Sae haste ye noo an' deep inject
Yer suction pump whaur ye select,
Whilst I'll sit doucely an' reflect,
The while ye dine,
On ways o' men as weel's insect
I'll ilka clime.

Ye devil's imp! at last ye've got
A tender, unprotected spot;
What care ye for the pang that's shot
Through a' my frame?
Yer only thocht is hoo tae glot
Yer empty wame.

Relentless foe o' saint an' sinner,
Its surely lang sin' ye had dinner,
I trow ye are nae new beginner
At yer fell wark;
There's nocht but death noo cud ye hinner,
Bluid-thirsty shark.

Od! hoo yer crimson paunch is swellin',
Ye lank, lang legait, greedy villain,
Hae ye nae care that by sic fillin'
Ye hide ye'll burst,
Yet for a' that ye seem fu' willin'
To risk the worst.

Yer fault wi' ye I sidna' find,
Ye're but a swatch o' human kind
Wha, tho' possessed o' soul an' mind,
Wi' senseless greed
Will oft wi' torture as refined
Their fellows bleed.

It makes sma' odds what ruin's wrocht,
If gowd be tae their coffers brocht,
The ways, the means maan oot be sought
Sic' end tae gain,
Untae sic' vampires it is nocht
Wha suffers pain.

Whan ye are fau awa ye'll fleg,
Whan man is fau the main he'd hae;
There's nocht sae mean but what he'll dae
To gather gear,
Till Death steps in whaur sic' men dee,
Wi' glastly leer.

I dinna faut ye, pair insect,
Whan I but for a wee reflect,
For Nature's wants ye but respect—
Claim but yer share,
An' surely that is sma' defect:—
Ye want nae mair.

Sae flee awa, noo flee awa,
My musin' tae an' cn' maun draw,
Ye've hain yer dinner, tak' a blaw
In some quiet nook;
Ye dinna merit death awa,
Nor e'en rebuke.

—July 18th, 1883.

BOOK NOTICES.

A copy of Mr. R. W. Phipps' "Report on the Necessity of Preserving and Re-planting Forests," and compiled by the author at the instance of the Ontario Government, has just reached us. We anticipated that a some what dry task was to be ours in the perusal of it, for our experience with Blue-Books has been such as to warrant such an anticipator, though we felt, when we saw the author's name, that this particular Report would certainly prove interesting. But we were in no way prepared for the agreeable surprise that awaited us, nor for the vast amount of carefully prepared and valuable information to be found within the covers of Mr. Phipps' Report. The literary ability displayed in the work is of a very high order, and the subject is dealt with in such a manner as to compel the reader, even if he were a most inveterate hater of Blue-Books, to become deeply interested, whilst at the same time he cannot fail to be struck by the very elegant style of the writer, and his complete mastery and perfect handling of the English language.

Mr. R. W. Phipps has shown himself to be anything but a round peg in a square hole in his method of compilation of this most interesting Report.