



## ONG CONTINONG.

CHOLLY.—"How do you like my new top-coat?"

FWED.—"Bad fit; hangs like a perfect sack."

CHOLLY.—"Had it made that way on purpose, out of compliment to this hospitable town—Toulouse, you know."

## LYRICAL LEGISLATION.

**POET COCKIN**, who evidently aspires to be the Tyræus of the Equal Rights Movement, has published a poem the refrain of which consists of this somewhat remarkable aspiration:

"One God! One Language! and one Law!  
Loud sound the slogan cry:  
Our laws be sung in the English tongue,  
Or the bayonet by-and-bye."

The idea that laws, like some portions of the Episcopal Church service, may be "said or sung," has certainly the merit of novelty. If it is really necessary to prevent a resort to "the bayonet by-and-bye," let us by all means have a metrical version of the Consolidated Statutes forthwith. One advantage of the scheme in the eyes of editors would be that it would keep the poets busy for some time and considerably relieve the pressure on editorial wastebaskets. Suppose Poet Cockin sets the example by dashing off in his free, rollicking metre a lyric embracing the principal provisions of the Assessment Act with the view of having it set to music. What a wide field, too, would be afforded for the genius of our musical composers in the adaptation of airs to the various subjects treated of. Naturally the criminal code will be sung to slow and

solemn tunes, while such measures as the Franchise, the C.P.R. and the Act respecting Line Fences with its various amendments should be rendered to brisk and cheerful strains.

Just to give an idea of how our laws can be sung in the English tongue GRIP ventures to paraphrase the Snow By-Law, which can be warbled to the well-known air of the "Little Brown Jug."

Every man must clean his snow  
From opposite his house, you know,  
So that the sidewalk shall be clear  
And naught impede the passengere.

CHORUS—The Beak will fine you Ho! Ho! Ho!  
In case you fail to clean your snow.

If the snow's not cleared away  
A fine you will be called to pay,  
Not more than \$20 and cost,  
Which you'll be sorry to have lost.

CHORUS—The Beak will fine you Ho! Ho! Ho!  
In case you fail to clean your snow.

But if the snow and ice should stick  
Don't spoil the sidewalk with a pick;  
Ashes and sawdust you must throw  
So folks won't slip upon the snow.

CHORUS—The Beak will fine you Ho! Ho! Ho!  
In case you fail to clean your snow.