



ON A STRING.

because the purchase of a burial lot will be too much of a luxury.

So my idea, brother GRIP, is this. Don't you think it would even up things immensely if our wise legislators were to proclaim: "Land is the great luxury of the present day; therefore henceforth we will put the tax on the Land!"

Yours paternally,

OWL.

THE INTERLINEAR NOTE SYSTEM.

THE complaint is frequently made, says the *Pall Mall Budget*, that junior students of English literature preparing for examinations, are too much inclined to neglect the text and to devote the whole of their attention to the admirable notes with which modern editions are so amply supplied. The interlinear system of notes (of which a specimen is subjoined) effectually provides against this dangerous tendency, by compelling the student to pay equal attention to text and notes:—

The way was long, the wind was cold,
 (The coldest winds are the north and east.)
 The minstrel was infirm and old;
 (Probably seventy-five at least.)
 His withered cheek and tresses gray
 (*Gray* may be also spelled with an *e*.)
 Seemed to have known a better day.
 (*Better* an adjective—what degree?)
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 (*Sole*, from the Latin *solus*, alone.)
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
 (Name and parentage both unknown.)
 The last of all the bards was he.
 (Notice here the redundant "all.")
 That sang of Border chivalry;
 (A word derived from the French *cheval*.)
 For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
 (What was the date and why did it fly?)
 His tuneful brethren all were dead;
 (We all are mortal, *i.e.* must die.)
 And he, neglected and depressed,
 (No explanation is needed here.)
 Wished to be with them, and at rest.
 (The poet's meaning is perfectly clear.)
 No more on prancing palfrey borne,
 (*Palfrey* a quadruped—possibly *horse*.)
 He carolled, light as lark at morn:

(An average man weighs more, of course?)
 No longer courted and caressed,
 (The bard was in fact a domestic pet.)
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 (This passage is never, or rarely set)
 He poured to lord and lady gay,
 (To which does the epithet "gay" apply?)
 His unpremeditated lay;
 (Distinguish carefully *lay* from *lie*.)
 Old times were changed, old manners gone,
 (*Tempora, mores*—Cicero, *Cat.*)
 A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
 (May we infer that the stranger was fat?)
 The bigots of that iron time
 (Steel would perhaps be more correct.)
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 (There is no statute to this effect.)

THE JOLLY THIRD.

"LABOR Day" is not so badly named after all, for although Jack devotes it to "play," it is questionable whether he has done a harder day's work within the last twelve months than he did last Monday all over the Dominion. The Institution has "caught on" splendidly, and promises to be the favorite holiday of the year. In all our chief cities it was celebrated with trade processions, athletic contests or other manly forms of fun, but because it was fun and not labor nobody seemed to take note of the fact that Jack's "brow was wet with honest sweat," and Jack himself, brave fellow, didn't seem to know it. All honor to Labor Day—long may it flourish!

A CLASSIC METAPHOR.

REFERRING to the appearance of a cartoonist not entirely unconnected with the staff of GRIP at the Grand Opera House in London on the evening of Labor Day, the *Advertiser* of that city says, "Mr. B. is a star and a whole band wagon in himself." This is meant for high praise and is appreciated accordingly, but the apparent mixture of metaphors may make it obscure to the average reader. There is no mixture in reality, however. The reporter was literally following Emerson's advice, "Hitch your wagon to a star,"—something which has hitherto been regarded as quite impracticable.



II.

A TIP-TOP SUCCESS.