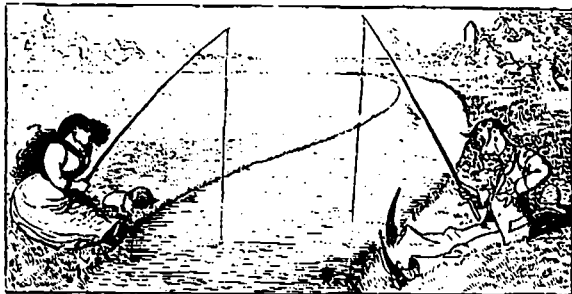
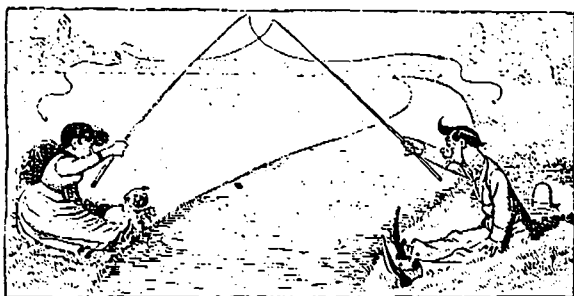


DISILLUSIONIZED.



I.

guest of the Prince of Wales, the upper classes have shown what a thin veneering of social polish conceals the boorishness and brutality always underlying the system of caste. It is noteworthy that the *Times*, the organ of British snobbery, regrets the affair only "because after all Mr. Gladstone was the guest of the Prince of Wales." Should some fanatic of the Townsend Stamp succeed in taking the aged Premier's life, those really responsible for the crime will be newspapers like the *Times* and "gentlemen," such as the Imperial Institute hoodlums.



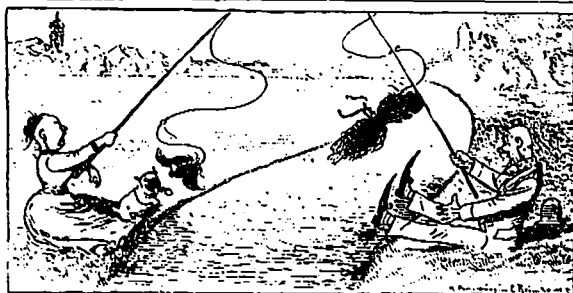
II.

A POETICAL SUB-CONTRACTOR.

WE had just put the finishing touches and professional embellishments to a crude, hand-made joke, sent in from Owen Sound by an ambitious farm laborer, who has hankerings after a literary career, when we were interrupted by the entrance of one of the least obnoxious of our poetical contributors.

"I called," said he, "to see you about —"

"Here they are," we replied, handing him a bundle of manuscripts. "Lack of space unfortunately prevents our using them at present, but don't be discouraged; you might try the *N.Y. Herald*, or the Bobcaygeon *Independent*, or *Pen and Scissors*. There are many papers which would be glad to get them."



III.

Poets are a sensitive class, and we always make it a point to let them down easy, and never kick them out unless in cases of absolute necessity. Some editors do and it jars on their finer susceptibilities. It is not only harsh, but tends to intensify the evil. People thus afflicted must write something, and a man whose poetic aspirations are thus crushed out with an iron heel will probably take to writing articles on the tariff, or how to develop the industries of Toronto, as compared with which poetry is but a slight affliction.

"No," said he, "I didn't call about those. I wanted to consult you about another matter. I see that Gladstone has appointed John Ruskin poet laureate."

"So it is said."

"Well Ruskin's no poet. He used to write verses when he was at college, but hasn't done anything of that kind for years. I don't see how he can fill the bill. Supposing Queen Victoria sends in an order for a birthday ode or a poem in celebration of the marriage of a prince, he'll be in a nice fix. I don't believe he could do it."

"It is rather doubtful."

"Well, now, I wonder if he wouldn't like to let out the contract. I'd be willing to make an agreement with him



A NATIVE.

O'RORKE—"I tell ye youse is lucky ye're not in the States now, ye'd have to go wid de Chinese."

PAOLO—"Whata fora?"

O'RORKE—"Because the Chinese and youse is all furriners."

PAOLO—"You, forriner too."

O'RORKE—"No! begorra, I'm Irish."

on the quiet to do all the poems he may have to furnish, at a reasonable figure. Twenty-five cents a line oughtn't to be out of the way. That would let him out of all the trouble and responsibility of the thing and give him the honor and most of the salary there is to it."

"How do I know? You'd better drop him a letter and put him onto the scheme."

"I just drew out a letter that I thought I'd show you and get your opinion." And he proceeded to read the following communication:

TORONTO, May 10, 1893.

J. RUSKIN, ESQ.,

Dear Sir,—I beg to tender you my sincere congratulations on your appointment as poet laureate, as I understand there is a good salary