



The *Mail*, on Saturday, May 20th, reprinted from the London (Eng.) *Spectator* a very appreciative criticism of the recent performance of "Antigone" at University College. This notice was probably written by one of the participating Professors, and if so we are at a loss to account for the learned gentleman's strange oversight in omitting all mention of Mr. Torrington's efforts in connection with the performance. Thanks for the success are accorded to Prof. Ramsay Wright, Prof. Pine, and Prof. Hutton, and there is nothing in the article to intimate the well known fact that Mr. Torrington originated the idea of performing "Antigone," organized and taught the chorus, trained the orchestra and conducted the rehearsals and the public performance—and all this without any adequate reward for his professional services. The Professors may be entitled to more or less praise, but the deliberate suppression of Mr. Torrington's name in connection with the affair was an insufferably mean piece of ingratitude.

INFORMATION FOR THE ELECTORS.

As the candidates now before the electors of Toronto are comparatively unknown to public life, Mr. GRIP has gone to the trouble of compiling some valuable memoranda of their personnel for the information of voters.

THE TORY TICKET.

West Toronto :

MR. JAS. BEATY, JR., Q.C.—Very thin; dark-complexioned; fierce black moustache; hair cropped close; sardonic scowl upon his countenance; wears spectacles and carries an umbrella.; formerly Mayor of Toronto; very brilliant speaker; profound master of statistics; warm friend of workingman; believes N. P. makes the poor man rich and the rich happy; fighting weight 430 lbs.

Centre Toronto :

ROBERT HAY.—Limerick Irishman; warm personal friend of O'Donovan Rossa; profound classical scholar and prodigious voter; clever and successful manufacturer; keen business man; hearty supporter of N. P. (after making all necessary importations in his line); workingman's friend; able orator; high forehead reaching to back of neck; wears eye-glasses; carries cane and smokes cigarettes on King-street; lar-de-dar young man; fighting weight 238½ lbs.

East Toronto :

J. SMALL.—Very big Injun.

THE GRIT TICKET.

West Toronto :

MR. W. McMURRICH.—Old war horse; very red nose; tremendous corporation; present Mayor of city; wears breeches stuffed in boots; great military swell; high authority on pipe-clay; believes in Canada first, last, and all the time; great admirer of John A. Macdonald, and wears his hair a la Oscar Wilde; religion, justice to Ontario; fighting weight 150 lbs.

Centre Toronto :

J. D. EDGAR.—Little; light-weight fighter; very thin, sharp features; tremendous shock of crisp, red hair; hates poetry and entertains implacable enmity to the Poet Plumb; an admirer of Edward Blake and the anti-Corn Law League; lame in right foot through wounds in

former campaigns; bewitching public speaker, with great talent for taking up time; believes in the gerrymander, and thinks it the best thing the Grits ever did; drinks bull-dozed lager in marked moderation, and feels confident of being elected.

East Toronto :

THOS. THOMPSON.—Very big, fat man, with mammoth feet; red faced; jolly; a rapid, effective speaker, and great wit; supreme authority on ducks; down on the dry-goods taxes; a friend of the workingman and devoted admirer of the horny-handed son of toil; cosmopolitan in his ideas, with a leaning to the Egyptians.

POLITICAL NURSERY RHYMES.

I.

Sing a song of 'lection,—
Twentieth of June,—
Don't you count your chickens
Just now, it is too "soon."
When it all is over
'The people then will sing,
Isn't this a pretty crew
To Ottawa to bring?

Charlton down in Norfolk,
Safe as any clam;
Patterson in South Brant,
Administering "jam."
Trow among the Easthopes,
"Fixing up" his Dutch;
Up came the "Gerry-Bill"
And riled them very much.

II.

John A. has a Policy,
His hands are white as snow;
But everywhere that John A. leads,
The Grits refuse to go.

III.

Sandy McKenzie
Says in a frenzy,
Without any hope in his eye,
"National Policy!
"National Folly! see,
"How utterly twisted am I!"

IV.

Davin is an Irishman,
Davin has a grief,
Davin isn't Candidate,
His record is too brief.
He heard poor Davin speak,
Davin didn't take;
Davin ought to learn now,
He makes a big mistake.

V.

Rock-a-by, Blake, make a big talk,
When the wind blows, your theories rock;
When theories fail, you will have a big fall,
Down will come Blake, manifesto and all.

VI.

Boundary, boundary, Premier John!
Where has that pesky old boundary gone?
If you only will fix it to accommodate us,
We give you our word we won't make a fuss.
SCRANTON.

BALSAC'S DODGE.

It is related of a caricaturist who was illustrating the novelist Balzac's works, that on one occasion he came upon a difficult and involved passage so abstruse that he took it to the author with the humble remark:

"I don't exactly catch the sense of this."
"Le's see it," said the novelist. "Oh, there's no meaning to it at all; that's why I put it in."
"Why you put it in?"

"Exactly. You see, for the average reader, all that is clear seems easy, and if from time to time I didn't give him a meaningless word or a complicated and empty sentence, he would think that he knew as much as I did. Consequently, every now and then I tip him something heart-breaking, and he puzzles over it, and re-reads it, and takes his head between his hands, and glares at it, and then, when he can make neither head nor tail of it, he is perfectly happy, and says, 'Great man, that Balzac; he knows more than I do.'"

CHARLES LAMB'S JOKES.

Mrs. Shelley, relating a conversation she had with Lamb soon after her return from Italy in 1829, says: "One of the first questions he asked me was whether they made puns in Italy. I said 'yes, now Hunt is there.' He says that 'Barney made a pun in Otaheite, the first that was ever made in that country. At first the natives could not make out what he meant, but all at once they discovered the pun, and danced around him in transports of joy.' Or take this invective against albums, and notice the wide sweep of Lamb's imagination in denouncing them: 'We are in the last ages of the world when St. Paul prophesied that women should be 'headstrong, lovers of their own wills, having albums.' I fled hither to escape the albumen persecution, and had not been in my new house twenty-four hours when the daughter of the next house came in with a friend's album to beg a contribution, and the following day intimated that she had one of her own. Two more have sprung up since. If I take the wings of the morning and fly unto the uttermost parts of the earth, there will albums be. New Holland has albums. But the age is to be compiled with.' Or consider even the apparently modest saying that Lamb had once known a young man 'who wanted to be a tailor, but had not the spirit,' and notice the extraordinary genius for unexpectedness, and infinitude of whimsicality, that it suggests in the man who could say it—a whimsicality surpassing in its width of range even that displayed in the much better known answer Lamb gave to the boring fellow-passenger who finally asked what prospect there was for the crop of turnips. 'It depended, he believed, upon boiled legs of mutton.' No man not a man of rare force of imagination and rare perversity of whim could have made either joke."—*The Spectator*.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE HAIR. MARRY THIS KIND



INSTEAD OF



THIS.

The issue of the day for Candidates—To get in.