



**WITHOUT A MICROSCOPE.**

CHOLLY—"You don't seem to like my moustache."  
MAUD—"No, but I have noticed it. Isn't that sufficiently complimentary?"

**GRIP'S EPIGRAM CONTEST.**

OUR Epigram competition resulted in the receipt of so many contributions of superior merit that it was a matter of some difficulty to select the prize-winners. Out of a very large number which fully complied with the conditions, we award prizes to the following on the ground of their literary merits and especially their clearness, finish and neatness of expression.

1st Prize, \$10. **GEORGE CHAMBERLAIN**, 44 Arthur Street, Toronto.

Boldness and daring, Tory ranks delight,  
Timidity to Grits, it seems, belongs;  
Grits grow fainter in defence of right,  
Tories bolder when they champion wrongs.

2nd Prize, \$5. **D. S. MACORQUODALE**, 260 Lisgar Street.

'Twixt Tory keen and Grit intent  
As positive and sure as fate  
A difference is in Parliament,  
Somewhere 'tween one and eighty-eight.

3rd Prize, one year's subscription to GRIP. **LOTTA E. MILLER**, Berlin, Ont.

Both are composed of rogues and fools, the Conservatives chiefly rogues; the Liberals mostly fools.

It is noteworthy that the great majority of the contributions sent in emphasized not the difference but the similarity of the two parties. Evidently the public are being roused to the fact that there is practically no difference in principle between Grit and Tory, and doubtless our competition, in addition to proving a source of innocent merriment, has done something to set many people thinking as to the folly of wasting time and means in the struggle between the place-holders and place-hunters.

Among the contributions not previously published are the following:

The Tory gerrymanders like a fool,  
The Grit like one who learned the art at school.

The Tory catches on  
To office and holds fast,

The Grit can only clutch at it  
As it is going past.

Their object's the same—on the Government hill,  
One party Jack and the other Jill,  
Are taking their pail to the Government mill.

Politics are a dread disease  
For which the patients receive the fees,  
Grit phase catching—Tory hereditary—  
Both parasitical, therefore predatory.

Grits in bye-elections licked,  
Think "Heaven doth whom it loves afflict."  
Of Tories it is understood  
That "some one" to his own is good.

The Tories are rascals by habit and heredity, the Grits are rascals by unexpected and infamous choice.

The Grits who ask for Customs' union  
Are charged with disaffection,  
The Tories fearing not to stand alone  
Would fall without protection.

They differ in nothing and still getting worse,  
Both anxious, like Judas, to carry the purse,  
Miss Canada thinks both a terrible curse.

Both scramble, cater to Rome, sacrifice principle for and dearly love office; Grits have better policy and principles. Tories subservient, united, better organized.

For Grit or Tory evermore  
To govern well a hopeless task,  
Nothing to nothing stands the score,  
The sweets of office all they ask.

Grits of changes they fain would have,  
Show quite a lengthy docket;  
While Tories object to any change  
That they can't put in their pocket.

Alike in greed, alike in gab,  
They differ in opinion  
As to which should hold the reins of power  
For the good of the Dominion.

The Tories united by boodle—Grits divided by fads.

Both on the whole work toward one end  
Our country's weal to increase,  
Grits seem to grasp reforms by wholesale,  
But Tories piece by piece.

The Tories ne'er a fair wind skip,  
But Grits, you will observe,  
Let many glorious chances slip  
Because they lack the nerve.

The Grit he hides all Tory right  
And blows all party wrong,  
Just so the Tory serves the Grit  
In prose as well as song.

Kindred bodies designed to demonstrate the elasticity of political consciences.

Tory—The party protective, close clinging to power;  
Grit—The party subjective, dejective and sour.

Two parties have we  
You'll agree  
They differ but scarcely a whit,  
Without the N.P.  
As I see  
'Twere hard to tell Tory from Grit.

The Tories' policy is to have a leader—the Grits' leading idea is to have policy.

**NOT INFRINGING.**

**REV. WHITE**—"I am surprised to find you making use of such an argument. It is an invention of the Evil One."

**BADUN**—"Well, as far as I know, he hasn't had it patented."