



The Dartmouth Sugar Refinery.

The accompanying little sketch, which comes to Mr. GRIP from Nova Scotia, is humble in an artistic point of view, but looked at through patriotic and moral spectacles, it is worth more than any of the best works of PRANG. To a Canadian it is simply priceless, for it attests at once the material prosperity of the country, and the rectitude of her leading men. It illustrates the development of home industry under the new Tariff, which development was prophesied and promised by our statesmen. To come down to particulars, it may be stated that during the late political campaign, Dr. TUPPER and his friends told the people of Nova Scotia that if they voted for the National Policy they would have a Sugar Refinery at Dartmouth. The grateful Blue-nose artist in the above form records the joyous fact that this promise has been realized. The sketch is a faithful representation of the Dartmouth Sugar Refinery, which has just got into operation. Our countrymen, heretofore unfamiliar with great industrial establishments, must not mistake it for a picture of a Mic-Mac brave extracting the sweets of office from Nova Scotia sap-heads; it is, we repeat, a correct representation of the only Sugar Refinery at Dartmouth—the full fruition of Dr. TUPPER'S promise!

New Edition of an Old Ballad.

AS SUNG BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.
 I'm far from my dear native shore,
 'Neath a chilly and desolate sky,
 Where violent partizans roar,
 And politics run very high;
 And they've got me just now in a fix,
 And against me the editors foam—
 Through one of my Minister's tricks
 Referring a question to Home;

Chorus.

I feel very weary and sad,
 I wish my "instructions" were come;
 I'm surrounded with men who are bad,
 O, write me a letter from Home.



AN INTERNATIONAL POINT RAISED.
 (OUR BOY'S CARBUNCLE.)

The Hon. Members.

Extract from Notes of our own Private Secretary, taken at alphabetical interview of M.P.'s to obtain correct knowledge of requirements of different constituencies of Dominion, etc.

FROM M TO O.

Mr. McHAGGIS M. P., Glencobar.—Highland chieftain. Forefathers came over with WOLFE, and were at the capture of Quebec. Once Jacobites; now reconciled to circumstances, and think calmly about the "wee German lairdie;" also CAITWRIGHT. Ultra loyal; grandfather commanded company of fencibles at Queenston Heights; commands company of Volunteers himself. Biggest company in Canada everywhere; no man under six feet, flank men seven feet high more or less; all of them sledge throwers; will undertake to "clean out" with self and men any battalion in the force. Apologises to Excellency for not appearing in Highland costume. Don't mind the cold weather, but small boys throw snowballs at him when in kilts and it is undignified to chase them. Has one hundred pipers in a' among his constituents, who will gie His Excellency a "blaw" should he ever do them the honour to visit his neighborhood. His people have plenty of everything and always have had. Don't care about merits of the Tariff or for anything or anybody—says "G a ma ta thu" and departs.

Mem.—Fine specimen of Thane, this member, and doubtless hospitable. Would like to visit him when he is in good humour, otherwise not. Perceptible odour of eau de Cologne—or something spirituelle—after departure.

Mr. NASBY M. P., West Bingen. Smart young member. Says his constituency is not excelled in Ontario. Like; the Scotch. Has plenty of Scotch supporters. Can "spoke" the Gaelic himself, used to read it up in evenings while at the University. Think: it double discounts Greek; Latin nowhere alongside of it. Knows Irish too, had to study that for Hibernian supporters. Same thing as to German. Mixed constituency, his. Takes interest in railways and drainage of swamps, anxious as to efficiency of Civil Servants. Has plenty of money. Keeps family carriage, and all that; constituents well off, or if not, their own fault. Would be glad to entertain Governor should he come his way. Graceful bow, and exit.

Mem.—Very accomplished gentleman this; would like to pay him a visit myself. See future "Honourable" in him, if he don't fall into evil associations.

Mr. ORSON M. P., Cat Portage.—Western member, constituency sparsely settled, and people of romantic habits. Takes great interest in Lo, the poor Indian. Thinks they have not fair treatment. Don't see why that Injun who perhaps goes to England and receives good education, should be restricted in his liberties. Likes Injuns; has lived amongst them, and knows all about them. Is a strong Protectionist; and wonders why duty is not put on head-work and moccasins in the new Tariff. Everything and everybody is protected except the poor Indian!—Excellency yawns; Hon. member takes it for exit cue. *Exit.*

Mem.—Fine man, but think he has got Injun on the brain.

If our esteemed Governor-General never does another distinguished action during his term, his name will ever bloom in our annals. He has shown a respect for the opinion of his mother-in-law, which is as brave a thing as any man dare do.



The Rag Baby at Ottawa.

It is altogether likely that Mr. WALLACE, the rag-baby representative of Capt. WYNNE in the House of Commons, will object to our pinning a placard to his coat-tail inscribed "This is a noodle." He will say that it is a want of common sense which leads us to imagine that he is a noodle, when everybody knows he is, on the contrary, a decent member of Parliament. And yet this same Mr. WALLACE advocates the irredeemable money fraud, and thinks it sensible to take pieces of paper and convert them into currency by merely writing "This is money" upon them, having no basis of gold. If by a fiat of the Government certain scraps of paper may be transformed into money; than by a fiat of GRIP certain paper members may be taken for donkeys.

"I am prepared to swallow it whole."—*Speech of Mr. DOMVILLE M. P., on the Tariff.*

A conjurer seemingly rash
 May swallow big jack-knives or swords,
 Some swallow gin cocktails and smash,
 Some swallow their vows and their words;
 These to DOMVILLE are but a small sup,
 His feat quite surprises the town;
 As with one most Tariffic gulp,
 He swallows the Elephant down.

The Edgar Medal.

One evening this week the room of the Reform Association, on King street, was the scene of a very interesting ceremony. Mr. GEO. W. FIELD, a clever young member of the Pairty, was presented with a handsome gold medal, offered by Mr. J. D. EDGAR to the writer of the best essay. For the benefit of those who have not seen this medal, GRIP (who is similarly situated) has much pleasure in presenting an engraving of it below. If the picture does not faithfully represent the medal, it is the fault of our artist's head and not of his hand, and no doubt the genial EDGAR will overlook it.

