

is he really too busy to bestow a few kind words on his successful fellow worker? I'm always cheery you know. All good Unionists are you know, brighten up—let us have a little chat.

P. S.—Another lie nailed—that's all. How fearfully and wonderfully our politicians do change their opinions!

L. o. O.—*Aside and with doubt.* Have I done anything stupid I wonder. (*Aloud*)—Who is it—Mr. Amund, or the clever youngsters from Antigonish?

P. S.—*Decisively.* Both. They are the worry of one's existence, and it's partly your fault.

L. o. O.—*Soothingly.* Mine! my dear friend, mine! How so?

P. S.—To use a vulgar phrase, you are always putting your foot in it in print. I suppose, as there isn't much to talk about in the Upper House, and the public meeting game is pretty well played out, you must have your word somehow. But really those letters to young men are a little too absurd. You should stop writing them.

L. o. O.—*Bridling up.* This, sir, is not the first time my conduct has been so unwarrantably interfered with by you. I beg that it may be the last.

P. S.—*Seeing his advantage, &c., with a mercy natural to all great men.* There, there, never mind, I did not wish to cause you any pain. I know, when I ask a favor you will be only too ready to grant it. Don't write any more letters to young men—there's a good fellow. You can't tell the harm they do.

L. o. O.—*Rather more angry than before.*—What do you mean sir? I suppose you didn't like the first two or three which vindicated my character, and that of the old liberal party. That was it I suppose, ha! ha! (*rabbing his hands together savagely, as though the P. S. was between them*) I see it all now,—the duplicity the—

P. S.—*Growing rather white with anger, but keeping his temper outwardly.*—Since many of your young men were unpainted at the times to which you allude, pleas for political escapades indulged in so long ago, must be to many of your audience incomprehensible gibberish—do you see what I mean?

L. o. O.—Not at all, what does "unpainted" mean?

P. S.—"Unbreached" if you like it better—but—

L. o. O.—We must get out of all little Americanisms now.

P. S.—Preparatory to going to London, yes indeed, ha! ha! (*pleasantly*) Let us talk calmly now my dear sir, remember that when we go to England, if we wish to be made much of, we must behave ourselves, and then you will find Nova Scotian statesmen—thanks, as you say, to Federation—will be treated with that respect which they deserve. Let us approach the question calmly.

L. o. O.—*Mollified.*—But why object to my writing letters?

P. S.—Well, do you know nearly everybody one meets says that the greater part of them are sheer bosh.—excuse the term, I only repeat what I hear. The *Unionist* is, I regret to say, but a poorly conducted sheet. It is really rather too scurrilous. It made a great mistake in abusing the poor old *Sun* so. So at least I think.

L. o. O.—*Drily.* Do you. But how cleverly the *Chronicle* showed up your old retrenchment business. Fancy reducing, as you did, the expenditure for defence from \$20,000 to \$8,000, when the British troops were pouring through the city. How wonderfully old crimes bear witness, sooner or later, against the criminal. Well, let's approach the question quietly. What think you about the New Brunswick elections?

P. S.—Never mind, we'll win the day. There is no such great hurry after all. It is not impossible that we may be summoned to London before the question is brought up in Nova Scotia.

L. o. O.—*aside,* His last chance.—We should get there, as the

Unionist said, the other day, quicker than we could to Ottawa.

P. S.—The stupidest thing the *Unionist* ever said. That is just the anti's great argument—the distance between the countries; they will be advising us to unite with the Scilly Islands if we allow such trash to be printed.

L. o. O.—Where are the Scilly Islands,—near Bermuda?

P. S.—No, off the West of Ireland of course. You must rub up your geography before we go to London.

L. o. O.—I must say I look forward to that trip with vast pleasure.

P. S.—So do I.

L. o. O.—I must be off.

P. S.—Good-bye, leave off writing to those young men.

L. o. O.—When we go to London, yes. Oh, the Opera—the *bon ton*—the fine dinners—the clever men—the refined society—the homage, all free of charge!—(*exit performing a pirouette a la Taglioni.*)

P. S.—*aside.* Silly fellow!

Communications, &c.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not, by inserting letters convey any opinion favorable to their contents. We open our columns to all, without learning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Nova Scotia.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous communications. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

PROVINCIAL FRUIT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "BULLFROG."

SIR,—Some friend unknown has addressed to me an extra No. of the "B. F." of 13th ult., with the Communication of Mr. "Robert W. Starr," specially marked for my notice. I am at a loss to divine whether that friend was some wag who "guessed" that I was the writer of the Communication of "A. B. Granville" which friend "Starr" criticises, or whether he wished to draw me out to give an opinion of the respective merits or demerits of each production.

As I happen to have a leisure half hour, I will gratify his curiosity in either point of view, as far as I can in a brief space. As to "A. B. Granville" I know not who he is by his proper name, and further, I have never seen his communication even in print, having missed the No. of the "B. F." in which it appeared. I will venture, however, my humble opinion that "A. B. G.'s" course would have been characterised with more prudence if he had restrained his indignation as far as the public are concerned, and brought his complaints before the Council of the F. G.'s Association. The reasons for this course are obvious enough. The Association is competent enough, and honest enough I know, to deal fairly with any charge of disingenuousness or over reaching against Amateur Fruit Growers to the prejudice of the real "Farmers" who cultivate Fruit to an extent annually to be counted by hundreds of barrels. Mr. "A. B. G." might have also put himself right in another way if he suspected his reputation as a "Fruit Grower," had suffered by favoritism in connection with the late Exhibition. He might have just quietly pocketed his temporary mortification, and entered the lists at London, as a competitor against the whole Association of "Provincial Fruit Growers," and possibly carried off a Silver Medal and left the "Card Certificates" to his amateur rivals. Such a brilliant success would doubtless have been an effectual curative balm to his wounded pride.

Now, for friend "Starr's" communication. I am reminded by its perusal, of the criticism of a Countryman, (who was defendant in a Suit at Law,) upon the address of his Counsel to the Jury. The client was known in the community to be so keen a blade, that his honesty came to be questioned. The learned Counsel feared that a tincture of this prejudice had found its way into the jury box; and thought it a prudent course in his closing address to the jury, to test his oratorical powers to the utmost limit in the work of eradicating the dangerous element if it existed