THE LAND WE LIVE IN.



"Why! Bloomey, I didn't expect to see you on the market, I thought you'd got through attending market!" "Oh! bigosh, Mr. Didymus, I just come here for fun. I havn't got nothin' to sell, but I just like to look round a bit. You know I don't need to bring anythin', I ain't got nothin' to do unless I've a mind to, You oughter know, bigosh, you made the writins' You always make any writins' I've got to do." "Oh, Yes, I know all that, but I didn't know but what you might have amused yourself picking up some butternuts last fall and had brought them to sell." "Oh! come now Mr. Didymus, you know better than that. You know I ain't got no butternuts. No I jest drove down me and Sim Mallory. You know I can take a team whenever I want one. Say I want another of them Plasters what is it you call 'em? Oddways aint it? Bigosh, the one I got helped my back right off." "Hello Didymus what d'ye think of the municipal election? I guess I'll have to take a photograph of the whole boodle of them now. They'll make a pretty good looking group, won't they? McManamy's nose is like yours, a little crooked, but that won't show in a photograph. I see they managed to get yours straightened out in that wood cut of yourn. I noticed it was from the photograph, I made for you, perhaps that accounts for it. By the by, what do them cuts cost? I guess I'll have to get one for my advertisement, if they ain't too dear." "I can get you one like that for two fifty, if you'll give me a good cabinet photo." "Well that ain't out of the way. I'll take one. I suppose you want the cash with the order? I'll bring it up this afternoon. How long before you can get the cut?" About a week, I have to send to Syracuse for it." "What sort of a cut's that you're after Presby. I thought you went in for fish. You want to go to Ames' for cuts. The Deacon 'll cut your acquaintance if you ask him for cuts." " Hello! is that you Bachelor Bill? The kind of cut I wanted from

Didymus was a cut of myself to head my advertisement. Had any fishin' yet at Massawipwi?" "No, it's rather early yet. I don't care about going till there are plenty of holes cut through the ice." "You couldn't use the sames holes you used last winter, I suppose?" Not very well, for all I know the curb to some of those holes has been used in cooling your summer drinks. It's fish I'm after though. Are there any tommy-cods on the market?" "I haven't seen any but you'll get plenty down at Parker and Bourque's I saw them there this morning." "All right! that'll be handy for me on my way home." "Arrah! bedad McManamy, we were just talkin' about you! Allow me to congratulate you! How the devil will you and Murray pull together in the Council. Bedad ye'll be like the Kilkenny cats that made. the fur fly till there was nothin' left of them but their tails." "Never you mind me, I'll be like Jimmy McShane, looking after the interests of the city." "Yes and principal too." "Of course, whatever I do will be based on principle. What was it you and Didymus were saying about me?" "He said you would be the next mayor, because if you followed your nose, you would aim high." "You be hanged!" "I won't I'm like Belanger, I don't believe in pendards when it comes to the Riel issue." "Bigosh! M'sieu Frosby, Monsieur Belanger he'll make one good man, bien smart pour le conseil. He'll mek anoder pos'hoffis bureau de poste, pooty queeek, bamby, for le Quartier Sud, le South Ward, C'est vrai, comme du raison. Certainement, M'sieu Frosby. He'll keep his h'eye on Monsieur Chicoyne all-a-same, lek one cat she'll keep his h'eye on one souris, wot you call heem, one mice, hey? Monsieur Belanger, he'll be goot man for le Frenchman, He'll be goot fren avec. le premier, Monsieur Mercier, oui. He

mek me one juge du paix, bamby fo'sure, Me mos'can mek ma name en ecrit, oui, c'est vrai." "Shut up yer infernal jabber, and let's have two or three poun o' butther. The iday of a man livin' in town an' buyin' butther to sell, shpendin' his time talkin' politics. Here's Pather afther yer ten cents an' I'll howld ye the price of a bottle, that yer waitin' till ye get the ten cents from me before ye can pay him. Didn't I tell ye! An thim's the kind of men they do be makin' Magistrates of an' tachin' thim politics! An' faith, it's the jewel language thim same gossoons does be wantin'. Be me sowl, if it comes to that it's the Irish that's the jewel language entirely, so it is.'

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