

Market Sketches



"Good morning Mr. Johnson! What have you brought to the market to-day?" "Good mornin' Mr. Walton! Just about the same kind of fixin's as I generally bring, butter, eggs, and some lamb. I've got some maple sugar as well, and some nice young geese." "How much are the young geese?" "My wife said I was an old goose this morning, but perhaps she wouldn't object to your young ones." "Well these are tip-top and—." "Web footed ay?" "Yes, web footed and—" "Feathered clear down?" "No, they're nicely dressed and—" "Dressed eh? Bloomer costume or knickerbockers?" "Oh you know what I mean, no wonder your wife called you an old goose, seein' you're so particular about the young ones, I guess she thinks you're a regular proper gander, don't she?" "See here, I'll let you have these at nine cents a pound, seein' it's you,—." "Oh! that's too much, that's way up, I guess those goslings never had any down to them." "But seeing it's you, and I can depend on your statement that they're young geese, I'll take a couple. You can leave them at my store and I'll have a chance to send them home. How much is your maple sugar?" "Eight cents." "All right, take over a couple of cakes." "Goin' to have a sweet time ain't you Walton? Goin' deer huntin' I reckon, an' mean to have suthin' hot in camp, don't ye?" "No Presby! I can't go hunting till after Christmas, but say! Don't you know that sugar in cakes is about the handiest way to take sugar for camping; but I don't take anything hot in camp except tea and coffee." "Shaw! Tell that to the marines, sailors won't believe ye. Praps you don't smoke either in camp?" "Not very often. Might take a cigar once in a while." "Guess so! You'll do! Good-by! Send us in a quarter of cariboo meat. Don't forget it!" "Oh say Peter? See anythin' of Atcheson, Brompton Lake? You know Atcheson don't you? Takes care of the buildin's at the old Nickel Mine?" "Yes, I know him, Mr. Presby, but I haven't seen him, I don't think he's here." "Confound him! he told Didace 'at he was goin' to bring me in some bear meat to-day. Guess he's not got along yet. Roads pooty bad out to Key Pond Road. Well Peter, how d'ye feel anyway?" "Feel first rate Mr. Presby. Never felt better in my life." "Glad to hear

it Peter! Glad to hear it! Havin' pooty easy times, eh? People don't get drunk so much as they used to! Ain't that so?"

"Arrah, how'd yer whisht. Sure they do be gettin' as dhrunk as they ever did, but like the Shcott Act, min, it's home they do be takin' it wid them, an' be me sowl, it comes chaper too. Sure ye can go down to McManuses beyant, and buy a bottle of the crathur for what it ud take to thrate a friend or two up above at Fred Carnirands, but howld on. D'ye want an ilegant turkey for yer Christmas dinner? The owld womans fattenin' some that ud make yer mouth wather to look at them, they're that fat and shiny lookin'. I'll be comin' in the Saturday afore Christmas an' I'll bring you in one. Fifteen cents the poun'. What d'ye say?"

"All right Mike, but don't bring a very big one. How's the old woman, Michael?"

"Faith she can jump over a milkin' shtool. Devil such a change I ever see in her since she tuk to usin' them Ordway's Plashers, an' ye know the shockin' bad health she enjoyed when you wor out there lasht. Bedad! she thinks nothin' now of shwingin' on a five pail kittle of praties to cook for the pigs, the crathurs. Come out an' see us now that we've got the shnow. We allus kape a sup of the rale wate that ud warm the cockles of yer heart."

"Much obliged Michael! Remember me to the missus and tell her that I depend on her to pick out the turkey for me."

"Where's the man that owns this team?"

"Durned if I know Peter, but I calculate he's down at the Grand Central. He's been sellin' some pork to Ames, an' I heern him ax Ames to go down an' wet the trade." "Well this is twice I've been here and he's been away. Next thing he'll try to get away without payin' his market fee." "Here he comes! I reckon he's a been a wettin' that trade more'n once. Looks kin' of owley."

"Say! Let's have your market fee, I ain't goin' to wait all day for you." "Noboby hain't axed you to. Here it is. Blamed if I don't b'lieve he thought I was a tryin' to squeeze out o' paying him. No Sirree! That ain't my style."

"Poisson! Poisson! Poisson d'eau douce! Tom' cod! Tom' cod! Pas poisson d'Avril! She'll be goot feesh! Bon poisson! Cotch heem a Trois Rivieres, en la riviere St. Laurent. Me breeng heem Cinquante minots, booshe wot you call. Oui! C'est vrai! Goot feesh to su'. Nevare see heem mo' bettere feesh, Nevare, Combien? One dollare—piastre-par booshe. Vendre a bon marche. Me sell heem sheep. Oui!"

"How do you-cook them?"

"Cook heem! You put heem on de watare for tak heem out de freeze, hey freeze! Correct hey!

Den you'll put heem le lard on de pan-fry, mek heem come hot comme le diable, den you'll place heem on de pan, cook heem planty. She'll heat pooty goot. I'll tole you. You'll heat heem some mo' nex' tam, pooty probably."

"But don't you dress the fish?" "Comment?"

"Don't you clean the fish, take out the inside?"

"Tak heem hout de inside! Sacre non! Nevare wot you call clean heem. Apres she'll be cook, hall de inside she'll be go wid de head, le tete. No want heem clean, wot you call dress, don't it? Tom' cod! Tom' cod! Poisson! Poisson!"

"Here's Joe Boule, he knows all about them. What kind of fish are these Tom' cod?"

"Tommy cod? They're just as nice a fish as ever you eat."

"But what about cooking them? This man says you don't want to clean them."

"Well you don't. All you have to do is to roll them in flour and cook them in hissing hot pork fat, and anything there is in them comes away with the head after they're cooked. Combien pour les poissons, Monsieur?"

"Un piastre M'sieu."

"All right! I'll have a bushel anyway. You fellows get a bushel apiece, and if you can't cook them I'll do it for you, and help you eat them too. Bigosh I'd sooner have them than oysters any day. Here's Pommy Biron, see what he says. How do you like Tommy cods, Biron?"

"First rate! Who's got any?"

"This fellow here, just up from Three Rivers, with a load. One dollar a bushel."

"Well I'm goin' to have a bushel. No I guess I'll take two. All my family like them. I'll run into Allards and see if I can get a bag."

"Musha thin! but it bates Banagher the way them Frenchmen does be atin' fish, an' the more they look like a bull-pout, the better they likes them."

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