

## MARKET SKETCHES.

'Och! faith thin, but thin's the foine cabbidges intirely. I'm goin' on this market for the last tin year, and the devil a better load o' cabbidges iver cum on it. *Hanin an' diaoul!* but it's the luvly atin they'd be, wid a nice lump o' bacon, me mouths wathorin' now for a tashte uv thim. If it's a fair quistion, misther, wor thim cabbidges raised fur roum' here?' 'No, they were raised at Mr. Hobson's farm, down below the brewery, about a mile from here.' 'Tunder-an-turf, d'ye mane to say thim cabbidges grewed near Sherbrooke? Upon my faix, if I didn't suspect they kom from Montrehall, Misther Hobson's? Musa, thats nixt door to Misther Hales' beyant, an' fwint d'yebo axin' for thim?' 'Ten cents apiece.' 'Bedad, an' that'll be the price of a poum' o' me bist butther, if I tek a couple, lave a couple o' thim to one side, Misther. Be the vistinints, but 'Johanna an' the child-her 'll have the ducint Sunday dinner, an' be ther same token. I musn't disre-member a bit of bacon at McManuses. Bedad, talkins dhruthy work, I'm as dhry as a lime burners wig, afther comin' near eight mile. Have ye a mouth an' ye? Pather'll have an eye to the cabbidges. Come an.' 'Sacre Irlandais, dot Irish she'll not spik goot Angleesh sam I do. 'he'll say somethin' don't hunderstan' anyway. *Pas de langue, fiat Irish, c'est dan patois, wot you call melange, meex keen hup, hey?* 'Dat Irish she'll lak *de cabus, avec du lard, same me lak des ongnens.* Down on Stoke sho'll call me pea soup. *Je lui dit cabbidge head!* 'Cabus! *Oui, c'est vrai, all same' pea soup, Don't it? Les ognons madame? cinq cents par bonche, cinq bonches? Oui five bonch, trente sous, twenty-five cent, 'Mere' 'ai beaucoup des patates, madame, goot pota-ties me raise heem on le terre nouveau, bien bon, pooty goot, *Un ecu par minot, feofly cent par booshe. demi booshe, trente sous merci. Votre garem she'll tek heem? Oui, comme du raison! merci, tank you. Sho'll mek some nice day pooty queeck, ain't it? 'Murther alive, is that the way yo've been talkin, while I was afther me biththers. The devil a biththers ye'll made, if ye don't shpake bithther English. How they can sinse yer spache I don't know at all, at all.' 'Sacre tonnerre 'at, you hole Irishman! you go be *bien sif* again, wot you call dry up, don't it, me'll spak so bettero Angleesh, more as you, for sure. *Non pas de poisson, pas de fruit, Il n'est permis pas a pecher a Stoke Pond, avecle net. Pardon Monsieur!* No can catch le truite, no can set le net. Planty man she'll mek me pay twanty dollars for catch le truite, by-an-by me feex heem, sure.' 'Hellol Harrison! Just got in? 'Noa, been in since an hour ago. A left ta boother oop at your place, an' an joost waitin' for ta owld woman ta goa whoam. Saay? Don't poot thut in pauper. Thee knows'tha' caan't com ta Yorkshire dialect. Thout't ha ta get ponsted oop. Coom doon ta ma place an' a'll tek Yorkshire sos't thout't know enough about it to write it.' 'Wall, I swan, if thes' Yorkshire I sh'd think it'd take a Philadelphly lawyer to write it. I'd just like for the fun of it to see how 't'd look in print. Looky hero mister hero's fifty cents for your paper of you'll try and get that printed just as he said it.' 'Are you going up to your office now?' 'Yes, just as soon as I can order a steak at Amos', why?' 'I want to subscribe for 'THE LAND WE LIVE IN' and get one of those Soap Rights, James Addie says its a really good thing.' 'Yes, I think it is, and anything Mr. Addie says you can rely upon. To tell you the truth it was principally on the recommendation of Mr. Addie and the Rev. Hiram Fowler both old friends of mine, that I was inducd to secure the 'Soap Right' as a premium.' 'Mornin, Walter hoos a wi' ye the day?' 'Brawly, mon, thank ye for speerin', it is na' after we see ye an the market.' 'Na, thats a fact, but it wis a blue look out for a bita' put in the pot, an' its a blue look out the noo-na reference ta yersel' Walter, but I an na' sure that the Exheebition**

folk ha' left anything for a pair body. Its just wonderfu' the quantity of meat, thats' gone off the mairket the las' twa' ree days but I'll bide a wee an' ha' a luik roum', Hoo's boosness? 'Fair to middlin' tak it by and large, but I'm fairly rim off ma feet the las' few days, an' I've a pain under me oxtar, frae reachin' over the counter, handin' 'oot things.' 'Thats' easily cured, Walter, tak an' rub yer oxtar wi' the hand ye've been takin' in the sillar wi' an' I'll go bail ye'll be a'reet.'

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN JUVENILE CABINET.

In a country like this, the mineral resources of which are only very partially developed, no better present can be given to children, than the above Cabinet. A knowledge of the appearance of the various ore bearing rocks, may enable them to "strike it rich," in after years. By mail for 85 cents, with full descriptive manual. See illustration in another column.

D. THOMAS &amp; Co.



## Mt. Washington Railway.

For the accompanying illustration we are indebted to The Quebec, Central Railway Company. The ascent of Mount Washington is made on the famous Mountain Railway; the grade, which reaches 1,980 feet to the mile or about one foot in three—its length is a trifle over three miles, and the total rise is nearly four thousand feet. This road was commenced in 1866, and the success which has attended the enterprise has been very marked. The road is most substantially built, and besides the usual rails there is a centre rail of peculiar construction to receive the motive power; this consists of two bars of iron with cross pieces every four inches and a centre cog-wheel in the locomotive plays into this rail. The cars are comfortable and easy, and the trip is made without danger or fatigue. The cars are provided with seats placed at an angle which brings them nearly on a level on the ascent, they all face down the mountain; there is, however, an aisle in the car, and platforms at each end, so that views may be had from all directions. The Mount Washington Hotel is situated on the summit of Mount Washington, 6,293 feet above the sea level; the view from the summit is magnificent beyond description; a horizon of nearly 600 miles bounds the prospect, and the mountain peaks stand on every side as sentinels to enjoy the mountain scenery; it is advisable to remain over night, and, if it be clear, the gratification will be complete; as the sun sinks in the West the shadows of the mountain enlarge and extend far and wide.

Although our last issue was nearly 7000 copies, we have had so many demands for sample copies, that we shall feel under great obligations to parties who will return copies of that or any previous issue, so long as they do not mark them "refused."

Although the publisher of *The Sherbrooke City Directory* has made some omissions, which to a certain extent leaves this paper and its publishers "out in the cold," we must compliment Mr. Royer on the neat and attractive manner in which the Directory is got up, and the fund of valuable information it contains.

## My First Picture.

Written for *The Land We Live In.*

During my youthful days, to become an artist, a painter, was the one ambition of my life. To this end I worked hard, my parents encouraged me, the neighbors talked about me, and I progressed favorably. Already anecdotes were told of my youthful pranks. How the schoolmaster was sketched with rounded head and knot hole eyes, and instead of manifesting anger, recognized the hidden genius guiding that youthful hand, and how "a come to my arms my boy" resulted, and many other kindred tales usually following in the wake of a rising man. The momentous day of my life was however approaching. I had been working hard on my first picture for exhibition. It was a slice from nature, a rural scene in the Eastern Townships. Its hills, its shades, the shallow rippling brook, its green foliage, all so true. To add animation to the scene, a particularly bright idea of my own; in the fore ground, a calf was seen quietly grazing, neath the shade of a wide spreading elm. The work was finished, it was placed on exhibition side by side, with those of our well known artists. The crowning moment of my life had arrived; disguised as a dudo, I stood near by to hear the criticisms of the onlookers. Two gentlemen stroll by. "Thats not bad!" said one, pointing with his stick to my hope of hopes, a very doubtful "no" from the other, "but whats that meant for?" he added, pointing to my cherished calf, and passed on. This somewhat staggered the dudo, it must be confessed. Could it be possible not to recognize that calf so clearly depicted with lowered head and fly propelling tail. Two red cheeked school girls hurry along. "There thats nice" they both exclaimed, stopping suddenly before my rural scene. The dudo be

comes agitated. "But whats that in tended for Lizzie?" remarked the younger of the two, with ink stained index finger at my Bos JUVENILIS. "Why Nellie! are you blind," replied Lizzie, don't you see its one of those rustic seats so commonly used in the country!" and the two passed on, leaving the dudo dangling from the edge of his high toned collar, limp and sick. Two ladies approach they stop before my star of the east. "How sweet" they both exclaimed, "so truly rural, but that, whats that?" and again his infernal calf's identity is brought into question. They turn an enquiring glance to where I stood. I stepped forward, determined at all hazards to save my reputation, though the calf be sacrificed. That I could no longer run the animal, was unquestioned. Lizzie had however given me the cue. "That ladies" I replied, "is a rustic seat, yes, a rustic seat, where the honest owner of yon farm, is wont to rest his weary frame. He has just left his favorite resting place, and has forgotten his driving whip, you will notice the last hanging there, pointing to the calf's tail. "By the way he has also left his high top boots behind," pointing to the lowered head. "Ah! ladies, the beauty, the depth of a work of art, does not lie in the mere view it presents before us. Who cannot follow in one's minds' eye, the tired tiller of the soil as he walks away in his stocking feet! Perchance he dreams of his boyhoods happy days, when sour apples tasted sweet, when stolen from yonder orchard. The notes of a thirty dollar organ, strikes his ear, his daughter, his motherless girl, is playing in the "Last rose of summer," and the old man is glad it will be tea time before he returns to that house. But he loves that daughter nevertheless, she reminds him of a fair girlish form in the far distant past, who shared his stolen apples, and afterwards shared his troubles and trials of life, but who now lies buried neath the green, green sod on yonder hill! and so the old man dreams. He enters a stubble field presently, and dreams no more. No! he suddenly sinks to the ground, raises his stockinged feet, high, high, into the air, and howls! not till then ladies did he miss those boots which you see so faithfully pictured before you. Ah! ladies, endless are the thoughts that crowd upon us, as we gaze upon a work so true to nature!" They thanked me and left, they were not crowded. And I remained to morn my golden calf which alas! was no more.

RUFUS REDDY.

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We have been appointed General Agents for the above celebrated remedy, and can supply Agents and traders throughout the U. S. and Canada at manufacturers prices. Sample box by mail on receipt of 50 cts. D. THOMAS & Co., Sherbrooke, Quebec.

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