

Market Sketches



"Good mornin', Pather! Excuse me Pather for callin' you Pather, but sure didn't I know you afore you wor Mither Coot-yoor? Yes indeed I did so I did." "That's all right Mulligan. It's market fees I'm after now, not names, an' if you were to call me an extortionate *ould pather*, it would't hurt my feelin's a bit, so take the hint and be feelin' for yer ten cents." "Och! Its that yer dhrivin' a', is it. Faith I'm that mortal cowl'd that I can't feel tin cints." "It's not tin cents I want, its a ten cent silver coin I want, but I s'pose you left it over at the Magog House as you came by." "That I may niver sin Pather, but I've the greatest mind to give you the lie, so I have. The sorra a shtop I had since I left home, except to shoot these two patridges the other side of the Kay Brook, and to wather the owd horse down by the Brewery. Here's a quarter! Take it out of that Pather! Bad cess t'ye for insinuatn' that I shtopped at the Magog!" "Don't get mad, Mr. Mulligan! I didn't say what you shtopped at the Magog for." "Bad scran t'ye, I tell ye I didn't shtop!" "I didn't say you did." "No faith, I don't b'lieve ye said it in as many words but ye insinuated it, an' that's worse nor sayin' it." "Here! stop your jawin' you two, till I see if I can't buy them patridges. I suppose they're shott full of lead to make them weigh." "Well they're not Mr. Presby. You'll not find a mark on them below the neck, so you won't. I've shot too many patridges not to know better nor that so I have. I'll howld you the price of a noggin' that it's the thruth I'm tellin' you, an' no lie, an' by the same token you can have them for fifty cents, or have them. There's plenty 'll be glad to git them at that, but by the powers Mither Presby, there's not a man in the City I'd sooner see atin' them than yerself, I thank ye! Mither Presby." Now just take them down to yer pither saloon an' git some misfortait shtorts. man to howld them till you take a pither of him, so he can show his frinds that he's the divil an' all to shoot. I'll howld ye, ye'll make money out of the copies he'll want."

"What's that silver cup that Spearing has on exhibition in his window over there?" "Oh, that's a cup won by the 53rd Batt, for proficiency in drill or something of that kind, I don't think it has any name as yet." "Hasn't ay? Well I would suggest that it be named *Stirrup Cup*, as exemplifying the proficiency of some of its officers in connection with equestrian performances." "How's that?" "Why they say, at the Quebec camp, one of them had a chair provided, to assist him in mountin, and another got a spill from his horse in the street." "Oh that's nothing! Perhaps some of that smuggled whiskey may have been at the bottom of it." "Hello! Didymus?" "Hello yourself!" "What do you think of the verdict of acquittal rendered in that case of Beaulieu for murder." "Think! I think the jury ought

to be indicted for high treason, in conspiring against Her Majesty, Her Crown and Dignity, by rendering such a verdict." "Well, perhaps that would be going further than the circumstances would warrant, but no sane man who heard the evidence, can say that the verdict was in accordance with that evidence."

"Non, M'sieu! no for dat. Dat jury she'll be 'fraid dat of she'll say dat man she'll mek le *meurtre*, she'll come hang fo' sure. She'll be one Franchman, she'll don't stan' no show, fo' su'. She'll be hang all-a-sam' lek Blanchard et Lamontagne. *Oui, c'est vrai*. Biel, *par exemple* Hang Franchman every tam. Fo' su' no hang H'angleesh-man lek dat." "Well no, I'll grant you that, Baptiste. But do you know why?" "Non, M'sieu, *sais pas*." "Well its because there aint so many Englishmen that deserve hanging." "Oh you *sacré* dam. M'sieu Merrill! You know more bettere dan d.it. Planty H'angleesh-man all-a-sam bad lek one *tres mauvais* Franchman. Nevere min' M'sieu Merrill, no use for *parler* wit you, fo' su'. You one dam Yankee. Mak de nutmeg en bois hey? *Le jambon en poplar*, hey? Heat le ponkin pie, hey? all-a-sam lek one hog, one *cochon*, *par exemple*. Bi gosh me n'eat mapeeg, hon the ponkin." "They're a darned sight better'n pea soup, anyway. No wonder they call you a peasouper. But see here Baptiste! You hurry up and sell them that blood puddin's o' yours, an' get that bottle o' whiskey 'at you use Sunday's in place o' holy water, an' git home afore night overtakes you, or the ole woman 'll dose the whiskey so you won't get much comfort out'n it to-morrow sure." "Tonnerre! Guess dats so M'sieu Merrill. *Boudin! Boudin! Bien bon boudin! Douze cents le livre!* Mek heem mase'f. Planty pork, planty ognon, avec le sang fraiche, goot blood, fo' su', c'est vrai *Douze cents la livre*. Twa! cents par pound. *Je vend a bon marché*. Ma sell sheep, fo' su'." "Sell sheep! You dough-head it's blood puddin's yer sellin' or fryin' to sell, for no one can onderstan' such gibberish as you're gettin' off." "Never main' me, M'sieu Merrill! You'll don't see me tek le monnaie lek d'it here. *Merci Madame! C'est correct, cinq lires. Soixante cents. Merci!* You no can s'le heem mo' bettere dan dat, aint it? *Un autre chaland*, M'sieu Merrill! Anoder custom'. Ten poun' *oui*. Yes Sir! One dollar an' twanty cent. *Merci M'sieu!* Thank you! Wot for you can say nothin' to mo' you h'ole ponkin, M'sieu Merrill, hey? Yo go home get your *souper* M'sieu Merrill! *Votre thé!* Your tea, wot you call, all-a-sam lek *Hirishman, irlandais*, she'll say, one *quart de l'eau*,—watare, wot you call, mek heem *bouillir*, se diminuer, for mek heem come strong, bien fort, *oui*. *Bon soir mon ami!* *Bon soir M'sieu Merrill!*"

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

A GREAT INK ERASER.

The following is a copy of a letter received by the Monroe Eraser Co. from its San Francisco Agent:

OFFICE OF W. M. TALBOTT,
General Agent for High Grade
Novelties, 320 Hayes St.

SAN FRANCISCO, Apl. 20, 91.

GENTLEMEN:—Please ship me 10 gross Erasers, assorted sizes, in one two dozen agents outfit cases per week until notified further. From the first week I commenced handling the erasing pencil my sales have averaged 6 gross and 7 dozen per week, up to date. By 30 or 60 days more I am satisfied my orders will be for not less than 20 gross per week. I have been eight years in agency business, and am familiar with about all novelties on the market during that time, and I must say I have never as yet seen any novelty to compare with your invention as a seller or money maker.

It is something that no office man for any person that uses ink will be without after they have seen it operate. All I ask now is that you fill orders promptly, and I will sell the goods.

Yours respectfully,
W. M. TALBOTT.

The following is in reply to a letter asking for information respecting the Monroe Ink Eraser advertised in another column. The name of the correspondent is purposely withheld:

Office of Consulting Physician and
Medical Electrician, the De Groot
Electro-Medical Institute, 66 Liberty
Street, New York.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1891.

DEAR MADAM:—I am at length able to write you concerning the matter of the Monroe Patent Chemical Ink-Erasing Pencil. You inquire as to whether it is what it is represented to be, and as to whether an agency would pay. I answer both questions affirmatively. It will erase French copying, ineradicable and non-fading ink—a feat impossible to accomplish with any other chemical of which I know. It does it, moreover, without injuring the paper in the least.

You can take an agency conscientiously. I have personally solicited the company's "terms to agents," and find them both fair and reasonable.

I have no acquaintance with the company.

Truly yours,
W. H. MORSE, M.D.

Anyone sending us March, 1891 copies of this paper with address, will receive other satisfactory reading matter in exchange.

A blue cross opposite this paragraph signifies that your subscription expires with this number. We shall be pleased to have it renewed.

CARDS SAMPLES & Agents Outfit FREE
W. J. Kenrick, 744-916 at Milwaukee, Wis.