

Market Sketches.



"Well, Mr. Johnson, how much are your eggs, this morning?" "Only seventeen cents, if you'll take the lot, just five dozen. Thank you. I'll take them up to your place as soon as I get shut of this butter. I'll take twenty-three cents a pound for it. There's only seven pounds. Thanks. I'll take the lot up just as soon as I hitch up my team." "How's the old gentleman?" "He's pretty well but don't go out any. Well I come near forgetting it. He sent down some poetry for your paper, if it'll suit. Here it is."

"Well I guess we'll find room for it if it isn't Spring Poetry. We've just got rid of a stock of it." Hello! Ned Lomas, you after butter too? "Yes, but if you'd seen the way butter fell a while ago, up at the Market shed, you wouldn't be paying twenty-three cents." "How's that?" "Why Petó was coming down the passage way with a basket of butter, when his feet went from under him, and that butter took a sudden rise, but was down again almost as soon as Petó, and it didn't drop in the basket neither. I guess Peter found out that the slippery side of that ice was uppermost." "Well there must have been a pretty big patch of that ice if his feet couldn't touch bare plank enough to keep him from slipping." "Owl bigosh, Pierre, she'll come pooty near seat down on 'ma bastick' haigs, bah, out, for sure, *Sacre tonnerre!* me tink dem haig he'll be smash-pooty queeck, a-bam-by, *certain*, Pierre she'll mek noise same *comane* one pegg-hog, wot you call gront, same lek one gret *lochon*. Wen she'll gront she'll mek me 'laff' fo' sure 'Bam-by she'll get oop, she'll say *Sacre le glace*, wot for you laff hey? Me say me luff 'cos *des oeufs* he'll not be smash, *briser*, don't it? Pierre she'll brosh le beurre on hees breeches, ses *Chutottes*, for tek off le *seigneur*, what you call heem dost-saw, hey? *Bien drôle*, for sure, pooty founny, don't it? *Arrêez vous Monsieur Edouard*, me ave le bon beurre *trente Sous le liere*, twanty five cent. You'll not get hem so goot some nodor place, nint it! *Quatre lieres* one dollare, *Merci M'sieu Ned*. *C'est bien bon*, fo' sure. *Bonjour!*" "Well thin, be-dad, but it does be takin' wan ov them Frenchmen, to murder decent English. Did ye iver in yer born days hear the like ov sich gibberidge? That I may niver sin, but a haythen Chinees wud shpake better English than a Frenchman. D'ye mind him callin' four poun's ov butter *Cut leures?* Faith thin I s'pose it's the crame the cat laves that the butther's made out ov. But hould yer whist! If yees want some of the purtiest praties iver yees clapped an eye on, its meself has them here in the sthrav. What wud I be axin? Faith I might be axin more than I'd get, but by all the goats in Kerry, they're dirt chape at sixty cents, an'd that's what yees can have them at. Och! Pather darlint, is it the tin cents ye're after? Here it is then. Begorra Pather, ye luk as if somebody had ben s'now ballin ye wid rolls of butther. Wnats wrong wid ye any way? Bad serm to me, but he's off as if the ould Nick was after him! See here now if ye'll take five bushels ov thim praties, I'll put them to ye at two dollars an' a half, an' that's the bist bargain ye'll make the day. All right, good luck to ye, an' them over beyant in three weeks I'll be at ye, an' I will."

"Holl!" "Where have you been?" "Just come in from the market."

must have been pretty lively for Lingwick, lately." "Yes, it was that, I never had a better time there. I tell you those stationed at Lingwick are a jolly lot of fellows, and first rate company. We had a big time there on the first of April. They got to playing tricks on each other, and in the morning while breakfast was being prepared one of the men visited the different bedrooms. Well in one he found the occupant asleep, so he took his breeches and threw them into a room opposite, and then wakened the man saying that the Commanding officer wanted him immediately. By jove if he didn't have a time getting himself in a presentable shape. He managed to borrow a pair of trousers several sizes too small, and when he said his own were missing, there was a search made and they were found in the room where they had been thrown, which happened to be a servant girl's room. It was rather compromising for both parties, and the officer said he couldn't see any way to arrange the matter except to 'marry do girl.' Finally the discovery that it was the first of April satisfactorily explained the affair. Say don't you want a cake or two of this new sugar after that yarn! Here's some as good as you'll find on the market and I'll let you have it at five cents a pound." "Yes! I will take a couple of cakes." No body can grumble at that price. Ten pounds ay? All right! Here's your fifty cents." "Why Donald is that yourself." "Chim er ha sibhe-nhi," *Gla mahe. Chim-er-sa-sibhe-phen*. "What have you got on the market." "Deed an' she'll no got mitch forpy ta parley an' ta putter. Her nainsel chust rin doon ta see Murdock, 'tats' in ta chail for givin' ta parritch ta Donald Morrison, an' ta Chudge 'll no let her oot on ta pail, an' she'll pe keepit in ta Chail till Donald pe catchit, an' Donald 'll no pe catchit more ofer, an' she'll no pe givin her nainsel up, forpy ta pairs at 'll pe cryin' after Murdock, an' Mister Proderick she'll say she'll no can get Murdock oot o'chail only py hapus corpse." *Habaeus Corpus*. Yes! that 'll fetch him; if he can get the writ. Well I'm sorry for Murdock, but he'll have lots of company in the jail before long if Donald Morrison don't give himself up, for I don't think they'll be able to take him in a hurry. Oh! here's Charlie Odell, he'll buy your barley for his brewery. Good by." "Hello! Pat Mc Kenney, is that yourself." "Faith it is, me and the old woman thought we'd take a run up, and go into Montreal to-morrow. Upon my word I'm glad to see you." "How's everything at Moose River?" "Flourishing! Flourishing! The railway makes it lively. The deer and Caribou are thicker than fiddlers in tophet, and as for trout! You can get all you can lug within half a mile of my house. I tell you there's going to be lots of sport round Atean Pond next summer and fall. Well I'm going down for the fishing anyway." "Come along you'll be as welcome as the Flowers of May, and you'll find better accommodations than when you paddled through to Moosehead." "Don't talk about accommodations! I never had better in my life. Give us a call when you come back from Montreal. Good by." "Good by and good luck to you."

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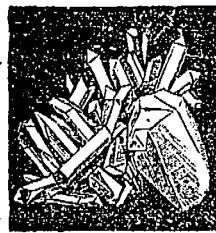
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