

**Cordwaydine De Conlie.**

A SOCIETY DRAMA, IN I. ACT AND II. SCENES.

Dramatis Personæ :

**CORDWAYDINE DE CONLIE**—A belle "just from Yoorup." **MORTIMOR MAGINNIS**—Her lover, a mercantile Tourist. **MR. CLOSEMUP** Rich merchant, friend of DE C. family.

**SCENE I.**—Moonlight—balcony of Mansion, near ALLAN Gardens—Music (TOULMAN'S band) in distance. **CORDWAYDINE** and **MORTIMOR** discovered leaning over parapet.

**CORDWAYDINE**—What a lovely evening! How divinely bright the moon! Does it not bring up sweet memories of the Rhine? **MORTIMOR**—Or the beautiful Danube!

**COR.**—Or the silvery Arno or the placid—**MORT.**—Poesy in every beam!—(aside)—Life is short. Now is my time. I must make hay while the moon shines—(aloud)—I saw just such another moon at Berlin last summer.

**COR.**—Were you in Berlin last year? We didn't see you there.

**MORT.**—Yes, for a day, while en route to London—(lambly)—Yes, dearest, the night is indeed lovely! How beautiful the harvest looks! See how the grapes hang upon the vines!

**COR.**—Methinks thou art a little off to-night, **MORTIMOR**. It is scarcely harvest time yet, and grapes are out of season, except—(archly)—sour ones. Perhaps you mean strawberries. We had some, oh, how delicious! at **McCONKEY'S** on Saturday.

**MORT.**—(Aside)—Strawberries! these girls think of nothing else except, perhaps, ice-cream. And who were "we," I wonder? (Aloud)—Dearest, I was but quoting **SCHILLER**. Strawberries be anathematized! Can I think of strawberries when I gaze into the depths of those dark eyes, that—

**COR.**—O grant us quietude!

**MORT.**—What mean you?

**COR.**—Give us a rest on that dark eyed business. But, by the way, I think I met your friend **SCHILLER** last summer on the Lagg Maggy Orey?

**MORT.**—What, **SCHILLER**!—(laughing)—I think not.

**COR.**—Oh, I recollect now; it was on the Plaza El Diavolo, at Naples. He was in company with **BARON PRETZEL KAKE** of Klawhammer Dauen.

**MORT.**—Oh, **CORDY**!—(laughs).

**COR.**—(Nitted)—Well, you needn't smile so audibly. I know I met him somewhere. Now I recollect! He was the funny man who, in company with the **MARQUIS** of **MCINAW** and **COUNT CORPUS DI BACCY**, was laughing so while criticising the corse of the **Venus de Jinjami** at Rome.

**MORT.**—Oh, fairest, let up! Ho! ho! ha! ha! he! he!

**COR.**—(With dignity)—Sir, when your somewhat unmeaning mirth abates, will you kindly inform me why I am so honored as to be the subject of your merriment? In what way have I made myself ridiculous?

**MORT.**—(Confusedly)—Ten thousand pardons, my dearest, but—but the idea of meeting a man who has been dead for so many—!

**COR.**—Well, if your friend is dead—

**MORT.**—Bless my soul, I didn't say he was a friend of mine. I thought everybody knew of **SCHILLER**.

**COR.**—Well, I for one never heard of him, and everybody can't be as smart as you. With your permission I will return to the drawing-room.

**MORT.**—(Aside)—Oh, gracious hevings! I have offended her—(aloud)—Oh, certainly,

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Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,

Secretary,

Department of Railways and Canals, }  
OTTAWA, 16th June, 1879.

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### PRESS OPINIONS.

**GRIP** of late has been paying a good deal of attention to Quebec affairs. Its latest cartoon is particularly clever. It represents the deck of H. M. S. *Pinare* with Sir John Macdonald as the "first Lord" in the attitude of seeking the seclusion which a cabin grants on account of the threatening aspect of affairs in connection with the Letellier difficulties. Sir Leonard Tilley and Sir Chas. Tupper are standing at one side of the ship looking very anxious at the coming storm, Sir Charles saying at the same time to his companions, "There's going to be a big breeze over there." Sir John as he opens the cabin door murmurs softly this refrain,  
"And when the breezes blow,  
I generally go below,  
And court the seclusion which a cabin grants."

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if you wish to go. May I do myself the honor of escorting you there?

**COR.**—(Frigidly)—Just as you please, sir. (Exit.)

**SCENE II.**—Parlor. Blue and gold sofas, red curtains, green carpet. Great grand piano. Illuminated earthenware. **CORDWAYDINE** and **MORTIMOR** in corner, behind wothetic scene. Lady at piano singing "Starry Wares."

**MORT.**—(All smiles)—Well, dearest, am I forgiven?

**COR.**—(Do, do)—Yes—(bus tableau, both come from behind screen)—Dear **MORTIMOR**! I really have forgotten to introduce you to my particular friends.

**MORT.**—Dearest, I wish to see no face but thine to-night

**COR.**—Nixie, love, or they'll tumble!

**MORT.**—Trust me, my own, I'm fly.

**COR.**—(Approaching with **MORTIMOR**)—**MR. CLOSEMUP**, this is **Mister MAGINNIS**.

**MR. C.**—Well, I'll be—! How are ye, **MAGINNIS**? How's biz.? Heard you were west of Hamilton last season.

**COR.**—(Smiling)—Are you not mistaken, **MR. CLOSEMUP**, **MR. MAGINNIS** was in Yoorup last summer?

**MR. C.**—How's this **Mac**, been giving the young lady a game? You would always have your little joke, I know.

**COR.**—(to **MORTIMOR**)—Well, sir, what am I to understand from this? Beware, sir! I've a brother, and he's a—he's a knocker! Did you not tell me you were in Yoorup last season?

**MORT.**—(In desperation)—No!

**COR.**—You said you were in Paris?

**MORT.**—Yes.

**COR.**—And Berlin?

**MORT.**—Yes.

**COR.**—And London and Vienna?

**MORT.**—Just so.

**COR.**—And you thought (sneeringly) of going to Rome!

**MORT.**—I did, but York State is out of my way, and Rome is in York State; and London, Paris, Vienna, have the abbreviation **Ont.** as an affix. But, after all, **CORDY**, I love you, so don't give it away. Don't deceive the Governor, and we may be happy yet.

**COR.**—Well, well, **MORTY**, for the second time I forgive you. You did certainly give me a gentle breeze,—but, whisper—breathe it not in Gath, I wasn't a thousand miles from the Thousand Islands myself.

**MORT.**—(Aside)—I thought so. Well, dearest, all's well that ends well.

**BOTH.**—Next summer we'll visit

On our marriage jaunt,

London, and Paris

And Vienna (Ont.)

Music—Slow curtain.

### Niagara, July 4th.

Sing a song of whiskey,

A jumpist full of rye.

Twenty thousand people

Come to see him fly.

When three hours they'd waited,

PEEN was found too tight,

Wasn't that a dainty sell,

And didn't it serve 'em right!

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