# THE GREAT LAND BUBBLE.

A LITTLE COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

# CHARACTERS.

CHARAMBAULT, Commissioner. D'NCERO, Editor. CENTREMISS, Mercantile Agent.	NOMET Minister. CHAPBAW Solicitor.
---	---------------------------------------

ACT L

#### SGENE I.

On the Mountain Side. Tanneries Church Below. Horse and Buggy in the Distance.

DANCERO AND CENTREMISS.

Dancero .--- What a beautiful sight!

Centremiss.-Well, I don't know. Nothing extra, I guess.

Dancero.-The grandest sight on the island. Knocks the going a little way, calling Dancero to him). Quebec citadel all to rags.

Contremiss --- Pshaw! I know a spot beats this out and out. Dancero --- Where, I'd like to know?

Centremiss.-Out here on the Cote St. Luc.

Dancere.-Between that and Cote St. Pierre?

Centremise --- Yes, precisely.

Dancero .--- Ha! ha! ho! ho!

Centremiss --- What are you laughing at? Dancero.-Wby, do you mean the old Dubuc property?

Centremiss.—I do, indeed.

Danc:ro.- Which has just passed into somebody else's hands, eh?

Centremiss.-What do you mean ? How do you know ? Dancero .--- O, I know all about it. I dabble myself in real estate, in a small way, you see.

Centremiss .- But-

Dancero .--- Don't put on, my dear fellow. It was a good spec, a good spec. I know all about it. He! he!

Centremiss.—You think so?

Dancero.—I am sure of it.

Centremiss --- Then I'm right in cracking it up. Dincero-Certainly, only not at the expense of the property

we are standing on.

Centremiss (looking innocent).-I don't understand your up? meaning, Dancy. I utterly fail to appreciate the distinction you wish to make.

Dancero.-Why, this is consecrated ground, man. Contromise.---Consecrated ground, the deuce. It doesn't be-

long to Tanneries Church, does it ? I thought-Dancero .--- You thought right, my dear triend. This ground belongs to the Government.

Centremiss.—Ah! (with a sigh of relief.)

Dancero .--- Come now, speak out. Isn't it a fine site ?

Contromiss .- Well, that depends. If it were mine, I should A law office on St. James-street. A table, with papers and plans say it is a devilish fine site.

Dancero .-- O, is that it ? (aside) Here is my chance. I will sound him. (Aloud) But what would prevent its becoming yours?

Centremiss, (vivaciously). - Impossible, the Government won't sell it.

Dancero -Bah!

Centremiss.-And what's more, Government can't sell it. The land belongs to the people.

Dancere .-- Bosh ! I gave you credit for more sense. That's all fine talk on the hustings before the unwashed, but here, on these heights, we have a clearer view of things. You ought to study more of the art of wire-pulling, sir.

Centremies (straightening kimself up). - Wire pulling, sir him. wire pulling? What do you mean? I'd have you remember that I belong to the party of purity and honesty.

Dancero .---- Ha! ha! he! he! that's delicious. We know what that means, don't we, old fellow, (nudging C)

Centremiss.-Ho! ho! hi! hi!

(They nudge each other vigorously and laugh unto tears.)

SCENE II.

Same. Charambault stepping out of his buggy in the distance.

Centremiss.---Whom have we here?

Dancero .--- Don't speak so loud. It is Charambault. Centremiss .--- What, the great Commissioner ?

Dancero .- The same.

-Had v me.

Dancero .- Not at all. He is the most affable of men. I party. That is the way to keep the party together. will introduce you.

How slowly he advances. He seems buried in thought. A favour our friend Dancero as well. C'est un comp de deux. stern statesman, I should say.

Dancere .--- Not stern, but infierible. An incorruptible man. Integer vites, scalarisque vurus,

Contromiss .- Don't speak French, please. I can't understand it.

Dancero .-- I only meant to say---- but here he is (Charambault advancing). Good morning, Mr. Commissioner. Allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Centremiss,

## (All three shake hands.)

Charambault.-You are visiting this charming property, gentlemens. It is se finest, wisout doubt, on all se island. All ze capitalists want to buy it. But the Government my no. We keep it for se people. My friend Seer Alexandre Galt offer 40,000 dollar, and so Mr. Mullarky. Meester Brydges, Judah and Hart wants it also. But no, no. I give tree reason for not selling it. Primo, ze land is not for sale; secundo, it is too near se Tanneries; tertio, there is a quagmire below.

Dancero an *i* Centremiss (holding up their hands in admiration). -Very proper! Most excellent reasons!

Charambault .--- Is it not so, gentlemens? If you have any friends who wish to buy, tell them so same ting. We say no, no.

Centremiss (aside to Dancero) .- That settles me.

Dancero (aside also) .- Not at all, man. You Grits are the absurdest simpletons.

Charsmbault .-- Vell, gentlemens, I vill go now. I came only a moment to see that se land was safe. I am satisfied. I vish you good morning, sar (bowing to Centremiss, and, after

Charambault.-Qui c'est que celui-là?

Dancero.-Un de mes amis.

Charambault.-- Un joli garçon.

Dancero .-- Oh, il est très bien, je vous assure. Charambault.-Comment ce que tu l'appelles encore?

Dancero --- Centremiss.

Charambault.--Centremiss! Centremiss! Mais c'est le Secrétaire des Grits à Montréal.

Dancero.-Le mème.

Charambault .- Oh, grand dien! C'est trop fort. Je m'en vais. Bon jour. Prends ga de à toi. Tu es en mauvaise compagnie. (Hurries of to his buggy, while Dancero retraces his stops, humming the following ditty) :

> What jolly fraud these politics ! But for them I don't care two sticks. Charambault thinks I'm in a fix : He cannot fathom all my tricks. Fal di ral, di ral, la, la. These Ministers must pay me well; I've served them for a long, long spell ; They owe me more than they can tell.

Let them prepare for a mighty sell.

Fal di ral, di ral, la, la. Centremiss .--- You're in right good humour, Dancy. What's

Dancero .- The Commissioner has just been saying the kind-

est things of you. You seem to have caught his eye. Centremiss.-You don't say so? (Aside.) By Jove, I may get that property yet. Wouldn't old Brydges blow and Judah spurt. (To Dancero.) But what was it the Commissioner said

about me? Dancero .-- I will tell you on our way home. Let us go. (They drive off.)

### SCENE III.

thereon, in the centre. Nomet and Chaplaw seated at the table. Nomet --- Have you seen Dancero lately ?

Chaplaw.---I have.

Nomet .--- Well ?

Chaplaw.-I think it only right we should do something for him. He and his paper have made great sacrifices of late for

Nomet .-- You know I am rather incredulous about the sacrifices of papers for anything. The disinterested newspaper man is a very rare bird in Canada.

Chaplaw.---Still it cannot be denied-

Nomet (smiling) .--- Well, we will not discuss that matter now. Dancero is a fine fellow, and I am willing to do something for

Chaplaw.-After all, he only introduced his friend to us, and e are to treat that friend's business on its merits.

Nomet (smiling again) .--- I think Dancero will be more press ing with Charambault than with us. He has reasons for that, you know.

Choplaw (smiling also) .-- Perhaps. At any rate that is Charambault's affair, not ours.

Nomet .--- But this Centremiss ? Have you seen him ? Chaplaw.-Only casually. He, too, will have more to do with Charambault than with us.

Nomet .- Naturally. Still I am ultimately responsible for the whole thing, and must look about me before we are drawn all? And you call that big? Here (writing a few lines) is an too far into it. In the first place, Centremiss is a Grit, and order on C and D for bonds to that amount. Now, no more ciple be granted the first chance should be given to one of our own

Choplew .--- True, but herein precisely lies the peculiarity of Centremiss .-- Thanks, thanks. But how solemn he looks. the present affair. In favouring our enemy Centremiss, you

pass. The next question is, what will the people say ?

Chaplas.-The people won't understand it, and hence will any money against you. say nothing about it. Besides, we have no account to render to the people. Our tribune is the Parliament. Nomet .- Well said-well said, my son.

Chaplaw .-- In Parliament only two enquiries can be madeone of ignorance, the other of corruption. As to the first, I

honestly and sincerely believe that the proposed exchange is fair and equitable.

115

Nomet (emphatically),-So do I.

Cheplan.-As to the second, I'd like to see the man that would accuse me of corruption.

Nomet.-So would I.

Chaplaw .--- I steered clear of the Pacific Scandal. Nomet.-So did I.

Chaplaw.-These hands are clean.

Nomet (rising energetically) .- So are these.

iness and I will see Charambault about it.

Chaplaw .--- We have redeemed the honour of our party in this Province. Nomet.-O, my son, come to my arms, Right nobly have

you spoken. Tell your friend Dancero to go on with the bus-

(They embrase with tears. Curtain falls.)

ACT II.

SOBNE I. (Commissioner's office. Papers on table in confusion. Hat on the

foor. Alpaca umbrella on window sill. Immense bandanna

spread on back of a chair. Charambault walks

up and down excitedly.)

I did all for se best and have got into se worst of scrapes.

It's all the fault of that Dancero. He forced me into it with

his minoucherics. Ah! those newspaper men are se very

deveel. They make themselves much too bigger than they

are. Why did I listen to that Dancero? But it is too, late,

too late. Centremiss now he got all he want, will laugh at me.

and Dancero will shed only crocodile tears. He is all right, while

we are all wrong. Cent mille tonnerres / I cannot wait to see

se other Ministers. They would devour me, especially Nomet.

I will escape into se country. I will go to L'Assomption.

SCRIME II.

(Editor in his den counting bank notes.)

far, very fortunate indeed. That pays better than paper scratch-

ing. Still here is a hitch. I'd like to raise \$50,000, but don't

know where to go for it. Friends all out of town. Might

apply to X-but he already holds a little mortgage of mine.

Centremiss.-Good morning, my friend. How do you feel

Dancero .- Oh! blast their shindles. I don't care for them.

Contromise.-Yes, Dancy, I have been exceedingly lucky. I

Centremiss .-- Don't hesitate to speak out, my dear fellow.

Centromise (laying his hand affectionately on D's shoulder) .----

And I have another reason for standing by you, Dancy. We

had common sympathies on the intricate question of Mercan-

tile Agencies, one of the great philanthropic questions of the

age. You worked for me there against your colleague White,

that great subject and besides he has gone against us in this

Dancero (sotto roce) .- Alas ! Poor White ! He was blind on

Centremiss .-- Well, tell me now how much money you need.

Contromiss .--- Come, come, don't be absurd. How large is

Contromise (roaring out).-Fifty thousand dollars! Is that

Dancero (in ecctasies) .--- Centremiss, you're a brick. You're

Contromise.-And you the best Tory I ever know, always

Dencero-If ever you run for Parliament, I won't oppose

Contromise .-- If ever you run for Parliament, I won't spend

(They shake hands and Co. tromiss departs.)

Dancero (more and more coyly) .- Really, really it is-

Dancero (in a whisper) .- Fifty thousand dollars.

I'm glad I called in this morning, on my way up to the office.

I may be able to help you, as you helped me. One good turn

have made a big thing and no mistake, and I shall be forever

grateful to you for the hand you gave me in the affair. But

Dancero .--- No, not exactly that, only short of money.

Centremiss .- Oh !.... may I ask how much ?

Contremiss .--- What do you call a stiff sum.

.... Somebody knocks. Come in. (Enter Centremise)

Dan ero .- Not precisely lucky, I leave that to you.

Dancera .-- I have been very fortunate in my speculations so

(Takes his hat and umbrella and rushes out.)

after all this row they're kicking up?

you're not in any trouble, I hope.

Dancero .--- A pretty stiff sum.

deserves another.

of the Gazette.

the sum?

Dancero (hesitating) Well .....

Dancero.-You are very kind.

last business. But I heed him not.

Dancero .--- I really don't like-

Contromiss.--- Well, it is, it is-

about it. I've got lots of money.

Dancero .- Here is my han .

Dancero .--- Let us be friends.

Geniremiss .--- For ever !

Centremies .- And here is mil o.

excepting my friend the Commissioner.

the best Grit I ever knew.

Be quick, I'm in a hurry.

I am busy about something else just now.

Cantremiss.--Some lucky speculation, eh?

Charambault .-- What is se meaning of this infernal tapage?