

M. L. Couldn't think of such a thing, really.

PT. Tell me why? Would you not be happy with me—your own old lover?

M. L. I might for awhile; but if I ever saw you look melancholy—at spring cleaning time, for example—I'd imagine you were longing to be like my carpets—over the line!

PT. Nonsense! Where you are will be carnival for me all the year round.

M. L. At first perhaps; but in time you would forget your duty to me if you had to pay duty on your cigars.

PT. I'll give up smoking. I'll give up—

M. L. No, you won't! If you did, you would just sit round and mope and wish you were making more money. What is money? Vile money! I despise it.

BOB O'LINK. Take me! I have none! (*Maple Leaf does so.*)

PTARMIGAN. Well, if you marry Bob o'Link

We all may say Ta! Ta!

The far Northwest

Will claim our best—

MAPLE LEAF and { 'Twill still be in Canada,
My love!

BOB O'LINK { 'Twill still be in Canada.
(*Embracing.*)

FULL CHORUS. While they are under British rule
They'll never feel the cold.
While they are under British rule
They'll want but little gold.

PTARMIGAN. You'll have to be your own house maid,
Your cook, your doctor, nurse,
Bank clerks are sent
To banishment.

MAPLE LEAF and { They might do something worse,
My dear!

BOB O'LINK { They might do something worse.

FULL CHORUS. The athletic Canadian girl
Is never known to shirk.
The athletic Canadian girl
Is not afraid of work.

PT. Here's a conundrum. Will any one guess
What's to become of me?

ALL. Give it up!

HEP. No, I'll not give it up. It belongs to me.

PT. What are you going to do with me?
Marry me?

HEP. Marry you—the New Woman? Not very likely! I mean to take you on in place of Whiskey Jack. Since that aboriginal youth has tasted the æsthetic delight of modern masculine attire, he's of no further use to me. He's become a dude! I must have the raw material, and, next to the Noble Red Man, the naturalized American