

- Grandfather**—"Didn't I tell you. You couldn't put any faith in those contraptions."
- Bob**—"Just struck an air pocket, Dad. Couldn't make our usual feather bed landing."
- Grandfather**—"Well, after this leave this young woman at home. She's just the kind to risk her head. I wish I could find a good husband to tame her—"
- Anne**—"Don't worry any more, Grandfather. I've found him—I'm tamed."
- Grandfather**—"You have, eh! Well, I've something to say."
- Anne**—"Better say yes quick. We won't care anyway, will we Bob?"
- Grandfather**—"Robert—is it my son, Robert?"
- Bob**—"I'm the lucky man, Dad. Congratulate me."
- Anne**—"Didn't I tell you I'd find my own husband."
- Grandfather**—"You told me you weren't going to have any."
- Anne**—"Fancy me saying that. Of course I hadn't met Bob then."
- Dr.**—(Comes in)—"Well I think my professional duties can be dispensed with, eh, Bob?"
- Bob**—"Sure, Lockie. Go out and play. Remember it is not always June."
- Dr.**—"Yes, folks, it's always June for me."
- Anne**—"Oh, I'm so glad. What a lovely time we are having. I'm cured—I must go and find her."
- Bob**—"Right as usual, Anne."
- Grandfather**—(Goes up to Dr.)—"Sir, I want to congratulate you. You have won a very fine young lady. As for Robert here, I want to say that I have done him a great injustice—a greater injustice than he knows of. I want to ask forgiveness."—(Holds out hand.)
- Bob**—"Sure, Dad, on condition only that you're to take an air spin with me."
- Grandfather**—"Fond of your own way as usual, I see. Well, Anne will take it out of you. We're all as weak as spilled milk since she took us in hand. Turn that picture, Dr."
- Bob**—"That's good. Fine, right about face. Where's Rosie? I'd better go and prepare her so she won't make a scene—though