

Then cheer for him
With strongest vim,
The Great Canadian Painter.
We'll sing our lays
And dance to praise
The Great Canadian Painter.

Our citizen who paints
We place among the saints,
He never has complaints
Of any local strictures.
Before his canvas dries,
One with the other vies
To seize the honored prize.
We buy up *all* his pictures!
Then cheer for him, etc.

PTARMIGAN. Ah! Really! I had no idea that the few little things I've struck off would win me so speedy recognition.

BLUE BELLE. Tell me about your master piece, do. You call it—the name escapes me!

PT. Modesty forbids me to talk shop. (*He and B. B. promenade and Pt. looks at paintings.*) Are these all Canadian artists?

B. B. Every one! We wouldn't give space on our walls to any man who was not a Canadian.

PT. Wonderful! Wonderful! And are you so far advanced in the other arts? Excuse my ignorance. I've been abroad, you know, and find things greatly changed on my return.

B. B. No doubt. Canada is now synonymous with culture. Beethoven will soon be studied in all our kindergartens and Browning used as a first reader. As for singing, excuse me a moment and you shall hear what we can do.

(PTARMIGAN gets HEPATICA to introduce him to MAPLE LEAF.)

B. B. (*to Robin*). Our distinguished guest would like some music. Will you kindly sing?

ROBIN. I should be most happy, but I'm really too nervous to venture alone. Do you—do you think—ah—that Trillium would—ah—object *very* much to singing a duet with me?

B. B. Not if I ask her, I'm sure, to oblige our famous countryman.

Duet—TRILLIUM and ROBIN.

ROBIN. My humble song—

TRIL. There now, that's wrong!

ROBIN. Your window at—

TRIL. You're singing flat!

ROB. I make my moan—

TRIL. Oh! What a tone!

ROB. I'm yours till death!

TRIL. Now! Watch your breath.

BOTH. Oh pardon, friends,
We'll make amends,