

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Madame Blue Belle's Drawing Room, to which tobogganing party has adjourned to dance. Bob o'Link and Maple Leaf withdraw to front.*

SONG—BOB O'LINK.

Ah! Maple Leaf, you lightly dance
As if you had no heart at all,
But while my feet keep time by chance,
The crowd, the laughter on me pall.
Come, sit you here and let me try
To make you feel when I am nigh
That all the rest may go their way
If Bob o'Link shall with you stay.

Oh, my dearest sweetheart!
Turn you again to me.
Show me your hazel eyes, full
Of the love light I long to see.

Thy name by all men is revered
As emblem of our own countree,
But how my hopeless heart were cheered
Could I but pluck thee from the tree
To wear thee, shelter thee, my own,
Thou shalt not wither all alone.
No autumn blast shall blow thee down;
Thou'lt come to me my life to crown.

Oh, my dearest sweetheart, etc.

AL. LOUETTE (*announces at door*) Mademoiselle Hepatica et Monsieur Purple Martin.

(*Enter HEPATICA and PTARMIGAN, the latter disguised.*)

HEPATICA (*to Blue Belle*). To a cultivated woman of the world, such as yourself, the name and works of our great Canadian painter are doubtless well known, and therefore I have taken the liberty of bringing him here this evening to introduce him to you. I am sorry that we have come when you are not alone, for I daresay not one of your guests has ever heard of M. Purple Martin.

(*Company indignantly protest.*)

CHORUS.

We are no Philistines!
Our own Composer shines!
Our native Poet's lines
With ardor drive us frantic.
The country, as a whole,
Adores the artist soul,
From frontier to the Pole,
Pacific to Atlantic.