

thing I must really speak to you very seriously about. I don't want to meddle with your domestic affairs, and, although I can't say I approve of your going back on your *mother's free trade principles* in the way you have done, still I don't feel called upon to interfere, but I am told you are carrying on a flirtation with your "Cousin Jonathan," and some people are even talking about an alliance between you. (Reproachfully.) Oh! Canada, *I would never have believed it of a well-conducted girl like you!*

Can.—(Indignantly.) *It's a horrid story mamma, I like "Jonathan" very much as a near neighbor and a cousin, but I should never dream of a closer connection, and I don't believe he desires it either. It is people like that horrid "Bystander" who have been setting these stories about. Believe me, mamma, there's nothing in it.* (Breaks into the following song.)

SONG.—Air, "*Captain's Song.*"

Can.—For I'm very very fond of my dear mamma.

Chorus.—And a right good "ma" is she,

Can.—And believe me when I say, those who think the other way  
Are a very small minority.

Chorus.—And believe us when we say, those who think the other way,  
Are a very small minority.

Can.—To help I'll ne'er be slack, whatever foe attack,  
Let him come by land or sea;

I may flirt a bit, of course, but for better or for worse  
I will never be untrue to thee.

(Addressing "Britannia.")

All.—No; never!

Brit.—What, never!

All.—No; NEVER!!

We will never be untrue to thee.

GRAND CHORUS.—Air, "*Rule Britannia.*"

Hail Britannia! the ruler of the sea,  
Canada to Britain ever true shall be.

(*Wave flags, Union Jack and Canadian Ensign.*)—TABLEAU.

(*Curtain.*)