

MONTREAL. Yes, but stop:

You'll spare the ladies just a leetle drop?

[*They all drink.*]

OMNES. We're all much better.

SANTA CLAUS. Then I need not stay.

There's nothing more for *me* to do—good day.

CANADA. One moment, pray don't let your favours cease,

You've stopped *our fighting*; now *conclude the piece!*

SANTA CLAUS. Nonsense! why you, since you're no longer  
weak,

Must for yourself henceforward learn to speak.

CANADA. D'you think I could? Well, really I must doubt it,

I've had such help, I now can't do without it—

I think, to save me from too great confusion!

Our friends had better draw their own *conclusion!*

[*Pause—CANADA is pushed forward.*]

Kind friends,—for you're all friends that here I see;

WEST. Pitch it in strong, old Guv'nor, like MCGEE!

CANADA. [*To audience—advancing.*]

You've seen how I've been cured,—to make me stand

Firm in my new resolve, give me *your hand!*

I see you will—then you approve—that's certain—

Thank you! now then, blue fire! and down the curtain!

[*Curtain half down—MUSIC, piano: "THE CURE,"  
then crescendo, Characters keeping time to  
symphony.*]

SANTA CLAUS.

[*Speaking through music.*]

One moment—

[*Curtain up.*]

There's one duty yet before us!

We're bound, of course, to finish with a chorus!