

Whoever thought a serious game like that  
 Could be well understood by such a brat!  
 Just let me try *my* hand—

[QUEBEC ADVANCES—WEST INTERPOSES—and  
*pushes OTTAWA out, R. 2 E.*]

WEST. You'd like to bone  
 Those buildings—never mind—she'll hold her own—  
*[Lugubrious music.]*

*Enter KINGSTON, very feebly.*

CANADA. And here comes Kingston—you look sad, what is  
 it?

KINGSTON. I've not recovered yet the Prince's visit—  
 I'm old, used up, and stupid, and in short  
 I'm scarcely now, I may say, worth a thought.  
 They call me slow.

WEST. And your appearance may  
 Be held to justify what people say—  
*[Sleigh Bells outside.]*

CANADA. More visitors I guess—d'ye hear the bells.

*Enter MONTREAL and TORONTO, R.*

QUEBEC, L. Toronto! and Montreal—and ar'nt they  
 swells!

TORONTO [to CANADA]. How well you look—

CANADA. My dears, and as for you,  
 I scarcely know who's prettier of the two!

MONTREAL. Why, Grandpapa, without of doubt a particle,  
 I, Montreal, am *the* superior article!

TORONTO. You're well enough—in many ways you shine—  
 But your appearance don't come up to mine—