

HEP. I never asked him that question. It's of no importance. He *talks* about Art. Ye gods! How he can talk!

B. o'L. Poor Whiskey Jack! What of him?

HEP. You can't freeze an Indian. A night on the ice will be good for him. I must keep him *fresh*.

B. o'L. Why, oh why, did you do it? Why did you give that traitor a chance——

HEP. I did it for copy, of course. I've a column and a half for our morning edition on Ptarmigan's Escape. None of the other papers will hear of it till to-morrow. See! (*She reads off several sensational headings of local interest before she finds the right one.*) Now I'm on the spot to report what happens to him next.

B. o'L. I'll let you see that pretty soon—the scoundrel!

HEP. Not yet, if you please. Come and give me full particulars of that Carnival Committee squabble, and you can settle Ptarmigan afterwards. Ladies first!

(*Exeunt HEPATICA and BOB O'LINK, as company who have returned from supper begin to dance*)

*Enter WIS-KA-TJAN in clothes of PTARMIGAN, and covered with icicles.*

ALL. Ptarmigan!

PTARMIGAN. Looks to me more like a Jay.

HY. HOLDER. So it is! Our Canada Jay—Whiskey Jack!

DICK CISSEL. Who has chloroformed the other bird? O for a chance to vivisect him!

FULL CHORUS.

He's fled! How our patriots quiver!

Oh! hasten away

To find him ere day,

Nor let him get over the river.

For you we shall earnestly pray.

What a lasting disgrace to our city

If the awfulest cad,

The worst of the bad,

Isn't captured and killed without pity.

'Twill drive Mayor —— mad!

*Exeunt all but MAPLE LEAF and PTARMIGAN.*

DUET—MAPLE LEAF AND PTARMIGAN.

M. L. Ptarmigan!

PT. The eyes of love are keen!

M. L. You mean the eyes of hatred.

PT. Love me again! I crave no greater joy.

Come! Fly with me before the rest return,

The border crossed, how speedily you'll learn

To care for me—your sweetheart since a boy.

Love me again!

M. L. Love me no more! I can treat but with scorn

Your pleading. Where's the woman who could trust

Her future to a turn-coat, one who must