

There was never youthful *malade*,  
 Wishing Cupid's chain to loose,  
 Could resist our Letty Salad,  
 Oyster Patty, Charlotte Russe !  
 These three maids, with sweet devices,  
 Shall make Robin look less glum,  
 When we've plied him with ices  
 He'll forget his Trillium.

LETTY SALAD, OYSTER PATTY, CHARLOTTE RUSSE *dance a Gavotte.*

*Exeunt all but HEPATICA.*

*Enter BOB O'LINK.*

B. o'L. Will you come to supper? (*No answer.*)

B. o'L. May I have the pleasure of taking you in to supper?  
 (*HEPATICA still absorbed in writing.*)

B. o'L. Madame Blue Belle requested me to ask you to favor her  
 with your company in the dining room along with her other guests.

HEP. Excuse me! I don't think you've been introduced.

B. o'Link. I — ah — beg your pardon. My name's Bob  
 o'Link.

RECIT.—HEPATICA.

And is it Bob o'Link, most charming of singers, I see before me  
 now in black and white?

*Duet—HEPATICA and BOB O'LINK.*

HEPATICA. How doth it come to pass  
 That you've returned, so readily,  
 To light on lowly grass?  
 You've chosen Maples steadily.

BOB O'LINK. I'm getting old, I fear,  
 Am troubled with sciatica,  
 That's why I'm waiting here  
 Beside the shy Hepatica.

BOTH. When one has not what one loves,  
 So the poet sayeth,  
 One must then love what one has,  
 So the poet sayeth.

HEPATICA. I've heard you sing full oft  
 To Maple Leaf right royally,  
 Your tones so rich and soft  
 Proclaim your heart beats loyally.

BOB O'LINK. T'was e'er my favored perch  
 To sing to her diurnally,  
 She's left me in the lurch  
 For him who paints—infinitely.

BOTH. When one has not what one loves, etc.

B. o'L. But you'll think me very rude to abuse a *protégé* of yours.

HEP. *Protégé* of mine indeed! The Great Canadian Painter!

B. o'L. Oh, Rubbish! I don't believe he's anything of the sort.

Grad-

AF, HY.  
 CA, BOB  
 RILLIUM

INK, HY.