

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—infernally.

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

CK, HY.