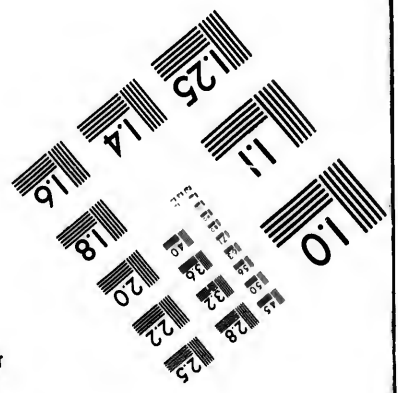
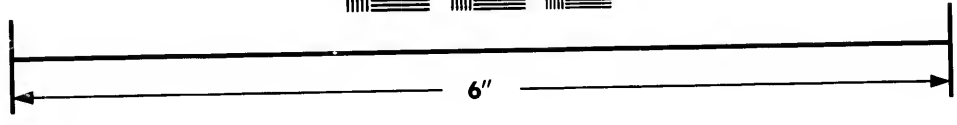
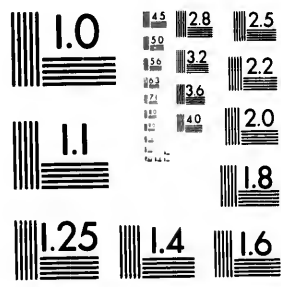


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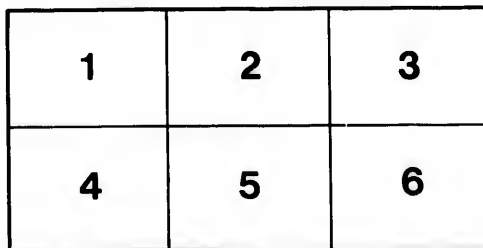
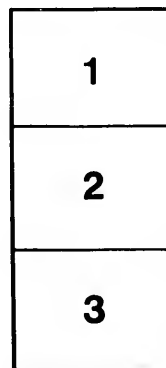
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elure,
à

Aldous, John Edmund Paul
Ptarmigan. Libretto.
English,
An original comic opera

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ML

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A335 P7



AN ORIGINAL COMIC OPERA,
IN TWO ACTS,

ENTITLED,

PTARMIGAN;

OR,

A CANADIAN CARNIVAL.

WRITTEN BY

J. N. MCILWRAITH,

("JEAN FORSYTH.")

COMPOSED BY

J. E. P. ALDOUS, B. A.

DEDICATED TO THE CANADIAN CLUB, OF HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

HAMILTON:
SPECTATOR PRINTING COMPANY.

1895.

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A335P7

PTARMIGAN;

OR,

A CANADIAN CARNIVAL.



Dramatis Personæ.

PTARMIGAN, an Unconscious Villain, in love with Maple Leaf.
BOB O'LINK, of the Bank of Montreal, also in love with Maple Leaf.
ROBIN, a Muscular Musician, in love with Trillium.
HY. HOLDER, Lieutenant of Volunteers, in love with Blue Belle.
DICK CISSEL, a Medical Student, in love with his Profession.
AL. LOUETTE, } French Canadians, in love with British Rule.
CORDEAU, }
WIS-KA-TJAN, the Canada Jay—an Indian.
TRILLIUM, a Cultured Amateur, in love with Beethoven.
BLUE BELLE, a Wealthy Widow of literary tastes, in love with Browning.
HEPATIC, representing the "Herald"—a "New Woman."
MAPLE LEAF, an Athletic *Canadienne*, in love with her Country.
Chorus of Snow Shoers, Tobogganers, Soldiers, etc.

STAMPED TO YOUR USE

Act. I.—A Wintry Landscape.

Act. II.—The Drawing Room of Blue Belle.

The action takes place during an afternoon and evening of a Canadian Winter Carnival.

STAMPED TO YOUR USE

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PTARMIGAN;

OR,

A CANADIAN CARNIVAL.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Wintry Landscape near Toboggan Slide. Camp Fire in background. A light snow falling.*

Enter HY. HOLDER, DICK CISSEL *and* SNOW SHOE CLUB.

CHORUS.

All hail to the season that hides the ground
'Neath a comforter deep of snow!
With our snow shoes on we can tramp around
The fields and the forests where health is found,
And merrily sing as we go.

Here's that! For the man who can stay indoors
When the crust will bear his weight.
He's in love with the books over which he pores,
But far above learning our spirit soars,
For the snow shoe's lord of his fate.

O'er the snow-covered fences we gaily speed,
O'er the frozen ponds and creeks.
When we come to an icy hill—take heed!
Drop down on the snow shoes, they're wings indeed—
'Tis the jolliest one of our freaks.

Now gather around our gay bon-fire,
And whatever else we do,
In this bracing air let us all conspire
To sing a song, while the flames leap higher,
To the trusty old snow shoe.

HY. HOLDER. This is all very well when we're off here by ourselves, but some of us will sing small enough when the ladies appear.

DICK CISSEL. Why so, Hy. Holder? Your learned madame would never dream of driving out here with the other girls for tobogganing. She'd as soon go to a P. M.

HY. H. But she is coming—under protest. She has the idea that if she humors me a little in this way during carnival, I'll oblige her afterwards by reading Browning. She is indeed a *Blue Belle*.

DICK C. If that's all, I can prescribe for her. Having almost completed my first year at the Medical College, I confidently affirm that there is nothing better for her complaint than a course of out-door sports. Take her snow-shoeing three times a week, before meals, skating twice —

HY. H. It's no use, Dick! The fact of the matter is, the women of this country are being educated far beyond us. We shall soon have nothing whatever in common with them. Ah! Here comes a fellow-sufferer.

DICK C. His temperature appears to be abnormally low. Doesn't he look blue?

Enter ROBIN.

CHORUS. "Won't you tell me why, Robin?"

RECIT.—ROBIN.

My comrades dear, your sympathy unloosens
The tongue I swore should fettered be for aye.

SOLO—ROBIN.

I always did think I could sing,
Till Trillium came home from the College.
She told me, "You can't do a thing
That needs any musical knowledge."

CHORUS. Rude Trillium!
What will become
Of the whole country,
If such effrontery
Makes Robin mum?

I wrestled with Schubert and Franz,
To Schumann and Grieg I was springing,
But Trillium led me a dance
And told me to practise sight-singing.

CHORUS. Fiddle-de-dee!
How could we see
Rob, our best cricketer,
Snubbed by a wicketeer
Maiden than she?

I studied the tonic-sol-fa,
Joined a choir and the new Philharmonic.
"Sing in tune!" cried my love, "Or papa
Must speedily give me a tonic!"

CHORUS. Never mind, Rob!
Her we shall bob
Down on this slippery
Hill, and for snippery
We'll make her sob.

HY. HOLDER. Alackaday! Robin, you're no worse off than the rest of us. Is Trillium coming out to the Slide this afternoon?

ROBIN. She said she'd try to come, if she could get in her practising in the forenoon and postpone the meeting of the Ophocleidium Harmonical Symphony Club.

DICK C. Cheer up! We'll back our Winter Carnival to amputate both Browning and Beethoven.

Enter PTARMIGAN in distress.

Help! Help! Help! Help! A persecuted creature,
I see your fire and run here hard's I can;
I'd soon be left without a decent feature
By which you'd know your old friend Ptarmigan.

CHORUS. Ptarmigan!

Pt. Ptarmigan!

ENSEMBLE.

ROBIN, HY. HOLDER AND
DICK CISSEL.

PTARMIGAN.

Dear boy! It is glorious again to see	Dear boys! It is glorious again to see
The face of our school fellow! Happy we	The face of my school fellows! Happy me
To welcome him back to Canadian soil,	To be welcomed back to Canadian soil,
And never abroad may he have to toil.	And never abroad may I have to toil.

Enter AL. LOUETTE AND CORBEAU in pursuit of PTARMIGAN. They denounce him in patois.

ENSEMBLE (*with change of key.*)

ROBIN, HY. HOLDER AND
DICK CISSEL.

PTARMIGAN.

False one! Wretched man! We now know your crime,	False ones! Wretched men! I don't know my crime,
We've been told of your perfidy just in time!	Nor what is my perfidy. Give me time!
We'll lynch you here without more delay,	If you lynch me here without some delay
You'll hang by the neck till you're dead as clay.	You're hanging an innocent man, I say.

ROBIN, HY. HOLDER and DICK CISSEL take off scarves to hang PTARMIGAN. *A sound of sleigh bells is heard.*

DICK C. Good gracious! The ladies! They'd think it awfully ungentlemanly of us to proceed with this operation before them.

HY. H. They'll find out that Ptarmigan has been abroad, and set him up as a model of "culchaw."

ROBIN. They won't let us hang him, anyway, for didn't he—yes, he did—sing in tune.

DICK C. Let us tie him up to this tree back here, and leave the Frenchies to look after him. There is a body of men to whom properly belongs the honor of carving up this subject.

ROBIN. You mean?

DICK C. I mean the force that will never shirk a disagreeable duty, though millions—of bacteria—stand in the way—the —— Regiment of Volunteers.

HY. H. I suppose it would be better to do the business in an orthodox manner. After the girls have had enough tobogganning, I'll go and call out my company.

Enter LADIES, led by TRILLIUM and BLUE BELLE.

Here we are—all of us—plain ones and beautiful,
Sober and gay,
Stupid and wise.
When there's tobogganing, e'en the most dutiful
Can't stay away,
Hither she hies.

Sleigh riding pleases the best of our quality;
Skating we love,
Hockey we've tried;
But when we seek for the essence of jollity,
Give us a shove
Down a long slide.

(Dance to sleigh bells.)

DUET—TRILLIUM AND BLUE BELL.

B. B. I can write a verse in Latin or in Greek,
T. I can sing my best when critics cram the house,
B. B. But to tell the truth I'm much inclined to shriek,
L. And I'm as timid as a tiny mouse,
B. B. When I reach the very top
T. Of that awful, awful drop!
B. B. To be shot out into space,
T. Where the ice spray cuts your face,
B. B. Isn't really half so charming
T. As it truly is alarming.
B. B. Will you risk it?
T. Yes! I'll risk it!
BOTH. Oh, my brave, heroic friend!

(They fall upon each others' necks and embrace with tears.)

QUARTETTE—TRILLIUM, BLUE BELLE, HY. HOLDER
AND ROBIN.

See! Through the pine trees, the sun is sinking low,
The night will be upon us soon, then homeward we must go.

{ We'll } Try to descend to { your } lowly plain.
 { You'll } take { us } up to yonder height.
 { We'll } take { you }
 And flash { us } down again.
 { you }

FULL CHORUS.

Hurry up!

The carnival won't last,
 But while it's here,
 It cannot go too fast.

Hold on tight!

But if you do let go,

Roll quickly off the track into the deepest snow.

Hurry up!

Your lovers' talk can wait
 Till summer comes.

You're keeping us too late.

En avant!

Let's see who'll first be there;

To break the track who will boldly dare?

Off to the slide, side by side,

{ We'll } take { you } down. Hurrah!
 { You'll } take { us }

On to the slide, danger defied,

We shall go down. Hurrah!

Here's that! For the girl who can stay indoors

With a novel or fancy work gay,

We all of us dare to trust to your care,

We've taken a holiday,

So off to the slide we go.

Come along! Here we are!

We're off to the slide, all danger defied,

Hurrah for our carnival! Hurrah!

AL. LOUETTE AND CORBEAU *lie down by camp fire and go to sleep.*

SONG—PTARMIGAN.

So this is then a sample of Canadian hospitality;

In my unhappy case it soon will end in a fatality.

Of all the scrapes I've got into in many years of travelling,

I've never been in one that was beyond my wits unravelling;

That snow-shoe club seemed most unlike committing an atrocity,

But here am I, tied hand and foot, witness to its ferocity.

My voice you may admire, but there's sameness in my attitudes,

I'm humourous when I'm at large, but now I think in platitudes.

No prophet has a chance to get his longed for notoriety

Where he was born, but all I wished was civilized society.

I longed to breathe my native air and see the life Arcadian,

But I am not allowed to join in any sport Canadian.
 If I've been rudé I'm sure they'd see it was quite unintentional,
 For as a rule my manners are decidedly conventional.
 Well! If I'm doomed to single bliss and solitude perpetual,
 Farewell, ye stalwart muscle-men, I quickly shall forget you all.

PTARMIGAN. Hello! Who's this coming? Well! If it ain't my
 old flame, Maple Leaf. Of course, she wouldn't condescend to be
driven out here like the rest. Many a mile she's tramped me. Who's
 that with her now? If I know the specie he's a bank clerk. Ah!
 These blasted bonds!

Enter MAPLE LEAF and BOB O'LINK *trailing toboggan.*

DUET—MAPLE LEAF AND BOB O-LINK.

- B. O'L. O wait, I pray you, Maple Leaf,
 To hear my heart's fond story,
 You need not frown, I shall be brief,
 I'll cause you not a moment's grief,
 For coldness is your glory.
- DUET. Cold, cold the day has been,
 And colder still the night will be.
 But what care we, for bright will be
 The heart that's warm within.
- M. L. Don't look so doleful, Bob o' Link,
 The walk I fear has tired you,
 Lie down there, and before you think
 I'll whisk you to that very brink
 Where we have oft admired you.
- DUET. We love the manly men,
 And if you search this country all,
 Within the Bank of Montreal
 You'll find them—wielding Pen.
- B. O'L. You always change the subject, dear,
 When I would fain be saying
 That life for me, without you near,
 Is what I cannot face. Then hear
 Me out, your step delaying.
- DUET—Like wines the air above
 In it our hearts luxuriate.
- M. L. But why will you infuriate,
 BOB O'LINK. But why do I infuriate
 M. L. Me with your rant of love?
 BOB O'L. You when I speak of love?
 M. L. Forgive me, friend! I only chide
 Because the time you're wasting.
 What matters love, or aught beside
 Our grand, old, icy Mountain Slide,
 Whose joys we should be tasting?

BOTH. Then onward we shall move.
 BOB O'L. Still longer must I sigh for you.
 M. L. I'm not inclined to sigh with you.
 BOB O'L. How gladly would I die for you.
 M. L. I'll not agree to die for you.
 BOB O'L. You love me? Time will prove.
 M. L. I love you? Time will prove.
 PTARMIGAN. Encore!

TRIO—MAPLE LEAF, BOB O'LINK AND PTARMIGAN.

M. L. Oh! Horror! What is that I see?
 PT. 'Tis Ptarmigan tied to a tree.
 BOB O'L. His accent is enough for me.
 ALL. O Whirra, Whirra, Whoo!

(MAPLE LEAF *hastens to untie* PTARMIGAN.)

M. L. Why, 'tis indeed my early friend!
 PT. Good fortune you to him did send!
 BOB O'L. I don't approve! No help I'll lend.
 ALL. O Whirra, Whirra, Whoo!
 M. L. Strange welcome home from foreign lands!
 PT. Indeed, I fell in with brigands.
 BOB O'L. I'm not sure that I should shake hands.
 ALL. O Whirra, Whirra, Whoo!
 M. L. We'll dance to warm you, if you choose.
 PT. I've not got on my dancing shoes.
 BOB O'L. And I suppose I can't refuse.
 ALL. O Whirra, Whirra, Whoo!

WIS-KA-TJAN. "Hurruld a Cent!"

Enter HEPATICA *and* WIS-KA-TJAN.

RECIT.—HEPATICA.

Wis-ka-tjan! Quickly turn away your face!
 I never should have brought you to this place.
 I'm educating him to sell the papers,
 Escort me through the slums and cut no capers;
 The ordinary youth I view with loathing,
 But Whiskey Jack will shine—in proper clothing.

I see no criminal, nor sign of one!
 These giddy three are going in for fun;
 So long's my noble red man's not corrupted
 I'll join the dance that we have interrupted.

HEPATICA. Have any of you seen a desperate criminal that I hear is at large in this neighborhood?

M. L. No, indeed! What has he done?

HEPAT. That's what I came to find out.

PT. We haven't seen any such person about.

BOB O'L. Pardon my curiosity, but ah—why should you—a lady—seek the society of one whom you know to be a "desperate criminal"?

SOLO—HEPATIC A and QUARTETTE—MAPLE LEAF, HEPATIC A, BOB
O'LINK AND PTARMIGAN.

My name's Hepatica—don't laugh—
And writing's my profession,
I'm working on the "Herald" staff—
But pardon this digression.

QUARTETTE. The earliest of the flowers of spring,
A dainty, modest, little thing ;
She's here when snow
Decides to go—
But pardon this digression.

HEPATIC A. If I can of this ghastly crime
But be the first reporter,
I'll think I've had a better time
Than she has when you court her.

QUARTETTE. For Love's a very fickle boy,
He brings much pain and little joy.
In { her } own way
 { my }
 { She's } more to say
 { I've }
Than { we } have when { we } court her.
 { you } { you }

(*Whiskey Jack in the act of scalping AL. LOUETTE and CORBEAU
wakens them and they denounce PTARMIGAN to HEPATIC A, who proceeds
to interview him, while MAPLE LEAF runs off for help to rescue him.*)

HEPAT. Now then, you may as well save time by making a clean
breast of it right away, and telling me what you've done, for I'll get it
out of you if I have to sit here all night.

PT. Well, mawm, I was just hopin', as you're one of them news-
paper ladies who know everything, that *you'd* be able to tell *me* what I
done.

HEPAT. What do they *say* you've done ?

PT. I can't tell you that neither, until you teach these two pinions
of mine (*indicating AL. LOUETTE and CORBEAU*) to talk English.

Enter CHORUS OF GIRLS, *who release* PTARMIGAN.

Ptarmigan! Our
Brightest fellow,
More of gumption
Than the others.

Ptarmigan! Our
Maple's "Hello!"
Roused compunction
In our brothers.

They are racing
 To the city
 For the guard of
 Honor due you.
 Danger facing,
 Full of pity,
 They will ward off
 Who pursue you.

QUARTETTE—TRILLIUM, BLUE BELLE, MAPLE LEAF, HEPATICA AND
 CHORUS OF GIRLS.

The loves that we love in our later life
 Are most common-place of men.
 When one of them asks us to be his wife,
 We are quickly wed—but then !
 How our fancy returns to the love of our youth,
 And we picture him always young.
 He's the lofty mind and the soul of truth,
 Unlike those that we're cast among.

CHORUS. How our fancy returns, etc.

The loves that we love in our later life
 Have of worldly goods a store.
 They are stout and bald, but without *much* strife
 They will yield us gold galore.

CHORUS. Still our fancy returns, etc.

BLUE BELLE. You poor, dear, old fellow ! Don't tremble any more,
 you are quite safe with us. We will never see the humblest wretch
 abused, for we all belong to the National Council of Women.

TRILLIUM. Besides, we've formed ourselves into a Ladies' Auxili-
 ary for the P. P. A.

PTARMIGAN. The—ah—which ?

HEPATICA Ptarmigan Protective Association.

PTARMIGAN. That's a *game* law !

MAPLE LEAF. Hark ! There comes your guard of honor.

Enter HY. HOLDER'S *company of volunteers, who crowd*
round PTARMIGAN.

PTARMIGAN. Oh, I say ! Is this a close season for Ptarmigan ?

SOLO AND CHORUS FOR 13TH BATT. (*written by the late Capt.*
J. B. Young.)

"In days of yore, the men of Gore
 Show'd pluck and valour bold,
 As Stoney Creek and Lundy's Lane
 The story well have told ;
 The land they left us then we'll guard,
 And show that lapse of years
 Can find the muscle to fight as hard
 In the 13th Volunteers.

FULL CHORUS. "Then hurrah! hurrah! for the scarlet coat,
And hurrah for the rifle true;
Hurrah for the colors we'll ne'er desert,
The Red, the White, and the Blue.

"Should we be called, as they were then,
By war to take the field,
Oh, may we not disgrace those men
Who knew not how to yield,
But may we win ourselves a name
The foe shall ever fear,
And Canada shall proudly claim
Each 13th Volunteer.

FULL CHORUS. "Then hurrah! hurrah! etc.

"When duty calls and danger lowers,
Then let us boldly stand,
And prove that every man of ours
Dare die for his native land;
Let all who dread to meet that day,
And all with coward fears,
Fall out of the ranks—as well they may—
Of the 13th Volunteers.

FULL CHORUS. "Then hurrah! hurrah! etc.

"We tempt no foe—but none we fear;
We stand but in our right,
To guard our homes, our loved ones here,
Our maids with eyes so bright.
Then in his heart let each one bear
An image fond and dear,
For whom all dangers quick he'll dare,
Each 13th Volunteer."

FULL CHORUS. "Then hurrah! hurrah! etc.

HY. HOLDER. Ladies! Will you kindly retire? Your presence
distracts us from accomplishing the ends of justice.

TRILLIUM. Indeed! Why, Justice herself is a woman.

HY. H. Please go, girls! Do you suppose we tramped all this
way just to march about and sing?

BLUE BELLE. You don't generally do any more than that, do you?

Enter ROBIN.

RECIT.—ROBIN.

Ah, there he is, the shameless, fallen creature,
Whose presence doth pollute the air
Of this fair Canada of ours.

GIRLS' CHORUS. What has he done?

SOLO—ROBIN.

You ask me what he's done? I'll tell his story,
 Although the tale corrupts my wholesome tongue.
 We all knew him of old, but never more he
 Shall be our guest, nor join our friends among.

GIRLS' CHORUS. We'll listen if we can,
 Speak out then like a man,
 For we've no fear of what we hear
 Against our Ptarmigan.

ROBIN. He left his father's house for sake of money—
 Alas! His crime will turn you into Fates—
 Lower he sank, until, the trait'rous one, he
 Signed papers to be fused into the States.

(ROBIN, *being overcome with emotion, mumbles his last line, and* HY. HOLDER *commands* DICK CISSEL, *Sergeant of Volunteers, to explain*.)

DICK CISSEL. "Be it known that on the 29th day of February, 1893, P. Tarmigan, a native of Ottawa, Canada, reported himself for naturalization, and declared his intentions preparatory to being admitted a Citizen of the United States."

PART CHORUS. Oh, horror without name!
 Unutterable shame!
 Our highly prized! He's naturalized
 And now must bear the blame.

DICK C. He proves, by the examination of two competent witnesses, his residence in the United States more than five years, his attachment to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and favorable disposition to the good order and happiness of the same.

PART CHORUS. Oh hateful, perjured hand!
 With us you cannot stand.
 We'll let you know before you go
 You've got a native land.

DICK C. Thereupon, said Ptarmigan is duly sworn in open Court, and makes oath that he will support the Constitution of the United States, and that he does absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty whatever, and particularly to the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India.

PART CHORUS. You've ta'en a sacred oath
 That you will not be loath
 To fight our Queen! Oh dastard! Mean!
 You're knave and coward both!

PTARMIGAN. See here! That's coming it rather strong. I aint no knave nor coward. How was I to know what sort of a boom you were getting on over here? Before I went away these (*indicating* AL.

LOUETTE AND CORBEAU) were the only Canadians, now you're all "in it."

FULL CHORUS. Cease! Cease your ravings rough,
Your conscience must be tough,
What's to be done with such a one?
There's nothing bad enough!

Enter BOB O'LINK running.

BOB O'L. A vice-regal dispensation, straight from Rideau Hall! His Excellency, the Governor-General, suggests that the only fitting punishment for such a crime is banishment for life. Ptarmigan shall be condemned to live in the United States, never to set foot in Canada again, and, to make his subjection more complete, he must agree, six months after date, to marry an American girl.

PTARMIGAN. Here! String me up!

BOB O'LINK. What for? Have you not heard that you are free to return to your beloved State of Michigan?

PT. I can't comply with the conditions. What do you suppose I came over here for any how? Just for the carnival, or to see you?

SONG—PTARMIGAN AND CHORUS.

Swing me round by the heels, till the firmament reels,
Till your arms are played out and your head's in a whirl,
You may e'en take my life, but I'll not have for wife
Anyone but a true blue Canadian girl.

CHORUS.

Oh Canada!

You { ever }
Your { daughters } are so fair.
Dear Canada!

They love the name { you } bear.
 { they }
The Yankee maid,
Or one from South or West,
Doth pale and fade
'Fore her we love the best!

Now what d'ye s'pose always happens to those
Who marry American girls—"jest as cute"?
They soon solve the riddle, how to play second fiddle,
And are never heard tooting their own little toot.

CHORUS.

Oh Canada! etc.

I am honest, not poor, but of this I am sure,
If I'm jined to a girl over there in the States
I should never be able to keep up her table,
Her theatres, party gowns, hacks, chocolates.

CHORUS.

Oh Canada! etc.

She would tease for an hour to get off on a tower,
 And never think twice of me left in the shop.
 When she'd spent all my cash she would lay on the lash,
 And divorce me quite gaily—I'd never cry "Stop!"

CHORUS. Oh Canada! etc.

ROBIN. Poor chappie! You almost make one sorry for you. Is there no lady here who will take pity on him and sacrifice herself to go as a missionary into the United State of Michigan?

GIRLS. Not one!

ROBIN. What's to be done with him?

H. H. We can't put him in any ordinary jail, for that would raise a mutiny among the other prisoners. They could not endure being under the same roof with him for, whatever their crimes, they are all Canadians!

DICK C. There is room in the new Small-pox Hospital, but the patients would object. His disease is worse than theirs.

BOB O'LINK. I have an idea.

ALL. No! How strange!

B. O'L. Strange, but true. Let him be confined in the Ice Palace, where by midnight he'll be frozen to death. There let him remain—a monumental warning to youthful Canadians so long as the ice palace itself shall endure.

HY. HOLDER. The very thing! I'll leave a guard to see that he does not escape and we'll join you later at the home of Blue Belle.

FULL CHORUS.

Oh Wretched Man! your doom we seal,
 So hide your guilty face.
 From our decree there's no appeal,
 We'll take you to a place
 Where you will shiver and shake and sneeze
 Until, Oh Monster of Vice!
 As solid as Ottawa Rock you'll freeze
 Within our Palace of Ice.
 And such befall
 The traitors all
 Who do as you have done;
 They are the most
 Obnoxious host
 That dwell beneath the sun!

(*Tableau with PTARMIGAN tied to a toboggan, and the centre of fixed bayonets.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Madame Blue Belle's Drawing Room, to which tobogganing party has adjourned to dance. Bob o'Link and Maple Leaf withdraw to front.*

SONG—BOB O'LINK.

Ah! Maple Leaf, you lightly dance
As if you had no heart at all,
But while my feet keep time by chance,
The crowd, the laughter on me pall.
Come, sit you here and let me try
To make you feel when I am nigh
That all the rest may go their way
If Bob o'Link shall with you stay.

Oh, my dearest sweetheart!
Turn you again to me.
Show me your hazel eyes, full
Of the love light I long to see.

Thy name by all men is revered
As emblem of our own countree,
But how my hopeless heart were cheered
Could I but pluck thee from the tree
To wear thee, shelter thee, my own,
Thou shalt not wither all alone.
No autumn blast shall blow thee down,
Thou'lt come to me my life to crown.

Oh, my dearest sweetheart, etc.

AL. LOUETTE (*announces at door*) Mademoiselle Hepatica et Monsieur Purple Martin.

(*Enter HEPATICA and PTARMIGAN, the latter disguised.*)

HEPATICA (*to Blue Belle*). To a cultivated woman of the world, such as yourself, the name and works of our great Canadian painter are doubtless well known, and therefore I have taken the liberty of bringing him here this evening to introduce him to you. I am sorry that we have come when you are not alone, for I daresay not one of your guests has ever heard of M. Purple Martin.

(*Company indignantly protest.*)

CHORUS.

We are no Philistines!
Our own Composer shines!
Our native Poet's lines
With ardor drive us frantic.
The country, as a whole,
Adores the artist soul,
From frontier to the Pole,
Pacific to Atlantic.

Then cheer for him
With strongest vim,
The Great Canadian Painter.
We'll sing our lays
And dance to praise
The Great Canadian Painter.

Our citizen who paints
We place among the saints,
He never has complaints
Of any local strictures.
Before his canvas dries,
One with the other vies
To seize the honored prize.
We buy up *all* his pictures!
Then cheer for him, etc.

PTARMIGAN. Ah! Really! I had no idea that the few little things I've struck off would win me so speedy recognition.

BLUE BELLE. Tell me about your master piece, do. You call it—the name escapes me!

PT. Modesty forbids me to talk shop. (*He and B. B. promenade and Pt. looks at paintings.*) Are these all Canadian artists?

B. B. Every one! We wouldn't give space on our walls to any man who was not a Canadian.

PT. Wonderful! Wonderful! And are you so far advanced in the other arts? Excuse my ignorance. I've been abroad, you know, and find things greatly changed on my return.

B. B. No doubt. Canada is now synonymous with culture. Beethoven will soon be studied in all our kindergartens and Browning used as a first reader. As for singing, excuse me a moment and you shall hear what we can do.

(PTARMIGAN gets HEPATICA to introduce him to MAPLE LEAF.)

B. B. (*to Robin*). Our distinguished guest would like some music. Will you kindly sing?

ROBIN. I should be most happy, but I'm really too nervous to venture alone. Do you—do you think—ah—that Trillium would—ah—object *very* much to singing a duet with me?

B. B. Not if I ask her, I'm sure, to oblige our famous countryman.

Duet—TRILLIUM and ROBIN.

ROBIN. My humble song—

TRIL. There now, that's wrong!

ROBIN. Your window at—

TRIL. You're singing flat!

ROB. I make my moan—

TRIL. Oh! What a tone!

ROB. I'm yours till death!

TRIL. Now! Watch your breath.

BOTH. Oh pardon, friends,
We'll make amends,

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.

I've seen the fellow somewhere, but can't for the life of me remember where or how.

HEP. Sir! Do you doubt the authenticity of an introduction from the Press?

B. o'L. No! No! Don't look at me like that! Hepatica! You must help me! Surely the very heart hasn't been squeezed out of you in the Press? Take this long haired lion back to his lair, or Maple Leaf is lost to me forever.

(MAPLE LEAF and PTARMIGAN appear at back of stage and see BOB O'LINK on his knees to HEPATICA.)

HEP. Well, I'll do it—on one condition.

B. o'L. Anything! Anything!

HEP. You are on the Carnival committee, eh?

B. o'L. Yes! Yes!

HEP. Well, you will tell me all about the row between ———

(As HEPATICA and BOB O'LINK whisper together MAPLE LEAF and PTARMIGAN retire.)

HEP. All right! I'll take Ptarmigan away directly.

B. o'L. Ptarmigan! Impossible!

HEP. Young man! you forget yourself! There's nothing impossible—to the New Woman.

B. o'L. Pray, forgive me. The New Woman!

Do you smoke? Where's your bicycle?

HEP. A bicycle in the snow—stupid! I've put it on skates and turned it into an ice-boat. Want to come for a sail to hunt ptarmigan—rare birds?

B. o'L. That villain, Ptarmigan! However did he get out?

HEP. I hypnotized the guards and sent Wis-ka-tjan in to change clothes with him.

B. o'L. You must be a very, very accomplished person.

HEP. Oh no! Its quite simple. Would you like to be mesmerized?

B. o'L. No violence! (He picks up large key which she dropped while making mesmeric motions.)

HEP. Thanks. That's my latch-key.

B. o'L. Why did you do it? Were you so disloyal to Canada as to set her foe free?

HEP. I didn't set him free, I brought him here. He's safe enough, he won't leave Maple Leaf.

B. o'L. No, curse him!

HEP. I told him the only way to see her and be welcomed into Canadian society was to don his swallow tail and meet me at my Club ———

B. o'L. With a club?

HEP. At my Club, I said. I promised to bring him here and introduce him as Purple Martin, the artist. I told him he was sure of a grand reception.

B. o'L. But can he paint?

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

Forget his home, the land where he was born.

Love me no more!

PT. Love me again! The bird from whom I'm named
Each season changes color—so do you!
The trees and birds to nature's laws are true,
Of being turn-coats they are not ashamed.
Love me again!

PT. Maple Leaf, my own, why will you set up conventional lines
of division where none exist in reality? The same trees grow on
either side of the Niagara River, the same birds sing, the same flowers
bloom. Love knows no boundary lines, no tariff laws, no custom house.

M. L. Hush! What is that? (*Clock strikes twelve.*)

Unaccompanied double quartette of male voices behind the scenes.

Clouds with gentle hand are brushing
Wrinkles from the moon's fair face.
Every noisy streamlet's rushing
Has been stilled by frost's embrace.

But our spirits rise with coldness,
We have twice our natural boldness

When the city's under snow,
And the mercury's so low
That it cannot lower be,
Then we tramp abroad with glee.

M. L. Oh, Ptarmigan! Fly! Fly! That's the guard! They
must not find you here! They were to be on duty at the Ice Palace
till midnight. By this time they fancy you're too stiff to move.

PT. So I am! I shan't move a step for one of them.

M. L. My old friend! You say you love me—don't let me see you
torn limb from limb before my very eyes.

PT. I'll go—If you will go with me. If not, I don't care what
becomes of me.

M. L. Ptarmigan! Go! I beseech you. It will break my heart
to see you caught.

PT. You do love me then? I am more to you than friends or native
land? (*He tries to embrace her.*)

SONG—MAPLE LEAF.

The only love that's worthy of my heart
Is one in which man has no part,
No rival need she fear,
My country dear!

When travelling far my weary spirit yearns
For these broad lakes, my soul returns
To seek for Nature's land—
My country grand!

Her rolling prairies, Rocky Mountains tall,
Her woods, Niagara's thundering fall,
Her rivers—all declare
My country fair!

No President she needs, nor any Czar,
Her own brave sons so loyal are,
She ever more will be

My country free!

My fancy fondly rests on bygone days,
Her record past I proudly praise;
'Tis borne on high by fame
My country's name!

There's naught in history we'd fain forget,
Our future shall be brighter yet;
Then go your way, I'm to
My country true!

(While MAPLE LEAF is singing her last verse, BLUE BELLE and her lady guests enter from one side and shake hands with guard of eight volunteers, who enter from the other side. All stare suspiciously at PTARMIGAN.)

PT. Thanks! Lovely song!

M. L. Yes, it is pretty; but, Mr. Martin, did you ever hear one called, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly"?

PT. I know it; but this is not the migration season. (Aside.) I mean to stay where I am.

(Enter men who went in search of PTARMIGAN, led by BOB O'LINK.)

B. O'L. There he is! I told you he was here! Painter? We'll paint him so black and blue you wont know his original color. What are you waiting for?

HY. H. Bring him outside. We don't like to touch him as long as he is the guest of Blue Belle.

B. B. Don't consider me in the least. The enemy of my country is mine!

HY. H. And her lover yours?

B. B. (Giving him both hands.) Though he never translate a line of Browning.

DICK C. (to H. H. and B. B.) No kissing! Science has declared against it.

PTARMIGAN is seized, but shakes his captors off.

PT. One moment, please! In that time I can prove that I am no worse than any of the rest of you. Who are these men, Browning and Beethoven, you seem to worship? Are they Canadians? (TRILLUM and BLUE BELLE hang their heads.) Do you never read anything nor play anything that isn't written by a Canadian? Do you never borrow ideas from the States, nor wear anything that is made there? Do you never smuggle boots from Buffalo? Do you—

ALL. No! No!

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Every novel that we read's a home production,

Every play we go to see's Canadian,

Every native work we buy—at a reduction,

Every local horse we bet on—if we can.

Oh, we never get a costume from abroad,
 To Detroit for our shopping never go;
 And we boldly plead not guilty of a fraud,
 Such as smuggling Yankee boots from Buffalo.

FULL CHORUS.

We can solemnly assure you it is so,
 That { they } never smuggle boots from Buffalo.
 { we }

CHORUS OF MEN.

Not a man among us searches for a missile
 To project upon him who the organ grinds.
 When he plays the only airs our boys 'll whistle—
 Music made up in the best Canadian minds.
 Every writer, every artist's a machine,
 Caring nothing whether he is paid or no,
 Working for our own Canadian Magazine,
 They needn't smuggle brains from Buffalo.

FULL CHORUS.

We can solemnly you assure it is so,
 That we never smuggle { boots } from Buffalo.
 { brains }

PT. Well! All I can say is—Times is changed! (*Holds out his arms dejectedly.*) Pluck away harpies!

Enter HEPATICA.

HEP. Hands off my property! (*Writes some mystic letters on his forehead.*)

PT. Manuscript only.

HEP. Touch him if you dare!

ALL. What do you mean?

HEP. What do I mean? I mean that the strongest power in Canada has come to the rescue—the power before which every party, sect and creed must bow—THE PRESS.

B. o' L. Are we to infer that the press of our land approves of annexation?

HEP. How dare you ask me such a question! Where have you been brought up that you don't know that the newspapers try and sentence ever; criminal out of court? *We* pronounce Ptarmigan Not Guilty!

A. L. Not guilty! Why? On what plea?

HEP. Insanity, of course.

DICK C. That won't go down. I'm a medical student—first year—and I can give Ptarmigan a certificate for being as sane as I am.

HEP. Not unlikely; but I put it to you all:—Is it possible to conceive of any one, man or woman, in full possession of his or her senses, deliberately renouncing his or her British birthright and electing to become amalgamated with the mobocracy upon our southern boundary?

ALL. You're right! It is not possible! He must have been crazy!

HEP. Since I have demonstrated that Ptarmigan signed those fatal papers during a fit of temporary insanity, will you be satisfied if he here and now destroys them?

ALL. Why, certainly!

HEP. Ptarmigan, to escape the fury of these inquisitors which your own criminal folly, in a moment of mental aberration, has drawn upon you, will you, in the presence of these witnesses, tear up your naturalization papers?

PT. Why, certainly! (*Tears up whole reams.*)

ROBIN. We've saved you from those blessed Yanks,

PT. Oh, thanks!

TRILLIUM. You weep because you've been untrue?

PT. I do!

BOB O'LINK. You'll thank us that we do not kill.

PT. I will!

HEPATIC. You stay here now and don't levant.

PT. I shan't!

QUARTETTE.—TRILLIUM, HEPATICA, BOB O'LINK AND ROBIN.

The rest of your mortal life
Endeavor to make amends
For what you have been.
If true to our Queen,
We'll all of us be your friends.

So here is an end to strife,
You'll join our volunteers,
And ever decline
To cross the line,
For Ptarmigan then, three cheers.

CHORUS. The wonder of Victoria's reign!
A renegade won back again!
Excuse him for he was insane,
And cheer for him with might and main!

ROBIN. My Trillium!
I, too, was mad,
That's why I sang so wildly.
If you will come
To make me glad,
I'll take your training mildly.

TRILLIUM. Dear Robin, first
'Twas love for me
That put you out of order,
But in your worst
Extremity,
You never crossed the border.

CHORUS. The wonder of Victoria's reign, etc.

PT. Maple Leaf! Every obstacle is removed. Now will you be mine?

M. L. Couldn't think of such a thing, really.

Pt. Tell me why? Would you not be happy with me—your own old lover?

M. L. I might for awhile; but if I ever saw you look melancholy—at spring cleaning time, for example—I'd imagine you were longing to be like my carpets—over the line!

Pt. Nonsense! Where you are will be carnival for me all the year round.

M. L. At first perhaps; but in time you would forget your duty to me if you had to pay duty on your cigars.

Pt. I'll give up smoking. I'll give up—

M. L. No, you won't! If you did, you would just sit round and mope and wish you were making more money. What is money? Vile money! I despise it.

BOB O'LINK. Take me! I have none! (*Maple Leaf does so.*)

PTARMIGAN. Well, if you marry Bob o'Link
We all may say Ta! Ta!
The far Northwest
Will claim our best—

MAPLE LEAF and	}	'Twill still be in Canada,
BOB O'LINK (<i>Embracing.</i>)		My love!
FULL CHORUS.	}	'Twill still be in Canada.

While they are under British rule
They'll never feel the cold.
While they are under British rule
They'll want but little gold.

PTARMIGAN. You'll have to be your own house maid,
Your cook, your doctor, nurse,
Bank clerks are sent
To banishment.

MAPLE LEAF and	}	They might do something worse,
BOB O'LINK		My dear!
FULL CHORUS.	}	They might do something worse.
		The athletic Canadian girl Is never known to shirk.
		The athletic Canadian girl Is not afraid of work.

Pt. Here's a conundrum. Will any one guess
What's to become of me?

ALL. Give it up!

HEP. No, I'll not give it up. It belongs to me.

Pt. What are you going to do with me?
Marry me?

HEP. Marry you—the New Woman? Not very likely! I mean to take you on in place of Whiskey Jack. Since that aboriginal youth has tasted the æsthetic delight of modern masculine attire, he's of no further use to me. He's become a dude! I must have the raw material, and, next to the Noble Red Man, the naturalized American

citizen is the nearest approach to the primeval specimen to be found upon our Western Hemisphere.

PT. But I'm not one now!

HEP. Never mind! You're the best I can do at present. I'll make good copy out of your experiences of low life. There! Carry these. (*Handing him camp stool and bundle of papers.*) Now shout, "Herald, a cent!"

PT. Hurruld, a cent!

FULL CHORUS.

We shall not remember the crime that is past,

Since Mayle Leaf's left him lamenting;

No slur on his future career shall be cast,

The criminal truly repenting.

Our ladies take in

The fact that the sin

Of loving th' American vulture,

Is worse beyond doubt than being without

A fraction of what they call culture.

You may come from the land of the heather and cakes,

You may be a native of Chilli,

Your parents may live beside Italy's lakes,

Peradventure you've even been silly

Enough to be born

In the country we scorn,

If now you will join in our party,

We'll make you a friend. To you we extend

A Canadian greeting most hearty.

CURTAIN.

I mean to
youth has
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