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KEY OF JACK CANUCK'S
TREASURE-HOUSE

EDITH LELEAN

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Can. Jones, Edith.

CANADIAN PATRIOTISM

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Treasure-House

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PRICE 25 CENTS

WILLIAM BRIGGS
TORONTO ONTARIO

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The Key of Jack Canuck's Treasure-House

DESCRIPTION

A LARGE number of children, both boys and girls, may take part in this play. The number in each group must depend upon the size of the stage. If the suggestions given as to drills, dances and songs are closely followed, the play will supply almost a whole evening's entertainment.

The drills and dances need not necessarily be difficult or intricate; as long as the motions are done absolutely in unison, and in time to the music, they will prove to be effective. When a song is being sung, introduce suitable motions or pretty steps wherever possible. In "The Fairies," during the last two lines of each stanza, have the children lightly step, if it is only backward and forward in time to the music, at the same time raising both hands and swaying their bodies. Should the teacher find it impossible to teach the Sailor's Hornpipe or the Highland Fling, a few of the movements used in each dance will prove effective. Have the sailors march on to the stage, each, with arms folded high, sway to right, then to left, looking down at right foot, then at left. When in line have the children pull in the ropes in time to the music.

DRESSES

(These are only suggestions.)

MISS CANADA.—A white dress, trimmed with maple leaves, a head-dress of maple leaves.

JACK CANUCK.—High boots, trousers tucked in his bootlegs, flannel shirt with soft collar open at throat, rough-rider hat.

FAIRIES.—Dainty little white frocks, trimmed with stars made of silver paper, or flowers made of tissue paper. The Queen should wear a crown and carry a wand. If the drill will permit it, the children may also carry wands.

WISDOM.—Choose a tall, stately girl; have her wear a white dress and a green wreath.

INDIANS.—Make their costumes out of brown lining, with plenty of fringe; head-dress of feathers; bows and arrows, etc.

SCOTSMEN.—Have them dress in kilts, Scotch caps, etc.

SAILORS.—Sailor suits.

BOYS IN KHAKI.—Suits made after the style of soldiers in uniform.

AVIATOR.—Khaki suit, tight-fitting aviator's cap and goggles.

BOY SCOUTS.—Regular uniform of Canadian Boy Scouts.

MUSIC.

A great deal of the success of this play depends upon the selection of the music and the manner in which it is played. The marches should be rendered with a dash and a swing, always bearing in mind the fact that the children have to *march* to the music, thus the *time* should be of paramount importance. For the instrumental music choose rousing patriotic marches.

The following songs are used in this play, and may be obtained from the T. Eaton Co., Limited, Yonge Street, Toronto:

Boys, Be Prepared.

The Fairies.

Go to Sea.

By Order of the King.

O Canada!

Miss Canada (alone on the platform).

Show me Dominions of brighter promise,
Show me a land more free,
Show me a country of greater beauty,
Of larger liberty
Than Canada, fair Canada!
Our gladsome hearts we raise;
We're proud to be Canadians,
And sing our country's praise.

We possess mountains of wondrous beauty,
Towering up to the skies,
Lakes and rivers that make us a highway;
Strangers gaze with surprise
On Canada. Fair Canada!
Gladly thy praise we'll sing;
So children, lift your voices,
And make the echoes ring.

Never a land had more fertile pastures,
Never were skies more clear;
Never did stars shine out of the heavens
On any land so dear,
As Canada, fair Canada,
Bright, glad home of the free!
Stars far off in the skies above,
Smile sweetly down on thee.

Never a land with vaster resources ;
See that no alien foe
Steals the treasures that nature has given us,
That would mean grief and woe
To Canada, fair Canada.
The swaying of the trees
Whisper fair Canada's praises,
In gentle summer breeze.

Many a nation boasts of its grandeur,
Grandeur of glorious past ;
Cheerfully we will talk of the present,
And glad future forecast
For Canada, fair Canada,
If we but keep outside
All undesirable settlers,
And guard our gateways wide.

And though a nation of brightest promise,
Nation of days to be,
Each must help in this largest fulfilment
If this is still to be
OUR Canada, fair Canada !
Then let our watchword be :
Canada for Canadians !
We'll shout it loyally.

(Miss Canada finishes her recitation, yawns, rubs her eyes, acts as if quite overcome with drowsiness.)

Miss Canada. What a strange drowsiness has come over me. I can hardly keep my eyes open. I really think I shall have to leave you to have a little nap. I cannot understand my sleepiness.

(Exit Miss Canada. The play that follows is the dream that Miss Canada has during the time she is asleep. Enter Jack Canuck reading a newspaper.)

Jack Canuck. Who are these people that are crowding into this Canada of ours? I see by this paper that the tide of immigration comes flowing in. Will they make good citizens? Will they become identified with this great Dominion? Will they learn to love this fair Land of the Maple as they ought? I think I am needed down at the sea, to watch the boats as they come in, and to view the people as they disembark, for Jack Canuck has a sacred duty to perform. He must guard safely the shores of this vast Dominion, that no settler may enter who will not help to build it up, who will not be loyal to its best traditions, and who will not grow to love its dear old Flag. But, if I go, what shall I do with my key—the key of my Treasure-house? Into whose keeping shall I give it? I cannot take it with me. Ah, here comes Miss Canada.

(Enter Miss Canada.)

Jack Canuck.

Ah, sweet maiden, dear, sweet maiden,
Listen to Jack Canuck,
He's off on important business,
Won't you wish him good luck?
A call has come from the seaboard,
"You're wanted, right away!"
I may not linger longer here,
I must be off to-day.

But I leave a precious treasure,
No matter what the cost,
Guard it, maiden, guard it safely,
It must not be lost.
'Tis the key that locks my storehouse,
That holds my golden grain,
That once waved in the summer breeze,
On hillside or on plain.

It holds all my precious minerals,
Unearthed from deepest mine,
All my nickel, coal and silver,
Gold for my lady fine.
Fruit from my rich, sunny orchards,
And cattle from the west;
Furs from the lonely, bleak northland,
Wool of the very best.

All are gathered in my storehouse;
Disastrous would it be,
Should door be locked and key be lost,
So guard it carefully.
Never out of your possession
Fair maiden must it go.
Guard the key!—I must be leaving,
Keep safe from friend or foe!

(Thrusts the key into Miss Canada's hand and
rushes off the stage.)

Miss Canada (looking in perplexity at the key)

What a strange, strange thing to happen,
I do not want his key;
Oh, Jack Canuck, come back at once;
Don't leave it here with me!
For I have no place to keep it,
Come back, I say, come back;
There is no pocket in my dress,
That's one thing women lack.

Why, he's gone; he's gone, and left it;
Whatever shall I do?
I'm so afraid of losing it,
Such folly he will rue. (Stamps her foot)
Well, if I lose it, Jack Canuck,
'Twill surely serve you right,
And then this Canada of ours
Will be in sorry plight.

(As she stands looking at the key, enter six girl companions.)

Girls (in chorus). How do you do, Miss Canada?
What key is that?

Miss Canada. Why, it's the key of Jack Canuck's
Treasure-house, and he told me to keep it safely until
he returned from the seaboard. I don't want it; he
just handed it to me and rushed away, and now what
shall I do with it? I've no place to keep it.

1st Girl. I'll take it. I have a pocket in my middy.

Miss Canada. But Jack said I must never let it out
of my possession.

2nd Girl (sarcastically). Well, then, you'd better keep it. Put it in your boot.

3rd Girl. Let me look at it. (Miss Canada passes her the key and it disappears).

Miss Canada (in great consternation).

Oh, dear, oh, dear; what have I done!

Where is Jack's storehouse key?

If any girl is hiding it

Please give it back to me.

1st Girl. I haven't the key.

2nd Girl. Nor I.

3rd Girl. Nor I.

4th Girl. Nor I.

5th Girl. It just disappeared.

Miss Canada.

Why, Canada's richest treasures

Are in that storehouse vast;

Are you sure you did not take it,

Which of you had it last?

1st Girl. Not I.

2nd Girl. Nor I.

3rd Girl. Nor I.

4th Girl. It just disappeared.

(All the girls in full view of the audience make frantic efforts to find the key.)

(Enter a Boy Scout.)

Boy Scout. What is the trouble? What are you looking for?

All (in chorus). The key of Jack Canuck's Treasure-house. He gave it to Miss Canada to keep for him; told her she was never to part with it. She just let us look at it for a minute, and the key disappeared.

Boy Scout. Well, this is a nice state of affairs. Jack Canuck should have known better than to have entrusted such a precious treasure to a *girl*; now, a *boy* would have kept it safely. I suppose all the treasures of Canada are shut up in that storehouse?

Girls (in chorus). Everything.

Boy Scout. Well, I hope Jack Canuck will know better another time.

Miss Canada. If you are not going to help us, please go away. The key has disappeared; we must find it. Have you nothing at all to suggest?

Boy Scout. Surely I have. Girls, you are partly to blame for the disappearance of the key, so go out in all directions and search for it.

(Exit all the girls except Miss Canada.)

Meanwhile, I will send for a patrol of boy scouts; they are always ready to help; they never refuse to lend a hand to any one in need.

(He blows a blast upon the bugle, the piano strikes up a patriotic march and sixteen Boy Scouts march on. They go through one of their drills. When they have finished, they stand at attention.)

Miss Canada.

Boy Scouts, have you heard the story?

Boys, have you heard the news?

We've lost a most precious treasure,

We hope you'll not refuse

To help us in our search for it,—

Canada's storehouse key,

That Jack Canuck gave me to guard,

To guard most carefully.

Boy Scout. Miss Canada, we are sorry for you. But you have called upon the right ones for help; we are always ready to render assistance whenever it is needed; our watchword is, "Boys, be Prepared!"

(The music strikes up and the boys sing the Scout song, "Boys, be Prepared!" It may be rendered either as a solo or as a chorus. When the song is finished the Boy Scouts march off to the music of a patriotic march.)

(Enter the Queen of the Fairies.)

Queen of the Fairies. Miss Canada, we met a patrol of Boy Scouts. We learned from them that you are in trouble. Is there nothing we can do to help you?

Miss Canada. I suppose they told you about the mysterious disappearance of the key. Such a plight as I am in! Everything locked up! By and by, when our fellow-countrymen want supplies and find they cannot get them, they will come to me for the key. (Wringing her hands). Whatever shall I do? You will help me, won't you?

(Fairy Queen stamps on the floor. Enter two Fairy Heralds. They salute the Queen.)

Fairy Queen.

Heralds, your Queen has need of you;
Summon our fairy band,
Send some to East and some to West,
To search through all the land.
This storehouse key, it must be found,
Without the least delay;
For all the stores of Canada
Are tightly locked away.

(Exit Heralds. The piano strikes up a pretty march and sixteen little Fairies march on. The Heralds bring up the rear and stand as guards, one on each side of the stage, while the sixteen little Fairies go through a pretty drill or fancy dance. A scarf drill, a rose drill, a wand drill, or a simple little dance may be given, whichever the teacher is best fitted to prepare.)

Miss Canada. Now I feel sure the key will be found. First the Boy Scouts come to my aid, and now—the Fairies.

(The piano strikes up "The Fairies," the children sing it in chorus, or it may be taken as a solo.)

Fairy Queen. I am always pleased when mortals appreciate my fairy band. When little children are asleep in their soft, warm beds, then are the fairies the busiest.

(One of the little fairies steps out and makes a low deep curtsey to the Queen.)

Little Fairy.

Then beneath the silent arches
Of many forest trees,
Where in bright and glorious sunshine,
The birds and flowers and bees
Revelled in the perfumed breezes,
'Tis there we sprites hold sway;
We dance and sing, no care have we,
And vanish with the day.

So while you mortals soundly sleep,
We'll search most carefully;
The bright moonbeams will guide perchance,
And shine upon that key.
Do not despair, Miss Canada,
We'll do our very best,
We'll flit around the whole wide world
In our untiring quest.

(Exit Fairies; the Heralds go first, then the Queen, the rest of the Fairies curtsying low, then the sixteen march off, or dance off, to music.)

(Enter a group of Canadian workers—a farmer, a miner, a cowboy, a lumberman, a trapper, a fisherman.)

Farmer (in great indignation.) This is terrible news we hear throughout the country. Can it be true. Is the key of Jack Canuck's Treasure-house lost? All the grain, that we farmers have worked so hard to raise, is inside.

Miner And the gold from the gold mines of Canada, the coal from the coal fields, the nickel, the silver—all these minerals are shut up in that storehouse.

Cowboy. The cattle are there, too, what will Canada do for meat?

Lumberman. And our lumber, the tall pines from British Columbia, the oak, the beech, the birch and the ash, they, too, are in that storehouse vast.

Trapper. And all my beautiful furs, that I have worked so hard to obtain. Think of the long, dreary winter that I have spent up north trapping the animals for their skins, and now the ladies can't have them to make their handsome furs which we all admire.

Fisherman. And how are we to get along in Canada without our fish supply?

All the Workers (in chorus). Miss Canada, the key must be found.

(Miss Canada wrings her hands and looks distressed. Enter *Wisdom*!)

Wisdom.

I think you all have need of me,
For Wisdom is my name!
You'd better use me in your search,
Right wondrous powers I claim.
So listen, all, to what I say,
Our country, vast and grand,
Must all be searched; send north and south,
East, west, throughout our land.

Just call on all the provinces
To help you in your quest;
The key may be on eastern coast,
Or in the far north-west.
The Indians, too, are first-rate scouts,
So let them take a hand,
No foreign foe must find that key
To storehouse, vast and grand.

(Piano strikes up "O Canada." Enter ten girls each dressed to represent a province.)

Girls (in chorus). Miss Canada, we are here to do your bidding. Every one of us will suffer if the key cannot be found.

Ontario. Think of my nickel and silver shut up in the storehouse. Suppose some foreign foe should break in and steal it; valuable indeed, would they find it!

Nova Scotia. And all my coal!

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. And all our fish!

Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Pray tell us, what would become of Canada without our grain?

Alberta. And the cattle that roam Alberta's plains.

Quebec. And my minerals!

British Columbia. And all my treasures, my fish, my big trees, my fruit; Canada needs them all.

Yukon. And please don't forget my gold—a very precious commodity.

Wisdom. You are right, all of you. Go, each to his own province; search carefully for the key, and whoever finds it bring it here at once.

(Exit Provinces to the music of a bright march.)

(Enter a group of Indians, led by an Indian maid.)

Indian Maid.

We have come from the far north-west,
At your most urgent call;
These loyal Indian braves you see
So stalwart, straight and tall,
Will search through every woodland glade,
And each will do his best,
On snowclad hill or fertile plain,
To aid you in your quest.

Miss Canada. Go, my brave Indians, and may success attend your efforts.

Wisdom. That too is my wish.

(Indians, in single file, move stealthily off, led by the Indian maid.)

(A loud knocking is heard. Wisdom answers it. Enter a group of Scotsmen, while the piano plays a Scottish air. If it is possible to have it taught to them, let them dance the Highland Fling.)

One of the Scotsmen.

Frae Scotia's fair shores have we come,
These the pride o' oor clan,
To give to friends in Canada
Such help as Scotsmen can.
And far and near we'll hunt the key,
For sad, indeed, the day,
Should alien foe recover it,
And steal your stores away.

(Before the Scotsmen march off have a chorus or a soloist give a good rousing Scotch selection, such as "Scots Wha Ha'e" or "Annie Laurie.")

(Exit Scotsmen to the music of a Scottish march.)

(A group of boys or girls, or both, in sailor suits, march on to the music of a Sailor's Hornpipe.)

Sailor.

Miss Canada, the land's been searched,
And searched most thoroughly;
Has anybody scoured the main,
In looking for this key?
If not, this bunch of jolly tars
Will bid farewell with glee,
And search the whole wide ocean blue,
So boys, let's "Go to Sea."

(Piano plays, "Go to Sea," and the verse is sung as a solo by one of the sailors while the rest join in the chorus. At the close of the song, if possible, have the sailors dance a hornpipe. A very pretty tableau may be easily arranged at the close of the dance. Group the sailors prettily and let each take the look-out position, right foot advanced, weight of body on right foot, left hand behind the back, right hand shading the eyes as if sighting a sail. Let them hold this position for a short time. A chord on the piano is the signal for breaking up the tableau. The sailors form a line and march off to the Sailors' Hornpipe.)

Miss Canada. I have great faith in the British navy.

Wisdom. And so have I. I have yet to find a braver man than a sailor of King George, and he seldom fails in an enterprise.

(Piano strikes up "Soldiers of the King." Sixteen boys in khaki march on, salute Miss Canada and give a good military drill, such as physical exercises, wand drill or bayonet exercises, whichever the teacher is best able to arrange. The leader steps out and addresses Miss Canada.)

Leader. We are here, Miss Canada, to do your bidding "By Order of the King."

(Boys sing "By Order of the King," as a chorus, or it may be taken as a solo.)

Boy in Khaki (steps out from the others, salutes).

We are the boys in khaki clad,
We've come to lend a hand;
Whenever danger threatens you
Or this Canadian land,
Just call for the boys in khaki,
Ere the call has died away,
You'll hear the tramping of their feet,
You'll hear them gaily say:

"What do you want, Miss Canada?
We're here to do your will;
O send us here or send us there,
Your wishes to fulfil."
And so we're going to march away
To find the key that's lost;
We'll bring it to you if we can,
No matter what the cost.

(Boys in khaki march off.)

Miss Canada. Our British sailors are brave men,
and so are our boys in khaki.

Wisdom. There are none braver.

(Enter a Boy Scout with a telegram, which he hands to Miss Canada.)

Boy Scout. Telegram for Miss Canada! Telegram for Miss Canada!! (She tears it open.)

Miss Canada (reading the telegram). Am on my way home. Business finished. Shall call for my key.

Jack Canuck.

Miss Canada (bursting into tears). Jack Canuck is on his way home, and still the key is missing. Is there no one else to help us in the search?

(Enter an aviator.)

Aviator. Why are you so sad, Miss Canada; what is the matter?

Miss Canada. I'm tired of telling the story. I've lost the key of Jack Canuck's Treasure-house, and Jack is on his way home. All the vast and wonderful treasures of Canada are locked up, and cannot be reached.

Aviator (holding up the key). Is this it?

Miss Canada (in great surprise). The key, the key!

Wisdom. Where did you get it?

Aviator. It is a long story. Listen, and I will tell it to you.

Fast asleep in his nice warm bed,
Lay a Canadian Scout;
Into his ear a fairy sprite,
Dancing all round about,
Whispered a dream of an eagle's nest,
Where lay hidden the key,
Deep in a crevice of a cliff
Overlooking the sea.

When morning dawned, and Scout awoke,
He dressed in eager haste,
And calling for his comrades all,
Down to the sea they raced.
They found the cliff and scaled it, so
That they the key might seek;
They saw the eagle soar on high
With Jack's key in his beak.

Miss Canada. Was he carrying it away from Canada?

Aviator. He was, indeed. He had the key of the Treasure-house in his beak, and was on his way to foreign lands with it. Think what would happen to Canada if aliens once had access to our stores!

Miss Canada. However did you manage to get the key away from the Eagle?

Wisdom. Yes, tell us that.

(Piano strikes up a march and all the children come marching back on to the stage in the following order: Boy Scouts, Fairies, Provinces, Indians, Scotsmen, sailors, boys in khaki. See that they group themselves prettily.)

Aviator. Everybody helped, not one but lent a hand.

Indian Maid. The Indians saw the Eagle steal it.

Fairies. We whispered the dream in the Boy Scout's ear.

Boy Scouts. We scaled the rock.

Provinces. We watched to see where the Eagle flew.

Scotsmen. We shook our fists at it, and frightened it with our dour looks.

Boys in Khaki. We turned our guns on the Eagle and wounded it.

Sailors. We navigated our ships so that when the wounded bird dropped the key, it fell on the deck of a cruiser.

Aviator. And don't forget, sailors, I chased him in your direction.

Wisdom. Surely everybody helped.

Miss Canada. And here comes Jack Canuck.

(Enter Jack Canuck.)

Jack Canuck. I am back, is my key—the key of my Treasure-house—safe?

Miss Canada. It is. Behold the key!

Jack Canuck. What a relief! I heard of its loss. I heard of your search. How pleased I am to know that the key is still in Canada; that all the deeply-laid schemes of alien foe were unavailing, that Jack Canuck still holds the key to Canada's Treasure-house. (Holds it up that all may see it.)

Children (in chorus). Hurrah! hurrah!

Miss Canada. Never again, if I am entrusted with it, shall it leave my possession.

Wisdom. Never again; she has had her lesson.

(The children sing, "O Canada," then, while the piano plays a march, they march off the stage in the order in which they came on. Miss Canada and Wisdom march as partners and Jack Canuck brings up the rear. The music changes to a soft, dreamy waltz, and in a moment or two, Miss Canada comes back alone, sleepily rubbing her eyes.)

Miss Canada. Have I been asleep? Was that all a dream? Did I lose the key of Canada's Treasure-house? Well, even if it were only a dream, I am glad I did not wake up until the key was found. What a calamity would it be, if outsiders and aliens ever had access to our wonderful resources! Canada's Treasure-house Key must never pass out of the possession of Canadians. Listen to our watchword:

CANADA FOR CANADIANS!

