

the elder in the national family I hold an imprescriptible claim, surely you, as my junior brother, cannot find fault with me for resorting to every constitutional means to get at least a part of my heritage.

Some people may tell you that I have nothing common with France, that my language is *patois*, that French as spoken here is not the same as it is written, and so on. What about your own slang and twang, your own verbal barbarisms and solecisms,—such expressions as *ain't*, *shan't*, *don-cher-no*, *gotta*, *c'r'nel*, etc., and your cockney accent, and your broad Scotch, and your Irish brogue? A simple matter of local dialect. The same with me. Very few of us can be expected to speak as academicians.

I cordially invite you to pay me a visit. Then you will see things in a different light. That question of language now appears to you as a high, insuperable dividing wall between us. On my side of the fence there is no barbed wire. Everywhere in our towns and villages, you can get along without an interpreter. Our trades people, artisans, farmers are quite familiar with your business terminology. We have gone more than half-way to meet you. Better Understanding is on our side.

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And what about my loyalty to the British flag?

Spare me the trouble of rehearsing the old stories of 1775 and 1812. How many times have