

you been told that if there is a British Ontario, and a British Canada, it is due to my forefathers, who, depending on that very pledge of 1774 which guaranteed them the full enjoyment of all their privileges, stubbornly resisted the repeated cajolings of their American neighbours, and when the latter invaded the country repulsed them by force of arms!

I am tired of having to produce my identification papers every time it pleases the first comer to cast a doubt on my fealty. The very fact of being all the time under suspicion would be enough to turn one a traitor. Still I never flinched from the straight line of duty. If I fought in 1837 shoulder to shoulder with the Reformers of Upper Canada, it was to secure the constitutional system of government which to-day makes our common pride. I did not burn the Parliament buildings, neither did I rotten-egg the Queen's representative, nor sign the Annexation Manifesto of 1849.

My loyalty to Great Britain is equal to yours, although of a different essence. Yours is inherited, it springs naturally from the heart, it speaks from blood, and is actuated by ancestral pride. Mine, although deprived of such powerful incentives, is none the less indefectible; it is perhaps the more meritorious, matured as it is by reflection, springing as it does from a deep sense of admiration for Great Britain, better known as the Motherland of constitutional institutions. If French Canada was ever *conquered*—a word which you know sounds unpleasantly to my ears—it was by the pledge of 1774, followed later