



French and German origin may be allowed to fly their distinctive flags on gala days or for decorative purposes, they should all remember that their obligations of citizenship demands a whole-hearted devotion to the flag under whose shadow they secure not only protection, but liberty and justice. Race cries, from whatever source they emanate, are dangerous to the state, and if Canada is ever to become a great and united country it must be by the thorough fusion of all the races within our borders. Instead of endeavoring to accentuate the differences between the various races, our efforts should be to bring them into closer and more harmonious relationship for only by this means can we become a nation with an individuality and a character of our own. But enough of race and its differences. The other great question under discussion, that of Reciprocal Preferential Trade, was in a great many places lost sight of on account of the appeals to racial passions, but where it was calmly discussed it gained many friends and will, without doubt, be heard from again in the political discussions of this country. All Canadian politicians are agreed upon the fact, that if such a thing could be brought about between Canada and the Mother Country it would be a splendid thing for this country. Where they differ is regarding the chance of getting Great Britain to consent to such an arrangement. Now, however, that it has been made a live issue in Canadian politics we venture to prophecy that it will not down until it has been brought about in some form or other. Although it may not come about just in the same way that we now desire, it is bound to provoke public discussion in Britain and the people who favor it will gradually grow stronger in numbers until they are able to influence public opinion so as to have it moulded into some practicable shape. Ventilation will not do the matter any harm, on the contrary the more it is discussed the better, we think, will be its chances of public favor. The people of Britain will have to be educated up to it in exactly the same way as they were to the abolition of the Corn Laws, and Free Trade, but the day will come when they will have a different standpoint from what they do at present. I, "is a have" on and the practical closing to them of present market by means of hostile tariffs will teach them by the stern logic of events that while absolute free trade is all right in theory, it will not meet the conditions that are rapidly developing in the mercantile world. When the day comes, and it is coming, and perhaps sooner than many of us expect, we think their reply to the offer of reciprocal preferential trade from her colonies will be very different from what it is to-day.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MOOSWA.—The following is an extract taken from W. A. Fraser's great story, "Mooswa," and will give the reader a taste of the author's wonderfully vivid style:

Silver Fox had been caught in a trap, and the big-hearted Moose in order to keep Francois, the trapper, away until the fox could make his escape, approached the shack in the morning, and of course Francois, forgetting everything but the bull moose, started in pursuit. By arrangement, the Blue Wolf and his pack were to meet the tired moose at the Pelican Portage.

"The dusk was beginning to settle down as Mooswa struck straight for Pelican Portage, though it was only four o'clock in the afternoon. Would Blue Wolf be there to turn back the pursuer? If by any chance his comrade missed, what a weary struggle he would have next day with the blood-thirsty breed on his trail. As Mooswa neared the portage, a low, whimpering note caught his ear. Then another answered close by; and another, and another joined in, until the woods rang with a fierce chorus—it was the wolf-pack's call of the killing:

"Wh-i-m-p! buh-h! buh-h! O-o-o-h-h! O-o-o-h-h! That was the wolf cry, sounding like silvery music in the ears of the tired moose.

"Hungry, every one of them!" he muttered. "If Francois stumbles, or sleeps, or forgets the man-look for a minute, Rof's pack

will slay him." Then he coughed asthmatically, and Blue Wolf bounded into the open, shaking his shaggy coat.

"Safe passage, brothers, for Mooswa," he growled with authority 'also no killing for the hunt-man, for the hunt is of our doing.'

Francois heard the wolf-call too, and a chill struck his heart. Night was coming on, he was alone in the woods, and in front of him a pack of hungry wolves. Turning he glided swiftly over the back trail.

"The kill-call, brothers," cried Rof, his sharp eyes seeing this movement of the fleeing breed. Once again the death-bells of the forest, the Blood Song of the Blue Wolf, rang out: 'W-a-h-h-n,' snarl-fastening of teeth in flesh, the gurring choke of blood in the throat, and the satisfied note of victory.

"The hunter became the hunted, and into his throat crept the wild unreasoning terror that Mooswa and every other living animal had known because of his desire for their lives. What would avail a rifle in the night against Blue Wolf's hungry brethren? True, he could climb a tree—but only to freeze; the starlit sky would send down a steel-pointed frost that would soon bring on a death-sleep, and tumble him to the yellow fangs of the gray watchers.

"Mile on mile the half-breed fled, nursing his strength with a woodman's instinct. How useless, too, seemed the flight; those swift-rushing merciless wolves would overtake him as soon as the shadows had deepened into the night. He had his buffalo knife, and when they pressed him too close, could build a fire, that might save him—it was a bare possibility.

"With the thirst for Mooswa's blood upon him, his eager straining after the fleeing animal had been exhilaration; desire had nourished his stomach, and anticipated victory kept his throat moist; now the death-fear turned the night-wind to a hot fire-blast; his lungs pumped and hammered for a cooling lotion; his heart pounded at the bone-ribs with a warning note for rest. The thews that had snapped with strong elasticity in the morning, now tugged and pulled with the ache of depression; going, he had chosen his path over the white carpet, coolly measuring the lie of each twig, and brush, and stump, now he travelled as one in a thicket. Small skeleton spruce shoots stripped of their bark by hungry wapoos, and dried until every twig was like a lance, reached out and caught at his snow-shoes; drooping spruce boughs, low swinging with their weight of snow, caused him to double under or circle in his race against the Blue Wolf's pack.

"All nature, animate and inanimate, was fighting for his life, eager for his blood. Even a sharp, half-dead limb, sticking out from a tamarack, cut him in the face and sucked a few drops of the hot fluid. Startled into ejaculation, Francois panted huskily: 'Holy Mudder, save me dis time. I give to de good Pere Lacombe big offerin' for de mission.' And all the time swinging along.

Memory pictures of animals that had stood helplessly at bay before his merciless gun flashed through his mind. Once a moose mother had fronted him to defend her two calves—the big almond eyes of the heroic beast had pleaded for their lives. He had not understood it then; now, some way or other, it came back to him—they glared from the forest with avenging spirit eyes, as he toiled in the hunt-race to leave that wolf-call behind." Toronto, William Briggs, cloth, gilt top, \$1.50 nett.

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.—By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, author of the great American novel—"Hugh Wynne." Dr. North and his friends are charming people to know. From a quiet corner in the shadowy background, you listen intently to their brilliant conversation, fearful of losing a word, or of missing one changeful expression of countenance. Here are no stiff portraits, no cold statuary, but warm living people with whom you want to talk—to agree or argue as fancy tempts, only the thought of being an uninvited guest making you silent, checking speech that fain would come.

Review the circle: Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. North, side by side, gentle, quaint ladies—no new-women they; Clayburne, the profound, —and a capital foil for the beautiful, poetical, reckless St. Clair; the legal Mr. Vincent; and Clayborne's little country-bred cousin, guileless Sibyl Maywood, a lovely lily on a broken stem, bodily deformed, but with an exquisite head—perhaps fit compensation—and a haunting