

Few books are creating more sensation at present than Mr. Joseph Hocking's powerful modern romance, "The Scarlet Woman." Under this title, Mr. Hocking gives, in the form of a novel, a most startling picture of Jesuit power in England to-day. He does not rant against the hypocrisy of the Catholic Church or make "revelations" of "awful immorality." He prefers to represent the Jesuit Order as a marvellous and mysterious machine covering the whole of England, its members believing sincerely that the end always justifies the means, and their one aim the advancement of the Church. One young man, in describing his feelings after a few days' imprisonment in a monastery, says.

I hardly know how to begin, upon my word, I do not. The atmosphere of monasticism seems to be all around me. I am all the time fancying there are people listening at the doors; I cannot get rid of the influence of a system which, to me, is founded on distrust. During these last few days nearly everybody I have met have lived their lives by rule, and nearly all have doubted the sincerity of other people. The Catholic faith seems to be a belief in system, while Jesuitism, to the rank and file, is the working out of a detailed programme. It is a sin not to perform this little act, it is a deadly sin not to perform that, while it is a virtue to find out the weakness of somebody else and report it. But, there, I cannot analyze it. Doubtless, the people are sincere—that is, a large proportion of them. Doubtless, too, they think they are gaining paradise by implicit credulity, and by suppressing all natural desires that they learn to act their prescribed part as naturally as each bit of machinery in a cotton factory is made to fulfil its function. You've seen a weaving factory, Carleton, you've watched how each little part of a complex system of cogs and wheels and looms does its work. That's like monasticism. It is just as ingenious, it is just as automatic. A shuttle flashes along its course because it is made to. It has no will, no knowledge; it simply does its work. Jesuitism is a huge piece of machinery, very complex, very ingenious; men and women are parts of it, and the genius of the business is that it so destroys the will that men and women do their part without any more purpose of their own than a wheel has when it is moved by another wheel to which it is attached.

But machinery is kept going by a great motive force.

So is Jesuitism. It is faith in the Church and fear of its terrors. Of course, when any man or woman loses either of these the thing goes wrong. Consequently, the first care in training a novice is to convince him that he is nothing, but that his Order, his Church, are everything.

But very little space, however, is given up to such discussion, the chief feature of the book being a most thrilling romance concerning the adventures of a young man who endeavors to bring together two young people who, on account of a lovers' quarrel, determined to enter the Church. While thus engaged he falls in love with a young nun, but is discovered in an attempt to carry her off, and she is removed from one convent to another. The whole story of his efforts to discover and rescue her is most fascinating on account of the skill with which an intense interest is sustained, and the advantage to which the author uses the mystery which naturally surrounds the Roman Catholic Church.

In "Lady Barbarity" J. C. Snaith has given us a novel of considerable interest. Miss Barbara Gossiter, the heroine, is given her title by her periwigged suitors on account

of the cruel and heartless way in which she tampers with their affections. The period the author describes is of the time of Pope and Congrieve, when there were active Jacobites at work in England. One of them, Anthony Dare, was taken by Capt. Grantley and carried in chains to Cleeley, the mansion house of the Earl of Longacre, Lady Bab's father. In pure spirit of mischief at first the idea enters Bab's head to rescue the prisoner. Anthony Dare is so bold, brave, reckless, handsome, with his girlish looks and muscles of steel, so saucy and arrogant, so indifferent to danger, that, in the first five minutes, the proud, the haughty, the imperious Bab has lost her heart to him. The whole story revolves around the many incidents of Bab's ingenious methods for effecting Anthony Dare's escape. The smartness, the vim, the rush of the story must be extolled. Lady Barbara is as bold as she is reckless, and quick as lightning in devising a plan and in the carrying of it out. She is a strong character with a stamp of originality, and Anthony Dare is quite her match. Certain peculiarities about this piece of fiction, taking you out of the beaten track, render "Lady Barbarity" one of those rare romances that leave an impress on you. The price is low—\$1 for cloth, 50c. for paper.

The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, intend to publish half-a-dozen important works of fiction before the end of the month. They are: "Ione March," "A Woman of Fortune," by S. R. Crockett; "More Cargoes," by W. W. Jacobs; "Suspense," by Henry Seton Merriman; "The Two Miss Jeffries," by David Lyall; "Well, After All—," by Frankfort Moore; "Siren City," by Benjamin Swift, and "Gilian, the Dreamer," by Neil Munro.

Paul Leicester Ford's great romance of the Revolution, "Janice Meredith," will also appear shortly. A unique feature of the cover design will be a colored lithograph of exquisite tone and delicacy of a miniature of Janice. This miniature portrait is Mr. Ford's conception of his heroine, and will serve to indicate what Mr. Ford's delightful maiden of many moods was like.

The catalogue of Messrs. Angus & Robertson, 89 Castlereagh street, Sydney, N.S.W., contains a list of new books by Australian writers, which indicates the vigor of native literature in that portion of the Empire.

The newest thing in novelty leathers is the turtle effect. This is an exceedingly clever embossed design in turtle back, with the tortoise shell colorings. It comes in several distinct shades, and is being used largely for pocket-books and belts.

BOOK TRADE IN MONTREAL.

Special Correspondence of THE BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER

MONTREAL, October 2, 1899.

THE present season of the year is one of the "between times" in the book business, and, as might be expected, there is but little to note with regard to new publications. The tourist and holiday trade in general has, of course, practically ceased; in fact, it dropped off, perhaps, a little earlier this year than sometimes is the case, on account of the eagerness to be present at the Dewey celebrations in New York. Booksellers say that the tourist trade has been on the whole much in advance of last year's. It was somewhat slow in starting; but the end of August and the beginning of September saw an extraordinarily brisk run, especially in the cheaper lines. The two books which were most in demand on the part of the visitors who wished something distinctly Canadian, were Dr. Drummond's "Habitant," and "Le Chien d'Or." So extensively has the latter work been required, that it went out of print nearly a month ago.

The one book which has ranked conspicuously first as to sales is, without doubt, "Richard Carvel." It gave "David Harum" a close run during August, and for the last month its sale has rather increased than diminished, while the other has hardly kept pace with it. Neither, indeed, have the publishers been able to "stand the pace," and the result has been that "Richard Carvel" has not enjoyed as heavy a run as the demand called for and as the book deserved.

Other books which have had a very large sale, besides the list of "six best sellers," are: "The Adventures of Louis de Rougemont" (Wm. Heinemann, 75c.), "Clipped Wings" (Briggs, 60c. and 40c.), "The Cruise of the Cachalot" (Briggs, \$1.25), "Duet, With an Occasional Chorus" (Morang, \$1.25), "War to the Knife" (MacMillan).

Grafton has succeeded well in his editions of a "Canadian Geography," and also a new arithmetic. His sale of Mr. Edgar Maurice Smith's "Anerostes the Gaul," published by himself, has been most satisfactory.

The departmental stores are getting a good deal of trade, particularly in the lighter lines. Nevertheless, "increase" is the word heard on all hands throughout the city, and no one is complaining. As usual,