

their manuscripts being printed entire; otherwise they must not be surprised if the omission of the editor or publisher is adversely commented upon.

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER.

At the risk of giving "Hugh Wynne" a free advertisement, we have to make the following explanation: In our February number we listed "Hugh Wynne" as being published in Unwin's colonial library. We did so for the very good reason that we had seen it announced as one of Unwin's colonial library. These colonial libraries, we have been told, were issued for the special use of the unsophisticated "Colonials" who (before the discovery of the Klondike gold fields) were supposed to be too poor, don't you know, to purchase the expensive British editions. But it appears there is a "rift in the lute," as it were. Even some of the much-vaunted cheap colonial libraries cannot be sold in a British colony, in fact, the Canadian market, in certain instances, can be supplied only by the New York publisher. This would be a very good joke, if it were not a very great outrage. These remarks are called forth by the following letter, which, in its way, is self-explanatory:

LONDON, March 19, 1898.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN BOOKSELLER.

Dear Sir,—My attention has been called to an announcement of a colonial edition of "Hugh Wynne," which appears under the heading of "Popular New Books." Please understand said edition does not exist for Canada, and as the book is an American copyright work, I have not issued a colonial edition for the Canadian market. It is expressly stated on the edition that I do not issue it in Canada, and therefore I am not able to execute any order forwarded to me from Canada. Your kind announcement of this statement will be esteemed a favor.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) T. FISHER UNWIN.

We are glad to publish this explanation from Mr. Unwin. It will, we trust, free him from any appearance of attempting to deceive the Century Company, of New York, who publish "Hugh Wynne" in New York. The letter, however, is worthy of a little special study. For one thing, it emphasises anew the necessity for a Canadian copyright law which shall prevent the Canadian market being supplied from New York. The plain meaning of the letter is that Canadians are denied the privilege of purchasing Mr. Unwin's colonial edition, manufactured in England, which would be sold in Canada at 75 cents in paper cover,

and \$1.25 in cloth cover, and are practically taken by the throat and made to buy the Century Company's edition manufactured in New York, and selling for \$2. Surely this is most unfair to Canadian and British manufacturing interests. Nay, is it not an insult to Canadian national sentiment? This is another sample case we respectfully submit to the consideration of our Government at Ottawa.

Book Reviews.

Among the books which have made advent in Canada through Canadian printing presses and Canadian publishers, perhaps there is none that will create a greater ripple than "The Celebrity," published by George N. Morang, Toronto. This book, whoever wrote it—and there seems to be a little divergence of opinion on that score, is the work of a clever man. Or is it a woman? The name of the author is put down as "Winston Churchill." But who is "Winston Churchill?" Of course everybody knows that there is a grandson of Mr. Jerome's who bears that name; he is a tolerably well-known young man in New York and Boston society, and he might possibly have written the book in question. But the question arises, has the author of the book endeavored to carry out the impersonation idea even to the author's name? Impersonation is the *motif* of the story. The hero takes another man's name and gets "soaked" for it. If any fresh and forward young writer has been doing the same with regard to Mr. Winston Churchill, the latter, as the son of the late Lord Randolph, ought certainly to tell the public about it. We don't want to be crediting a novel to Mr. Churchill when he did not write it.

On the other hand, is it possible that "The Celebrity" was written by a woman? The name "Winston" is, of course, no guide. Women writers in these days are rather fond of taking men's names. But against this hypothesis, what "Kit" says about it in the "Mail and Empire" would seem to militate. That practised reader and critic says:

"In 'The Celebrity,' a book just stirring abroad, the same idea prevails. The central character happens to be very like somebody else, barring a scar on the forehead, and so he determines to masquerade for a time as that somebody else, and flirts, and is happy until the alter ego happens to be a defaulter to a large amount with the police after him. Mr. Winston Churchill, the son of the temeritous Lord Randolph, exploits the idea with a skill which has more in it than mere smoothing over of improbabilities, and consequently 'The Celebrity' will be a book that will 'catch-on,' although there may be doubts in some people's minds as to the author's girls. They may be men's girls all right, but they are, perhaps, hardly

women's. But then, women, as a rule, have very hazy ideas as to the sort of girls that men really are taken by, and we toss our noses at some of the creatures in an ignorance that the men often find very entertaining. Because, of course, how is it possible for us to look at women as man looks at her. A few have the insight to perceive what a man's woman essentially is, but scores make the mistake of imagining they know, when they don't after all, and, as a result make great fools of themselves trying to be men's women.

Respecting Grant Allen's "Incidental Bishop," published by George N. Morang, Toronto, "Kit" says:—

"Grant Allen strayed away from the path of novel-writing righteousness when he gave the world that too-daring 'Woman Who Did,' but he has proved in this book that he can write about the dear women who don't with just as much skill, and more. The 'Incidental Bishop' is a bit of good literary sculpture. Here again we have the old impersonation scheme as the *motif*. A very decent sailor youth in the twenties finds himself on what is really a slave ship, cruising about some cannibal islands, or some place in Darkest Africa—I forget which—but the vessel sails under the euphemism of the 'Labor traffic.' When they have their cargo of black men and women, a British gunboat bears down on them, and a wounded missionary, who has come aboard after his black flock, dies. The hero—as the British gunboat is coming near—and as also he doesn't like slave-catching, puts on the missionary's togs, so that when he comes to after an explosion which conveniently occurs, he is rescued by the British crew and taken to Australia, where he is carefully nursed by a parson's daughter—of course they fall in love—and by successive steps he climbs into a bishopric. There is much in the story, and I must not spoil the appetite of the reader. I am only showing that the impersonation idea is the Alpha and Omega of the book."

The forthcoming book by Hon. J. D. Edgar, Speaker of the House of Commons, which George N. Morang will shortly publish, would seem to have a satisfactory future before it. From an inspection of advance sheets we have formed the opinion not only that no such interesting book respecting Ottawa and the Government institutions there has been hitherto written, but that it will take a high place among the best historical writing about cities the world over. Mr. Edgar has not only brought to his task practised literary capacity, but he has had the most favorable opportunities for obtaining information respecting his subject. As a result he has given us a graphic picture of what the Capital was in the old Bytown days, a charming description of the city as it is to-day, and a most useful treatise on the various departments of Governmental and legislative matters. The book is to be finely illustrated with half-tone cuts, and there is no doubt that it will be one of the leading publications of the year.