

which it is his habit to pass for his daily swim. He writes courteously but firmly, insisting on his right. She answers in the same spirit, emphatically denying it. He refuses to be robbed of his legal rights, even by a pretty woman; she refuses to yield, at a command, what she would have graciously granted to a prayer. As neither side chooses to adopt legal measures, a state of mimic war ensues, in which he continues to invade the enemy's territory, while she continues to barricade and intrench. And all the while, although they have not once met face to face, each is quietly falling in love with the other, so that when finally honourable terms of peace are concluded, it is already a foregone conclusion that the whole dainty little comedy will end with oaths of fealty and bestowal of favours worthy of a knight and a lady of the olden times. It is several years since Mr. Hope has produced anything so thoroughly artistic.

Mr. Anthony Hope is one of the few authors who can don and doff at will the mantle of conventional romance. He can amuse himself one day with a grown-up fairy tale of Zenda-land and the next he surprises us with the sober strength of a book like *Quisante*. His latest story, *Helena's Path*, lies somewhere between the two extremes. It has an outward framework of actuality, the atmosphere of present-day English country life; yet into this he has infused a certain spirit of old-time chivalry and homage that gives to his whole picture something of the grace and charm of a Watteau landscape. The whole theme of the volume, which is scarcely more than a novelette, concerns itself with a right of way. The hero's estates lie somewhere on the east coast of England; but between his land and the strip of beach where he and his fathers before him have for generations been in the habit of bathing lies the property which the heroine has recently purchased; and, unaware of any right of way, she closes up the gate through

"Helena's
Path"