

IN the Early Victoria days, the foolish heroine, of whom *Amelia Sedley* is an extreme example, was widely popular. The timid and clinging young creature, in white muslin and fluttering ribbons, who wept on the slightest provocation, was found in every "best seller." She was, naturally, all affection, and usually attached herself to a man of the bully type. The worse he treated her, the closer she clung and the more she wept.

The white muslin girl has seen several successors, and the modern American heroine, of many dollars and *insouciant* manner is probably the prevalent type in the fiction of 1911. It has remained for certain modern English novelists to give us the fool hero—Mr. Maurice Hewlett, in "The Fool Errant;" Mr. J. Locke, in "The Morals of Marcus" and other sprightly narratives. Mr. E. Temple Thurston is hardly to be ranked with the aforementioned writers, but in his latest work of light fiction, "The Garden of Resurrection," he has depicted a hero of the fool variety, whose fatuity is well nigh incredible. This amazing character undertakes a trip to Ireland, in order to save an utterly unknown heroine from marrying a young scamp who has talked of his designs on her money. The latter makes known his intention during a café conversation which the hero is unlucky enough to overhear. The young *Clarissa*, quite as a matter of course, scouts the advice and proceeds to various acts of recklessness. She has a dusky ancestress among her forbears, which may account for a shady streak in her character. *Clarissa's* lack of restraint results in the traditional way, when she throws herself successfully on the tender mercies of the fool hero—who, by the way, was just contemplating a voluntary exit from this vale of tears. The characters are tawdry and unwholesome, with the exception of *Cruikshank* and his whimsical wife,

Bellwattle. The writer's sympathy with the life of the garden is charmingly expressed, and the hero's splendid dog, *Dandy*, goes far towards redeeming a rather stupid story. The reader will remember the daffodils and *Dandy* long after the troubles of the lachrymose heroine and the vapourings of the flabby hero are forgotten. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).



ROBERT J. C. STEAD'S third volume, "Prairie Born," is scarcely an advance from his first works, "The Empire Builders" and "Prairie Flowers." There are some pretty good things in it, and some that are not good. So many volumes of verse are marred by a few numbers that might so well have been left out! In this volume there are several ballads that will be popular, but their "swing" is so familiar, so reminiscent, that one wonders when this style of ballad will end. We have had a good deal of it in Canada. Here is a stanza from "The 'Squad of One':"

Sergeant Blue of the Mounted Police was
a so-so kind of guy;
He swore a bit, and he lied a bit, and
he boozed a bit on the sly,
But he held the post at Snake Creek
Bend for country and home and
God,
And he cursed the first and forgot the
rest—which wasn't the least bit
odd.

And here is a stanza from "The Mothering":

I had lain untrod for a million years from
the line to the Arctic sea;
I had dreamed strange dreams of the
vast unknown,
Of the hisping wind and the dancing
zone,
Where the Northland fairies' feet had
flown,
And it all seemed good to me.

But, as we have already said, there is a "swing" to these things, and the public seems to like it. (Toronto: William Briggs).