

in Toronto. The Toronto *Globe* some years ago offered tempting prizes for short stories, and actually hooked in one of mine, and if mine did not take the first prize it was because there was a better story ahead of it.

The bald truth is that Canada has the money, but would rather spend it on whiskey than on books. It prefers to inflame its stomach, rather than inform its brain. And yet there are people who actually hold that Canada is an intellectual country. The trouble is that it adds stupidity to its lack of intelligence. This sounds somewhat tautological, but a person may lack intelligence and still not be stupid. Commercially, nothing pays a country better than lavishly to subsidize an author. A Sir Walter Scott would bring millions into Canada every year. Scotland could well have afforded to bestow on Sir Walter Scott a hundred million dollars for his incomparable Waverley Novels. His works have made Scotland the dearest district in the world in which a traveller can live, and have transformed it from a poverty-stricken land into a tourist-trodden country, rolling in wealth. The reason I choose Sir Walter Scott as an example is, first, that he was the man whom the six gentlemen mentioned by Mr. Cooper chose to lead their list of desirable authors; second, because no Canadian writer has ever been made wealthy by Canada, and so I can't go to the Dominion for an example; and, third, because I am myself an adoring admirer of Sir Walter Scott's works.

Now Sir Walter Scott was not writing for laurel wreaths; he wrote entirely and solely for cash. He began his Waverley Novels to support his lavish expenditure on Abbotsford. I doubt if he had any idea how good the books were. I think it was a canny precaution of Scott when he refused to put his name on them, fearing they were bad, and that he might jeopardise his already well-won reputation as a poet; yet whether they were good or bad he resolved to write them if they would bring in money. He continued his output of novels afterwards to pay

his debts, incurred in a disastrous commercial speculation, the object of which had been to make money. If Sir Walter had thought he could make more money by planting trees or raising stock he would undoubtedly have turned his attention to those pursuits, and the Waverley Novels would have been unwritten.

One of the first recorded utterances of Sir Walter Scott's, touching upon books, that I can find, was made to Ballantyne just a hundred years ago, where he says:

"I think I could, with little trouble, put together sundry selections of them (Border Ballads) as might make a neat little volume that would *sell for four or five shillings*."

You see, he does not say that it would be well to collect these ballads in case they might be lost to the world, or that their publication would give deserved fame to ancient writers, but that the book would sell for four or five shillings. It is the four or five shillings that the average literary man is after and must have, if he is to continue in the business.

What chance has Canada, then, of raising a Sir Walter Scott? I maintain that she has but very little chance, because she won't pay the money, and money is the root of all literature. The new Sir Walter is probably tramping the streets of Toronto to-day, looking vainly for something to do. But Toronto will recognize him when he comes back from New York or London, and will give him a dinner when he doesn't need it.

I would like to say before going further, that although Mr. Fraser's address to the journalists filled me with resentment, because of his ignoring Canadian literary men, I am, nevertheless, a great admirer of that gentleman's stories, and, if I am not very much mistaken, he got his start in somewhat the same manner as I did myself. In the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* of June the 24th, are two items side by side which ought to be pondered on by Canada. One paragraph says: "Mr. W. A. Fraser sent his