

from Mr. Fraser. Here are the names of the persons mentioned to the Pressmen—Zangwill, Baring Gould, Robert Burns, Talmage, Shakespeare, Goethe, Kossuth, Dickens, Rudyard Kipling, and G. W. Steevens. In that oration there is not a single Canadian mentioned, or even hinted at, unless the phrase that "Canada is the abode of wicked French priests, who are only kept from ruining everybody by the gallantry of the hero," is a sneer at the charming romance of Charles G. D. Roberts, "The Forge in the Forest." The Bible tells us that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, and this eternal truth is exemplified in Canada to-day, and has been for years past. Mecca cast out Mahomet, and it was only when he was driven from its gates that he founded the religion of which Mecca is to-day the centre.

Mr. Fraser says, "So far, literature has done little for Canada." This remark, which, by the way, is untrue, recalls to my mind the much more striking phrase of the late John Sandfield Macdonald, "What in hell has Strathroy done for me?" What has Canada done for literature? Little or nothing. Her greatest literary man would live in squalor, if he remained within her boundaries and depended upon her for support. Canada does not buy books to any extent worth mentioning. Apologists for the Dominion have said that life in Canada is strenuous; that there is the inevitable struggle in conquering a new country; that money is scarce and that books are not a necessity. Is this true? Is it the lack of money that makes Canada so poor a book market? Or is it because the Canadians are not a reading people? Is it lack of intellect rather than lack of cash? In writing this article here in England I have to admit I am not well supplied with statistical volumes relating to Canada, and any statement I make in the line of figures is subject to correction. I have at my elbow the statistical "Year Book of Canada" for 1889, and so whatever I glean from it will be at least ten years

old. I find (page 191) that in the year 1885, for instance, Canada drank 1.12 gallons of whiskey per head, as against 1.01 gallons per head in Great Britain and Ireland. That is to say, the Canadian drank eleven hundredths of a gallon more than the Britisher, who has never been held up to the natives of this earth as a strictly temperance individual. I find that in the five years ending in 1889, Canada consumed annually an average of two million eight hundred and ninety thousand five hundred and eight gallons of spirits.

Now, when I was in Canada last year, five bottles of whiskey went to a gallon, and they charged me a dollar a bottle; so, putting the gallon at the low figure of three dollars, this would mean that Canada's liquor bill was something under nine millions of dollars, more than double of what Ontario paid during those years for education. We used to have a phrase in Canada to this effect, "Talk is cheap, but it takes money to buy whiskey."

I find that in those years Canada transformed something like a hundred million bushels of good wheat into spirituous liquor, but her production of books during the same time seems to have been so infinitesimal that the statistical Year Book does not even mention the output.

It will be seen by these statements that it is not the lack of money that makes Canada about the poorest book market in the world outside of Senegambia.

It may be said that I am putting literature on a low level when I place it on a cash basis; but an author must live if he is to write, and he must eat if he is to live, and he must have money if he is to eat. Cash is the magic wand of modern life; it will conjure up nearly anything you like. Recently a music dealer in Italy offered a substantial prize for an opera, and the offer brought forth "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," two musical efforts which became instantly successful all over the world. The *Youth's Companion* once offered a large prize for the best short story, and the taker of it was an unknown writer