

ARGUMENT.



OUR MONTHLY is an honest and earnest attempt to provide a home market for Canadian literary talent, if Canadian literary talent wants a home market.

Every line accepted for publication will be paid for at liberal rates (which will be increased in proportion to the success of the undertaking), but all contributions must be the work of Canadian writers (or by writers who are Canadian by adoption) and be upon Canadian subjects only.

A department which will be known as "KUTCHA-CHEEJE" will be allotted exclusively to contributions by amateur writers, and prizes will be offered from month to month, for stories, sketches, essays, poems, etc., by amateur writers CANADIAN BORN and no others. In addition to these prizes, all amateur contributions will be paid for, if they are worth publishing, even if I have to approximate their value by the ton or cord.

A purely Canadian literary Magazine has never been attempted in this country till now, and I know well the magnitude of the thankless, profitless task I have undertaken, but as Death remarked to Dr. Hornibrook, "Fowk maun dae something for their bread." The men who made Blackwood's *Maga*. the greatest magazine the world has ever seen, "cultivated literature upon a little oatmeal." It is the daily need of that condiment (with trimmings) which makes the editorial chores connected with OUR MONTHLY so charming to myself; with the possibility and probability of making OUR MONTHLY a Canadian "Maga" with the next number.

But all my friends, learned and unlearned, have told me that no Magazine upon the lines laid down for OUR MONTHLY can ever succeed in Canada; that the National Spirit, if ever there was one, is dead, or bedevilled by machine politics.

Let the politics be cast out.

A country is not made great by the blarney or astuteness of its politicians, the successful barter and exchange of its brokers, its manufactures, imports or exports, or by the prize turnips or bull-beef of its smiling homesteads, but by the deeds of its heroes, the blood of its martyrs, the songs of its singers and the literature of its writers.

The wayfaring man though a fool, cannot but be astonished at the enormous amount of literature consumed in this country, and what is it all about? Upon every subject under the sun but Canada! Let him take up a Canadian newspaper