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CANADIAN ART.

After journalism and literature, art in every country ranks next in order as a cultivator of national education. But art, like her more popular sisters, cannot be healthy, vigorous or patriotic, if allowed to go hungry and footsore on her way. Let us discuss the condition of these things in Canada; examining them from every plausible standpoint. Here, as the Toronto Empire remarks, agriculture, business, artisanship and industry receive a wise measure of protection and encouragement from the state, which art and letters cannot share. Perhaps, some will say the logical result of this is that whilst wealth increases in the community, the original coldness of horny-handed poverty towards national culture continues to prevail. We question whether this is so. It is a fact, however, which it would be in vain either to deny or ignore that the chances of success in our country for pure courageous literary or artistic effort are remarkably slim. And yet, to the credit of our writers and our artists, be it said that even in face of this danger to which they are exposed the display more than the average degree of ambitious purity. It is not to be wondered at that there is some pandering to the poorer grades of the public taste, and unfortunately we are neither free from the pestilence of "American" journalism nor from the stolen frivolities of foreign art. But should not these things which are debasing serve but to arouse us from our lethargy, if we would cultivate a higher average standard? We know it to be a fact that honest and conscientious men amongst us in art and in journalism prefer to work and ignore the present audience altogether. They get small returns and few expressions of appreciation, it is true, but they have to choose

between independence and servility. The artist's lot is, if anything, harder than the journalist's. The former is compelled to come before the public to earn his bread, but the latter is free to remain in congenial retirement.

In Ontario, there are two schools of art which, combined, constitute the majority of the talent in the province. One is the English school of art; the other is the French. Invariably, the bulk of the interest in the gallery seems to be divided between them. Out of this state of affairs, a sort of rivalry has arisen which may be responsible for some of that patriotic indifference—if we may be pardoned such an expression—in art which hitherto has been conspicuous. Is it not possible out of a conciliation of the two schools to evolve a Canadian sentiment and character? This is what our country expects of the two principal elements composing the Canadian people. There is not a community under heaven so gross as to entirely ignore native art for the sake of the parvenu imported tastes of others. If it be unjust then to attribute coldness towards art solely to bad taste, national enthusiasm and independent Canadian taste can only be reached by the road which reveals to us glimpses of our native lakes, rivers, mountains and forests, glances of our bright Canadian sky and the warmth of Canadian hospitality in Canadian homes.

CURE OF DRUNKENNESS.

It has been only a month or two since John F. Mines wrote in the North American Review an exultant proclamation that "drunkenness can be cured," citing his own case as proof beyond question of his thesis.

The hundreds and perhaps thousands who knew the sad history of the brilliant author, the pitiful story of a life ruined, a character undermined and rare intellectual gifts destroyed by an uncontrollable passion for drink, rejoiced with him, not only in his own rescue from the thralldom of appetite, but in the confident assurance that the treatment which had enabled him to master temptation would render like service to others.

Alas! the cure was not cure. The appetite returned. The man succumbed, and after a ten days' debauch

the brilliant intellect has gone out in darkness, the refined scholar has died an almshouse patient!

The pity of it all is tragic. The moral of it is, perhaps, not quite what first appears. The case dissappoints but should not discourage hope. It shows that the treatment upon which Mr. Mines relied is, at best, not infallible—perhaps it may have no value at all, or perhaps it may be efficacious in the great majority of cases. When its discoverer complies with his obligations as a physician and gives his secret to the profession for humanity's sake, we shall learn more as to that. But, however that may be, it is still true, as Mr. Mines declared, that "drunkenness can be cured."

It has been cured in thousands of cases. The will of the drunkard is its surest cure when that will is strong enough. Sometimes it is so in itself. Sometimes it is made so by some strong outer influence—the love of wife or children, an awakened religious sense, or even some sudden and impressive presentation to the mind of the terrors of the drunkard's end. In whatever form the will power comes, it is a sure cure if the will be but strong enough.

Unfortunately the will of the drunkard is usually very weak. Alcoholic excess makes its first attack at that point, and the will is often undermined before even the complexion shows traces of indulgence. It is for this reason that devices for tricking the imagination are so often requisite. A noted man of the West went to a bar many times every day for twenty years and went through all the motions of mixing himself a toddy, using pepper sauce in lieu of whiskey, by way of appeasing what he called the alcoholic thirst of the imagination. In that sign, he conquered.

Other devices have served equally well where a naturally strong will existed; but after all drunkenness is like a fire at sea, of which one of the famous ship captains says: "The best thing to do with it is to prevent it from beginning."

LORD SALISBURY, at the Guildhall banquet, said that there was not a single speck of a war cloud on the horizon. The British Premier seems to be unaware of the fact that Chili has been caught making faces at the United States of America.