

*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, took the very opposite course; when every one was hissing, he turned round and energetically applauded. He felt certain of the triumphant future of the opera, and from his earliest youth was unmoved by the first judgment of the general public.

Of all the nuisances in this world "the man who knows it all," I believe, is the greatest. Some of us, to our great discomfiture, have this well posted bore on the list of our acquaintanceship; with others again, happily, he may be a lingering memory. In the latter case, as time softens resentments as well as trouble, I am inclined to forgive and take a more charitable view of him, for he is more fool than knave.

He carries with him, usually, a patronizing air—so patronizing, in fact, that intelligent men feel uneasy and awkward in his presence. He claims to know it all. Unfortunately for himself, he knows too much, for his mind is a veritable lumber room of hard facts derived from a surfeit of books, old almanacs, curio columns and the *multum in parvo* of newspapers.

No matter what the current question may be—social, industrial, religious or political—that the thinking world is agitating itself about, this well posted blockhead is done with it; has it thoroughly settled to his entire satisfaction; all cut and dried; stowed away in his overcrowded memory, to be handed out gratis to the first man he meets. People generally avoid him; but the poor newspaper man has to stand his ground when he sees him coming sauntering into his place of business. Business has to be attended to, customers waited upon, and he finds it the best policy to put on an affable appearance while this fellow gives him a lecture on how to succeed, to the edification, and admiration, probably, of his patrons.

He is the one murky and disagreeable looking cloud that hangs over the sunlight of most festive gatherings. His presence is no sooner noticed than some knowing wag predicts wind. And it comes, sure. His rasping voice is not long in making an opening, and it rattles away like an old clock without a pendulum. Men who pride themselves on having the quality of being better listeners than talkers lose all patience. The few leisure hours that had been set apart for a little sympathetic gossip and the soothing spirit of song have been transformed into a weary and thoughtless rattle on all the moss-grown ideas of other men's minds. If he had only essayed a song—"After the Ball" even—all might have been forgiven and forgotten. Yet it is more his misfortune than his fault. Nature plays strange pranks with most men. Many are endowed with some distinguishing quality

or grace, but find themselves lacking in some other sympathetic auxiliary that is essential to work in harmony with it. She gives in one way and leaves them wanting in another. A man may have the ability to plan, but get lost in the foundation when he starts in to construct. One sense must be in touch with another—there is no such thing as independence in Nature, however much we may prate about having it.

The well-posted individual may have a retentive memory and an excess of material knowledge; but it is not wisdom—merely a rough and useless mass of unhewn stone. Nature has not provided him with the cunning to chisel it out, to fashion and shape it so that it may be of use and beauty to the world he moves in and a credit to himself. There is a wide chasm between this kind of knowledge and real wisdom, which all his acquired material can never bridge. When he begins to learn that the mere dates of eventful days, the populations of remote places, and all such like are better on the book-shelf than in the memory; when he learns that there is infinitely more beyond his reach than he ever dreamt of; that there is more in his brother man than he gave him credit for, and that he is worth listening to awhile; when he strives to live in touch with human society and the existing order of things, then he will have sown a seed that can not fail to flower.

Here is another nuisance: Since the disappearance of the Ark (not Noah's, of course, but Spratt's) from Victorian waters, many people flatter themselves that they have got rid of the whistling nuisance. "Music hath charms," etc., is an assurance with which all are familiar, but the musical engineer of the Ark, when he indulged in those discordant variations of which his steam whistle was so capable, failed to "soothe the Siwash breast," much less that of the ordinary whiteman within range of the noise. The whistling nuisance, however, is still with us. I am frequently aroused from my peaceful slumbers—and I am a sound sleeper—by the whistling of steam craft in the harbor. It used to be about 2 a. m. when I received my first shock. On those occasions, I became conscious of the fact that a large proportion of the good people of Victoria suffered as I did just because the regular steamship was about to start for Vancouver. I often thought that the whistle was loud and shrill enough to be heard by our neighbors in the Terminal City. But I have become accustomed to that now. I cannot, however, reconcile myself to the intermittent whistling of all the steam craft in the harbor. It does not interest me in the least, nor, indeed, any other ordinary land-shark, to know that a steam tug is

going through the bridge at 3:30 a. m. and yet before this little event takes place it is necessary that three or four shrill whistles be given—loud enough, one would think, to open the bridge of themselves. It would appear as if no movement is made until heralded by the indispensable whistle. This may be a very well for those interested, but it cannot be considered a boon to sleepers. Nor is the whistling nuisance confined to the harbor; it prevails all over the city commencing at six o'clock in the morning. One particularly harsh blast is heard at 6 a. m. I am told it is intended to wake up the engineer of the establishment from which the sound is sent forth, and whistles a mile distant. It no doubt has the desired effect—and a great deal more. Now, if this big whistle were allowed to do all the waking-up, there would be no very vigorous kick coming. At seven o'clock, however, nearly every establishment in town using steam power uses the steam whistle, and oh, what noise! I often ask myself, is all this noise necessary? Is it fair to torture a whole neighborhood that a few may know that their days' work begins? In dealing with other evils, the whistling nuisance should not be overlooked. I know of an establishment employing two whitemen and three Mongolians, and its whistle calling all hands together is as pretentious in volume as any in the city.

According to the *Victoria Times*, Rev. J. E. Starr, formerly pastor of one of the Methodist churches in this city, spoke in his church in Toronto on the late strike upholding the stand taken by the Pullman company and condemning the course taken by Debs. After the rev. gentleman concluded his remarks, a smile passed over the faces of the congregation as the choir sang the anthem, "Strive With All Your Might." I give the foregoing as it constitutes a fitting prelude for a recent incident in the life of the Rev. Rolph Duff, the brilliant pastor of the Congregationalist Church in Vancouver. It has been customary for the clergymen of that place to announce the subject of their Sunday sermon at least two or three days previous to the service. Last Thursday Mr. Duff had a notice inserted in one of the local papers that the subject of his text for the following Sunday would be "Will the Building be Completed." Now it never occurred to the wild and untutored residents of the Terminal City that this text had any scriptural significance. In their minds, it could only refer to the magnificent pile which is in process of construction over James Bay and to the cost of which Vancouver has contributed so liberally and generously. Therefore, when Sunday arrived, the church was crowded from cellar to garret