

*chalet*, a *chalet* supplied with all the luxuries suggested by good sense, good taste and a French *chef*. We spent the night there, and next morning when Garth went to inspect the Glacier more closely, I tramped off to look at one of the admirably constructed snow sheds built over the track. On my return while trying to study the idiosyncrasies of a youthful bear which was safely chained up in the garden, I fell into conversation with a navy lazily sunning himself close by. It being Sunday, there remained nothing better for him to do but to whittle his time away, as the clergyman in charge of navy souls in this district has the supervision of so large a field that he cannot possibly gather together all the stray sheep at once. My friend was talkative, almost garrulous, but I forgave him and listened patiently when I remembered the desolateness of his life. He had been a soldier and came from England originally. After spending some years in the States, he found his way to Canada. He has a mother and sister at present in New York in very comfortable circumstances. When I asked him why he didn't join them, he said:

"I did go to see 'em once, but I give you me honour I wouldn't 'ave stayed. I walks in upon 'em in top boots, and flannel shirt, and wide awake; they looks at me and says: 'You don't expect we're goin' to walk with you in that rig, do you?' So before I knows where I am they've took me off to buy things, and I comes out in white collar and thin shoes and 'igh 'at, and must walk with 'em in Broadway. Lord! if the clothes 'ad satisfied 'em. But no, they must all plague me for this and plague me for that, and me just from the west. So I says one day: 'Lord! if you don't like me,' I says, 'I'll be quit.' So off I goes, and I give you me honour there's a lot of fellows as does the same, a lot as just leaves home because they're plagued."

"What kind of men is navvies? Oh, some's pretty rough characters, and there's others as is school-masters from England, I give you me honour, school-masters from England just gaining a dollar a day. The work's not bad in summer but in winter it's terrible, I can't stand it, I give you me honour I'm goin' back to the States."

"Any mines about 'ere? Well there's one just near, worked by about thirteen men. You see it's this way. A man goes knockin' about and he finds a place he thinks likely. Then he goes to Donald and buys a permit to work his mine for five dollars, and if it works he can make thousands. I've got some ore at the shanty I can show you if you'd like to see."

I said I should like to see very much, so my navy brought me two beautiful bits of quartz half covered with gold, silver, galena, and iron, and when I wanted to pay him for them he turned himself away shuffling and blushing furiously, and refusing all the time. It was quite worth while I thought to have bored for an hour and a half through a semi-incoherent conversation to find so glittering and true a bit of metal in the end.

When we left the Glacier it was afternoon. Soon after passing this point we lost sight of the snow-covered peaks, and entered a land where the ambitious pines have reached the summits of the mountains. As I was sitting in the engine-room, I felt as if we rode some winged beast. The engine looked such a strong, living thing, so brave, that I could readily understand the remark—"Yes, ma'am, first my wife, then my engine."

Night was in hot pursuit of us, on, on she came across the mountains, through the valleys, over the streams, her diamond eyes flashing, her cloud-hair streaming in the wind. It was a mad race, but, panting, she overtook us at last on the borders of the Illicilliwait. Then we sped on calmly through a calm land, now catching glimpses of the torches of fantastic salmon-fishers as they speared their prey in the dark lake; now of the poor, decrepid little villages of the Chinese navvies who are dropped at random along the line and forced to shift for themselves as best they can amidst this desolation.

After a morning spent in acute agony while travelling over the blood-curdling track the train follows at a dizzy height above the Fraser River, we reached Vancouver in an exceptionally grateful frame of mind. We did not see Mr. Warner there till some days later, but I should like to tell you about our last talk with him before I begin to describe this place.

Mr. Warner spent eight hours in Vancouver and then went on to Victoria. We were very kindly invited to join "the party," which invitation we accepted. You can picture the hero of the expedition standing on the deck of the *Yose-Mite*, as the eastern magnate called it—you can picture a tall, erect figure with grey beard and aquiline nose, pale cheeks and longish grey hair, and eyes—I don't think I had better try to describe the eyes. I have attempted it several times and Garth always says: "That's not a bit like them." The fact is, I have never seen anything like them, I have never seen eyes at once so clever and so honest, eyes that had examined and understood so much, and that yet were never tired of watching every object, every expression which passed. Mr. Warner didn't seem pitched in a different way from those about him, his life-symphony was only being played several octaves higher than that of ordinary people.

We sat on the deck of the *Yosemite* as it flitted over the twilight waters—smooth, mist-haunted waters, where the islands floated torpidly like lazy sea-monsters, and listened to him talk, listened to his endless reminiscences of literary folk—not once did he allude to himself or to his own works; how I appreciated this reticence! His criticisms were fair and delightfully impersonal, quite unconsciously did he put work to the test his own can bear so well, trying it on the touchstone of veracity and simplicity. Among modern European novelists he seemed to like Turgenev immensely. The combination of truth and art in this Russian writer could not do otherwise than please him. I

should enjoy exceedingly telling you all I can remember of the quaint, droll, dainty things Mr. Warner said on that, to us, memorable trip to Victoria, but I am not a reporter you know, and I don't think Mr. Warner would thank me for doing what the *contadine* rudely but truly say in "Romola"—swallowing a thing and then—you remember.

And now I want you to catch a glimpse of Mr. Warner as I saw him last at the Hotel Vancouver. Everybody was bustling about, and the porter was crying, "All aboard for the east-going train." I was not going off by the east-going train. Indeed I don't know exactly what I was doing at all in the entrance, but that—well, Mr. Warner came up to say "good-bye." He didn't say only "good-bye," he said some other things I shall always remember and try to follow out. He told me above all things to be true and simple: to observe every detail with infinite care; to avoid "apt quotations" for they are lazy and slipshod. Then he wished me success—There was a rush, a rumbling of wheels, and he was gone. LOUIS LLOYD.

### THE NEWSPAPER OF THE FUTURE.

THE progress of civilization, it has been said, might with accuracy be measured by the manufacture of sulphuric acid. At first sight it seems an antinomy: what has the manufacture of  $H_2SO_4$  got to do with all that we mean by "civilization?" But it is not the strangest standard of measurement that has been suggested for this most complicated process known to man—the upward movement of the human race. Some one, whom I forget, but it is quoted by an enterprising manufacturer and advertiser of soap, has said that this article, soap, might be taken as civilization's unit of measurement! Might we not even take the advertiser himself as the best unit? We call this an age of progress, but has anything in this age progressed (ahem! is it *progress*, or is it *retrogression*?—all apologies to enterprising advertisers) faster than the means and methods of advertising? Surely the means and methods of advertising are a better and more comprehensive standard of measurement than sulphuric acid or soap. It is a test of rapidity and facility of intercourse, not only between villages, towns, cities, provinces, nations, but even between continents and hemispheres. It is a test of the increasing wants of the people, and increase of wants has been taken as a sign of civilization, for wants may mean not wealth and leisure alone, but improved methods in processes of all descriptions—artistic as well as economic. It is a test of general intellectual activity, for if the majority did not read advertisements advertising would not exist. Above all, it is a test of "push," and "push" is the keystone of progress, if not even its foundation stone.

However, the future will, I believe, use a stranger unit of measurement than even  $H_2SO_4$ , soap, or advertisements—taps, namely. Our forefathers knew of one tap only, and so important a one was it that the house in which it was contained was termed a "Tap-house!" How have taps increased in number since the days of the Tap-house! Every room in every house nearly now has taps—water taps or gas taps. Then there are taps for electricity; soon there will be taps for motive power—taps for turning on hot water, hot air, or steam—heat taps—we have already. Soon, I verily believe, we shall have newspaper taps! The newspaper of the future will be nothing more or less than a brass tap to be turned on when we choose—at breakfast for the morning paper, after dinner for the evening edition, and any time during the twenty-four hours for a special edition. The most important part of the future newspaper will be a phonograph, which anybody can subscribe for as now he subscribes for a telephone. Instead of reading his newspaper he will listen to it. But this by no means explains how a tap will supplant paper and print, my reader will say. No; let us trace the whole process from the work of the war correspondent on the battle-field to the brass tap in the library:

The war correspondent will take with him a quadruplex field telegraph wire. By an attached apparatus he will be able not only to dictate through this wire to the central office of the "Associated Press" or "News Agency" all his despatches, but will also be able, by means of a camera *obscura*, to send illustrations of what is actually passing before his eyes. So that to the receiving end of the wire will come the correspondent's report, a picture of the raging battle, and even the thunder of the cannon and the groans of the wounded. That this is quite within the bounds of probability anyone who has meditated on the future possibilities of the telephone, the phonograph, and a combination of a stereopticon with an electric current will admit. Portraits were sent by electricity years ago; it is only a few steps to send portraits or pictures taken by a camera *obscura* by electricity. When this is done, all is done. The subscriber, sitting at ease in his arm chair, in his library, opposite a white sheet in front of which is a stereopticon, will have only to turn on the *Graphic* tap, or the *New York Herald* tap, and at once he can listen to Mr. Balfour waxing wroth with Mr. Dillon, or see the G.O.M.'s collar wilting as ponderous sentences are poured forth against all Liberal Unionists.

But what about the leading articles? That is simple. The editor or editors will merely have to talk into a phonograph. So, too, with the "Agony column." Advertisers, instead of sending "copy," will speak into a tube leading to the central collecting and systematizing phonograph operators in each newspaper office. What a saving of ink and paper, and type, and compositors? What a saving all round! No forty thousand dollar presses, no reels of paper, no proof-readers. Only a dynamo, a combination of phonograph, telephone, and telegraph, and distributing wires.

T. A. H.

### THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS.

INSCRIBED BY PERMISSION TO DR. FRANCIS PARKMAN, THE HISTORIAN.

O FATE, what shadows flit within the pale  
Of memory's maze, as seeming near, the wall  
Of heroes' hopes, spent in the rage of war,  
Brings echo from the past a-seeming far!  
How pause we on the verge of living joy  
To scan the mirth and woe of life's alloy  
Writ red, on history's page,—a tale ungrate  
Of glory's prowess born of tribal hate!  
Athwart these plains, where armies erst have fought  
In short-timed strife, we still would glide in thought,  
To read heroic day-dream in the forms  
Of gathering clouds, arrayed for battle-storms,  
To watch the flash that livid gleams on death  
While roars its thunder o'er the torrid heath.  
Is that the pibroch of the Celtic braves  
That calls contending kinsmen to their graves?  
Are these the shouts of liberty that guide  
To slavery a budding nation's pride?  
Adown the hollow there may still be found,  
Near by an obscure pillar, helmet crowned,  
The spot revered, where Wolfe victorious fell,  
Within the sound of Montcalm's dying knell.  
'Twas yonder up the slope, in full array,  
While yet the scene was one of doubtful fray,  
He saw, through haze of death, his trusty Celt  
Rush at the foe: 'twas here his great heart felt  
At once the greatest mortal joy and pain,  
Soul-wrung with victory as he passed within.

Abreast the lines the hero fell, in the thickest of the fray,  
And he whispered near him not to tell, till victory crowned the day:  
As he lay upon the greensward slope, with anguish in his eyes,  
His soul still bounded, winged with hope, to grasp ambition's prize.

A patriot trained, his king he served: his courage never failed:  
Against his wearied body nerved, his spirit never failed:  
If he felt his race its goal had found, for him was glory's gain  
In the hopes that still dared hover round his battle-field of pain.

A moment's thought for those he loved in the dear old English home,  
And then again his longings roved to sift the cannon's boom:  
Will he die before the victory assured is in his ears,  
To sound the valedictory of his earthly hopes and fears?

Ah! no, for stands a messenger with tidings from the plain,  
Whose troubled smile is harbinger of joy repressed by pain;  
For he knows his general's dying fast, whatever the news he bears,  
And his heart, with sadness overcast, his zeal restrains with tears.

Yet stooping o'er the prostrate form to catch the hero's eye,  
He tells how fast before the storm, they run the musketry:  
"Who run?" the general quickly said, though no fear was in his face,  
For of nothing was he e'er afraid, unless it were disgrace:

Besides he knew his men were brave, tried veterans in the field,—  
From Louisbourg victorious wave that seldom thought to yield:  
And when the soldier knelt to tell how the foe it was that ran,  
"So soon!" was all that feebly fell from the lips resisting pain.

"Send Burton," and he breathed again, "to check them in retreat,  
To guard St. Charles's bridge and plain, and make secure defeat."  
Alas! 'twas duty's last behest, in faintest whisper sighed,  
For death his soldier-victim pressed and would not be defied.

But now to him death had no sting, though his years had been but brief,  
For he knew his deeds would joyous ring to soothe a mother's grief:  
"Now God be praised," his last words came, "for happy do I die,"  
And those around him knew his fame was immortality.

And still the centuries love to tell of victory's glorious sheen,  
That gilds the plain whereon he fell, to keep his glory green;  
For his renown is England's might that finds her own the fame,  
Of those who death have dared in fight, for the honour of her name.

With speed of light, as on the silvered plate  
Of photographic art, the tints innate,  
On fancy's film, begimmed with battle breath,  
Group animate around the hero's death.  
Across the gorse-clad plain, in dawn's faint light,  
We still would see the prelude of the fight,  
And breathless watch the panoramic view  
Of red-array on battle field anew;  
Behold the invader's columns press the edge  
Of slopes worn headlong near the river's sedge!  
With nature for defence on further side  
The left battalion, steeled with veteran's pride,  
Turns to the field, for no defeat prepared,  
Till fate and death its courage tried have dared.  
From neighbouring woods a gallant fire declares  
The foe astir: and then the message nears  
They're on the march,—a band to reach St. Foye,  
While three divisions o'er the plains deploy.  
At first attack disturbs the British flank,  
As tribute-claims it draws from every rank;  
But Townshend and his men, with speed of wind,  
The aid desired for comrades wavering find,  
While still their general's friendly voice rings out  
To reassure brave men with valour's shout.  
And now we see, as fancy's freaks behave,  
In lights phantasmic, French and British move  
To meet in middle shock, not far a-field,  
Where prowess overpowered by fate must yield.  
The French, yet heedless of the stern advance  
Of killed silence, soon the strife commence  
Their fitful volleys on the British lines.  
But mark the wounds which marching courage tines  
By filling up the breach, at duty's call,  
By daring death's demands as comrades fall.  
The havoc great; yet, never wavering lead,  
The British cohorts march with fearless tread,  
Nor fire a shot, however their wills rebel,  
Till at command their every shot can tell.  
But when the word goes forth, the vale is filled  
With thundrous fire a nation's pride hath drilled