



THE BRIDGE OVER THE MAGOG, SHERBROOKE, P.Q.—“Is not that beautiful—perfect?” said the writer, one lovely autumn morning, leaning over the handrail of the “Old St. Francis Bridge.” The woods were wrapt in all the cheerier oranges, reds and russets of the seven-tinted rainbow, for it was the season when they wore what Whittier calls “their robes of praise.” Over all was the faintest possible tinge of “illusion” with which the artists of the stage make “concealment lovelier,” and their enchanting transformation scenes, if possible, more enchanting still. The light suited the land and water scape, the landscape suited the light, and the result was a sight that might be equalled, nay, is equalled, every truly fair day all over this our most favoured land of Canada, but, being perfect, could not be surpassed. Look up the river and on, the inward eye flashes the Big Rock with its hole of dubious depth, for fishers will (sometimes at least) mistake imagination for memory. Down the river is “One Tree Island,” where, some score of years ago, a little boy, Moe by name, was drowned in two or three feet of water, within a few yards of his brother David and his father’s two hired men. As they were “larking,” they thought that when he cried for help he was only “larking,” too. Then, a little further down, is the floating headquarters of the Sherbrooke Oarsmen. Descendants of the hardy Norsemen, their club house is literally on “the rolling wave.” Nor is their vigour or muscle injured by the occasional substitution of ladies and Chinese lanterns as “dunnage” in their boats, in lieu of bows, arrows and slave chains, while their manners, and probably their honesty, are certainly the better for the change. But time and space would fail to tell all that rushes to the mind in connection with the “town of tumbling floods and roaring cataracts,” its heights, its falls, its curious “pot” under the beetling Magog Crag, its unworked iron quarry, and last, not least, unique in Canada, its free reading-room, actually hanging over one of the most beautiful and seething of Canadian *chutes* or rapids.

A DREAM IN SOUTH AFRICA.—A soldier’s dream, but of different import from that which Campbell has imagined. Canadians will, indeed, have no difficulty in penetrating to the heart of the artist’s motive. As he rests himself on the drouthy *veldt*, in the midst of crowding *cacti*—a scene with which the stories of Haggard have of late made us so well acquainted—the tired horseman dreams of another scene under a far northern sky. The groups of snow-shoers on the slopes of Mount Royal and the familiar emblem, with the now historic letters and appropriate motto, reveal at a glance that the dreamer’s thoughts were with hearth and home, before the shrine of his unforgotten love. If for Scotland we substitute Canada as the goal of the wayfarer’s heart wanderings, the picture has its story told in Pringle’s pathetic poem, “Afar in the Desert.” Here are the opening lines as they were copied for the writer many years ago by one who had known Pringle well:

“Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the sorrows of life the soul o’ercast,
And sick of the present I cling to the past;
When the shadows of things that had long since fled
Flit over the brain like ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood’s noon;
Attachments, by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days, lost or left;
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime,
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh flower of Eden unfolding to view:—
All, all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone,
And I a lone exile, remembered by none;
With a sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.”

The sadder of these lines do not, we trust, literally represent the situation of our dreamer. His home friends have not forgotten him. Many of our readers will, we feel sure, be able to recall Mr. Everard Barrand, as an old member both of St. George’s Snowshoe Club and of No. 3 Company of the Victoria Rifles—the Victoria Volunteer Rifles, as they were termed in his day. The picture is an admirable example of its kind, and we feel confident that it will meet with appreciation from all true Canadians. The homesickness of the “Canadien Errant” was never more effectively expressed.

MIGNON.—“So you laugh,” wrote Carlyle, in the spring of 1824 to that sweetheart on whose lot in recent years the world has lavished so much sympathy—“so you laugh at my venerated Goethe and my *Herzen’s Kind*, poor little Mignon. Oh! the hardness of man’s, and still more of woman’s, heart! If you were not lost to all true feeling your eyes would be a fountain of tears in the perusing of “Meister.” Have you no pity for the hero, or the Count, or the Frau Melina, or Philina, or the Manager? Well, it cannot be helped. I must not quarrel with you. Seriously, you are right about the book. It is worth next to nothing as a novel. Except Mignon, who will touch you yet, perhaps, there is no person in it one has any care about.” Even Francis Jeffrey, into whose ruthless hands the book fell in the following year, had words of approval for little Mignon, “Would any one believe,” he writes,

“that the same work which contains all these platitudes of vulgarity should have furnished our great novelist with one of his most fantastical characters, and Lord Byron with one of the most beautiful passages in his poetry.” And he reproduces the familiar song:

“Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees bloom?
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thickets’ gloom?
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?
Thither, O thither,
My dearest and kindest, with thee would I go.”

Of the many Mignons of artistic fancy which have illustrated the poet’s creation, Hom’s is considered one of the best.

THE ARMORY OF THE 3RD BATTALION, VICTORIA RIFLES OF CANADA.—This Armoury—a monument to the perseverance and enterprise of the members of the Regiment which occupies it—is situated on Cathcart street, near University. As it was built for the purposes and accommodation of the Victoria Rifles, a short sketch of the Regiment will not be out of place. The corps was organized in 1861, and was, with several other militia regiments, an outcome of the military ardour which was aroused by the Slidell-Mason arrest, ordinarily known as the “Trent affair.” The members of the regiment were largely drawn from the Beaver and other snowshoe clubs in this city, by whom the draft was so severely felt that it was commemorated by a song—the oldest club song in the Montreal Snowshoe Club—the first verse of which is as follows:

“The raging war fever in the year ‘62
Caused snowshoeing matters to look rather blue;
Great racing and walking were looked on as trifles
By the heroes who joined the Victoria Rifles.”

When first organized in 1861 the members were obliged to provide their own uniforms, the Government of the day refusing to do anything towards its equipment. The uneasy feeling aroused in the following year caused the authorities to welcome the acquisition of such a well-drilled and efficient body of men, and on the 10th of January, 1862, the regiment was enrolled under the name of the Victoria Volunteer Rifles, with Lieut.-Col. Osborne Smith in command. Subsequently, in 1868, the volunteer system was abolished and the corps placed on the list of active militia. In the year 1878 or 1879, the name was changed from the “Victoria Volunteer Rifles” to “Victoria Rifles of Canada.” The corps since its organization has taken part on all occasions in which the militia has been called upon to defend our borders from hostile invasion or to protect property. The principal occasions on which it has been called out for service are the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870, the Guibord affair in 1875, the Orange troubles in 1876, ’77 and ’78, the ship labour riots in Quebec, and the disturbances in connection with the establishment of a small-pox hospital on the Exhibition grounds in 1885. The regiment was prepared to proceed to the Northwest during the late rebellion, but being third on the list for duty was not called upon. For many years after the roof of the old Drill Shed in Craig street fell in the battalion continued to muster in the armories which were attached to the shed and did not share in the general collapse. Those who were accustomed to tramp down to the old quarters, where there was barely room for the regiment to fall in and where tarpaulins were spread to prevent the rain from pouring in on the rifles, cannot avoid contrasting the present luxurious quarters with those formerly occupied by the corps. In 1882 the regiment obtained more commodious quarters in the old High School building. These they continued to occupy for five years, when it became evident that another move must necessarily be made, as the building was required for the use of the Free Public Library. The new Drill Hall had in the meantime been completed and the armories were in course of construction. The idea of returning to the Craig street quarters was very distasteful to the members of the corps, the majority of whom reside west of Bleury street. It was at this juncture that the idea of having quarters built expressly for the corps—of having a “home” of its own, where it could establish its headquarters without fear of “notice to quit,” writs of ejection, or the roof falling in—took shape. All agreed that it would be very desirable could it be brought about, but it seemed so far distant and incapable of being realized that the majority regarded the idea as Utopian. Those of that mind did not take into consideration the persistent spirit nor the development of the bump of determination in the present senior major of the battalion, at that time captain of No. 1 company, nor the many warm friends which the regiment has in this city. The first movement was to solicit subscriptions from all ranks of the regiment before making any appeal to the public, the result being that in a short time \$4,000 had been subscribed by members of the corps. Then an appeal was made to the public generally, and especially to the citizens of Montreal, to which our leading banks and citizens liberally responded. In the meantime the lady friends of the regiment had not been idle. Their willing fingers had been busily plied during the summer and fall of 1886, until, on the 15th of December, a huge collection of beautiful, unique and tasteful articles had been gathered together, and the “Vics” bazaar in aid of the new Armoury was opened. The result was a great success, and the Armoury fund was increased by nearly \$5,000. During the summer of 1886 the foundation of the building was being put in, and on the 7th December following the corner stone of the building was laid by Sir A. P. Caron, K.C.M.G., Minister of Militia, in the presence of a large concourse of its friends and a full parade of the regiment. Work was pushed rapidly forward during the winter, and on the 21st June, 1887, the Armoury was formally declared open. As the regiment cannot hold

real property in its own name, it was decided to form a joint stock company under the name of the “Victoria Rifles Armoury Association,” in whose name the building and property now stand. The Armoury is a two-storey pressed brick and terra cotta building, resting on a high cut-stone foundation. As will appear from the engraving, it is military in design, the lofty square tower with round bastion giving it an imposing appearance. The building covers four lots and is 87 feet square. Passing in by the main entrance into the hall, on the right are the officers’ quarters, consisting of a large mess-room and a smaller room used as the ante-room. Further on to the right is the handsomely finished and furnished room occupied by the “Veterans,” the term applied to the ex-members of the corps. On the left of the entrance hall is the orderly room, passing through which we find the commanding officer’s room. Next to the orderly room is a large room, formerly used by the bands for practice, but presently being fitted up by the sergeants as a mess room, the room presently occupied by them being much too small for this efficient and influential branch of the corps. Next to this room is the quartermaster’s store-room, where are also kept the stores of the different companies. At the rear of the first floor and opening into a passage at the end of the entrance hall, and forming a T to it, are six rooms, neatly furnished and decorated by the different companies. The upper story is almost entirely taken up with the main hall, capable of seating 750 people, and in which the companies can drill with ease at the same time. At one end of the hall is a stage, with all the appliances for theatrical performances, concerts, etc., while a dressing-room is attached to the stage at each side. Surrounding the main hall are neat closed c.pboards in ash, with walnut facings. These contain the rifles, sword-bayonets and scabbards, and are so arranged that each man can have his rifle and accoutrements in place within a few minutes after dismissal of his company. The main hall is ornamented with a large picture of the ladies who took part in the bazaar of ’86, who were photographed in groups. There are nine groups in the frame. There is also a fine portrait of the late Col. Dyde, A.D.C. to Her Majesty, and another of the founders of the Armoury, the present senior major, C. W. Radiger. This portrait was presented by the battalion in recognition of the valuable services of the major on its behalf. The basement of the building, with the exception of the portion occupied by the caretaker, and the furnace room, are used for recreation purposes, of which there are three branches of departments, each under charge of a committee, presided over by a chairman. These are the bowling, billiards and shooting departments. Three bowling alleys occupy the centre of the basement. They are built according to the most approved plans and are much used by the members of the regiment. On almost any evening during the week members may be seen vieing with each other in the healthful and invigorating game of ten-pins or “cocked hat.” Shareholders in the Armoury Association who are not members of the regiment are entitled to the privileges of the recreation rooms during the day and to bring their lady friends to participate. Many have availed themselves of the opportunity, and several successful bowling matches have been held before the luncheon hour during the present and last winter. The billiard room contains three tables and is cosily fitted up. The walls are decorated with a number of plates of American birds, the gift of the late Major John Redpath. The shooting members of the battalion are justly proud of their department. The gallery occupies one side of the basement parallel with the bowling alleys, and is fitted up with the Morris tube targets and appliances. Judging by the number of members who shoot, there can be no doubt but a great impetus has been given to this most useful and requisite pastime of the soldier. The interest in shooting is further increased by holding weekly competitions. Although the practice does not render one proficient in judging of the various conditions of wind and weather, proficiency in which can only be acquired by experience on the open range, a great amount of benefit can be derived by beginners in acquiring a proper position and becoming accustomed to steadiness in firing, while old shots have an opportunity “to keep their hand in” during the long interval between the shooting seasons. Occupying such commodious and central quarters, the regiment has every inducement to maintain and increase its *esprit de corps* and efficiency, while the fact of its having a veterans’ association, composed of ex-members, links it with the past, and forms a nucleus around which, should occasion ever arise, a large number of trained and willing men could rally for the defense of their hearths and firesides—*pro aris et focis*.

A WINTER SCENE IN BROCKVILLE.—The town of Brockville, which stands at the eastern end of the Thousand Islands, is probably one of the most pleasantly situated towns in Ontario. It is built on an elevation, which rises up from the St. Lawrence in a series of graceful ridges, that tend to increase the charm of what otherwise is a truly delightful spot. Brockville was first laid out in 1802, and was named after the hero of Queenstown Heights. The town is handsomely laid out, while the architecture and surroundings of the houses, many of which are villas, are in admirable taste. Our illustration sufficiently indicates this. The mansion in the foreground, the towering church spire, and with the lawn-like grounds, fringed in by a semblance of forest, demonstrate that the town’s people, though busy and enterprising, have a high regard for the beautiful, to whose cultivation they pay no small amount of attention. Besides being a favourite resort of many who love to pass a portion of the season among the islets of the St. Lawrence, numerous sportsmen make Brockville their headquarters, when