

a gentleman by the name of Winters, formerly an Armorer Sergeant in the Royal Artillery, placed a vacant house at our disposal. His offer was accepted with many thanks. After moving into our new quarters we felt somewhat better, but then we could not cook any food, it was raining so hard outside. A great many of the men went out in town to get dinner, as there was not much probability of getting one in camp. But thanks to our energetic cook, Gunner D. Cohn, we were furnished with a good dinner. In the afternoon the sun burst through the clouds; it ceased raining; and, what made it more pleasant, the order was received that we were to leave for home that evening. Our tents were left standing or were handed over to the Barrack Department; also our blankets and water-proof sheets. At 5 P. M. we paraded in heavy marching order, and, after some delay, marched off. The streets were thronged with soldiers and civilians bidding good-bye and wishing us a pleasant journey. At the Station it was almost impossible to move. The band of the 90th serenaded us whilst we dined in the C. P. R. dining-room. After dinner or supper, whichever you wish to call it, we boarded the cars, but it was not until after midnight the train steamed slowly out amidst tremendous cheering from the crowds which had patiently waited to witness our departure. Owing to some misunderstanding regarding the stopping of the train outside of the Station, Col. McDonald was left behind, which was not very pleasing to many of us.

Nothing of very great importance occurred on the road to Port Arthur beyond the fact that Private Kiley of the 66th got left at Rat Portage, from which place he sent a telegram to Col. Bremner, which read as follows:—"Left. Yours truly, KILEY." We arrived in Port Arthur at midnight. Flags and banners were displayed across the streets in honor of our return. We at once disembarked and marched down to the wharf, where the steamer "United Empire" was in waiting to convey us to Sarnia. When the baggage was got on board and everything ready, the order was given to cast off. As we moved away from the wharf, we gave three cheers for Port Arthur, which compliment was returned by those on shore by giving three cheers for Halifax and the Battalion. We could not see much until daylight. When I went up on deck to look around this immense inland fresh-water sea, steamers were plying to and