

## CHAPTER XIX.

### Back to Canada

**T**HE journey across the Atlantic was very interesting. We had only seventeen passengers, consisting mostly of officers returning from draft duty, but what, with the presence of submarines, the cheery captain and chief engineer of the boat, and the prospects of getting home, everything went to make the journey an enjoyable one. The past three years in Germany now began to seem like a bad dream. On arriving at Quebec I was greeted with very cold and wet weather, but this was overcome by the warm reception I received at the hands of the Quebec Garrison, among whom were many officers who had been in the firing line.

The following evening I was reminded of the time when in solitary confinement in Germany I used to think of what I would like to eat, and how a meal on a C. P. R. dining car would always come into my thoughts. This time I had one in reality.

In Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto I had the pleasure of meeting many old friends, and heard from them what had happened in Canada during the time I had been away. Eventually, however, I arrived in Vancouver on October 14, 1918, nearly four years and two months from the day I had left, and was greeted by many familiar faces at the station.

FINIS.