

Part I. of the concert being finished it was decided to give us a few minutes interval, but before we could resume the second part we steamed into Port Arthur. Such a crowd as was gathered we had not seen on all our journey, and the people shouted and hurried as if they would pull down the building. In a few seconds the cars were boarded by gentlemen carrying large cans of coffee and soup, legs of mutton, and all kinds of good things, and there was enough and to spare for every one of us. The good people were exceedingly kind, and their hospitality was appreciated by all ranks. But "time and tide"—inexorable tyrants—waits for none, and so, about 9 p.m., we again emerged into darkness, bound for Winnipeg, a distance of 400 odd miles. The Port Arthur people having been kind enough to supply us with reading material, we read war news, talked war news, until one by one we dropped off to sleep, and on awaking next morning found ourselves on the open prairies of Manitoba. The scene was changed for the better, the snow having disappeared or nearly so. About 8 a. m., April 5th, we reached Rat Portage, where a large crowd of people came to the station to see the "regulars." Off again towards the west, and arrived in Winnipeg at 2 p.m. Here the scene beggars description; as we steamed alongside the platform cheer after cheer went up from thousands of throats. Disembarking from the cars we deposited our arms and accoutrements in the large waiting room of the C. P. R., and had a look round. The citizens brought us refreshments in the shape of coffee, sandwiches, lager beer, and so on. Some of the press representatives interviewed us for news, and in return we were supplied with newspapers. Tobacco was also supplied to us from one of the Winnipeg firms, and in fact one and all vied with each other who should show us the greatest kindness. Some of our fellows found out former comrades who had served in the different batteries, some of us wrote and posted letters for home, and otherwise amused ourselves. We had now travelled a distance of over 1800 miles from Quebec, and this being our ninth day out, showed an average of 200 miles per day. During our journey we had met with many obstacles, but had overcome them all, our men were in good health and, although showing marks of our journey on our accoutrements and clothing, were nothing the worse for it. All classes of people with whom we came in contact had shown us the utmost kindness and courtesy in all their dealings with us. The officials and employes of the C. P. R. had done everything that lay in their power to keep things working smoothly, and but for the inclemency of the weather, the past nine days would have been looked upon as only something to talk about. Luckily soldiers, as a rule, soon forget hardships, and so, by the time we had our dinner in the dining rooms of the C. P. R., we had forgotten all or most of our late difficulties on our journey from Quebec to Winnipeg.

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