

cheers for the Queen City and its inhabitants. On our way to Montreal nothing happened to mar our pleasure. The men who were left behind overtook us at Coburg. When we arrived at the Tanneries Station, we were met by the Mayor and Corporation, Colonel Stephenson, and all the military and civil dignitaries of the city. The Mayor welcomed us in the name of the City of Montreal. A splendid breakfast was provided for us, the military men acting as waiters. The pipers of the Royal Scots played during the time we were eating, which helped to make our appetite keener. At one end of the room was posted, in large letters, "*Well done, Halifax!*" Immediately breakfast was over, we boarded the steamer and went down the Lachine Rapids, the band of the Victoria Rifles playing alternately with the pipers of the Royal Scots; passed under the Victoria Bridge, and landed about one o'clock. A salute was fired by the Montreal Field Battery. The Cavalry and Field Battery acted as an escort. We marched off headed by the band of the Victorias. Our appearance was the signal for a long and continued ovation. Cheer upon cheer rent the air. The decorations were beautiful. We marched to the Field Battery Drill Shed, where arms were piled, after which we had lunch at the hotel, where busses were waiting to take us up Mount Royal. At 5 o'clock we paraded at the Drill Shed and marched back to the Tanneries, headed by the Mayor and Corporation. Tea was ready for us here, or, I should say, dinner, for a genuine dinner it was. About 8 o'clock we got under way, but stopped again to allow a train to pass. The crowds were tremendous. Each man was presented with a flag. I forgot to mention, at the City Hall the Mayor presented an address to Col. Bremner. A boquet was pinned on each man's breast by the ladies of Montreal. Cheers were called for the Queen, the Ladies of Montreal, the Mayor and Corporation, all of which were given in a right royal manner. Our reception in Montreal was far beyond all expectations.

On the following morning we arrived at Point Levi, where we had breakfast. The people of Quebec were not aware that we were to pass through that way. From Point Levi to Moncton our progress was slow, owing to breakdowns, axles catching on fire, etc. At Moncton each man received coffee and sandwiches. Our stay there was not of any great duration, nor did we wish it to be. We got fresh