

the ship's hold in time. We were also short about 100 men who missed the trains.

All next day we were running through New Brunswick. At Newcastle a salute was fired by a party with an old nine-pounder, and at Campbellton a guard of honor of the Seventy-second Regiment paraded on the platform and presented arms. Large crowds assembled at every station to cheer the trains. The troops never got tired of looking at the snow and gloating over the amount of firewood in this God-favored country. The baboons and monkeys did not seem to admire the country so much, and as they sat shivering at the car windows they were objects of intense interest to the people, especially the small boys.

The time had dragged heavily towards the end of the voyage—days seemed weeks and weeks months—but now the time seemed to fly on golden wings, and we could hardly realize that most of us would actually be Home on the morrow. At nearly every station we got more telegrams from kind friends up country.

Ottawa, January 11.

Well, we got to Ottawa, and were tendered a big reception, as you know. After it was over I had gotten into a sleigh with a friend to make the home run, when a small-boy chum of mine climbed on board too. He is a very polite little boy, and after he had snuggled down in the robes he piped out: "Mr. Morrison, did you have a nice time at the war?" We all laughed, but the more I think about it the more I am sure that I "had a nice time at the war."