

lunteers of Canada, which were all responded to in a most appropriate manner. Col. Bremner then proposed the health of the Mayor and Citizens of Sarnia, which was drank with a will. Col. C. J. McDonald was next called upon. He had a large boquet in his button-hole, and looked every inch an officer and gentleman, as well as a ladies' man. He proposed the health of the ladies of Sarnia, which was duly honored, after which three cheers were given for them. Various addresses were given and replied to, the National Anthem was sung, and the Battalion reformed outside. I might add a nice satin badge was pinned on the breast of each member of the Battalion by the bandsmen of the 27th band. The following inscription was on the badge: "27th Battalion Band, Sarnia, welcome return of the Halifax Battalion from the North-West, July 21st, 1885."

We un-piled arms and marched through the remaining streets of the city, then to the Station, where the emigrant sleepers were in readiness. We left Sarnia amidst the greatest enthusiasm, and with pleasant recollections of our entertainment. At London we were also banqueted by the citizens. Addresses were presented and everything possible done to make us feel happy. Everywhere along the road the people were trying who could do the most—at Hamilton, Niagara Falls, and all the places we came to. Niagara Falls heralded our arrival by grand displays of fireworks. We remained here for the night. Every one was granted an opportunity of visiting the Falls—a sight never to be forgotten. After having breakfast next morning, we turned right about for Hamilton. After remaining there some time and partaking of their kind hospitality, we started for Toronto. On our arrival we were met by the band of the Royal Grenadiers, and the men who had been wounded and sent home from Moose Jaw, whom many of us knew. The Queen City looked its gayest, and the Torontonians turned out in thousands to greet the Haligonians. We were served with a splendid dinner, nothing stronger than lemonade being allowed on the table. Whilst one portion of the Battalion was at dinner, the remainder was in the Drill Shed. We piled our arms on the Market Square. On the "fall in" being sounded, each man fell into his place. Arms unpiled, we marched to the cars, the band playing lively tunes. Some of the men could not be found, and the train was consequently delayed. Finally we started, giving three