

Halifax, January 10.

On Tuesday evening about 7 o'clock we sighted the lights of Halifax and shortly after the pilot came on board. An hour later the Rosslyn Castle anchored in the harbor and the tug with the medical officer was soon alongside. The roof of the deckhouse was covered with snow and the boys set up a happy yell when they saw it.

Colonel Macdonald, of Ottawa, arrived with his staff and all the troops had to be paraded to receive their Canadian pay. This took several hours, and it was nearly 2 a. m. when we turned in. Meanwhile the steamer was thronged with visitors, and we received showers of telegrams of welcome from our friends all over Canada. Early Wednesday morning everybody was on deck eager to get a glimpse of the snow-clad hills and the city. The big steamer moved slowly up to its berth amid salutes from the citadel and the warships, the blowing of steam syrens and the cheering of successive crowds on the pier heads we passed. The troops answered cheer for cheer and the ship answered gun for gun. By 9 o'clock the Rosslyn Castle was berthed. Hundreds of privileged people were on the wharf to welcome relatives and friends. The weather was cold, raw and lowering, with flurries of wet snow. The second battalion Royal Canadian Regiment formed the guard of honor, looking very smart. As the successive batteries and squadrons filed down the gangway loaded down with kit bags and rifles, the crowd cheered lustily. Then came a long circuitous march through the city to the armories, through streets crowded with cheering people and adorned with flags and decorations. At the armory the men had lunch and were then allowed to spend the rest of the afternoon in the city.

Montreal, January 11.

We left Halifax Wednesday evening in two trains for the west minus much of our baggage, which by some mismanagement was not got on board or even out of