

CROWD OF 250,000 WELCOMED WARRIORS Immense Throngs Lined the Two-mile Route and Roared Its Cheers. WAS BLOOD STIRRING Parade Was a Free and Easy Affair—The Touch of Paths.

It's no exaggeration to say that last night half the people of Toronto were on the streets. A certain looked like a crowd of 250,000. The bells in the city steeples boomed out their welcome, the factory whistles and the sirens shrilled and shrieked their clamorous greeting. And there was a deafening din of all sorts and sizes of automobile horns.

Along that two-mile route from North Toronto Station to the Armouries the home-coming warriors marched through two solid walls of humanity, lined up in some places 15 feet deep. There was not a gap in the human walls all along. Toronto has probably never seen such a crowd on its streets in such a small area.

Around North Toronto Station the scenery was crowded with people, perched on almost inaccessible points of vantage and clinging to ledges and porches, windows and verandahs.

Not since the days of the South African war has Toronto seen such a parade, and in some respects this one far surpassed the welcome that was given the heroes who helped to crush the Boers.

It was not a spick and span parade with all the military etiquette that usually attends such affairs. It was a democratic affair, a free and easy parade that appealed alike to the men and their friends, to wives and sweethearts soon found their way into the ranks of the battalion and marched cheerily along with them all the route to the Armouries.

Lieut.-Col. "Billy" Patterson set the example in leading his battalion. He did not ride a horse, as battalion commanders generally do on parade.

Taking their cue from this cutting of red tape, the men swung along in free and easy fashion, smoking cigarettes, chatting with their friends and families, handing their kits and rifles to civilian friends to carry for them, and generally enjoying the walk.

A Blood-Stirring Night. They were a fine and a blood-stirring sight as they swung away from the station. Brisk, bright, bronzed, hearty and healthy looking, every mother's son of 'em, they set off with their sky-blue steel helmets a-tilt on their heads, their bayonets fixed, pointing skywards.

There was a sound of music from the brass bands, there was a roar of cheers from thousands of throats, the parade had begun.

From the station to the Armouries there was one sound singing, petting and cheering. The 4th C. M. R. the sound of one continuous cheer—a cheer over two miles long.

The Ones Who Did Not March. It was a martial night, a night of glory, a night of exultation, of victorious ecstasy. And yet—and yet—there were tear-dimmed eyes that looked on from the sides of the street, and that ached as they saw the brave laddies march back from the war. For these wet eyes and aching hearts could not forget "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

LITTLE SYNAGOGUE GIVES \$1,000 TO HELPING HAND Pupils and Teachers of McCaul St. School Subscribe \$368.

The members of a little synagogue on Chestnut street have raised \$1,000 for the Helping Hand Fund, and the Public school have subscribed \$308, public school have subscribed \$383, and the workers at headquarters, 40 King street east, are wearing the smiles of encouragement to-day, because of this news.

Interesting Incidents of the Night—How Toronto Greeted the 4th C.M.R.

C.M.R.! C.M.R.! Rah! Rah! Rah! However he maintained his poise, and his drumsticks.

Bayonets and shrapnel helmets are awkward things for a man to have about him when you want to last night, and the ecstasy of numbers of greetings was spoiled by the long knife or the little tin lid.

"Are you looking for anyone?" Lieut. Bob Dibble asked a weeping girl. Her eyes were so sore with crying that she could scarcely see. His name w-w-w in the p-p-paper but I can't find him," she sobbed. However she eventually did.

"If I had been away for four years," said a Canadian chaplain to the crowd, "they would have to watch me closely to get me down here to the armouries. They would need a whole squad to do it. I should have beat it for home."

The Y.M.C.A. lady helpers never had an idle moment. They were busy all the time preparing the eats for the boys. When the boys did arrive the ladies stood at attention, and formed a pretty picture in the glare of the electric lights.

Lieut.-Col. Frank McFarland, former officer of the C.M.R. late O.C. of the 147th Grey, from which many boys were drafted into the C.M.R., was on hand to greet his fellow officers and men, and his smile and hearty handshake touched the spot.

The C.M.R. lads had their cars decorated with the regimental badge done in chalk. Others cars had humorous sayings. "We are a bunch of nuts going west"—was one. Another read: "Somebody said 'good bye' to old blighty—what do we say?"

Everybody was disappointed that Pte. Tommy Holmes, V.C. of Ower Sound, the hero of the regiment, did not come with his pals. He is working at a camp in England. His presence would have capped the climax. Everybody was looking for the youthful V.C.

An aged woman suddenly burst through the line of spectators held in by the police, and breaking into the ranks of the men caught hold of a young rider by the shoulder, and he was nearly smothered with the shower of confetti and rice which was showered upon him.

The Union Jack which at first draped the table on the armouries' platform looked as though it had passed through all the big engagements of the war. This fact struck one of the officers, and he covered the tattered old emblem with a bright new one, as befitted the occasion.

There was one thing that was troubling a jolly soldier more than anything else. He had found his friends, his wife and his mother. He was getting on his feet, and he was helping him in preparing for the reception of the 58th Battalion, who come on Saturday.

Major G. G. Mitchell, of the 58th Battalion, took in the reception. He was getting on his feet, and he was helping him in preparing for the reception of the 58th Battalion, who come on Saturday.

Even the police inspectors didn't have the heart to turn away Mrs. Bidwell, of Brampton, from the station door, when she appealed for an opportunity to meet her son, Signaller Bidwell.

A protest from a spectator whose pet car had been abused, brought the retort from an elderly lady, "Huh! Many of these poor lads have no feet to walk on to-night." Ambiguous, but she meant well.

"Welcome, heroes of the 4th C.M.R.," read the motto over the hut in the Armouries. Of course, all the flags and decorations used at the soldiers' banquets were also in evidence.

The police, mounted and foot, deserve great credit for the manner they handled the crowds and kept order. It was a trying task, for everywhere along the route the crowd was massed four and five deep.

Capt. "Pete" Campbell may have fought with the 15th Battalion, but it looked as if he must have been with the 4th C.M.R. for a time, as he knew all the officers. Pete was official introducer. And did it in great style.

The spectators who had lined the sides of Yonge street, as soon as the procession had passed, all made a rush to follow it, and the mass moved as quickly as it could in the direction of the Armouries via all the paths that were available.

The drummer boy of the 4th C. M. R.'s pipe band almost lost a chord at the Armouries when a young lady in the crowd catapultied through the air and clasped him round the neck.

sharply up and offered to carry it, but the husky veteran refused. Just come along and I'll carry it," he said.

"Lend us your hat, Gee, but I'd like that for a souvenir!" was the exclamation heard from a youngster in the arms of a woman. The soldier to whom the remark was addressed took the helmet and doffed it to the smiling mother. He was the recipient of a huge Union Jack and a handful of cigarettes.

Even the dog mascot of the Rifles had his own special reception committee, and no sooner was he well down the brick floor than a "terrier" and a "black and white" dog whose duties had kept them in Canada rushed to give him the glad hand and tell him how much they appreciated his bravery.

The smell of coffee drifted up from the Red Triangle counters under the north gallery at the Armouries, and the folk in the back rows who had been "unaware" of the presence nearby "squashed" the unfortunate front benches as they unfortunately strained forward to see where the smell was coming from.

At 8.25 exactly the drummer at the armouries drew his stick across the drum in one long roll. Silence. The officer seized a megaphone, and shouted: "The parade has left North Toronto." The crowd did not understand for a moment. He repeated, and they understood. A cheer drowned any further announcement.

A certain old bayonet didn't know itself, for after four years of service as displayed by the four blue angles on its owner's coat sleeve, there were three pairs of hands tightly clasped about the hilt where it was attached to the rifle. One pair of eyes, none too blue, gazed out from the two other pairs, which were frankly wet.

An only soldier son had found his father and mother. When the colors were brought from the station entrance to the head of Roxborough street, the crowd, which was full of enthusiasm, suddenly went wild with enthusiasm. One woman decorated with a Union Jack on her hat, and wearing a dress with the words "Welcome home" on it, rushed forward and clasped one of the boys by the arm and smothered him with kisses.

One young girl who was wildly waving her handkerchief at someone suddenly cried out: "There's Jack, Oh, there's Jack!" and risking the chance of being trampled under foot, ran out to "Jack," and was nearly knocked down by the throng; but she did not stop to think of what she went after, and this was received with all vim that was possible under the circumstances.

At times it sounded like a roll call at a girls' school, for first names were sung out as they have not been in many a long day; and "Oh, Doris!" and "Oh, Blanche!" were cried to people fighting blindly to find their boys, while one fellow caused a thousand heads to turn, as he yelled, "Oh, mother!" forgetting the other mothers there in his supreme joy at seeing his own particular one.

A colored fighter who apparently was looking for some friend or relative, while waiting at the station, was taken up by someone in a motor car, and carried away before he knew what was happening. Flowers and chocolates were heaped upon him, while the look of anxiety which was upon his countenance turned into a broad grin, and tears were in his eyes. The last that was seen of him, he was clasped in the arms of a relative, and the war-worn expression of his face changed to one of gladness.

One of the most affecting scenes of the night was when an old man, presumably the proud father of a fighting man, was seen trailing along with the men and with an anxious face accented by a worn expression. The old man broke down and wept tears of joy, and the man who was holding him in his arms was seen kissing him like any mother would kiss her soldier-son.

One old lady was pushing her way steadfastly through the throng. Every soldier she passed she patted on the back. "God bless you, every one," said she.

Another lady appealed vainly to a Star man for information concerning Rowland Rosenbloom. "He does not know his parents are living in Toronto," she said. Rowland is listed in London, Ont. His parents now reside at 53 Hook avenue.

"It would have been a grand night if we could only have found those fellows," said two men who had returned a long time ago and were vainly endeavoring to discover their "pals" among the new arrivals.

"Have you found your friends, Bill?" said one man to another. "Not yet. First thing I want to know is where I can duck this equipment," although Pte. W. Smith lives in Sault Ste. Marie, he has a sister living at 124 Avenue road. She was one of the lucky ones and succeeded in finding her brother early in the rush. Pte. Smith expressed the hope that he would soon be able to get busy doing something. "We've been

doing nothing else but eat and sleep since we left France," said he. He saw two and a half years' service over there and was wounded once.

Another party of ladies failed to discover their loved one in the crowd. Three of the younger girls volunteered to hunt for him. They disappeared. In a moment they returned yelling like mad and with them was the "missing" Tommy, now securely a prisoner, but a very willing one.

"One old lady rushed to and fro making anxious inquiries of other C.M.R. men as to the whereabouts of her loved one. The officer addressed replied that he did not know, but there was a Lieut. Howard with the battalion. "He was a sergeant," replied the lady. "Ah, but he's a lieutenant now," said the officer as he conducted the lady to Col. Patterson with a view to locating the missing man.

And so for a time this game of hide and seek went on. Col. Patterson pushed a lady to the front of the platform and addressing an officer on the floor below, said: "Here you are." Officer and lady exchanged greetings.

"You'll have to come up here to be kissed," said she. Willing hands lifted the young officer to the platform, and a regular kissing bee took place. "Shove him down. He's had enough," shouted one of the rank and file, and everybody laughed, but it didn't stop the kissing.

arms round the neck of the officer and all was happiness for them. "Is Sergeant Howard here?" It was an anxious woman enquiring for her loved one. The officer addressed replied that he did not know, but there was a Lieut. Howard with the battalion. "He was a sergeant," replied the lady. "Ah, but he's a lieutenant now," said the officer as he conducted the lady to Col. Patterson with a view to locating the missing man.

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AGAINST USING LEAGUE Labor Must Seek New Way of Enforcing Decisions.

Canadian Press Despatch. Paris, March 20.—The commission on international labor legislation yesterday decided against the international Labor Bureau, when constituted, invoking the aid of the League of Nations to enforce its decisions. This decision was mainly due to difficulties which would be encountered in the United States, where State constitutions would require alterations before they would permit such outside interference.

Socialists Lead Support. Lucerne, March 20.—At to-day's meeting of the international conference Christian Socialist Labor associations, in session here, a resolution strongly supporting the League of Nations was passed.

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