Immense Throngs Lined the Rah! Two-mile Route and Roared Its Cheers.

WAS BLOOD STIRRING

Parade Was a Free and Easy Affair—The Touch of Pathos.

It's no exaggeration to say that last night half the people of Toronto were on the streets. It certainly looked like a crowd of 250,000.

The bells in the city steeples

hoomed 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

Along that two-mile route from marched through two solid walls of humanity, lined up in some placed 15 and 20 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 covered with people, perched on almost inaccessible points of vantage and clinging to ledges of vantage and clinging to ledges and porches, windows and verandahs.

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

crush Kruger. 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 and that appealed believe to the spinoled believe to narade that appealed alike to the men and their friends, for wives and sweethearts soon found their way into the ranks of the battalion and marched cheerily along with them all the route to the Armories.

Lieut.-Col. "Billy" Patterson the example in the van of his battalion. He did not ride a horse, as battalion commanders generally do

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

A Blood-Stirring Night.

They were a fine and a blood-stirring sight as they swung away from the station. Brisk, bright, bronzed, hardy and hearty fellows, every mo-ther's son of 'em, they set off with their sky-blue steel helmets a-tilt on their heads, their kits on their backs, and their bayonets fixed, pointing skywards. There was a blare of music from the brass bands, believed, of Brampton, from the stathere was a roar of cheers from the door, when she appealed for an tion door, when the she appealed for an tion door, when the appealed for an tion door, and the appealed for an tion d thousands of throats, the parade had

From the station to the Armories there was one sound singing itself into the ears of 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 vicorious ecstasy. And yet-and yetthere were tear-dimmed eyes that looked on from the sides of the street and hearts that ached as they saw the brave laddies march back from 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."

Pupils and Teachers of McCaul St. School Subscribe \$368.

The members of a little synagogue Public school have subscribed \$308, public school have subscribed \$36%, and the workers at headquarters, 40 King street east, are wearing the smiles of encouragement to-day, because of this news. But it is going to take a mighty effort to reach the objective of \$60,000 for Toronto, and the time has been extended until tomorrow night the 21st, making the campaign a five-day one.

Sir Robert Borden and Sir George Perley have cabled \$50 each to the fund, and the Duke of Devonshire has contributed \$100. To-day collections are taking place in all the Public schools. Some of the workers have been surprised by the persistent statements that the money being raised was to send the Jews back to Palestine.

"This is no ttrue," stated Mrs. J. J. Allen, convener of the campaign committee. "Not one cent is to be

committee. "Not one cent is to be used for any such purpose."

The money is to help the destitute people in Palestine who have suffered as much as anyone due to the war in the East. The marauding Turk has left his destroying mark all through the country. The harvest has been destroyed. The women and children are short of food and clothes. In some cases, the children are wearing paper clothes. It is to help these poor and unfortunate that the money is being raised.

Up to yesterday the total subscribed amounted to \$22,000 in Toronto.

ed amounted to \$22,000 in Toronto. In Ottawa the citizens subscribed \$23,000 in one day. To-day, the captains are making a special effort to bring the objective within sight, and the children and teachers of the Public schools have rulying to the aid of lic schools are rallying to the aid of the destitute in Palestine. The work-ers, led by Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Fred Armstrong, appeal to the citizens of Perente to rally to the support of this cause, and make the total of \$60,000 for Toronto an accomplished fact

Neutrals To Participate.

Paris, March 20 .- All Central and South American neutral nations, with the exception of Salvador and Paraguay, which have reserved their decision, will participate in the con-ference of neutral nations on the formation of a League of Nations.

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

The police did their arduous duties in a spirit befitting the occasion. "They look like wash basins," comnented a feminine voice, apropos the trench helmets. At 7 p.m. the armories was three

parts full, and the band was playing. "Soldiers of the King." It was another great day for the

small boys who enjoy hanging on to the side of the automobile. Many of the shrappel helmets worn

by the C.M.R. heroes, showed the marks and dents of Hum bullets. Ald. F. M. Johnston, who was lookng after the motoring of the "Moose-neads" to their homes, says he had

300 cars out. There were few prouder beings in Poronto than one lad who marched beside his soldier daddy, carrying the latter's rifle an' everything.

"Welcome Home" in living letters North Toronto Station to the Ar- of light, rosy red, stood out as a mories the home-coming warriors greeting to the men when they

formed up in the station shed. The College street cars were crowded to the doors, and many la-mented the fact that there were no outside steps on which they might find a footing.

It's a funny sensation looking down from the Armories gallery at hundreds of slices of pie in massed formation right under your nose. Kinda tantalizin'.

Mrs. T. Albert Brown, commander in-chief of the Red Triangle girls must have been the busiest, woman in all Toronto last night. She had big force to look after.

Police and military could not hold ack the crowd north of the station on Yonge St. Boys and women broke through the line repeatedly and ushed into the station yard.

"Isn't this awful?" complained one woman in the crowdhim very well. I only saw him once, but she found the soldier to whom she was going to offer hospitality. There were two men of the C.M.R. who were stragglers in the parade. They marched along far in the rear

of the unit, no doubt having been held back by demonstrative friends. The band at the Armories played "Till We Meet Again." The slow, "Till We Meet Again." The slow, haunting refrain made many an empty heart ache at the thought of a boy who would never be met again.

Oh, how the pipes sent the crowd wild! Toronto will go clean mad when the Fifteenth Battalion strikes the town, judging by the way the C.M.R. pipers sent the crowd into a frenzy.

Major G. G. Mitchell, of the 58th Battalion, took in the reception. He was was getting a line on the "show" to fit." help 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. opportunity to meet her son, Signaller Bidwell. A protest from a spectator whose pet corn had been abused, brought

the retort from an elderly lady no feet to walk on to-night." Amoiguous, but she meant well. "Welcome, heroes of the 4th C.M.

R." read the motto over the hut in the Armories. 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 Belgian Croix de Guerre. everywhere along the route the crowd was massed four and five

100 TO HELDING HAND the followed as if he must have been with and fireworks were profusely lavish-the 4th C.M.R. for a time, as he ed among the men, and the confusion knew all the officers. Pete was prevailing for a time was almost beofficial introducer. And did it in your theorem.

in the crowd catapulted through the

-and when it

corn flakes,

you shouldn't

with ordinary

but you should

be satisfied

corn flakes

ask for

comes to

and his drumsticks. Bayonets and shrapnel helmets are about him when you want to kiss him, as many a girl found out last night, and the ecstacy 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-was in the p-p-paper but I can't find him," she sobbed However she eventually did.

watch me closely to get me down here to the armories. They would need a whole squad to do it. I should smell was coming from. 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 of-ficers and men, and his smile and hearty handshake touched the spot.

humourous sayings. "We are a bunch of nuts going west"—was one. Another read: "Somebody said good

oye 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 work-ing at a camp in England. His pre-sence 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 showr of confetti and rice which was showered upon him.

The Union Jack which at first draped the table on the armories' platform looked as though it had assed through all the big engage ments 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 being fed. He was feeling "aw'ly fit." What could it be? Whisper!

Col. Grasett, Toronto Chief of Police, mixed in with the officers and men. It was a great night for the chief. He was happy as veteran chief. a youth and shook hands with all.
"It brings back memories of my former days in the army," commented the Chief to The Star.

the armories was decked with flags, and shook hands all the way down the line. And he was from Enter-prise, Ontario! Can you beat that? His name was C. N. Bilton. He went over in 1916, and came back wearing

crowd was massed four and five crowd was massed four and five deep.

Capt. "Pete" Campbell may have fought with the 15th Battalion, but it amongst it. Flowers and candies

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 of the procession of the process of the procession had passed. The procession had passed all made a greating that came from all sides, the procession had passed all made a greating that came from all sides, the procession had passed all made a greating that came from all sides, the procession had passed as the boys tumbled off the procession had passed. as quickly as it could in the direction of the Armories via all the paths that were available.

hands with nearly every one, because he was traveling a "mile a minute," and talking just as fast.

on Chestnut street have raised \$1,000

The drummer boy of the 4th C. M. "Give you a quarter if you carry for the Helping Hand Fund, and the R's pipe band almost lost a chord my kit." That's what one of the at the Armories when a young lady Mounted Rifles veterans shouted as soon as he reached the street from air and clasped him round the neck. the station platform. A girl stepped

The state of the s

'It's good shopping to buy the best' says Bobby.

Canada Food Board License No. 2-058

smartly up and offered to carry it, but back. "God bless you, every one," the husky veteran refused. Just said she.

come along and I'll carry it, 'he said.

Another lady annealed vainly to a

"Lend us your hat. Gee, but I'd like that for a souvenir!" was the ex-clamation 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 smil-ing mother. He was the recipient of a huge Union Jack and a handful of cigarets.

Even the dog mascot of the Rifles had his own special reception com-mittee, 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 "If I had been away for four years," said a Canadian chaplain to been 'unaware of their presence the crowd, "they would have to rearly "squashed" the unfortunate. front benches as they ravenously strained forward to see where the

At 8.25 exactly the drummer at the armories drew his stick across the drum in one long roll. Silence. An officer seized a megaphone 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 as displayed by the four blue angles on its owner's coat sleeve, there were The C.M.R. lads had their cars decorated with the regimental badge done in chalk Others cars had humourous savings. "We are the pairs of hands tightly clasped about the hilt where it was attached to the rifle. One pair of eyes, none too dry, gazed over its point into two other pairs. which was a standard to the pairs which was attached to the rifle. three pairs of hands tightly clasped 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 crushing towards the centre of the marchers, suddenly went wild with enthusiasm. One woman de-corated with a Union Jack on her hat, and wearing a dress with the words "Welcome Home" on it, rush-ed 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 hearly knocked down by the throng; but she didn't care as long as she got what she went after, and this was re-ceived with all vim that was, possi-ble 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 Doris!" 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 propriated it. There was no demur, and glancing at her, a younger friend dared her to kiss the cavalier. The dare was promptly accepted amid the laughter of the crowd.

The first C.M.R. man in the countenance turned into a broad grin, and tears were in his eyes. The last that was seen of him, he was Casped in the arms of a relative, and the war-worn expression of his face changed to one of glad ness.

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 accosted one of them. The one accosted turned around, and a sign of recognition was preliminary to the old man being swept off his feet by the stalwart son who had been away from home four years. Right there before the huge throng of people, the old man broke down and wept tears of joy, and the man who was holding him like any mother would king her 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

Another lady appealed vainly to a Star man for information concern-

since we left France," said he. He and all was happiness for them. saw two and a half years' service over there and was wounded once.

doing nothing else but eat and sleep arms round the neck of the officer

an anxious woman enquiring for her The officer addressed

AGAINST USING LEAGUE

"Is Sergeant Howard here?" It was Labor Must Seek New Way of Enforcing Decisions.

Ing Rowland Rosenbloom. "He Another party of ladies failed to discover their loved one in the crowding of the form of the younger grits, youngers grits, youngers, youngers grits, youngers, youngers grits, youngers, you

A FEW OF THE MANY STRIKING VALUES

Included in the

ANNUAL YEAR-END SALE

Our business year ends March 31st. It is our policy to "sacrifice" rather than to carry over, beyond that date, the accumulated stock of pianos that we have taken in exchange for new Nordheimers and Steinways in the past twelve months. So we sell them—and at remarkable prices—in this big event that is known as our Year-End Sale.

The Hit of the Sale

In featuring the Victor Piano at special price we are actuated by a desire to make better known this splendid instrument. This piano is of artistic design, and has a superior finish. But more important than these features is its tone, which is of clear, singing quality and surprising volume for a piano of moderate size and price.

The Victor Piano

Heintzman Grand

More Used Pianos Now Ready **UPRIGHTS** A SPLENDID PLAYER

WILLIAMS-Large Cabinet Upright, of Circassian walnut, massive case design—elaborately carv. \$235 HERR—Large Upright, in ebonized case—three-panel front, very bright ione. A good serviceable in \$195 strument, in fine condition

HAINES—Cabinet Grand—Ebonized Centre-spring panel. Beautiful tone and good action. A \$250 structly high-grade instrument KARN-Small Boudoir Style-Dark case with eached panel. Very sweet tone and good action—all interior parts in fine condition. The varnish is **C795** checked and price quoted "as is"..... Or refinished \$255

The Victor Player

The Victor Player is an instrument of similar high

quality to the well-known Victor Upright Piano. Its

player mechanism is an excellent one, and the tone

exceptional for a player of medium price. This

player is regularly sold at \$650.00. We offer it during our Year-End Sale at.... \$565.00

MASON & RISCH PLAYER PIANO-A very handsomely designed instrument in nicely figured walnut. Modern style. Has been retinished, and home All playing parts have been regulated. Equipped \$650 style. Has been refinished, and looks perfectly new. with Pianola action

SQUARES

C. D. PEASE & CO.—7 1-3 Octave Square, rosewood case, carved and curved legs. Overstrung scale. \$75 NITSCHKE—Small Sized Square, overstrung \$55 scale, rosewood case. Price

NORDHEIMER'S

Corner Yonge and Albert Streets, Toronto

920 QUEEN E. at Logan Ave.

232 QUEEN E. at Sherbourne

Offering Choice Meats and Produce for the Week-End at Money-Saving Prices

Even if all dealers were to buy the same high quality that we do, Arnold's would still excel because of their specialized methods. For more than thirty years these stores have set a high standard in Toronto for Beef, properly matured before cutting, Sugar Cured Ham and Bacon, Pure Kettle-Rendered Lard, Home-made Pork Sausage, and Fresh Butter and Eggs direct from the producer. Good quality at reasonable prices always. Potatoes, per peck 22c

Lamb Chops, loin or rib, lb. 35c Pure Lard, 3-lb. pails, gross 28c weight, Ib. Pure Lard, in 1-lb. packages, 30c

Headcheese, per mold, 121/2c Household Shortening, 3-lb 26c pails, gross weight, lb Porterhouse Roast Beef, centre cuts, lb.

Best Rib Roast, Beef, first 30c four ribs, lb.

STRICTLY NEW LAID EGGS **42c PER DOZEN** Guaranteed From Canadian Farms

Flat Rib Brisket Beef, best 20c Fresh Beef Liver, lb. 10c Leg Young Lamb, lb. Loin Young Lamb, lb. Fronts Young Lamb, full six ribs, lb.

Peameal Breakfast Bacon Lean and Very Mild By the piece, lb. 38c

2,000 POUNDS

Fresh Leg Young Pork, foot 34c off, lb. Tender Chuck Roast Beef, 20c Shoulder Roast Beef, 20c - 22c tender, lb.

Lean Shoulder Roast Young 33c Pork, lb. Home-made Beef Dripping, lb. 17c Peameal Cottage Roll, for frying or boiling, 3 to 5 lbs. each, 34c

Sweet Pickled Side Pork, spe- 34c cial per lb. by the piece Sweet Pickled Side Pork, spe- 36c

cial per lb., sliced Home-made Farmers' Sausage, lb.

Black and White Pudding, lb. 10c Boiled Ham, lb 50c

Roast Leg Pork, with dress- 50c

If you live out of the city, try Our Mail Order Service. We prepay express charges on all orders amount MAIL ORDERS If you live out of the city, try our Mail Order service. We prepay express charges on an ing to \$5 and over. Orders filled same day as received, and satisfactory service guaranteed.

Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.