

But all matters of joy and misery must come to an end, and so did that banquet. And there was not one case of apoplexy.

After that friends were admitted by ticket to the drill hall, and at last relatives were free to claim their loved ones. It was pleasant to see the many embraces and hearty hand-shakes as one and another were carried off to homes so long waiting for this day and the soldier-boy's return.

But it was not all joy there. Tears were in more than one eye, and the firmly pressed lips of more than one told of pent up sorrow. There were those who marched away in full health and strength. To-day they were miserable wrecks, who came home to die. They were claimed by weeping friends, who saw the hand of death in the loved ones' faces, and knew that they should hold them but a short while.

There was a lady noticeable in her sorrow. She had come from Prince Edward Island to witness the troops return, although there was no joy for her. When they had sailed away her boy was with them; when they returned they left him behind. He died in battle. Although still weeping over her sacrifice, she thrills with pride at the memory of his heroic death, and is soothed by the knowledge brought to her that her boy was the darling of the company. Poor lady! She had another boy still in Africa, and was in hourly dread of the report of his death also.

Gradually, as this and that one were led away by friends, the crowd melted away, and those who had no friends wandered about the city, where they found plenty of entertainment.

The military banquet of the evening was a brilliant affair, and so was the city torch-light procession.