

Welcome Home

London Receives Her Returned Heroes With Open Arms.

Citizens Turn Out En Masse to Do Honor to the Boys From Africa.

City Ablaze With Lights and Streets Crowded With Joyous People--Big Military and Civic Procession--Stirring Scenes on Arrival of the Train and at Victoria Park--The Mayor's Warm Words of Praise for Their Achievements--Banquet at the Barracks.

War-worn, sun-scorched, stained with the dust of toil, and battle-scarred, they come--victorious. Exultantly we greet them--cleave the sky. With cheers and fling our banners to the winds; We raise triumphant songs, and strew their path-- To do them homage--bid them "Welcome home!"

We laid their country's honor in their hands, And sent them forth undoubting; said farewell. With hearts too proud, too jealous of their fame To own our pain. Today glad tears may flow. Today they come again and bring their gifts. Of all earth's gifts most precious--trust redeemed. We stretch our hands, we lift a joyful cry. Words of all words the sweetest--"Welcome home!"

Oh, brave, true hearts; Oh, steadfast loyal hearts! They come and lay their trophies at our feet. They show us work accomplished, hardships borne, Courageous deeds and patience under pain. Their country's name upheld and glorified. And peace, dear purchased by their blood and toil.

What guerdon have we for such service done? Our thanks, our pride, our praises and our prayers; Our country's smile and her most just rewards; The victors' laurel laid upon their brows. And all the love that speaks in "Welcome home!"

Bays for the heroes; for the martyrs, palms; To those who come not, who "though dead yet speak." A lesson to be guarded in our souls. While the land lives for whose dear sake they died-- Whose lives, whose sacred, are the price of peace.

Whose memory, thrice beloved, thrice revered, Shall be their country's heritage, to hold Eternal pattern to her living souls-- What dare we bring? They, dying, have now all. A drooping flag, a flower upon their graves, Are all the tribute left--already theirs. A nation's safety, gratitude and tears. Imperishable honor, endless rest!

And ye, O stricken-hearted, to whom earth Is dark, though peace is smiling, whom Can soothe, no triumph-pan can console. Ye surely will not fall them--will not shrink To perfect now your sacrifice of love.

Adjectives are inexpressive and superlatives fall in their suggestiveness, when used in an attempt to describe the prodigious outburst of enthusiasm that made the welcome of the soldiers of South Africa last night. London seemed topsy-turvy pandemonium, and Londoners fairly lost control of themselves in the most remarkable demonstration that has ever been seen in the city. To describe this tremendous expression of public approval of deeds well done would be an impossibility. To appreciate it in its entirety, the tumultuous, joy-maddened thousands, the music, the pyrotechnical display, the frenzied, air-rendering cheering, it would be absolutely necessary to see and hear it, and by sheer contagion, understand its electrifying influence.

Some of the boys had done so arduously, so valiantly for their empire since those warm days of October, a year ago, when they steamed away from London. Some of the boys had parted after that fatal February day when Paardeberg was fought. Others had reached Bloemfontein together, or Kroonstadt, or Pretoria, perhaps. Many had happened to send some of the others to the hospitals after the wound-ridden day on the battlefield, and they gazed at the boys with a long farewell, for none knew better than they the ravages of wounds and illness. So the meeting was happy, indeed, and the exchange of experiences made the time fly quickly. Suddenly some one called out "God bless the boys of London," and a mighty cheer went up, and was repeated again and again, as they looked upon the lights from the windows and platforms. A visible joy upon their faces. They were intoxicated with the gladness of the homecoming.

The train sped into the city at last. Every street awakened recollections. "Oh, just wait till I get my mother and father," burst from the lips of one broad-shouldered lad, and almost as he spoke the train rolled between great multitudes, whose upturned faces were lighted with unusual happiness. "Stay on the cars till the order is heard to shout above the sound of the 'Home, Sweet Home' and the frantic cheers of the throng. The words were futile, for hardly had they been uttered when the train stopped and bunches of khaki were bounding upon shoulders all over the platform. Like passive corks on roaring waves they were carried by the swaying crowds. A procession was on the tapis, but for the time being the best-laid plans of reception committees, mayors, D. O. Cs. and anyone else were knocked into a cocked hat and stayed there, until the adulation of each clientele of hero worshippers had been satisfied.

The scene in Victoria Park was one that cannot fail to live long in the memory of every person that was present there. As the procession turned into the park, the crowd momentarily increased, until it was with the greatest difficulty that the escort of police could force a way through it to the foot of the stand. The stand was mounted by the members of the 7th Regiment, and one by one, as each escaped from his circle of frantic admirers and friends, the returned soldiers mounted the structure, the appearance of each one on the stairs being the signal for a fresh outburst of cheering on the part of the multitude. It was many minutes before the last of the boys was permitted to mount the structure.

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So great was the tumult that it was obviously impossible for Mayor Rumball to attempt to address the crowd, so he confined his remarks to the returned soldiers and those present in the stand. Even then, it is doubtful if one-half of these heard him. His speech was a model of brevity and directness. He said: "I am glad to see you, and it is with pleasure that I extend to you a hearty welcome home, to your own native land."

"Words cannot express the glad welcome we feel towards you. When I was bidding good-bye to the contingent, I expressed the wish that you would return crowned with victory and honor. I am glad to say that you have returned with both. I am glad to welcome you to the city. "We are proud of you; you have done well. We have watched eagerly for news. We have scanned the papers at all times to get tidings of 'B Company,' and our hearts swelled with pride when we heard of your successes. "We are proud of you, and the nation has a right to be proud of you. As Canadians, you have done more to unite the empire than all the other regiments could do. "Actions speak louder than words. By your actions you have shown what kind of stuff Canadian soldiers are made of and the kind of men they live among. You are to be reckoned with when they go to war with the motherland. "We love our country. We love our flag. We are proud of our ancestors, but we are prouder still of the men who live among us and who are able to excel anything done by our ancestors. "Any speech of mine now would be out of place. You want to get home to see your fathers, mothers, sweethearts and friends. I will come to you to the city of London. We are proud of you. When 'B Company' comes home we are going to have a still grander demonstration. Then you will all be presented with a suitable souvenir. The reward of what you have done for Queen and country. Keep prepared to attend, and we will give you one of the grandest times of your life. I ask you now to give three cheers for our Queen."

Reached, where he became ill with enteric. McCullough, of the Northwest Mounted Police, got as far as Pretoria before enteric stepped in and sent him to Cape Town. The Harold Shobbrook, of Moosomin, N. W. T., was another soldier boy who succumbed to enteric. AT THE BARRACKS. One of the jolliest incidents in connection with the reception was the banquet that was tendered Corp. Small and Ptes. Horner, Finel, Donahue and McMurphy, by the non-commissioned officers and men of Wolseley Barracks. The affair was hastily arranged, but it was entirely successful. The company surrounded three large tables. An excellent supper was served and enjoyed with a soldier's gusto. When it was over the men were presented to their hosts, whose personal welcomes were cordially enthusiastic. Col. Hemming was introduced to the South African corps, and in welcoming them home he told them how welcome it was to remain in the Yukon when the force was being made up. The supper was arranged by Sergeants Cranston and Cookburn and Corps. Taylor and Evans.

A noticeable feature of the evening was the efficient manner in which the police who escorted the procession were on duty at the park did their duty. Difficult as was their task in clearing a way through the swarming masses, which on Richmond street and in the park impeded the progress of the parade, they performed it firmly, but without unnecessary roughness. Not a single accident occurred to mar the rejoicing of the evening. Private Chester McLaren received a right royal reception on arrival at his home, 28 Victor street, South London. As soon as he made his appearance on the G. T. R. platform he was hoisted shoulder-high by his many friends, and carried in this manner until the procession reached the customs house, where he managed to escape, and was soon hurried away to his home in a waiting hack. The front of his parents' residence on Victor street was gaily decorated with flags and Chinese lanterns, while a large streamer, "Welcome home, Pte. McLaren," was stretched across the veranda. The interior of the house was brightly illuminated, and everywhere the Union Jack was conspicuous. A large crowd awaited the young hero's arrival, and gave him a warm reception. Pte. McLaren soon changed his travel-stained khaki uniform for more comfortable clothing, and during the evening was kept busy receiving hundreds of friends, among whom were many members of the Y. M. C. A. and Askani Street Epworth League. The young soldier-hero brought back the same happy countenance that always made him a favorite before he left for the war, and apart from a noticeable gain in physique, is just the same "Ches" as of yore.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN HEROES. The South African soldiers who marched, besides those above-mentioned, were: Sergeants George Macbeth, Corp. Archie Finel, Pte. T. Hennessey, C. D. McLaren, Frank Coles, W. G. Reed, Hugh Horner, James Duff, P. Barrett, George Taylor, Charlie Edge, Fred Evans, W. Woodyard, Trooper J. Brickerley, and Pte. Frank Trolley, Alvinston; Pte. Dave Reid, Windsor; Gunner Coles, St. Thomas; Gunner Abbs, Guelph; Corp. Piper, Luan; Corp. Atkinson, Ailsa Craig; Pte. Mayor Rumball, A. D. Dalgleish, Hesperler; Pte. Walker, Guelph; Corp. Phillips, Walkerville; Corp. McLean, Ailsa Craig; Trooper J. McCullough, Northwest Territories; Trooper Harry Shobbrook, Moosomin, N. W. T.

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Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach. Imported, Roasted and Packed by CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

ENGLISH TEETHING SYRUP Comforts Crying Children Largest sale in the World. 25¢ Everywhere.

SHE HECKLED THE JUDGE Chamberlain's Sister Showed Great Nerve.

London, Nov. 6.--The South African hospitals' commission heard the last witness yesterday in London. Mrs. Richard Chamberlain, sister-in-law of Joseph Chamberlain, told the commissioners that she considered herself more capable of conducting hospitals than medical officers are, and told the president, Justice Romer, that he acted more like counsel with a brief from the army doctors than an inquisitor.

SERIOUS CHARGE. BREMEN, Nov. 6.--F. F. Hodgkinson, formerly British vice-consul at Bremen, was remanded at Bow street police court yesterday, on the charge of stealing and trying to sell to a foreign country a secret code book of the foreign office.

PLAGUE IN GERMANY. BREMEN, Nov. 6.--A bubonic plague case has apparently developed in Germany in the person of a sailor named Kunze, who arrived here Oct. 27, on board the German steamer Marlborough, from South America.

OUT OF ORDER. DUBLIN, Nov. 6.--Amidst considerable excitement the lord mayor, at a meeting of the corporation yesterday, ruled out of order a resolution to confer the freedom of the city on former President Kruger of the South African Republic.

TIRED OF THE LILY. LONDON, Nov. 6.--Hugo de Bathe, the young husband of Lily Langtry, has just returned from South Africa and is spending his time bewailing the fact he ever married the fair Lily. It is declared openly that he wants a divorce, but is not able to secure evidence on which to base an action.

WESTERN ONTARIO. There were registered at St. Thomas during October 12 births, 9 marriages and 7 deaths.

TOOK PARIS GREEN. CHATHAM, Nov. 3.--Dover was the scene of a tragedy on Friday. Mrs. Charles Hart, who had been ailing from attacks of melancholia for the past year, took a large dose of paris green, which resulted in her death. One of her sons went to Michigan to work lately, and ever since then Mrs. Hart has felt in a depressed state of mind. It is believed that it was in one of these depressed moments that she took the poison. The unfortunate woman leaves a husband and six grown-up children. Mr. Hart is a well-known farmer in Dover, on the Bear line.

SIX OILS.--The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil--an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence--removes rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

WHERE TO VOTE. The polling places for the city election are as follows: NO. 1 WARD. Division No. 1--City Hall. Division No. 2--Mrs. Keeve's house, No. 25 King street. Division No. 3--S. Yelland's store, No. 324 Ridout street. Division No. 4--James L. Parson's house, No. 343 Clarence street. Division No. 5--Walker Wilden's house, No. 41 Balaust street. Division No. 6--Dan O'Hearn's house, No. 246 Richmond street. Division No. 7--L. Refor's house, No. 172 Grey street.

WHERE TO VOTE. The polling places for the city election are as follows: NO. 2 WARD. Division No. 1--John Fletcher's house, No. 114 Carlisle street. Division No. 2--James Perovial's store, 235 Queen's avenue. Division No. 3--William Smith's store, corner Albert and Richmond streets. Division No. 4--Star Livery, No. 623 Richmond street. Division No. 5--R. Allan's store, No. 723 Richmond street. Division No. 6--William Donohue's house, 823 Richmond street.

WHERE TO VOTE. The polling places for the city election are as follows: NO. 3 WARD. Division No. 1--Mrs. Macdonald's house, No. 348 Colborne street. Division No. 2--Henry Carter's house, No. 303 King street. Division No. 3--James W. T. Park's store, 213 Colborne street. Division No. 4--Walter J. Wood's barber shop, 118 Hamilton road. Division No. 5--Walter Vincent's house, 194 Colborne street. Division No. 6--D. McMillan's house, No. 453 Grey street. Division No. 7--Geo. Hilton's house, No. 433 South street.

WHERE TO VOTE. The polling places for the city election are as follows: NO. 4 WARD. Division No. 1--Geo. Benson's house, 380 Dufferin avenue. Division No. 2--Martin Gould's house, 482 Colborne street. Division No. 3--Jas. Morikin's house, 386 Central avenue. Division No. 4--A. McCrimmon's house, 674 Maitland street. Division No. 5--Donohue's house, 460 Pall Mall street. Division No. 6--Geo. Pevo's house, 761 Colborne street. Division No. 7--A. Brown's house, 815 Maitland street.

A MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE. Suffered Terribly With a Violent Form of Itching, Pruruding Piles--Escaped a Dangerous and Painful Operation, and Was Thoroughly Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. While scores of thousands of people in all the walks of life are being cured of the miseries and discomforts of itching piles by using Dr. Chase's Ointment, comparatively few are so considerate of the welfare of others as to help to make known this wonderful preparation. The following letter from a Methodist minister, who is held in high esteem in Central Ontario, where he is well-known, represents the experience of very many ministers and others, who recognize in Dr. Chase's Ointment the only actual cure for piles and itching skin diseases. Rev. S. A. Duprat, Methodist minister, Concession, Prince Edward county, Ont., states: "I was troubled with itching and bleeding piles for years, and they ultimately attained to a very violent form. Large lumps or abscesses formed, so that it was with great difficulty and considerable pain that I was able to stool. At this severe crisis I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but I had little or no faith in it, as I had tried various remedies before and to no purpose. "Now, imagine how great and joyous was my surprise to find that just the one box cured me, so that the lumps disappeared, and also the external swelling. I feel like a different man today, and have not the least doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me from a very dangerous and painful operation and many years of suffering. It is with the greatest pleasure and with a thankful heart that I give this testimonial, knowing what Dr. Chase's Ointment has done for me. You are at perfect liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit for the benefit of others similarly afflicted." No physician or druggist would think for a moment of recommending any other preparation than Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for piles. It is the only remedy which has never yet been known to fall to cure piles of any form. 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.