

DISORDERLY CROWDS

BATTLE WITH POLICE

More Rioting Follows Meeting of Veterans in Queen's Park.

POLICE USE TACT Military Held in Readiness to Aid in Quelling Any Disturbance.

The casualties of the evening are as follows:

Injured.

Pte. A. M. Bennett, Spadina Convalescent Hospital, hit on the head by police.

Police Sergt. Joseph Snider, 6 Duggan avenue, hit over head and hand with piece of iron pipe.

1 C. Winters, 164 Jarvis street, received face wound.

General Hospital.

Robert Bushbey, Vancouver, B.C., at the Y.M.C.A., suffering from scalp wound.

Rex Crawford, 627 St. Clarens ave., discharged soldier, scalp wound.

Charles O'Brien, 80 Brock ave., head cut.

St. Michael's Hospital.

Thomas Withdraw, College St. Convalescent Hospital, had four stitches inserted to close a scalp wound.

Although more disturbances broke out on the streets of Toronto last night following the meeting of returned soldiers in Queen's Park they were of nothing like the magnitude of Saturday night's affair.

The trouble can best be described as a series of isolated incidents culminating in a number of police charges at the corner of College and Yonge streets. At different periods during the evening things assumed an ugly aspect, but in the majority of instances the good judgment of the police prevented a serious crisis.

Patrol Sergt. Anderson, of Dundas Street West Station, was particularly to the fore with foresight and tact. He was constantly appealing to the crowd to disperse and up to a late hour he had not drawn his baton once during the evening.

Two arrests were made and there were several casualties among the crowd. A number of police were also injured.

The military were ready for action, if the civil police had asked them for assistance. Between 11 and 12 when the situation looked most serious the police phoned the military authorities to have their troops ready. Within twenty minutes 138 officers and men were quartered at the Armouries waiting for a call.

There was 100 armed infantry, including 50 men from the Canadian Garrison Battalion, fifty men from the C. O. T. C., who were brought over from Niagara on Saturday and thirty Royal Canadian Dragoons from Stanley Barracks. The infantry were moved from the Exhibition Camp in six motor transports while the Dragoons trotted through the streets on their high spirited horses.

The Dragoons, many of them, who were through the Quebec riots, looked very businesslike with big white pick handles swinging from their saddles. The men were quartered in the armory yards. The infantry stayed in the Armouries and lay on the floor. Some smoked, while many slept sitting in an upright position back to back. Scores sat about chatting with their rifles stacked. All the officers were returned men, several having been decorated. All were armed with automatic army pistols, carrying the weapons in hostlers slung from their waists. The troops were supplied with ball cartridges. At 1.15 word was received that "all was quiet" and the troops were ordered back to their barracks.

From the start of the meeting in Queen's Park till after four this morning headquarters staff officers were on duty in the event of a call.

Trouble at Queen's Park.

The worst part of the whole proceedings occurred at Shrapnel Corners where for a time the police were up against it and it became necessary to telephone for reinforcements to clear the streets.

The first hint of any trouble, however, occurred at Queen's Park just before the close of the meeting. During the singing of the National Anthem a veteran rushed into the crowd and seized the hat of a civilian who had neglected to remove it. He then grabbed the offending onlooker and dragged him from the crowd and commenced to pummel him. At once the pair were surrounded by a huge crowd and it was impossible to see the ending of the fracas.

Immediately the meeting broke up the veterans formed up and started off on a route march round the city.

The veterans were headed by an automobile containing a number of crippled soldiers and a soldier in uniform riding a bicycle followed behind the auto. The marching men ran the gamut of all the latest patriotic songs, sometimes each part of the procession singing a different chorus. When they were not singing they were making the air resound with such calls as "Are we downhearted?" "No!" would come back from civilians and soldiers alike. "Do we ever lose?" Again would come a tremendous "no" from the crowd.

As the crowd approached the Mall and Empire Building, hooting and cat calls broke out again. But the sight of a dozen or so constables in uniform quietened the men, and the procession went on without stopping. The veterans were by this time, however, losing some of their previous good humour, and a passing street car was put out of commission. One veteran shot his fist through two windows, one after the other, while another pulled the trolley pole from the wire. Again it was one of the leaders of the men who prevented further trouble.

First Clash with Police.

The veterans then marched on along King street and turned up Church and then along Court street. At Court Street Police Station a small army of police filled the doorway and overran the sidewalk.

"All right boys, we're not going to do anything to-night, we are just having a parade," shouted one of the veterans. As the procession started to pass the station, the police constables made no move. But just as the tail end had got by and only a few stragglers were following, three

or four constables drew their batons and made a rush. One civilian had to dodge and scurry like a scared rabbit to escape being hit on the head. Luckily the inspector in charge acted promptly and with sound judgment. He rushed up to the men with drawn batons. "Hold on! What's wrong with you," he shouted, "they are not doing anything. Put up those batons."

The constables at once obeyed. Many of the other policemen had by this time moved from the station, but the crowd had passed on. Civilians who started to follow from Church street were ordered back. The police subsequently refused to state why they had drawn their batons in this particular instance.

"We know nothing," was the reply when asked by The Star the cause of the trouble. Later the veterans claimed that this was the cause of the whole unhappy business. They also claimed that as they turned up Yonge street the police charged them with batons from behind, hitting out indiscriminately.

The crowd on Yonge street by this time was very dense and at one period it was impossible for vehicular traffic to move, and even civilians had the greatest difficulty in making progress either north or south.

Things Look Serious.

Things assumed a more serious aspect when the veterans approached the Superior Lunch. Here the police again made use of their batons and there were two or three casualties among the veterans. At this point Patrol Sergt. Anderson took matters in hand. He called on the police to stop using their clubs stating it was not necessary and by means of persuasive methods he succeeded in getting the crowd to move on.

At 10.20 p.m. the bugle call "Fall in" was sounded twice on Dundas street east. In a few minutes a big crowd had collected. A party of constables, however, came down Victoria street and moved the crowd along to Yonge street again where they were kept moving by another band of police. Several times, however, the crowd came back to this spot and had to be dispersed, but nothing of a serious nature occurred. A brick was thrown by someone in the crowd but failed to hit anyone.

The scene then shifted to the corner of College and Yonge streets, most of the crowd making its way slowly to this spot. Thirty-two constables were counted hurrying to the help of whatever police were on duty at Shrapnel Corners, but even this number proved insufficient to cope with the disturbance before the night was out. Here something like half a dozen rushes were made by the police to clear the corners, sometimes they used their batons; at others they were successful in moving the crowd by persuasive methods.

At Shrapnel Corners.

They were greatly hampered in their work by the huge crowd which merely shifted from one spot to another. Women were among the chief offenders in this respect.

The first outbreak at College and Yonge streets came shortly after ten o'clock when a bottle was thrown at Sergt. Jack McArthur, of Cowan Avenue Station. It just missed the head of the veteran officer and in another minute he was struck by a rock.

By this time the crowd had centred well around the corner of the busy intersection and shortly the sidewalks were choked with dense masses of people. Many women were in the throngs, some urging on the disturbers. A policeman crossed from the east side of Yonge just north of Carlton to move a gang which had assembled at the north-west corner of College and Yonge. He succeeded in his attempt.

When he returned to the east side of the street, however, a mob rushed him, and the officer, who was alone, dashed north on Yonge street to Woods street, and east to Church, where he lost his pursuers. Some said he jumped a street car; others that he commandeered a motor car, while some maintained he climbed a fence. All the same the constable moved quickly, closely followed by the howling mob of men, some of whom jumped into a car, but went the wrong direction.

Presently "Shrapnel Corners" was jammed with civilians, returned and discharged men, and soldiers in uniform. The crowd grew rapidly. They started singing "Hall, Hall, the Gang's All Here." Then they broke into "Pack All Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile." Some stood on the benches and shouted at the top of their voices.

At 11.20 Acting Inspector Joseph Snider, officer in charge of the Dundas west station, appeared on the scene with a squad of sergeants, constables, plainclothesmen, and detectives. Then another missile was thrown across the street at the police. The officers swarmed around from all directions, but held off for a time.

Many Police Struck.

"Don't blame us if you are hurt," was the police slogan.

"Please go home," urged Patrol Sergeant Anderson and Inspector Snider. Police officers were struck by bottles, stones, clubs, sticks and gas pipes, and took their beatings without hitting back. At 11.30 it was again decided to clear "Shrapnel Corners." The police dashed across the street, and in the melee Acting Inspector Snider was seriously assaulted. He was hit across the forehead with a piece of iron, hammered over his helmet with a club till the helmet was punctured, and had his fingers torn by a nail on the end of a club. In this fight two

uniformed soldiers were arrested and taken in the police motor car to Dundas Street West Station.

The men arrested were Fred McCheney and Frank Ellward, who gave their address as No. 1 Queen's Park, the headquarters of the District Depot Demobilization Centre. McCheney was held on a charge of assaulting Acting Inspector Snider, and Ellward for being disorderly. Both men were hustled away from the mob before any attempt could be made to rescue them.

Realizing that the situation was nearing a crisis, Inspector Snider then rushed into a store and telephoned to police headquarters for reinforcements. Some of the mob followed him, but the door was locked in their faces. The men hung around outside waiting for the inspector, but when he came out into the street they took to their heels.

Reinforcements Arrive.

Within three minutes patrol wagons loaded with constables and other police cars arrived, and the police squad then numbered about 60. They then began to move everybody. They drove the crowds up and down the street, urging them to go home. At 11.45 eight mounted policemen arrived. Four came down Yonge street and four came from the south. The sight of the mounted police with their rawhide whips swinging from their saddles awed the crowd, which started to break up and melt away. At one o'clock few people were about, and the police retired gradually to Dundas Street Station.

Besides Acting Inspector Snider's injuries Sergts. McArthur, Tinsley, J. Reeves and Plainclothesmen Bill Ward and Jack Scott were stoned.