

sure he appreciated the fact, had not the time to point out that Canada and Australia are making a literature of their own race of the soil, influenced by environment and marked by national and personal individuality.

Of the Canadian poets it may be my privilege to write on some future occasion. I trust the visit of our Australian friends will have the effect of making us better acquainted with Australia's art and literature in prose and poetry. In the Sydney Bulletin and Melbourne Punch we have had some of the finest war cantatas the world has seen, well drawn, full of vigor and patriotic spirit, and Australia has some short story writers who will not suffer in comparison with O. Henry, who shines supreme in that work.

Australian poetry? I wonder how many who read this column know the writings of Francis Adams of Queensland or Emma Anderson of South Australia or Mrs. J. H. Wilson of Victoria, or H. M. Blackham, Frederick Broom, Alfred Chandler, J. P. Darnell, Lindsay Duncan, Alan Lindsay Gordon, R. H. Huron, Henry Kendall, William Sharp, Buckle Staden and a score of others who have with their names—large—in Australia's poetic album. Canada is producing poetry, but she will have to "go some" to catch up with Australia.

The Australian poets are mostly poets of the open air—those who have loved

"To steal the beauty of a brook
And put it in a song."

They have been moved as the Englishman has been moved, by wonders of grand scenery, boundless distances, glorious trees, lofty mountains, and now when the Empire is in trouble, the poets who have ever "learned in sorrow what they taught in song" are moved in both continents by the same emotions to express the true patriotic Imperial sentiments which will in deathless verse reflect the spirit of these wondrous times.

FINE PROGRAMME GIVEN BY CADETS

Australian Boys Show Versatility and Skill at Concert for I. O. D. E. Fund

Australia must be the land of the youthful prodigy, for it would be indeed hard to find a group of 35 Canadian boys in any one club who could present a programme of the diversified character and excellence of that given in the Imperial Theatre last night by the touring members of the Young Aus-

tralian J. J. Simmons Band and orchestra. Trained in the direction of music, singing, dancing, gymnastic work, comedy and dramatic acting, these were some of the features of the entertainment, and the degree of excellence with which they were performed is being testified to all over town today by just the number of people that the Imperial Theatre could be taxed to accommodate.

The enthusiasm was tremendous, and it was deservedly so, for both in the ensemble numbers, instrumental and vocal, and in the solo work the young men and boys from the Northern Sons proved themselves to be artists of notable accomplishments, and still greater promise. Moreover, it should be said that the programme was given with a professional finish and smoothness that was entirely free from awkward pauses or tiresome waits.

Called to the Front was the name of the first part of the programme which was given in a special stage setting brought along by the artists. Australian military and naval uniforms and the early writing of the books were shown in this scene, and many characteristic phases of life in the bush were indicated. The story of the departure from the family circle of a volunteer for active service was used as a background in which to present a number of entertaining musical items.

Gordon Williams, a longtime singer of good quality and some training, proved very popular, as did Olive Borkwood in a comely role. Martin Scott's humorous monologue in the guise of a person's discourse, was also very funny. A timely Australian song, called "The Old Sundowner," was well rendered by Wilf Stimm, while the trio and sextette were also splendid singers. The boys who took the part of girls did their work well, singing in clear soprano voices and dancing very gracefully. They created a lot of fun in their boyish bashfulness and deterioration of a fuss when they were supposed to be a bit flirtatious.

A gymnastic exhibition on the parallel bars was given with great skill and neatness, some of the work being very advanced. Gordon Williams and Olive Borkwood repeated solo numbers in the second part, and the latter with Stan Saunders gave an amusing and clever little vaudeville sketch in which Stan Saunders demonstrated that he, too, had a very pleasing voice. No more popular number was given, however, than little Bobbie Drew's Scottish dialect songs.

The programme concluded with the brass band on the stage playing four or five numbers with splendid unison and tone. The orchestra which accompanied the first part of the programme was composed of ten of the boys, and proved itself quite alive to the duties of a theatre orchestra. The entracte numbers were greatly enjoyed.

The audience, which was a very fashionable one, manifested great enthusiasm at all stages of the evening and insisted upon repeated encores. The royal box was draped in honor of Lady Tupper, regent of the I. O. D. E., under whose auspices and for whose funds the entertainment was given.

IMPERIAL THEATRE 'CROWDED TO DOORS'

Australian Cadets' Concert is Voted a Huge Success by Vast and Appreciative Audience

The Imperial Theatre was crowded to overflowing last night by the concert given by the Australian Cadets under the auspices of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. In all of its history the "Trench Club" there was nothing amateurish about the performance, every item from beginning to end was well rendered and received with boundless applause, not only because the performers were Australians and guests of the city, but because every item was worthy. Rev. Charles Saunders and Billy Jim in "Called to the Front" caused roars of laughter, as did Mr. Olive Borkwood and Mr. Stan Saunders in their own original sketch, "The Amateur." The National Airs of the Empire and the many patriotic songs throughout were received with unlimited enthusiasm. The gymnastic tableaux, including pyramid building, spectacular physical culture exercises illustrating the muscle development work carried out as part of the compulsory military training in Australia under the direction of Mr. Fred Curran met also with a hearty response from the delighted and perhaps envious audience. Little Bobbie Drew, a tiny comedian created roars of laughter in "My Wee Australian Lassie;" he had a most delightful wink all of his own, which spread all over his face, much to the amusement of those near enough to see him well. In fact the whole programme was so good it would be difficult to decide which were the better items. In the course of a few remarks Mr. Gard and Canadian—used in the decorations, spirit of patriotism shown throughout. The Imperial Theatre presented a very fine spectacle with the vast audience, and the many flags—Australian, British and Canadian, used in the decorations. Practically the whole of Vancouver was represented there. Lady Tupper, as hon. president of the provincial executive of the Daughters of the Empire, occupied, with her family, a box draped with the Union Jack. It would be impossible to mention the names of prominent people present, they were in such numbers. Very little color was noticeable, amongst the gowns, black, white and violet, sometimes relieved with silver over-dresses and echaupes, prevailed. The famous band of the Cadets played selections throughout the evening, and the large number of people who were unable to hear them through want of space last evening will be looking forward with keen delight to the concert they are giving on Sunday afternoon at Brockton Point if fine and in the Arena if wet.