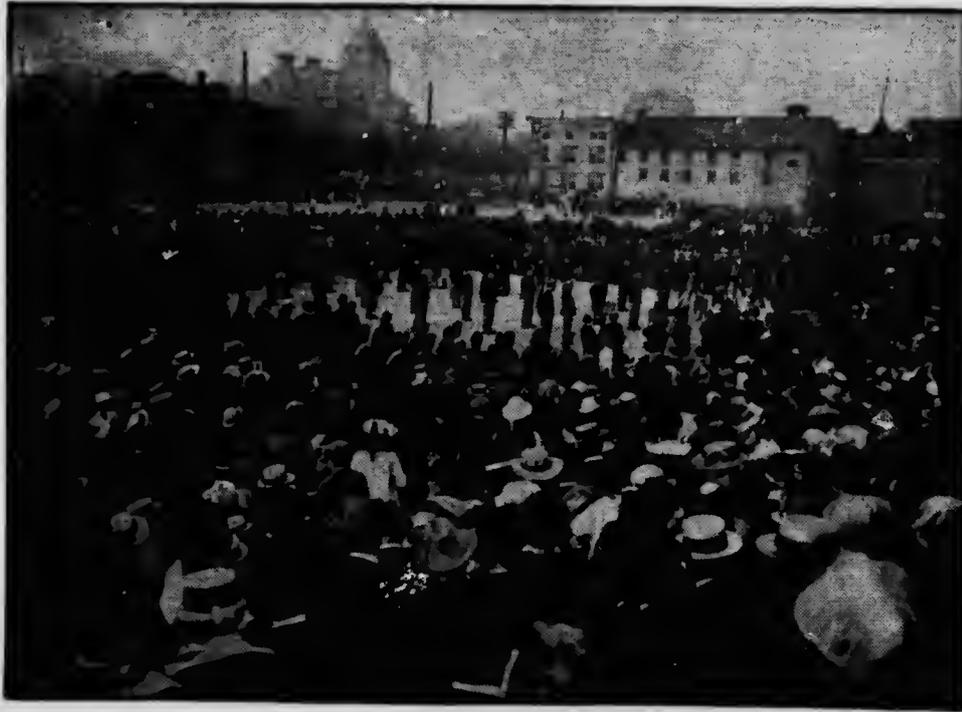


Australian Cadets Receive Hearty Welcome



Scene on Cambie Street Grounds during the official welcome on Monday afternoon. —Photo by Stuart Thomson. Lieut. J. J. Simons may be seen addressing the crowd.

THE PROVINCE

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1915.

WELCOME, AUSTRALIAN CADETS!

The Australian cadets received a very hearty welcome to the city yesterday. In them we are privileged to witness the coming generation of Australians and also to understand something of the spirit which animates that Dominion. The cadets have arrived at the right moment. They come to remind us or what Australians are doing to uphold the liberty of the world in the Dardanelles. Our men are doing the same thing in Flanders, but we are rather apt to forget that Australia is bearing her full share of the burden and also that she is far better prepared than we are. The Australian navy has done and is doing its work, the Australian army is making a record for itself as one of the hardest fighting units in all Europe. We have an army in the field, but we have hardly a ship on the ocean. We have not contributed our share to the maintenance of sea power.

The Australian cadets are the basis on which the army of the Commonwealth is built. The cadets are the definite promise of Australia's manhood

ready to do service for its country. In Australia every man serves and the national service system organized some years ago by its Defence Department has been proved extremely effective. Vancouver welcomes the cadets and trusts they will have a pleasant time. They gave our cadets a splendid reception everywhere when the latter went to Australia. We hope they will not find us a whit behind in our hospitality.

STREET CORNERS

The atrociously commonplace character of the Great Northern Railway station and its surroundings is only redeemed by its being the centre of Chinatown. It was not much of a place for anything like a ceremonial, and consequently the reception of the Australian Cadets yesterday was accomplished under difficulties. The numbers of people who found their way to Pender street, and the scores of automobiles that were packed there, showed the interest taken in these representatives of our sister Dominion. The popular enthusiasm seemed to be a little in advance

of the official. The crowds were there, but there was little for them to see. And as a crowd, we Vancouver people do not know how to cheer. All that the crowd did yesterday was to stand and gaze, just as it would gaze at a circus. But the situation was saved by the music of the Australian band which was enough to wake up the most ossified bonehead. To hear the old national airs played by these boys from the southern seas was to have one's imagination kindled, and to remember how the Australians have fought and bled for the Empire. Here in Vancouver we scarcely know how to make the best of ceremonial occasions, and perhaps the fact that yesterday was a holiday made it difficult. Yet there were people enough left in the city in all conscience. The crowded sidewalks witnessed to that.

There must have been a considerable accession of visitors and day-trippers yesterday, some of them quite remarkable looking people. I don't think I ever saw so many various types of humanity on the streets before. And down in Chinatown, while we waited for the belated Australian train, the Chinamen were a study. They were there, as was natural, in great force and displaying their two varieties, the thin and the fat. It would appear that Chinamen run to