CANADIAN COURIER



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PEDLAR People of Oshawa

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tion had not the numerical strength and sonority of the women sections. The soprano voices were exceptionally lyric and pure; rather treblish in character but always pleasing. Mr. Fletcher has drilled his choir to a point of excellent finish. In all the unaccompanied work there was little to be desired except more and better tone—which would, of course, place the choir in a distinct category from that to which it now belongs. There that to which it now belongs. There is a vigorous freshness about these singers that fits them well for the work they do. Beyond that with a choir of the present calibre it would be impossible to go. In his few years of training Mr. Fletcher has done re-markable things with this young choir. Better he can do only by en-larging his chorus and getting in a larging his chorus and getting in a larger percentage of experienced singers. That, however, is not ne-cessary. The choir has a unique position as it now stands. It would be unwise to place it in competition with larger and more experienced choirs.

Mr. Emil Paur again demonstrated that he knows how to make a band play. He had a splendid time with his men and showed up most of his old form in conducting. He is an enhis men and showed up most of his old form in conducting. He is an en-thusiast and a magnetic conductor who has many big moments—when his band scarcely measures up to his personal power. Perhaps he has not improved his orchestra much in re-cent years except in the string sec-tions and in absolute subordination to Emil Paur. His brass was not always good; French horns particu-larly defective. His Symphony "In der Natur" proved to be a work of agreeable interest, displaying much command of orchestral resources, fa-cility with colour and freedom of ex-pression as well as a strong line of melody. But it can scarcely be class-But it can scarcely be classmelody. ed seriously as a symphony. Rather it is a descriptive fantasia in symphony form with recurring melodies and sequences quite traditional, but with a note of semi-pagan, personal jocularity and *bizarrerie* that make it quite a different matter from the symphony of Elgar which was given its first hearing here a few weeks ago. Mr. Paur is a humorist. He is too personal to write a symphony. But he is immensely clever.

Bagdad

(The mails are now carried from Aleppo to Bagdad by automobiles.— Press Despatch.)

Far in the misty East there looms The city of supreme delight, With fairy rugs, enchanted rooms, And turbaned Arabs, all bedight

In coloured stuffs from magic looms. The Tigris, on its sleepy way, Creeps through this hoary Place of

Dreams.

This solid ghost of yesterday. Around its low foundation beams, The ripples of the river play.

The camel kneels beside its gates, And sees across the yellow sands The glory of Departed States Of long-forgot, deserted lands. He kneels and patiently he waits.

Here, through these narrow, twisted

streets, The good Haroun Al Raschid went, And even now the Kurd repeats Within his brown, unlovely tent Tales of the Caliph's many feats.

Here Ali Baba brought his wares, The jars of oil, the sesame; And here the Forty sowed their tares

And thought to reap prosperity, But found instead a thousand cares. But now the camel must depart,

The asses disappear from view,

It brings such sorrow to my heart. Where is the misty town I knew! When motor cars for Bagdad start. -J. E. MIDDLETON in Toronto News.



