Fishing Before Business: Back at 7 p.m.!

(1) Kaslo, B.C., on the Beautiful Upper Kootenay Lake.
(2) Quiet Fishing in Noisy Waters.

Fishermen who like a tent to live in, log fires, provisions from a country grocery store, fish that they catch themselves and roast on embers or on a frying pan that they provide, should take Upper Kootenay Lake into consideration when thinking of deciding on a fishing trip. This lake and the streams that feed it are less well known to anglers outside of British Columbia than they should be.

Salmon fishing is unexcelled in the lake. B. McGregor, who is an enthusiastic Kaslo sportsman, says:—"I have locked my store door, walked across the street, jumped into a row boat, let out a line and got a salmon in less than half an hour." The best season for salmon fishing is from May 15th to June 30th, and from the beginning of September to the middle of November. Mr. McGregor again says: "I got a 19-lb. salmon within half a mile of my door on the 20th of November last." This hearty Scotchman, who came from Fifeshire, the same part of Scotland as was the birthplace of the late Sir William Whyte, former Vice-President of the C. P. R., knows all that is to be known about the Kootenay Lake fishing region. He recommends fly fishers to go to the mouths of the creeks in July, August and September. "I do considerable fishing myself," he declares. "In fact, I am honest about my weakness when they are biting good I often lock up and write on a blackboard outside my store: 'Fishing before business. Will be back at 7.00 p.m.' However, I usually stay as long as they bite well." Mr. McGregor is always glad to see anglers at Kaslo, and delighted to tell them all about the kind of tackle he finds most successful. "I will answer any inquiries to any tourist at any time," he says.

There are several good guides for fishermen available at Kaslo. For salmon fishing it is best to make Kaslo headquarters, and take the waters in a row-boat. Fly fishers are recommended to furnish themselves with bread, butter, any canned goods they need, a frying pan, blankets, and canvas for a tent, then take a motor launch and go to the mouth of some of the best fishing creeks, send the motor launch away, with instructions to call back a few days later, and then pitch a tent. If the campers know anything at all about fishing they are likely to find all the trout they can eat and lots to bring home with them. Those who have undertaken such a holiday say that if we all could have a few weeks of this kind of life annually there would be less patent medicine concerns in the country.

Big game hunters also find a sphere for their activities in the neighbourhood of Kaslo five miles from the C. P. R. line in the early autumn season. Deer abound, and black, brown and grizzly bears are numerous. A government agent at Kaslo issues licenses to game hunters.

The scenery in this district is extremely beautiful, but trails are not yet generally opened up. Mr. McGregor is loud in praise of the glacier scenery. He likes to go up amongst the eagle where he can see numerous mountain peaks, "just like a field of great hay cocks."

Kaslo, the headquarters of tourists to Upper Kootenay Lake, is one of the most beautiful little cities in Canada, in the centre of a prosperous mining and fruit growing district. In the Kootenays [illegible] the virgin [illegible] a fellow prospector saw the possibilities of the promontory on which it is located and decided to clear the brush and establish a townsite. Originally it was called Kane's Landing, but as the community grew, a picturesque Indian name signifying "the place where the blackberries grew," was adopted. Sixteen years ago the early residents began to plant fruit trees, and to-day there is no more successful orchard country in Canada, cherries being particularly [illegible]. For this the mild climate is largely responsible. Kootenay Lake never freezes over.

The city is connected by steamer, [illegible]

Digby and Evangeline's Land

A View of Digby, Nova Scotia, and a Close View of the Willows Under Which Evangeline Used to Rest.

The Pines at Digby is the first Dominion Atlantic Railway hotel to be opened in Nova Scotia. During the tourist season of 1919 it will be in full swing under the management of the new owners. The acquisition of the Pines by this railroad is a distinct advantage to tourists and to Nova Scotia, for a good hotel attracts visitors almost as much as a good scenic dock. Hotels and scenes go together in their call to the public. To enjoy the [illegible] must be comfortably housed [illegible] well fed. One might aptly parody Thomas Moore's lines and write:

The rooms where we dwell, and the meals that we eat
Make every sweet scene of enchantment more sweet.

Reginald Graves is associate manager of The Pines, and he is one of the most experienced hotel men in America. He was manager of the Place Viger Hotel in Montreal for many years.

Tourists to Evangeline's Land generally make a tour of all the beauty spots of the region. Yarmouth, beside the sea, offers many allurements to the visitor. A colony of French-Canadians, whose ancestors were expelled from Grand Pre, resides in the vicinity of Yarmouth, and still retains the traditions of the Acadians. Kentville is the headquarters of the Dominion Atlantic Railway which serves the entire district. Grand Pre was the site of the village from which the Acadians were banished in 1755. The well where Evangeline was wont to go for water and the willows under which she rested [illegible] meadows are green on the dykelands and the dykes keep out the sea, and a little inland the gentle hills are patched with luxurious orchards. Wolfville, the headquarters for tourists to Grand Pre, is built in the midst of one of the greatest apple growing localities in the world. The late King Edward was amongst those who visited and loved this spot. It is only a short walk from Wolfville to Grand Pre, and the marshlands extend from one place to the other.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway has purchased the "big field" where the Acadians made their village, which was their capital, and this has become a public park. A memorial cross now stands there on the site of the ancient burial ground, and a statue of Evangeline sculptured by Philippe Hebert and his son Henri, descendants of an Acadian family, will soon add the grace of art to attractions of a haunt where nature has lavished her rarest charms.

It is significant that the Dominion Atlantic Railway and the Boston and Yarmouth Steamship Company have embarked on an ambitious campaign to advertise the tourist attractions of Nova Scotia.

ARMENIA.

Country Is Old in History But Young Among Nations.

[illegible] the map of Asia Minor, you will note a line from Alexandretta, on the Mediterranean, to Samsoun, on the Black Sea, and another line from Alexandretta due east to Mount Ararat, the mighty boundary-stone which marks the meeting place of Turkey, Persia and Russia, the region of which will roughly correspond to the area of Turkish Armenia, says Major E. Alexander Powell, in the Review of Reviews. Though Turkish Armenia, in its broadest sense, is usually understood to include nine vilayets—muret-el-Aziz, Diarbekir, Sivas, Aleppo and Van—the Armenia which it is proposed to revivify will probably consist of only the first six of these provinces, for the Turks will almost certainly be permitted to retain Sivas, the population of which is overwhelmingly Osmanli; Aleppo, the greatest railway centre in Western Asia, is within the British sphere of influence; while France has claims to Adana.

To get a mental picture of the new state of Armenia you must imagine a country about the size of North Dakota, with Dakota's cold winters and scorching summers, consisting of a dreary and monotonous plateau of an average height of 6,000 feet, with grass-covered, treeless mountains and watered by many rivers, whose valleys form wide stretches of arable land. Rising above the general level of this Armenian tableland are barren and forbidding ranges, broken by many gloomy gorges, which culminate, on the extreme northeast, in the mighty peak of Ararat, the traditional resting-place of the Ark. This region has been identified with the Armenians as their historic home for three thousand years. The names of towns, valleys, mountains, lakes and rivers are Armenian; the countryside is dotted with the monuments of ancient Armenia; the soil is soaked with Armenian blood—for it was a boast of the Turks that they would have Armenia without the Armenians—and, above all else, every Armenian, no matter where he may dwell, is profoundly attached to this wild and sombre land, the cradle of his race.

The Armenians unquestionably have the first and the greatest claim on Armenia. They have been known as a nation since the times of Herodotus and probably earlier. Under Tigranes Armenia was the centre of an empire extending from the Orontes to the Caspian. Though for six hundred years she has suffered under Turkish cruelty and oppression, she has steadfastly remained the bulwark of Christianity in Asia. Before the war the Armenians in the six vilayets numbered approximately 1,000,000 as compared to 600,000 Turks. But there is no saying how many Armenians remain, for during the four years of the war the Turks perpetrated a series of wholesale massacres in order to be able to tell the Christian powers, as a Turkish official cynically remarked, that "one cannot make a state without inhabitants." A few generations of peaceful lives should be quite enough, however, for the prolific Armenians to repopulate the country and to restore it to its ancient prosperity.

Came Down from Romans.

Among the Albanians lives a fragment of a strange people who call themselves Rumani, said to be descendants of the Romans—of that fifth Roman legion which dispersed and scattered along the old highway stretching from Durazzo to Constantinople. This great road of ancient Rome (via Egnatia), called at its beginning the Appian Way, passes southeast through Italy to Brindisi; beginning again at Durazo, runs thence through Elbassan by Lake Ochrida to Krusha, and on to Monastir and Vodena; thence to Saloniki and beyond to Constantinople.

The Rumani are proud of their origin, and answer the questions of race by saying: "I am a descendant of the Romans." They are a simple, pastoral people, not given to robbery or brigandage. Their primitive little villages of stone are frequently seen in the mountains, often perched near high summits. A large colony of them, known as Vlachs, live on the slope of the Pindus Mountains in sight of Livadhovi, but far away across the valley and gorge.

From the heights where they graze their flocks in summer the Rumani descend into the valleys in winter; and on the road men, women and children, surrounded by their hundreds of sheep and goats in search of grazing lands, form a picture of nomad life that reminds us of the days of Abraham.

There are said to be some 80,000 of these Rumani, but who really knows their number, scattered as they are over hundreds of mountain peaks, in inaccessible villages or caves, and moving from place to place.

The Ingenious Hollanders.

In some parts of Holland the farmers have taken a hint from nature, and as a result have their own gas plants. On the drained marshy land, below the sea level, natural gas is plentiful, and plants have been installed to put it to practical use. The installation comprises a well, into which water from the soil filters, with a gas-generator placed therein, thus extracting the gaseous properties from the water and conducting them to a reservoir containing a supply for the house. The gas thus obtained provides all the wants for cooking, heating, and lighting in the house or any other part of the farmyard. After the plant is once installed, which can be done at a small expense, the cost is nothing, and the quality of the gas is said to be particularly good. —Family Herald.

The Beech Tree.

The beech, which is found in the temperate zone in Europe, America and Asia, is valuable in medicine for the creosote distilled from its tar. Creosote, creosote carbonate and guaiacol are medicines used to supplement the hygenic measures which have done so much to reduce the death rate in sufferers from pulmonary tuberculosis.

JAPANESE PROVERBS.

A Large Percentage of Them Concern Women.

Many foreigners have been pleased to call my country, Japan, the land of proverbs. A large percentage of our proverbs, it is needless to say, concern women, says Saito-Man in the London Mail.

Most of the old, widely known ones have been freely translated or stolen, by foreign writers. But we are not worried. New and clever proverbs are fast being created by the new generation of men and women.

I translate below some of the gems which have recently come under my notice. They do not necessarily represent the opinion of the present day Japanese people, but they are, at any rate, a contribution to the abundant world wisdom on the immortal problem:

"'New' women are created to replace good women."

"If you want to love women, begin by loving money."

"Women who remember shop signs and trade marks make good wives."

"Very jealous women are easy to control."

"Pride goes before a fall, especially in beautiful women."

"Women and mountains should be looked on at a distance."

"Women fall in love with their protectors; men with women."

"Men who can neither brag nor flatter need not fear being loved by women."

"Rather than make love in clumsy language, bite your tongue out."

"Plain women bewail their misfortune in proportion to their learning."

"When marriage agents praise any woman for her virtues, you may be certain that it is another way of saying that she is ugly."

"Women who seek liberty too often lose it."

"A wife who does not know how to please her husband makes him commit no end of blunders."

"Men who like to take photos with their wives are henpecked."

"Thin-lipped women tell lies; thick-lipped women are lazy and jealous."

"'Tis women who know they are ugly that powder their faces."

"Women admire women of their own type."

"The secret of winning the woman who jilts you is—perseverance."

"Women understand men; those who understand women are also women.

"Poisonous flies carry shiny wings; bad women pretty faces."

"Men laugh with their hearts; women only with their mouths."

"Women who habitually bite their lips are jealous."

"War makes men strong and women lovely."

LURE OF THE OPEN.

War Is Expected to Cause Increase of Vagabondage.

The lure of the open has been sung by many poets, but to the average civilized man it is a pleasant myth. Now and then, to be sure, says the Medical Record editorially, the city man camps out for a week or so to the accompaniment of aching muscles, mosquitoes, poor coffee and general ennui. Later on he looks back on the adventure as rare sport and recalls with his friends the night they sat and played penny ante with their umbrellas up because the roof of the tent leaked, but down in his heart of hearts he knows how well he likes the comforts of city life.

But the great war has just put a new aspect on the thing. These same men have been taken out into the open and made to live there. They have not been allowed to quit. And from loathing it they have come to like it. And now comes demobilization.

It is a fact well known to students of sociology that following every great war of the past there has been an increase of vagabondage in the warring nations, nor is this one expected to be an exception.

How many with the roaming spirit are thrown into fore-ordained paths, take the line of least resistance and follow the career mapped out for them. If they ever contemplate the delicious freedom it is only with a passing sigh. The iron bonds of custom are too strong and they go down to the grave highly respected citizens. But the war has given them physical health, self-reliance and a taste of freedom. The Wanderlust grips them, the open road of Bliss Carman, the long trail of Kipling, the little voices sung by service are calling them and they go forth into the open spaces. So we shall doubtless see as one of the many by-products of the war a rebellion against convention and civilization and an increase of society's Ishmaels.

After-Effects of Mustard Gas.

At a meeting of the Academie de Medicine, Dr. Ch. Achard, professor of pathology and general therapeutics in the Paris medical faculty, spoke of the sequels of gas poisoning. It is remarkable that in the mustard gas cases the most serious sequels are seen. The most important of these late symptoms (they may appear as late as forty months after the gassing) are manifested by the lungs. They are chronic bronchitis and a condition simulating tuberculosis without tubercle bacilli in the sputum.

Nevertheless, tuberculosis may supervene as a secondary complication, but much less frequently than is believed to be the case. In addition to these pulmonary lesions there may be lesions of the larynx, eyes, skin, stomach, heart and, exceptionally, of the liver and kidneys. Nervous disorders may develop or disturbances of the general health of the gassed person.

Title of Russian Government.

The Bolshevik Government—if it can be regarded as a Government—calls itself Socialist. Its full title is "the Russian Federative Socialist Republic of Soviets." It is said to be the very worst form of irresponsible despotism; the despotism of ignorance and crime let loose.