Whipping Canada's Lakes and Streams

Twenty-five years ago the drift of American anglers to the Dominion was incidental and of small numerical account. Plenty of good fishing then available in the Republic, combined with meagre knowledge of Canadian resources, public laws and methods of transport, rendered a "trip to Canada" an exceptional undertaking. Canadian National Railways records of recent years present a contrast not only in the happy invasion of tens of thousands where hundreds came before, but in the wide familiarity with Canadian geography and the sporting resources that each section is peculiarly fitted to furnish. This, of course, is the consequence of more diffused education on the subject of angling, and a new appreciation of the fact that Canada, with its unoccupied spaces, its limitless wealth of forest and stream, richly endowed and as richly maintained, puts claims upon the fishing aspirant, which the older regions of the south cannot hope to rival.

In an effort to induce sportsmen to visit Canadian fishing localities the Canadian National Railways have published and given wide distribution, particularly in the United States, to a booklet describing the better fishing locations. Motion picture films, depicting fishing in different parts of Canada are also circulated widely, tending to create interest in Canada's angling possibilities

Whether it be salmon or trout, bass or maskinonge, Rainbow or Steel head the angler can find it in Canada. The tourist bureau of the Canadian National Railways in Montreal stands ready at all times to assist the angler to get properly located and to place him with a competent and reliable guide or at a comfortable fishing lodge. Anglers form a goodly number of the vast army of tourists who visit Canada each year. They all contribute towards our general tourist income and every effort is made to encourage them

TREES STRIPPED

The caterpillar plague that stripped trees in Sudbury district last year is returning, reports from Drury Township says. Acres of poplar trees near Worthington are as bare as during the winter. Birds are so puzzled by the lack of foliage they fly screaming about the trees, apparently unwilling to build on bare boughs.

Immigration Laws 60 Years Ago

Ontario Couple Who Have Just Celebrated Diamond Jubilee Tell of Trip Across Border

Sixty years ago, when Alfred Fred Watson and his bride of one year took a honeymoon trip from Meaford Ont. to Virgina, there was no call for a check-up with immigration laws or commuters' regulations in getting across the border at Niagara Falls.

It took three weeks to reach Virginia, however, and that was fairly good going, with their transportation facilities. They travelled by covered wagon, and team of horses. It was real adventure.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson recently celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary and their stories of the trip were a revelation to some of the "youngsters" present. The happy young couple of 1875--now enjoying life on the shores of Georgian Bay—pitched their tent when they felt like it and cooked their meals as they went along. They were mostly "dirt" roads in those days but no automobiles to give them the dust. Even the bicycles were scarce—just the old-fashioned high-wheeled kind, if any. The Canadian couple spent some time in Virginia and returned as they went—without a mishap.

Mr. Watson was born in the township of Portland, near Kingston, Ont., in 1847. Now in his 88th year he is taking more interest in life than he ever did.

'Yes, I go up town every day," he remarked, "occasionally meet up with old friends from the country and talk over old times." There's still plenty of kick in life after a man passes his 80th birthday, he says.

Mrs. Watson was born near Meaford, in May 1851. She too has good health and continues her daily house work. They were married Feb. 18, 1873 in the Meaford Methodist Church.

About 1876 they took up farming in the township and later Mr. Watson engaged as a thresher for twenty years. They now are retired. They have one daughter, Mrs. Joseph Abercrombie.

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Winter Dangerous Time for Babies

Statistics Show More Deaths During Cold Weather

Washington—The dangerous days for the baby have swapped seasons.

Childrens bureau statistics show that whereas mothers used to have plenty of cause to worry about getting infants through their first summer, the winter has now become the gravest cause for concern.

Back in 1921, gastro-intestinal diseases, which mothers called "summer complaint," accounted for 15 deaths per 1,000 live births. Most of these were caused by bad milk, bad water and flies contaminating food.

By 1930 the gastro-intestinal death rate slumped to eight per 1,000. This trend is continuing.

The respiratory diseases—the winter grist of coughs, colds and pneumonia — remained practically unchanged, 10 deaths per 1,000 live births in 1921; 11 deaths per 1,000 in 1930.

Miss Katherine F. Lenroot, acting chief of the childrens bureau, said vigilance should not be relaxed, summer or winter.

"Because the general peak has gone down does not mean that there are no longer summer peaks of disease in certain neighborhoods," she said.

Tumor Weighed Over a Hundred Pounds

Elizabeth Turnbull, editor of The Missionary Monthly, Toronto, writes to the press: "A story from Kingston about the removal of a 55-pound tumor from a woman has caused me to send the following:

"We have just received word from one of the nurses of the Woman's Missionary Society of the United Church of Canada, Miss Isabel Leslie of Weihwei Hospital, North Honan, China, telling of a yong girl of 25 who was brought in with an enormous tumor which had been growing for three years. Every known device had been tried by the quacks on the street with no result, and finally they took her to the Mission Hospital. A tumor weighing 110 pounds was removed. The girl made a good recovery"

Viewing Fishing From Another Angle

Ottawa, Canada - To a great majority of the people fishing is merely fine sport, but to almost 15,000 persons in Quebec it provides a means of livelihood. According to an advance report of the fisheries of the Province of Quebec the amount of capital invested in that industry during 1933 was $2,839,351, a gain of $14,351 and 1932. Vessels, boats, nets, traps, piers and wharves, etc used in the primary operations of catching and landing the fish represented $2,380,063 of the capital investment, and fish canning and curing establishments, $459,288.

The total value of Quebec's fisheries in 1933 amounted to $2,128,471, an increase over the preceding year of $312,927 or 17 per cent. This total represents the value of fish as marketed, whether sold for consumption fresh, or canned, cured and otherwise prepared, and covers the sea fisheries valued at $1,601,470 and the inland fisheries valued at $527,001. Cod fish valued at $863,913 was the most important catch. Other important kinds were lobsters, $217,476; herring, $207,415; salmon, $154,159; and eels, $131,440. The total quantity of all kinds of fish caught during the year was 933,361 cwt., an increase of 13,642 cwt. over the catch in 1932.

JAPAN MAKING GREATER USE OF TYPEWRITER

In Japan there has been a radical change in the handling of correspondence by government offices and larger business houses. Previously letters were written by hand but a typewriter has been produced with Japanese characters and it is now being adopted in government offices and the more substantial business houses. The machine is more cumbersome than that used in Canada due to the greater number of characters required by the Japanese language. This increased use of the typewriter in Japan has brought about a great demand for carbon paper. The higher grades of carbon paper are supplied by Great Britain and Canada, while the cheaper grades come from Austria, the United States and Germany.

Hamilton Team Wins Competition

Springfield, Mass.,—Announce- was made recently that the Hamilton Ont., degree team was winner of the competition of the Grand Lodge, Ladies' Auxiliary to the order of Scottish Clans, while the St. Catherines Ont., team was winner of the drill team competition.

The Mean Thing

The honeymoon is over when he suggests that a permanent wave should be permanent.—Atlanta Constitution

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STRETCH-IF YOU DESIRE POISE, HEALTH AND STYLE

Seventy-Year-Old Ex-Circus Rider Gives Young Women Key to Smartness by Posture

"You're an old woman — you can't do that!" somebody said to pint-sized Josie, known to the circus profession as one of the great bareback riders of all time, up and showed them. She went back to the circus after fifteen years of what she contemptuously calls "soft living" and did difficult back somersaults in the middle ring at Madison Square Garden, setting a comeback record that has yet to be equalled. Moreover, she's still settng records—and she looks younger than ever, though she must be seventy if she's a day.

When she had proved her point, and the desire to give her little adopted daughter a settled home had caused her to leave the ring, this time for good, she started giving riding lessons. From that, she went on to open a dancing class which has in turn developed into the most famous posture school in the country, patronized chiefly by rich debutantes and society women who know they must carry themselves well to look well.

The diminutive Mrs, Robinson's latest pioneer adventure is in a School of Fashion where she teaches correct posture to students who later will become fashion artists, stylists, buyers, style consultants and advisers.

Wearing Clothes Well

"They need to know about correct posture not only for themselves, but also for guidance in drawing fashion figures and in supervising the training of models whose movements must be rhythmical and effective," explained Ethel Traphagen, head of the school and originator of the idea.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Robinson, demonstrating her point by aiming an accurate and extremely graceful kick at the light fixture, "the thing that ruins many expensive and beautiful costumes worn by women today is the way the women carry themselves. They may have their hair just right. Their faces may be done in the latest modes as far as massage and make-up go, but the clothes become mere rags unless they are worn well. And it takes good posture to carry them off."

Comfortingly Mrs. Robinson says that it doesn't matter much whether you are thin or fat, provided you know how to stand and walk and sit.

"See this," she admonished, slipping off her rather tiny pumps and walking around the room on her heels. "Women begin to age first in the ankles and being to show it around the abdomen. Never was there a time when they needed posture more, for the modern fashions, especially for the beach, are most revealing.

"Never Be Tired."

"What I really teach, though, is how never to be tired. Anybody who studies with me learns how to wind up the body in the morning and keep it that way all day. I don't know the meaning of the word tired myself, and never did except for those 15 years when I 'went society.' Then I was tired all right—tired mainly of waiting around for maids to do this and that for me."

This time when she "married rich and lived on Long Island" she nearly "lost her body", Mrs. Robinson declares. That is, she did none of the exercises that had kept her supple all her life, and when she began to train again she could barely lift her leg as high as her waist. Now she can lift it as high as her head and higher, can bend and stretch any part of her body. Her flesh is as firm and supple as that of a 16-year-old girl. Her figure is perfect and she weighs between 98 and a 100 pounds, never more. That's just right for her "five feet and a suggestion," which according to her is her height.

"Oh, yes, I have plenty of years but I won't tell you how many," she parrred merrly, rocking agilely on her heels. "You're as young as you act, anyway, and so how can you say I'm really old?"

Certainly it is difficult to say about one whose blue gray eyes are so clear, whose face is so unlined and whose smile and mental outlook are so youthful.

"What matters in life is to stick to a thing and do a good job of it, whatever it is," she said firmly. "I came of a circus family. My father's people were mountebanks and we may have lacked some kinds of training but we certainly were taught that character and integrity counted above all else. Money? Bah, that was nothing."

Among the exercises that Mrs. Robinson gives to her talented students are a spine balancing stunt, a stretching regimen and the heel and toe walking. For these last two you must get way up on heel or toe. It's hard but she can do it and so, she says, can anybody who will practice.

Doubling Yourself in Half

For the spine balancing, sit on the floor and draw your knees up close to the body; then slowly stretch the legs upward with the toes pointing skyward. You'll find yourself tilting and finally falling backward, but by concentration you can double yourself in half, find balance and exentually complete this strenuous exercise successfully.

"I find," says Mrs. Robinson, "that the simplest of all beneficial stretching can be done with the aid of a pole. Stand flat against it, feet firmly on the floor, with the heels, calves and shoulders touching the pole. The arms reaching overhead to the top of the pole pull the entire body to a full length — flattening the stomach, raising the chest and actually stretching the spine so that round shoulders soon disappear. And it's so easy when done correctly."

* * *

If you're middle-aged, don't do any of these energetic "stunts" until you have consulted your doctor, and in any case, don't go at them too strenuously. Hearts are sometimes rather weak after years of what Mrs. Robinson calls "soft living."

Unimportant Things May Often Colud One's Happiness

Family of Children May be Likened to Garden — Weigh Beauty Against Smaller Breaks

The lady has a garden. It is a very beautiful place to behold indeed.

When you view it with her, she shows you how each rose bush is pruned at the right place, at the right time. Roses differ. Some will bloom better with cutting back, while others are exactly the opposite. You hear all this when you talk to the lady.

She shows you the dry wall and the little rock-plants clinging in its crevices. She explains the difference between biennials and perennials and how she starts her annuals in sand boxes.

You look around at all the blooms and sigh and you wish that you could live in such a heaven. The bird bath has exactly the right amount of water. The pool is precise and clean. Not a dead leaf anywhere.

MINOR IRRITATIONS

A puppy wanders in. An elephant of a puppy, for he is a St. Bernard. Where he sets his foot, nothing ever grows again.

"Get out—" shrieks the lady. "Go home," she stamps. "He has already broken down two 'snaps."

He licks hands all around, then shoots over to the next yard where there are pigeons to chase.

"I can't keep a thing for the children, the dogs and the pigeons," she worries. "Oh, here comes that baby now. His mother ought to know better. He pulls things."

The baby, however does not arrive. He is rescued by his mother in time.

The lady speaks of the weather. It has been too dry and then too wet. The wind has broken some delphinium and some hollyhocks.

LACK OF "SOUL"

We look over the garden. Marauders and weather have made no dent that we can see. The thousands of blooms have closed like a wave over the vacancies left by their broken brothers.

It seems such a pity that the owner cannot enjoy what she has without noticing the little annoyances. She allows all the happiness of her beautiful garden to be destroyed by a few minor mishaps. Or in other words, there is no "sould or "spirit" here. It has become a thing of parts—technical and almost prosaic

A family of children may be likened to a garden. There will be daily disturbances and worries but a mother can, if she will be happy in the whole picture .She will weigh beauty against small breaks or even occasional ugliness and glory in it. Her sky will not be perpetually overcast by small clouds.

The happy "spirit" of the home is what lasts. Eventually the other things close over and are lost to view.

POULTRY RAISERS
Check **ROUP**
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With a Few Drops of
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Little, But Oh My!

Writes the Toronto Globe— Even in the canine world there was an ambition to mark in some suitable way Toronto's century of civic life, so it came about that all the best dogs in the neighborhood—the well-bred, public-spirited dogs, leaders of thought in their several circles—decided to forgather at the Exhibition Grounds and hold a show. They would help their masters to make this, in every respect, a red-letter year in Toronto's history. The masters, as usual, would donate handsome prizes. Hence the Dog Show.

Many noble animals of long lineage entered the lists. This was no time for holding aloof from the commoner herd. Breed and poise were evident in the numerous cages. Serene mastiffs, conscious of their class, gazed dreamily at the spectators Excitable terriers whose ethnological roots ran back to many lands across the sea yelped for attention. All aristocrats listed in the canine blue book were on hand. Representatives of the larger breeds sniffed contemptuously at the little fellows that any human might put in his pocket. These weren't dogs; they were toys, and could have no place among man's best friends.

And all the while these big bugs of the show ring were dwelling upon the all round victory that must come to one of them, a small bundle of fluff, a Pomeranian bearing the sounding title "Melbourne Supremacy," which came in from Richmond Hill for the occasion, proved that he was well named, and, in the language of the theatre, "stole the show," captured pride of place as the best dog on exhibition, and won an array of trophies that would be a credit to any kennel. "Melbourne Supremacy" weighs less than three pounds, and hasn't much to say for himself; but he showed his haughty neighbors that physical bulk and vocal ability do not mean everything at a dog show. But surely there is in his little head a proud thought that he was the best dog in a big show—and during Centennial year.

Before Breakfast

York, let me tell you, is the last city left in England which a man should enter on horseback or on foot. Unfortunately few people know this. When I came to the high, white, machiolated wall that circles this city I looked up at the great bastions that guard its angles, at the cross-slits for the bowmen, at the gate-houses on whose topmost turrets little stone men, outlined against the sky, huge bowlders against their stomachs and seem about to heave them down on you as you pass.

The walls offer you a three-mile walk, which I consider to be the best before-breakfast walk in England.

It was one of those hushed, sweet, washed-clean April mornings, the smell of grass in the air and the wind running round corners like a pup in search of his tail. An old man was shaking a religious mat on the south steps of the minster, the sun was washing the east window, and the great church lay in unexpected early shadows . . . .

The minster bell chimed a half-hour. Smoke began to curl from the chimneys above the red roofs. York was awakening. Beyond the walls bicycles went by. There were bells, bells, bells!! Did you ever hear of a medieval city without bells? (They even sell coal with a bell in York.)

So I went on to Monk Bar, where the stonemen have been holding their missiles for centuries, on to Walmgate Bar, which has a great barbican, or outwork, lying before it and a wireless aerial attached to it! Here lives a member of the police force in the most romantic house in York. Then Victor Bar, and Micklegate, which bears on heraldic shields the lions of England quartered with the lilies of France; and so round the bend to Tanner Moat and right ahead the classic view of York Minster lifting its towers above the city and the white wall twisting on and on.

What a walk, and whaat a city, for an April morning!—From "The Call of England" by H. V. Morton (New York: McBride).

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