

Finland: The Land of a Thousand Lakes

By Helmer Lindell

Norway and even Sweden, though their scenic attractions are undeniable, certainly have one drawback—during the summer months they are almost as much tourist-ridden as Switzerland.

The tourist who wishes a change from the conventional continental holiday resort, and who pines for the novelty and unspoiled charm of an unsophisticated country, cannot do better than turn his attention to Finland. The "Land of a Thousand Lakes" combines the advantages of a civilized country, where the usual comforts and "agreements" of the tourist are obtainable, with the interest of an unexplored land. Though communications are plentiful enough, steamers and railways taking you in every direction, yet the lover of solitude will find, within easy reach of the railway, miles upon miles of uncultivated moorland, of virgin pine forests, of thousands of lakes, waterfalls, and rivers of foaming rapids.

No doubt the untraveled reader—but then this magazine does not appeal to these—is apt to associate vaguely Finland with Lapps and Eskimo dogs. To these the first glimpse of the beautiful city of Helsingfors must indeed come as a pleasing surprise. As Mr. MacCallum Scott in his admirable guide to Finland remarks, "the average British reader thinks of Finland as a snowy waste, where the few fur-clad inhabitants contrive to prolong their existence on whale blubber. The reindeer is supposed to provide the chief means of locomotion, and the polar bear to dispute the mastery of the land with man. In reality Finland is Arctic only in the winter. In summer the climate rivals that of the south of England. The land is covered with waving forests of fine fir and birch, and intersected by a perfect network of silvery lakes through which the traveler can voyage hundreds of miles into the interior. It is the home of a highly cultured and hospitable people, building great cities and conducting a flourishing commerce. Physically, Finland resembles the great Northwestern territory of Canada. It is a land of lakes, rivers, and forests, and in both countries civilization is brought into close contact with the wild. Few countries in Europe offer such attractions to the traveler in search of beauty, and freshness, and rest. It is off the beaten track, yet the railway system is highly developed,



View from Karelen, East Finland

and the lake steamers provide a means of locomotion which makes the journey one of the most enjoyable parts of a holiday.

The epithet "The Land of a Thousand Lakes," which descriptive writers are fond of giving to Lapland, is appropriate enough. Indeed, one might almost call it "The Land of a Hundred Thousand Lakes" if the smaller lakes were included.

The lake district is for the most part on the so-called "sea-plateau," in the southern half of the country. If one looks at the country from a height, the lakes glitter on all sides, bordered by a green frame of forest-clad hills and ridges—a perfect labyrinth of sheets of water.

The same landscape pictures are repeated all over this sea-plateau. The cultivated land seems swamped, literally as well as figuratively, by the dominating land and water. Green and blue are here Nature's national colors. Small wooded hills rise here and there, the forest occasionally being split up with cultivated ground, and brooks winding lazily through flat clay land.

Towards the north and northeast the land rises gradually, the lakes become fewer and smaller, the hills larger, and finally bare on the summits, woods and forests more and more predominating in the landscape.

A gloomy wilderness meets us now, where the tracks of man are few, and grey "skelton trees" show themselves among the knotty pine trees.

Here and there one finds, however, in that land of small hills with its softly rounded heights, its long, slightly winding ridges, its moors and marshes and its valleys, in which nearly always one or many lakes open their blue eyes towards heaven, steep precipices, with rugged, almost perpendicular walls. To this wild region in that otherwise mildly melancholy landscape popular legends usually removed its sprites and hobgoblins.

Historians and ethnologists still wrangle as to the origin of the Lapps, but it is generally thought that the original inhabitants of southwest Finland were of Teutonic blood. The Lapps had gradually yielded to the present population as it penetrated into the wilds and occupied them. Now the Lapps are driven to the Far North.

Finland's chief population consists of Finns,

originally of Mongolian race, but strongly amalgamated with other peoples, so that they have in great measure lost their Mongolian characteristics. These people lived a long time in northern Russia, but began, during the transmigration period to move towards Finland, probably not in large troops, but in small groups or in single families, as the fishing in the country attracted them. Now the Finns occupy almost the whole country, and have in many places penetrated as far as the Lapps' territory. On the south coast, from Aland in

of Finland with Russia, many Russians, especially merchants, have come into the country, and here are wanting neither Jews nor gypsies, and these "nomadic" races have in a marked degree become naturalized in the country.

In Finland the places of natural beauty are rather evenly distributed. In would be difficult, for instance, among the claims of so many beautiful regions to select a place as pre-eminently suitable for a "National Park" like that of Sweden. This even distribution of places



Imatra, above the Rapids

the west to Kotke in the east, from the tracts of Kristinestad to Gammlaksleby in the north the inhabitants are Swedes. The largest part of the town population in the whole country are, moreover, of this race, speaking the Swedish language, but with a peculiar Finnish accent. Already during the Middle Age German merchants emigrated to the country, and this migration has continued during later periods. Here Germans have for the most part united with the Swedish population. After the union

of great scenic attractions is a gain, perhaps, to the tourist. He need not limit his itinerary to popular holiday resorts where at each step he meets his like, though he would probably prefer to be allowed to enjoy these places apart from the tourist throng.

At the same time, however, there are certain places which especially attract the tourist, such as the Skargarden or Archipelago. There is hardly any spot on the earth's surface more split up than the "sea of islands" between

Aland and the coast of Aba. One finds here every kind of island and islet, from the bare rocky islets beaten by storm billows, to the smiling, richly foliaged island with groves, meadows and pretty villas.

With an ordinary rowboat, or better, a motor boat, one can venture out on a voyage of discovery in this labyrinth of islands. One steers into a narrow strait which apparently ends in forbidding cliffs, but which opens out into a sound which leads to new fjords.

The archipelago has, however, a more severe character than the lake landscape. Where the former has knotty rocks by the shores, the latter has a tender undergrowth of alder and osiers, which in many places extend to the water's edge, while the archipelago has fresh, salt sea air, long swells from the sea penetrating through the sounds, and it offers endless vistas towards the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic Sea. The landscape has mild summer winds, soft contours and a placid, dream-like character.

Nowhere is the lake-landscape more beautiful than where the rublestone ridges undulate, covered with dark pine tree forests, between lakes with leafy or cultivated shores. Many such places are eagerly sought out by the tourists, who can obtain there simple refreshments and homely accommodation in a government "tourist hut." But for the most part they are hidden in the wilds, and are visited only by foresters and fishermen. These rublestone ridges are remains from the ice-period, and consist of a series of gravel and stone heaps collected at the mouth of the rivers. Glacial rivers ran in tunnels underneath the land ice, and stones and blocks rolled into the same until they obtained an almost spherical shape. Through the melting of the ice these heaps came together, so that they now form long ridges.

The best known of these ridges is Punkaharju, not far from the town of Nyslott. This ridge is four miles long, now widening and uniting itself with other gravel hills, now narrowing so that the roadway hardly can find place on the same, and it is possible to throw a stone into the clear water at the foot of the pine-covered shores.

Scarcely less beautiful is the Kangasala ridge north of the town of Tammerfors, "the heart of Finland." This also lies between lakes celebrated in song by Finnish

poets. There is a popular legend that the magnificent view enjoyed here made King Gustav III. exclaim, "It was certainly here that the Devil tempted our Lord, showing him all the glories of the world!"

But one of the most characteristic features of Finland scenery are the rapids. Most of these rapids are to be found where the waters from the large lakes of the "lake-plateau" force their way down to the sea. A bar to these lakes is usually formed of rock, and there foaming rapids are formed. The rapids constitute the motive power of obtaining the famous "white coal" of Finland, which in many places is beginning to be used in the service of industry. Even through the hardest rocks the rapids can, however, cut a passage. This can be seen near Imatra, where the waters of the Saima system rush out with uncontrolled force. Hand in hand with the depressions of Imatra's river bed it has become narrow, and the observant visitor will notice on the left shores undoubted traces of an older, larger and wider channel of a river with numerous "giant holes." Imatra is, of course, not a waterfall, but a cataract, whose height is not quite sixty feet, but its roar can be heard at a distance of seven or eight miles. Most of these rapids have been "harnessed," and word numberless factories, but fortunately for the lover of nature—and let us hope this is synonymous with the "intelligent tourist"—in the other towns factories are not so prominent. As a rule, the Finnish towns have more provincial atmosphere. They consist for the most part of one-storeyed wooden houses, and the streets are often wide and relieved with much greenery.

But it is, perhaps, the excellent sporting facilities for salmon and trout fishing which attracts the largest number of visitors. Indeed, the chief attractions may be summed up in two words—scenery and sport. Certainly Finland is an ideal country for the fisher of modest means. Unlike Norway or even Sweden, where fancy prices have to be obtained for good reaches, in Finland very few of the rivers are formally leased, and fishing can be obtained for the most part for a trifling sum. Or if a boat and man be engaged (from 35 to 45 a day) the fishing would be quite gratuitous. Perhaps the best centre for salmon and trout is Kajana—charges, 25 a day for a bedroom (Tourist Hotel)—and angling here has the advantage

THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION

By W. T. Cranfield

In these days, when the disinterestedness of Canada's loyalty is sometimes called in question, it is gratifying to find behind the ties of commerce and mutual interest the stronger bonds of charity binding the New World to the Old.

More gratifying still is it when those bonds encircle the young life of a nation and encourage to tender reciprocity—more enduring than the reciprocity of tariffs, necessary though this may sometimes be—embodied in the Golden Rule, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them."

In a too generous interview with the writer in these columns recently it was stated that there exists in Victoria a branch of the Sir John Kirk's Ragged School Union, an institution, the name of which is known to all well-informed Canadians, though the full extent of its beneficial activities can be learned by personal contact alone. The existence of such a branch so far from the Empire's capital is a magnificent testimony to, and a powerful endorsement of, colonial loyalty, and no small honor is due to Mr. W. B. Fisher, the honorary president of the branch; Mr. John T. Deaville, the honorary secretary, and Mr. A. J. Bräce, the honorary treasurer, for their noble endeavors.

As it has been the custom for many years past to take up a collection in several of the Sunday Schools of the city, and to solicit subscriptions from the general public, to provide a Christmas dinner for London waifs, I should like to take this opportunity, afforded me by the courtesy of the editor, of describing to the fortunate class whom the subscribers' donation goes to help. Such a description will constitute at once a justification for the plea.

What shocks the visitor to the London slums is not so much the degradation of the women—though that forces itself on his notice as one of the most potent disintegrating forces of the national life—as the condition of the children. Babies of from two to five years old toddle barefoot in the mud at nine and ten o'clock at night. Hatless, coatless, some nearly naked, they paddle along, sole masters of their destiny. Apparently, even at that tender age, no parent around to wash them or tend them, or put them to bed. But for the tender mercies of an elder sister they might, in some cases be lost, or perish, and hardly be missed.

It is said that as the British troops were advancing to avenge the massacre of Cawnpore, they picked up a baby's foot, with its little sock and shoe still upon it. The gruesome token was passed in silence through the ranks, and the men's faces paled and their teeth clenched in grim determination to avenge. That is how the mud-stained foot of a slum child appeals to me.

Yet it is not their hunger, nakedness, and want alone that awaken pity, but their barren, hopeless outlook.

"See how biography lies knotted up in that twisted little hand," one has written, of a

sleeping infant. "See how history will work itself out from under the involutions of that insignificant forehead. Picture the revelations of the future, for something of importance was added to the resources of the world on the day that small being was born. There are ten more fingers to weave in this planet's intricate work; there are two more feet to be henceforth busily going on human errands; there is one more tongue to fill the air with the accents of omnipotent speech; there are undeveloped powers of mind now silent and dormant in that plastic brain."

True; but these little ones are already socially damned. The brand of the slum, if not the stigma of vice, is even now upon them. To mere physical hardship they are soon inured. As the born criminal feels not the surgeon's knife, nor an assailant's blow, so these waifs and strays flinch not from the whips of Fortune, but laugh and sing amid hardships that would kill a pampered child. Terrible is it that it should be so; but merciful Nature, if she tempers not the wind to the shorn lamb, hardens the shorn lamb to the wind.

Here, in the neglected condition of her slum-child, is the root of England's social problems. Ill-fed, with few notions of propriety or of parental care or filial duty, the constant witness of unbridled passions and shameless sins, with no industrial or domestic training—what chance have they of an honest livelihood or of useful citizenship? The one ray of hope is that, backing up legislative measures, and, indeed, often supplying them with their initiative and inspiration, are voluntary agencies, like the Ragged School Union, which labor to abolish these festering ills.

One of the gravest factors in these problems is the rapidity with which the poor multiply. In the upper circles of society the average family is three, at most four; among the very poor it is six or seven. It is useless to cry "How shocking!" Misery, so far from teaching self-restraint, drives men and women to every form of physical excess, which in its turn brings new depression, so adding horror to horror.

It is appallingly common in London to find a weak, undersized woman the mother of ten or a dozen children.

Half-starved herself, how can it be expected that her children should be strong? As a matter of fact, they are often weak, both in body and mind, unfit for the "hard battle" to which they are born, and a prey to every disease. There is one such family known to me in which there are no less than seven imbeciles. One can only shudder at the thought of what that "home" must be.

Any one wishing to gain an idea of what poverty means to children should, when visiting England, attend some gathering in connection with the Ragged School Union, such, for example, as that in Hoxton Market. There are sixty thousand children in Hoxton, of whom the majority are underfed, and a large propor-

tion would be actually starving but for the ministries of the Union. Two thousand free meals are provided daily, in this district alone.

The meals are served in a large poor man's restaurant, where I was invited last winter to witness a party at dinner. It was quite the most pathetic spectacle of a lifetime. In England—though not in Canada, I rejoice to know—place on the same, and it is possible to throw a stone into the clear water at the foot of the pine-covered shores.

Among them was a young victim of tumor, doomed to an early death and already more than once scarred by the operating knife, whose condition was almost literally that of a sans culotte. A newspaperman, who sees the ups and downs of life—and especially the downs—as few men see them, is not easily moved to tears, but I confess the sight of this congregation of afflicted innocence was more than I could endure.

It was their innocence, of course, that supplied the pathos. They had not "come to this" through sin and folly of their own, but had been crushed down by forces beyond their control. Wan, emaciated, unwashed, verminous, diseased, bruised, crippled—fourteen hundred of them; with here and there a beautiful face, an intelligent brow, a striking figure, and everywhere a wonderful solicitude on the part of the elder ones towards the helpless and the weak—children, gentlemen like yours, and mine. Like, and yet so unlike! Images of alabaster, but battered and broken with usage; lilies trampled in mud.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Cranfield is a well-known London journalist. To some readers he will be best known by his pen name—"Dennis Crane."

THE LOWLY LIFE

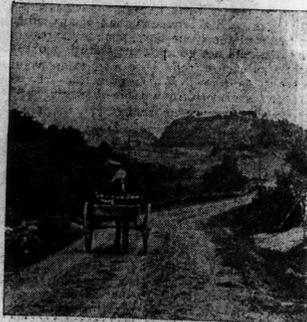
A little flower so lowly grew,
So lonely was it left,
That heaven looked like an eye of blue
Down in its rocky cleft.

What could the little flower do
In such a darksome place,
But try to reach that eye of blue,
And climb to kiss heaven's face?

And there's no life ad lone and low,
But strength may still be given
From narrowest lot on earth to grow
The straighter up to heaven.

—Gerald Massey.
Meeker—Just one year ago today I led my wife to the altar.

Meeker—You did, eh?
Meeker—Yes, and then and there my leadership ended.—Judy.



Road near Sodavala, East Finland

that it can be carried on from the banks or with little wading, and boats are not required. The fishing season is from June 1 to September 15, and the charge for the Kajana fishing grounds is 25 6d per day.

But not the least of the attractions of this new holiday field is its cheapness. The hotels are, perhaps, more homely than luxurious, but are comfortable and have a liberal table, although the cuisine is distinctly "plain." Means of communication are as reasonable in price as in Norway and Sweden.—Helmer Lindell in Empire Review.

A MEASURE OF DISCONNECTED FACTS

Mme. Anne Rogstad, the first woman member of the Storting, which is the lower house in the Norwegian Parliament, was a teacher in one of the primary grades of the public schools in Christiania when elected.

Switzerland produces eight million dollars' worth of chocolate annually.

Ireland's highest apple product does not exceed fifty thousand barrels per annum.

A bushel of barley yields fifteen gallons of beer in Great Britain and twenty-five in Germany.

A baby walrus of six months will eat about fifty pounds of codfish in a day.

Canada was ceded to England by the treaty of Paris, signed on February 10, 1763.

Ivory, rhinoceros and hippopotamus teeth, hides and skins have for years been staple products in British East Africa. The forests so far virtually untouched are estimated at three million acres.

Of the one thousand four hundred and sixty-seven foreigners at the colleges of the United States, four hundred and sixty-eight from North America, four hundred and fifty-eight from Asia, three hundred and thirty from Europe, only one hundred and fifty-four from South America, sixty-four from Australia, and eighteen from Africa.

Under the new law for buildings in New York city the number of dark rooms in tenements has been reduced from two hundred and fifty thousand to one hundred and one thousand one hundred and seventeen.

PASSING COMMENT

(Richard L. Pocock)

At the present time, two fatal accidents at least having already been reported in the papers for the season on the game law of the State of Wash-

across the line, where conditions are similar to those obtaining here, provide as follows: "Every person hunting any game or other animal shall shoot another, shall be guilty in the second degree, and be punished in the State Penitentiary more than ten years or by a fine of more than a thousand dollars, or by both."

"Every person who shall aim a pistol, revolver or other firearms, or not, at or toward any human being shall wilfully discharge any firearm or other weapon, or throw any deadly public place, or in any place where a person might be endangered thereby, an injury result, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

No minor under the age of fourteen handle or have in his possession or control, except while accompanied by a parent, guardian or other person authorized by the immediate charge of his parent, any firearm of any kind for target practice or for any other purpose. Every person violating any of the provisions, or aiding or knowingly assisting any such minor to violate the same, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

Other wise regulations under which we might with advantage to the Province, make it unlawful to hunt license whether resident or non-resident, create a "State Fund," which shall be for the protection and propagation of game birds and game fish in the act further provides that "all received and all fines collected under shall be paid to the treasurer of the game law, or to the person authorized by the suit, action, or proceeding which has been commenced, and placed in a game protection fund to be used for the protection and propagation of game in said Province."

The objection has been raised to the provision of a bag limit in this county would be very difficult to enforce; it is truer of such a provision than of provision of the game laws, that is why it should not go upon the statute books merely an excuse from those who do not see it made law. Washington sizes no such insurmountable difficulties has bag limits on everything.

We need a bag limit here badly; sportsmen of the Island are good, but there are always a few black sheep community, and the selfishness and greed of the few must be curtailed by law have no shame. As a matter of fact I have been at some pains to try an any outrageously large bags made by al guns on the opening days, I have very few indeed, although undoubtedly large bags of grouse have been taken of the islands where shooting is over the field land, which is strictly preserve shot over day in and day out throughout the season. Reports were current that a ously big bag had been made on the day at Cowichan Lake, but enquiries produce any proof of anything but good number of grouse per gun in strict, and, from what I can hear, I do much if any one man shot there could by the most prejudiced be a sportsman's bag, and placed by the game protection fund to be used for the protection and propagation of game in said Province."

I have taken the trouble also to see many birds killed by sportsmen as opportunity to do, and have as yet only one bird that could by any stretch of the imagination be called too small to be ready for a sportsman.

I think that if we had a bag limit the bag not only for the day, but for the season, and that the stock of game for many years, to license, a bag limit, and the tag system in Maine and other places, to help lawful observance of the bag limit, very long way indeed towards giving protection not only to the game but a human beings who at present venture in the woods at the risk of their lives more salaried wardens to help see enforcement of the law would also be by us all, and their salaries could easily out of a Provincial Fund raised by licenses, and whatever fines might be levied for infractions. Amateur game have been tried and found to be a failure, and what are wanted, and pointed this year have shown in the past they have been in office that they can in a month or two than the amateur have ever accomplished in many years.

"Tis the 'special' with the little bad Has a pull in poaching over other Unsearched, a pheasant hen he can be Undetected, and he does it—now."

It is certainly news that was muted when we were at last positively that the Attorney-General's Department spared no pains whatever to try and mystery of the Allan shooting case, the news has come so late.

Owing to the continued dry weather the low state of the rivers, trout fishing has not been so good lately as it has been of late years. Salmon fishing is good, but the usual resort, the big springs are being caught in Cowichan Bay and the