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# Unexaggerated Fishing



for most people to wade through; but this one deals with dry land. mountains and ripples. So you see it is different from the ordinary tale where the young hero goes forth with a tencent outfit and catches the giant trout of the deep still pool for whom anglers from all parts of the world had cast in profane vain. It is all right to tell about lying on one's stomach with the face against the water, watching the flies to learn what kind the trout were eating. It is all right to then walk to the fish ing outfit, sit down and being forth self." But my informant, being more but when it came to the five per which one selects the very duplicate of the insect the trout like at that particular instant. And it is fine to by not using gut. He tuk un number of Mount Bundle and leaves particular tell how the angler cast his delicate swivels and hooked the monster. of Mount Rundle and leaser peaks. I lure on the end of his silken thread. Then Zam! The fish was so astonsect on the very swiri of water where of his twelve-pound body until he felt tive fly in the rising glacial float the big trout lay hungrily waiting himself on the grass above the gravel with no results. three-hour fight, ending in the thrill of victory which comes when a well-

It was not what it used to be he dehe lived in a deep hole beside a per- to the consternation of my suspen- long. pendicular rock. He tuk ever bit nb ders.

canny and wise than other fishermen bend the gut broke and I went he of his day, befooled the giant trout to the hotel. by not using gut. He tuk uh hunk Next morning with the bright sun

closer and he spoke of tobacco and I went on casting. The sun went line

fish was granded of all of them, and plucked the net, and the button came, cutthroat trout, twenty-three inches

bait that anybody cast, but when he Now my fish gave the one pound pull home satisfied. The gentle render found himself hooked he jest nature and the two pound bite all right. He will note that even this story ends in ally run to this here wall of flat rock also was there with the scheduled the usual way with the big fish safely rubbed his nose agin th' stone, weight of rush. Things looked good netted. wearing out th' gut en freein' him for him to keep up the first scale, too,

ished that he did not wiggle an inch and everywhere I dropped the seine

bar. But those days were over and "Darn," I remarked. My line fell one did not catch any more big fish. slack and uncared for into swift. Eventually I reached Banff, and water and I looked up the river for manipulated landing net enmeshes was told to fish either up the Spray some better seeming point. "Bang!" It makes good stuff; but many waters were rising and fish would not train, and like an express train the fishermen know more of broken leads. be hungry, but again I might sucsilk ran out and out. Aghast I stood ceed. With weapons rigged I went and merely checked. Something was eight-ouncers. I am undertaking to up the Bow to a promising place I on. Out went the line, straight They told me I would get good fishwith big eddies and a nice back-drift, large black streak break far out in tiney told me I would get good his with Dig educes and a nice bear with the edge of white water. Once, twice, Pacific westbound out of Calgary and ledge just below the feeding rapids three times the fish took the air, and went. On board i noticed an elderly above the pool. Fine. Feverishly the reel kept singing all the time. person whose physical idiocynerasies and eagerly I cast. Then steadily and He sounded, he rushed, he drove up included the lean, leathery, brown doggedly. Then slowly and sullenly, stream and then zig-zagged down. characteristics of westernism. He Then, glory! The line went out. I Again and again he broke, two feet had a nine inch fish. Much cheered clear of the current. Forty yards of the current and I had but five left. pouch, filled down, the sky began to darken, the so I hopelessly checked tight, decidhis pipe-bowl, tamped it with a horny mountains stood black against the ing that if he was going to break my thumb, east a weather-eye on the apdimming azure. I flagged in my eflead it was no use werrying. But approaching mountain peaks, and forts. I sat on a log and let the line lead, rod, line and heek held, and predicted sunshine. Then he mendrag. B-z-z-z went the reel. A fish the fish swung down on the surface. mouth open and gasping. There was Having a new landing net I was brush all around, and no space to clared between tobacco clouds. He very anxious to try it. It was the either work up or down. The full remembered when seven or ten or kind that fastens to a hook on a beit sweep of the river raced by with ne fifty casts meant seven or ten or fifty and comes off with the flick of a hand restful eddies. More hopelessly still rises of the biggost, bitingist most whenever necessary. I had no hook I reeled in, his troutship putting up

vigorous fish that ever lived; all and had buttoned it on my suspender frequent but lessening flurries. Fincutthroats, none less than a pound button. Having passed through much ally he was close and I tried the new and a half, many exceeding five brush on my way to the pool I knew landing net. Praise be to cord and pounds each. "Them days was real the net was going to require care in rod and hook and gut the net work fishin'. An' them fish were game getting ready for use. Having hook ed! As the line slackened the hook fighters. He minded one ole feller ed a fish I very calmly bethought my- dropped out; but there was the fish: what everyone had tried to git. This self first of how to land him; so I three pounds of sparkling, spotted

THE SEE

MHEH LOOD 12 CARELE 221Y

Part Taken in Great War

By the British Peers Shows Their Patrioti

fore visiting England has conjured up some picture of the at the House of Lords and what the average lord looks like. At the moment the Canadian public is waring indignant at the profuse scattering of titles in the Dominion, and in some cases, at the apparent lack of reason for the honor conferred. It can he of England during the great war, there must be some reference to the estate which takes up the thoughts of other nations to such a great extent. Unfortunately for your anticipations, however, the House of Lords is not occupying that position of prominence which its name and composition would seem to indicate. On the contrary, it is quite a subdued body. It occupies less space in the papers than the House of Commons and its 670 members, with the accent on the Labor members; and there is every indication that it will occupy still less when 670 have increased to 707. The Lord Mayor of London and the aldermen are more pitiless in their search for publicity than the peerage. Even the church is competing with Labor for limelight and its charities are omnipresent and omniscient. Between them all the House of Lords is very modest indeed.

But as the advertising slogan goes, there is a reason. The peerage is fighting for its country. The House of Commons, pardon for saying it, is fighting for re-election. Of course, there are a few lords not fighting for their country, but they have been engaged in discussing such momentous topics as industrial unrest, conscientious objectors, hours and health of munition workers, Lincoln statue, woman suffrage, votes of peers, cost of food control, etc., etc. Their real interest, however, has been and is with their country and their families, and trying to do all in their power to win the war without talking about it.

Glancing over the roll of honor of those who have made the supreme sacrifice during 1917, the following is an analysis:

1 member of the royal family. 21 peers.

149 sons of peers The Baronies of Kesteven and of dangattock have become extinct. Through the war casualties there are no living heirs to:

1 marquis. 1 earl.

1 viscount

The immediate heirs to peerages whose lives have been lost through the war in 1917 are:

2 dirkes 5 marquise

14 earls. 10 viscounts:

40 barons.

4 baronesses Incidentally four baroneteies have become extinct through casualties, those of Filmer created by Charles II. in 1674; Blane, created in 1812; Builin, created in 1911, and Farrer. also created in the same year.

Was Not Frigid.

It could not be said of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, writes "J. W.," in the Manchester Guardian, that he was a pilomatist of the frigid type. When was in America last year but one had instructions from the Foreign Office that I was to go and pay my respects to the British Ambassador in Washington as soon as I arrived. It was desperately hot, and the great rooms of the embassy were all divided into cubicles, and filled with a deafening clatter of typewriting machines. The ambassador himself, with his coat and waistcoat laid aside, his sleeves rolled up, without a collar, and with his shirt open at the neck, rose to greet me. "Good morning. Mr. W.," said he. "Isn't this place h——?" He broke off with a look of alarm at my tight linen collar. "But, my dear chap, if you don't go and get a collar at least two sizes larger you will have apoplexy before the day is out. I am not joking; it is a serious danger. Now tell me what your an outline of what I had come over to America to do. "Yes, very good," said he, "very good idea, indeed. But now let me give you a word or two of advice. I think, if I were you, should not write anything while you too much. Let others talk rather." "But," I objected, "if I mustn't write and I mustn't talk, what am I to do? It seems to me I may as well so back." "Oh, dear, no," said he, "by no means; just listen, listen carefully, and try always to look as wise as vou do now."

In Peril of Internment. The future of a promising musical genius is threatened by the intention of Austrian military authorities to intern Louis Ruthenberg, a young Toronto violinist,, who, when the war broke out, was in that country for the purpose of completing his musical education. He was known as the "Musical Wonder." Through the efforts of some friends he found means to become a pupil of Seveil teacher of Kubelil and Marie Hall. Unless he produces evidence that he is self-supporting to the extent of \$50 a month he must share the fate of n interned prisoner.

The Color of Gasolin

At one .ime the refineries turned out yellow kerosene and gasoline and the methods used made the liquid somewhat dangerous. For this reason, the public demanded a pure white gasoline. But the law cracking process produces a perfectly safe-gasoline which has a slight yellowish nge. Popular Science

Henry Lower, to whom I took a prompt and active disline. He and Mrs. Pattiers kept up a lively con-versation in which Mr. Bywater, on the other side of the table, took full share. George Eliot talked very little, and I not at all. The rector was shy or tired; and George Eliot was expected then, that in any discussion in truth entirely occupied in watching or listening to Mr. Lewes. I was disappointed that she was so silent. and perhaps her quick eye may have divined it, for after supper, as we were going up the interesting old staircase, made in the thickness of the wall, which led direct from the dining-room to the drawing-room above, she said to me: "The rector tells me that you have been reading a good deal about Spain. Would you care to hear something of our Spanish journey?" - the journey which had preceded the appearance of "The Spanish Gypsy," then newly published. My reply is easily imagined. The rest of the party passed through the dimly lit drawing room to talk and smoke in the gallery beyond. George Eliot sat down in the darkness and I beside her. Then she talked for about twenty minutes, with perfect ease and finish, without misplacing a word or dropping a sentence, and I realized at last that I was in the presence of a great writer. Not a great talker. It is clear that George Eliot never was that. Impossible for her to "talk" her books, or evolve her books from conversation, like Madame de Stael. She was too selfconscious, too desperately reflective, too rich in second-thoughts for that But in teth-a-tete, and with time to choose her words, she could in monologue, with just enough stimulus from a companion to keep it goingproduce on a listener exactly the impression of some of her best work. As the low clear voice flowed on, in Mrs. Pattison's drawing room, I saw Saragossa, Granada, the Escorial, and that survival of the old Europe in the new, which one must go to Spain to find. Not that the description was particularly vivid-in talking of famous places John Richard Green could make words tell and paint with far greater success; but it was singularly complete and ac-complished. When it was done the effect was there—the effect she had meant to produce. I shut my eyes, and it all comes back—the darkened room, the long, pallid face, the evi-

dent wish to be kind to a young girl.

-Mrs. Humphrey Ward in Harper's

A new plan to provide comfortable nomes for discharged soldier in Great Britain by enlisting country people to act as "country hosts" to the army men has just been launched by the Marquis of Sligo, himself a farmer? captain in the army, and Viscount Knutsford, long interested in charitable enterprises. They have formed the Country Host Institution which 'hosts" are urged to join

The scheme has a two-fold object. It aims, not only at giving the broken soldiers a lift but also to qualify them for farming work, thus increasing the country's food supply.

Briefly the plan requires the host to provide free ledging and board for the man and a good-sized garden or farm in which suitable, light outdoor work can be found for him. The men selected as guests shall be of good character, sober, not suffering from any serious ailments and able to look after themselves.

An allowance of fifteen shillings a week will, if required, be paid direct to the farmer-soldier in return for his labor.

South Africans Loyal. Minister of Railways Burton of South Africa, addressing the Transvasi farmers, vehemently denounced the Republican propaganda, which is reasserting itself owing to the present European war situation. He reaffrmed that the Government would not change its war policy, even if it stood alone as ten men. All who valued the constitution and national honor treason and dishonor. They were prepared to cast this thing out by the crop of the neck if necessary. South Africa, he declared, had no cause for dissatisfaction with Great Britain which had fully carried out its protion. He concluded: "Hands off our constitution and flag; this is sacred ground."

A Sporting Plane

An airplane recently joined in a for hunt, according to Country Life. Its correspondent says: "While running we saw an airplane following us overhead about one hundred feet up. The airman waved us the direction in which our for had gone and when we checked we heard several shouts from aloft and were put right by our friend above, the hounds verifying his information.

told the master where he had seen the for, then rose and circled above But the fox best us."

Sold for Red Cross.

A cockerel owned by F. C. Fyson, of London, which has been sold 6,670 times and has raised \$35,000 for the Red Cross and kindred funds, was brought in for \$725 at a gift sale at Maidstone on behalf of the Red Cross and the Kent prisoners of war fund. This sale, with subscriptions, realized nearly \$30,000.



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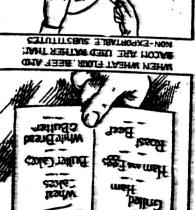
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WINNING OF THE WAR IS NOT MADE OFEVERY PARTICLE OF IT FOOD IS WASTED WHEN THE BEST POSSIBLE USE FOR THE OR INDEPOPERLY COOKED PARED OR TRIMMED



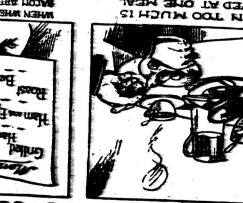
THROWN INTO THE GREACE PAIL







WHEN TOO MUCH IS



WHEN FOOD IS WASTED

plane are." I went on to give him should close up their ranks against are here. You are sure to be asked, mises. Nationalists, like Sinn Feinbut I should refuse. And don't talk ers, only stood for egotistical isola-

"A little later he landed in a field,

There are more than 6,000,000 Africans among the 17,000,000 peode in Brazil, and many of them the

(2) Giant S Valley. (3) At Lake NOBODY e canteloups an stairhead you ts a smashing No water so shot with so blent with and banded

(1) View fr

andah.

sapphires. Ti left make a f slopes to the their sombre aazzling, unbe froth over at the lake's ... ing. living w tethered to of naming it's unrealler But the artis the same wors! F.R.G.S., who Louise in 1831. nual pilerim es an annex of Ba lake, and ther people in the .

"You can't Wilcox this year season knowedg ness. "You get rock colors in. water. But the are gone and th ent in tone fr with your ligh work for years eise combin: tried to get balf of." Mr. Wilcox with some and this time

Whei