

OUR U: JUST P. IOTOGRAHS.

But the Other Girl Generally Takes a Picture That Really Flatters Her.

It was a group photograph that occasioned all the trouble. In the group were Beatrice and Eleanor, Jessie and Wilhelmina and Margaret.

Dorothy had taken the photograph with her new camera, and she prided herself upon the results. In fact, she felt that she was the new but undisciplined artist photographer, and when she showed the picture to the girls she knew that she was not conceited in her expectation that she would be enthusiastically praised.

"I have the picture," she announced to the afore-named young ladies. "Let's see." They exclaimed with one accord. Margaret got possession of the photograph and gazed at it long and intently.

"Well, I never thought I could look such a fright," she said. "Why didn't you tell me that my hair looked like that, Dorothy? It's a perfectly splendid specimen of the rest of the girls, though. Some day might have fixed my pompadour for me. It is particularly good of Eleanor."

When upon Eleanor almost forcibly took the photograph away from her. "The idea!" she exclaimed. "I don't know what you mean by saying it is good of me. You know my nose isn't that long. Dorothy must have jugged the camera to get such an effect. I think my picture is the very worst one in the group. I don't see that your hair looks different than it generally does. Margaret, and it gives you a really lovely expression!"

"Margaret gazed scornfully at her friend. "Indeed, I don't think it is at all flattering, if that is what you mean," she said, and the two relinquished the offending picture to the other girls.

"Mercy!" ejaculated Jessie. "I knew my hands were going to look terrible! Anyone should know that it isn't correct to take a photograph of a person when they have their hands in front of them. It makes the hair look so large!"

"Then why didn't you put your hands behind you?" asked Dorothy, growing a little petulant. "I didn't know you were going to take the picture," returned Jessie with scorn. "If I had known you may be sure I would have posed both myself and the other girls correctly. It seems to me an easy thing to tell what will make the best effect in a photograph. I really think the rest of you are all right. Eleanor looks a little too dark. She might be a colorist, but besides that, it is all right."

A Modest Request. Over at the Press Club the other night a group of old newspaper men were swapping stories, telling of odd characters they had met and queer experiences they had had. "Well, said one, 'It's funny what ideas outsiders have of our business. I remember long time ago when I was running a little paper up the state, an old subscriber 'dropped in' to see the new editor. He was ninety-two years old, and he looked it. He said he had a favor to ask and handed me 50 cents. Then he calmly requested me to print the copy of the paper in a little bigger type than the rest of the edition, because as he put it, 'you know, boy, my eyes ain't as good as they used to be.'"

The Artist's Life. "Even the humblest author can live by his books," said William Dean Howells one afternoon. "A young novelist of New York was very hard up. He had not, in fact, enough to pay for his dinner. Yet he was horribly hungry. So he went to his publisher's, got three copies of his last work, saying they were to be charged to his account, and then he hurried to a secondhand shop, where he sold the three volumes for \$1.50.

That night Mr. Howells ended, the young novelist dined at Maguin's and even afforded himself a fine Havana to top off with. "Oh, yes, the humblest author can live by his books!"

To See the Wind. Seeing the wind is a rare but easy feat. The object, wherever it may be seen is a common saw. On any blowy day the wind being say, in the north-hull, you saw with its ends pointing out to the east, the other to the west. Take the saw as if you were going to cut the air upward, and let the teeth, which are on top, fall over till the flat part of the saw is at an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon. You will then see the wind. Looking along the teeth of the saw you will see the wind pour over them as plainly as you may see water pouring over a fall.

A Quick Dodge. Walking along Wall street the other day he was accosted by a shabbily-dressed man evidently armed with a hard luck story. "I beg pardon, sir," began the stranger, "but could you help a poor man along? Now, I'm not looking for money, sir, but—"

HUNTED THE KUI TER.

An Exciting Adventure With a Wounded Buffalo Cow.

This adventure with a wounded buffalo cow is from William Howells' "Three Years' Sport in Mozambique." "In about half an hour we arrived at a ravine choked with dense vegetation. The tracks disappear, and I am just about to open my mouth to tell my man that we had better go back when I see him show up his rifle and are. The smoke comes in my direction and prevents me from seeing distinctly. Nevertheless I perceive a mass moving in the thicket. I send a hail and near at the same instant Cassahutea crying 'Look out!' At the same moment he swings himself on to a tounge and sits there. I perceive the scarce ten yards distant, rushing through the thicket, and wounded cow, which charges me with lowered head. To reload my rifle, bring it to my shoulder, aim and fire, all this demands much time, and with such a snaky weapon I have little hope of striking so big a mass. Near me on the right is a big tree. I endeavor to gain it and behind the shelter of its trunk, avoiding the thrushes of the woods, reload and finish her. I make the attempt, but I perceive the approach of the animal, which is gaining on me, and I see that I shall be unable to reach the shelter. I believe myself lost. In one wink of the eye my whole life passes before me. There is no time to lose. I turn on the left foot, so as to present only my side to the animal, and throw myself on the ground, my head between my outstretched arms, my face toward the earth, my rifle beside me. It is only just in time, for the beast gives me a thrust of her horn, which passes beneath me and does me more harm than unbutton my waistcoat. She snarls and squealers to gore, but only succeeds in rubbing my back with her forepaw, the form of her forehead preventing her from reaching the ground. She kneels down and recommences, without any better success. I am covered with her blood. Then she raises her head, and, marching over my right hand, which she scratches, and brushing my right thigh, passes over me and remains motionless.

"I gently stretch out my hand to reach my rifle and reload it. I intend to turn myself suddenly on my back, without raising myself, to fire point blank. At the moment I am about to execute this manoeuvre she passes back on my left, gives a kick with her foot to my side and crushes my hat. She makes a short pause, and then starts off at a fast trot, with head elevated and fierce mien. I spring to my feet and cry to the negro: 'Fire! Fire!' I seize my rifle and reload, but by the time I get it to my shoulder the beast has re-entered the thicket."

The Silkworm Business. The raising of silkworms for business purposes is confined to the warmer climates, where such trade has a probability of becoming remunerative. The principal countries producing silkworm gut used in the manufacture of fishing tackle are Spain, Italy and Japan. The most important centre of production in Spain is in the province of Murcia, where the peasants collect and sell to the merchants, under whose care it undergoes a lengthy process of preparation before being delivered to the market. Barring their common origin, this trade has no point of contact whatever with the manufacture of silk, as worms that are destined for one of these purposes become entirely useless for the other.

Sometimes Only a Lease. "You never can tell just what kind of a document a marriage certificate is," said the real estate man thoughtfully. "What do you mean by that?" asked the lawyer. "Why, take the case of old man Jenkins," returned the real estate man by way of illustration. "He thought his marriage certificate was a bill of sale and gave him absolute title to his wife. "Didn't it?" "Well, hardly. It turns out to have been no more than a lease. "How so?" "She has secured a divorce."

A Sure Thing Sport. A well-known politician, on setting out for a day's sport with a friend pointed to a large spaniel which lay apparently asleep in the hall and bet his friend a guinea he could not attract the dog's attention. The bet was readily accepted, and after the failure of a shrill whistle and a blank cartridge to cause the slightest movement the guinea was delivered up. "That's my old dog Mahatma I had stuffed a few weeks ago," laughed the politician, "and that's the tenth guinea he's brought me."

Truthful James. In one instance at least bad spelling enabled an office boy to express the precise fact. His employer has just reluctantly left to attend a meeting of bank directors where the proceedings were sure to be long and prosy. "James," he said to the towheaded lad, "put up the sign saying that I am out."

Portugal. Portugal obtained its name from Port, the haven or port where the Gauls landed their stores. This is Oporto, called by the Portuguese O Porto (the port). The town was given as a dowry to Teresa when she married Henry de Lorraine, who styled himself Earl of Portugal because the place was known as the portus Gallorum (the port of the Gauls). The name finally extended to the whole country.

The Crab. Students of the crustacea often find the food a useful assistant collector. Thus the circular crab seems to be a favorite food of cod and rays, and it was chiefly from the stomachs of these fish that some of the oldest naturalists obtained their specimens. Another hunting ground of the naturalist is the sailing ship which has been in foreign parts.

H. MERCER & SON - Where the Good Goods Come From.

Men and Boys:

Why go shivering around with the cold when you can buy good warm Wool Underwear, Sox, Pants, Reefers, Suits and Overcoats so cheap at Mercer's.

- Men's Wool Sox from 15c pair up. Men's Pants from \$1 up. Men's Suits from \$5 up. Men's Overcoats from \$7 up.

Boys' Suits and Overcoats from \$3.00 up. All lines of Winter Goods selling at greatly reduced prices.

REMEMBER all goods sold in this store are guaranteed exactly as represented. Come and see.

H. MERCER & SON

HOLLAND CENTRE

Miss A. Crowther has returned from visiting her sister at Annan. Mrs. Frank J. Hamilton left Tuesday morning to visit her brother at Middletown, N.Y.

Mrs. A. E. Freeman spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mitchell, of Monro Road.

Mr. T. Cluny, of Innisfail, Alta., is visiting his friend, Mr. Thomas Erwin.

Misses Emma and Clara Price, who have been visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carson Price, returned west on Friday morning.

Mr. Bert Grant, of Semous, Sask., is visiting his father, Mr. James Grant.

The box social held in the town hall by the Orangemen was a big success, the proceeds amounting to \$32.00.

Tom Hanbury's "colts" of Chatsworth came down last Thursday to take a whack at "Sandy" Telford's "mustangs" on the local ice. Game commenced about 4.45 p.m., the "colts" getting the wind.

The score at half time was 3-1 in favor of the visitors and 4-3 in their favor at full time. Only for "Bonnie" Vail in goal there would have been a different tale to tell. He stopped shot after shot with any part of his body. "Bonnie" fills nearly three-quarters of the goal, and when his skates are put end to end they touch each post.

For the visitors, "Snorter" Thompson, "Monkey" Patterson, "Spot" Hanbury and "Snarts" Ross played well. For the home team "Sandy" Telford, "Rowley" Becker and "Hustler" Foster. Referee "Jonah" Herbert was on to his game some times (?) and at times he wasn't. The line-up: "Chatsworth" - Goal, "Bonnie" Vail; point, "Spot" Hanbury; cover "Snorter" Thompson; rover, "Monkey" Patterson; centre, "Snarts" Ross; wings, "Woo Ho" Snell and "By Jabbers" Burlett.

H. Centre - Goal, "Hustler" Foster; point, "Slig-it-to-him" Crowther; cover, "Give-him-the-hip" Price; rover, "Rat" Telford; centre, "Buck" Freeman; wings, "Rowley" Becker and "Sappy" Telford.

The Sunny Valley "Alligators" came down Saturday night, to show Bill Foster's "Snake-eaters" how to play hockey. The first half they went at it in proper style, just to show the spectators how the game should be played. The "Snake-eaters" drew first blood in five minutes, and again three minutes later. By this time "Samson" Legate got his second wind, and he went down the ice like a bullet, passed to "Shiner" Water-ton, who tallied. "Bullfrozer" Byers made the score read 2-2 ten minutes later. First half ended 3-2 in favor of Foster's "Creepers."

Legate, Ryan and Waterton played well for the "Crawlers," while "Biffer" Telford and "Boddler" Foster for the "Creepers." Sandy Telford and Rowley Becker were used up in the game. Thursday and could not play. When the referee, "Dorly" Price, was not doing his duty, the players were "Dorly" went through some of his famous stunts; dimpling the fence backwards and turning handsprings. He has received inducements to join Barnum & Bailey's circus, and will likely accept. The line-up: Alligators - Goal, "Buckshot" Cowan; point, "Daddy" Ryan; cover, "Samson" Legate; rover, "Tiger" Waterton; centre, "Corker" Armstrong; wings, "Bulldozer" Byers and "Shiner" Waterton.

Snake-eaters - Goal, "Mary Ann" Foster; point, "Lizzie" Crowther; cover, "Maria" Price; rover, "Ruth" Freeman; centre, "Louise" Foster; wings, "Biffer" Telford and "Boddler" Foster.

RINGED BREAD.

This Product of Siberia Is Put to Curious Uses.

What is probably the most curious bread in the world is described by Dr. Lodon in The Scientific American. "Of all the hardack breads of the universe," he writes, "I have found by actual experience the small ringed bread of Siberia the most substantial. When the Russian engineering parties were constructing the Siberian railroad this white-ringed bread (with the coarse rye bread) was their main staff of life."

It is made without salt or yeast and is first steamed, then lightly baked to expel the moisture. Some curious uses were made of these breads by the engineers. When soaked in hot pure tallow for a few moments, they sank, they were used in soups or soaked in and eaten with tea during the severe winter months. This tallow bread was considered the most heat-producing article in the larder. It should be utilized by Arctic explorers.

Another curious use to which it is put is as an extempore candle or colliery lamp. A nail is used to make about eight holes in the tallow ring bread. Wax vestas are placed in these and ignited. It will burn slowly for about an hour, emitting a heat sufficient to warm and light a small tent and boil the tea or coffee water. There is a rather strong odor of toasting bread, but that is tolerated in preference to smoke. While sojourning with the engineers in Siberia I have also seen them use the larger sizes of ring bread for makeshift lanterns, and the bread would stand the knocking about pretty well and would eventually appear in the soup at the evening meal.

Small Siberian storekeepers also use the ringed bread as an abacus, or primitive counting apparatus, for calculating small figures in rubles and copecks and simple figuring. Three strings are suspended above the counter. Ten breads are strung on each. The top line represents the rubles, their money transactions rarely going above ten, and the two lower strings stand for the copecks. Of course the strings of bread can be increased to amount into thousands and up if desired.

We are accustomed to regard bread as the staff of life, but bread as an illuminant, a heating apparatus, a sporting implement and a calculating machine is quite a new idea.

CHOPPING EVERY DAY

Chopping is being done every working day at the Markdale Waterworks for the cleaner your grain the better will be your chop. Rate cents a bag or 21 bags for a dollar.

Flour exchanged at the Markdale Flour Mills as usual on the following scale: Ford's Patent, all Manitoba - 30 lbs. flour and 13 offal. Ontario Blend, 60 p.c. Manitoba - 32 lbs. flour and 13 offal. Morning Glory, 50 p.c. Manitoba - 34 lbs. flour and 13 offal. Above scale based on wheat testing 60 and 61 lbs. to bush and one pound to the bush more on wheat testing 62 and 63 with same amount offal.

J. W. FORD

The Standard will be sent to New Subscribers the balance of 1910 for 75 Cts. Send it to that distant friend NOW.

Belleville council will order all dogs to be muzzled. Government inspection of canned fish is being arranged. Oxford Old Boys of Toronto were banquetted at Ingersoll. Savings deposits in Canadian banks total \$506,000,000.

Rev. Dr. Barclay, of St. Paul's, Montreal, will resign on Oct. 1. Butterick fashion sheets are in for March. Call and get one at Turner's drug store.

Provincial assistance will be sent to iron smelting in Manitoba. A fifth commissioner of the French Canadian Board.

DIED - In Owen Sound Hospital, on Feb. 19, 1910, Miss Ethel Randle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Rundle, of Dundas, aged 18 years.



Standard Water

NOTICE Having disposed of my business notice is hereby given that all accounts due the undersigned must be settled by cash or note by the 1st of March. John Chapman, Markdale.

STRYVED From my premises, Holland Centre, about Thursday, Feb. 24, 1910, a black and tan collie dog with a tall, information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received by Mrs. Wm. Stewart, Holland Centre.

FOR SALE A few magazines for sale at Markdale Public Library. Apply to V. Mann, Librarian.

HAY FOR SALE A. Beattie has a few tons of hay for sale at \$15.00 per ton.

For Sale - In Markdale, Ont., a good house and stable, also a number of good buildings. W. H. King.

For Sale - Or would exchange - good driving horse, a Missouri is bittler, 6-ft. cut, almost new, has only cut 30 acres. Also a Harris mowder, 54 cut, almost new. Chas. H. Ward, Vanderburg, Ont.

FARMS FOR SALE FARM FOR SALE Lot 14 and 15, Ardenmouth township, A. and E. Jones, owners. R. G. Noble, Markdale.

FARM FOR SALE 100 acres, about 85 acres cleared and under cultivation, balance in timber. Lot 22, Can. 8, Glengarry. Apply to Lucas, Ranney & McArthur, Markdale.

FARM FOR SALE A valuable farm for sale in Township of Glenelg, lot 20 on Glenelg, 100 acres, 90 cleared, good buildings, all workable. This property must be sold to close an estate. Apply to Ranney & McArthur, Markdale.

FARM FOR SALE Good stock farm of 100 acres, well watered, large barn, stables, stone house, kitchen, woodshed, one mile from good comfortable home, several timber lots for sale. Apply to J. F. Hicking, 100 St. Cillingwood, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE Lots 76, 77, 78, 79, on the 1st and lot 77 on the 2nd, in the Township of Holland, west of Toronto and Sydenham Roads, containing 250 acres; good brick and bank barn, never failing water and well at door. Also lots of land on the 8th. This farm will be sold cheap. Apply to Walker, Watrous, Sask.

FARM FOR SALE In Mackintosh township, in Co., lot 234, con. 2, 1909, two miles from Dundas, an important town on the C.P.R., good market, saw mill, Jersey banks and all lines of business. The farm is level and without stony or gravel, good for mixed farming, on good road. Has good house with good well at the door, frame bank barn, 10x30, also a log barn 60 feet long. Any one wanting a good farm should see this. Must be sold. \$50,000 will take it. All cash or half with balance on time. Apply this office or to D. Thompson, Kimbleby.