

Raising Prices in Ottawa.

THE photographers of Ottawa lately came together and agreed to do no work *less* than three dollars per dozen.

What an exceedingly good thing for the profession if this movement would become general.

The subject of prices should appeal to every artist photographer in Canada, and we cannot forbear saying a few words on the present ruinous rates at which work is being done in a great many galleries in Canada, and especially Ontario, for, strange to say, far better prices prevail in Quebec than in our province. There is also better harmony among the photographers of the lower provinces, and less of the cut-each-others'-throat feeling that exists in a great many Ontario towns. This cut-throat feeling does the photographer no good, he reaps no benefit from it. It is the public who reap the benefit at the expense of the photographer, this same public often using their knowledge of the existence of this warlike spirit between rival galleries to get their work done at prices that are simply ruinous to the photographer. This is not as it should be. There is always a certain amount of work to be done in every district, and the doing of it for half or quarter price does not affect that amount ten per cent.; the only real effect is on the pocket book of the photographer.

The photographer who has mastered his profession, who turns out work that he *knows* is good and is invariably well finished, can *always* get his share of work to be done, and at a price that will enable him to meet his bills and live an honored member of his community. The man who cannot turn out work that will bring a fair, profitable price has "no business to be in the

business," and the quicker he goes out of it the better for the true photographer who is often found trying to compete with him, and for all. The minority who get their pictures taken because they are cheap would be just as well satisfied with tintypes as with the attempts at photographs that are now turned out by cheap Johns, and "John," did he take the tin-type instead of the "attempt," would probably rest easier at night, not having so much on his conscience.

Worse Than Marriage.

A bachelor, old and cranky,
Was sitting alone in his room;
His toes with the gout were aching,
And his face was o'erspread with gloom.

No little ones' shouts disturbed him,
From noises the house was free,
In fact, from the attic to cellar
Was quiet as quiet could be.

No medical aid was lacking;
The servants answered his ring,
Respectfully heard his orders,
And supplied him with everything.

But still there was something wanting,
Something he couldn't command:
The kindly words of compassion,
The touch of a gentle hand.

And he said, as his brow grew darker
And he rang for the hireling nurse,
"Well, marriage may be a failure,
But this is a blamed sight worse."

—*Boston Courier.*

Enlargement of Microscopic Objects.

Sir David Salomons recently gave a lecture on "Optical Projection," a simile from which may be quoted. Speaking of the enlargement of microscopic objects, he brought before his audience a comparison which would bring home to the least mathematical mind among them a concrete idea of what a certain amount of enlargement, as expressed in the ordinary manner, really meant. He showed that a postage-stamp, for instance, if enlarged 4500 diameters, would cover two and a half acres!