

things considered, one of the best co-partnerships yet made. Canoe and camera come sweetly together in every way. 'I thought,' says Judd Northrup, author of charming vacation books, 'shooting and fishing had exhausted or engaged all my latent enthusiasms of the boyish sort, but amateur photography has gone down deeper than all the rest.'

A camera tucked conveniently in your pocket (or carried like a field-glass in a leather case), with the legs of the same packed in the compass of an umbrella, is a fishing tackle with which the canoeist can catch anything, from clouds and mountains down to a glimpse of a little lake with a string of speckled trout hung in the foreground.

The reader, cherishing, perhaps, fond recollections of summer tramps in woods, with rod and gun, or possibly, if a lady, with sketch-book and plant-case, begs to know how the thing is done; and the writer begs the privilege of telling how, principally in order that many others may share a delightful recreation in which he has had a little experience. The outfit consists of (1.) a camera, which with lens and legs weighs not more than two pounds; (2.) say half a dozen boxes of prepared dry plates; the boxes each about three inches square by one deep, and containing in all seventy-two plates; (3.) three (or better four) plate-holders. The plate-holder is a very compact and ingenious contrivance for the exposure of the plates, and holds two, for separate exposures. (4.) A very small ruby lamp.

Suppose, gentle reader, you are spending your summer leisure in the North woods. Enchanted with the views which abound, you are determined to get them 'to have and to hold' from that time on. Accordingly, at night, by the light of your ruby lamp (if in the day-time, you adjourn to some dark cellar, or rig a small and light-tight tent of blankets), you transfer half a dozen plates from one of the boxes to the plate-holders. Stepping into your canoe in the morning—the early part of the day is preferable—you row, or a guide rows you, to a spot of the right sort; you go ashore, set up the camera in a twinkling, focus upon the scene you admire until it is clearly defined upon the screen, then you put its small cap upon the lens, insert the diaphragm in its place, draw the slide of the plate-holder, remove the

cap, deliberately count three (or more or less, according to conditions), replace the cap, thrust the slide to its place in the plate-holder, and you have that scene. This operation you repeat in various localities until you have exhausted your supply of plates, which are returned to their boxes, and when your vacation is over you go home with about the best part of it in your carpet-bag.

When you have leisure—there need be no hurry; any time will answer except the 30th of February—you go into a dark closet with your plates, and your 'developer,' and a pitcher of water, light the ruby lamp and lock the door, take a plate from a box, put it in the developing pan, pour the compound ferrous oxalate over it, gently wave the fluid to and fro over the plate, and shortly the beautiful summer scene which charmed you grows out on that plate: as by magic, the familiar trees, lakes, mountains and camps, distinct even to a leaf, are there before you. The process of 'fixing' follows, and is simple; and afterward the printing from the negative. Taken altogether, that is an amusement fit for the nineteenth century! It gives abundant opportunity for the cultivation of artistic taste; it stimulates the faculty of observation; and it gives you a most graphic record of your vacation days. Moreover, it is very inexpensive.

You will probably make some mistakes at first; but if you begin in the right way, carefully following the printed directions, they will be few.

The writer hopes that some of the readers of this magazine will find as much, or half as much, genuine recreation and enjoyment in amateur landscape photography as he has had, and he will feel sure he has helped somebody a little.—*Christian Union*.

The foreman of a Montreal paper is in trouble. In making up his forms, he mixed an article on Catholic advances in Africa with a receipt for making tomato catsup, and the following is the combination: 'The Roman Catholics claim to be making material advances in Africa, particularly in Algeria, where they have one hundred and eighty-five thousand adherents and a missionary society for Central Africa. During the past three years, they have obtained a firm footing