

Finger marks are useful in detecting criminals, but they have no advantages in the various photographic processes.

Do not touch the film with the fingers, but always hold the plate by the edges.

The plate is best dusted by gently tapping one edge against a table or bench, or by passing an absolutely clean, dry velvet pad very lightly over its surface.

Spots.—Clear circular or irregular spots, with a slight depression in the relative film, are due to air bubbles adhering to the film, or to the accidental presence of oil or grease in the developer or dishes, or to solid particles of some greasy substance, such as paraffin wax from the stoppers of bottles in the developer. Spots of this character may also be produced by scum on the surface of a mixed developer that has been allowed to stand. Once formed, the only way to deal with them is to spot them out, but as the scum or grease is easily visible on the surface of the developer, the formation of such spots should be avoided by rejecting or filtering the developer.

No lens of the rectilinear type can compare in quality with the best anastigmat. The general character of this lens is that it gives sharp definition over the whole of its field of view, even with full aperture. Anastigmat lenses can now be purchased on cameras costing as low as \$11.25.

A blurred image may be due to imperfect focussing, shaking the camera during the exposure, motion of the subject during exposure, or imperfect register between the focussing screen and the dark slides.

A reversed image, that is, positive instead of negative, is commonly caused by the admission of light to the plate or film during development, and is especially liable to occur during the prolonged development of a badly exposed plate in too strong a light.

N.B.—Next month's page will be devoted to ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. Send along your questions. Address them to the Editor so that they will be in hand by July 10th at the latest.

Hard on James

Mrs. Gordon had recently moved into the neighborhood.

"I thought I would come and tell you that your James has been fighting with my Edward," said one of the neighbors, one morning, as she called at Mrs. Gordon's door, "and settle the matter if I could."

"Well, for my part," responded Mrs. Gordon, laughingly, "I have no time to enter into any discussion about the children's quarrels. I consider myself above such trifling things."

"I'm delighted to hear it," was the reply. "I'll send James over on a stretcher in an hour or two."—*Exchange.*

A glue factory stands near a certain railway. Its charms are not for the nose, and therefore a lady always carried with her, when passing this point, a bottle of lavender salts. One morning an old farmer took a seat beside her. As the train neared the factory, the lady opened the bottle of salts. Soon the whole car was filled with the horrible odor from the factory. The farmer put up with it as long as he could, but at last he shouted, "Madam, would ye mind puttin' the cork in that 'ere bottle?"—*Exchange.*

What smells most in a perfumer's shop?

The nose.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Word to the Man in a Regular Rut

Do not believe all the hard things that are said against getting into grooves. Grooves have a first-class use for everyone. Everyone gets into some of some sort. If not the right sort, it is the wrong. Without it there is no rapid way of getting along. Every train tells us the advantage of rails, and accidents tell the disaster of getting off the rails.

Last winter Niagara Falls were frozen. We had pictures of the huge rugged wall of ice and the mammoth icicles. When the rumble and roar of the Falls was silenced, many residents in Niagara city lost their sleep. Tourists have been known who felt dead tired after a long day's tramp, yet lay long awake in a Swiss hospice on account of a little mountain torrent that flows by the hospice, gurgling and splashing over its rock-strewn bed. When they did sleep the splutter got into their dreams. We are such creatures of habit that some cannot sleep in strange beds or be at ease in strange company. Some miss their lullaby, some their familiar faces, some their square.

One learns the golden use of grooves in reading the story of Marianne Farinham's arduous life. Possessed of few advantages to begin with, and having many cares to face all through, the pure-minded, pious woman kept a sunny heart, discovered what she could do, and set herself to do it. She kept to her own lines in a life of constant industry. There is no room for the blues in a heart so gracious and so busy. "Such a life is inconceivable without good nature and good habits, and these cannot be had nor kept in idleness or indifference. In pegging away on one's own path one comes on the hidden riches."

Our line, our groove, our beaten track! There is nothing to beat it. Marianne Farinham found her gifts, shook hands with work, and did what she could for the country girls and win their confidence and she did. She had a poetic gift, and she cultivated it till her best impressions took living form in songs for which thousands waited weekly. She began to write, and at last to edit. Where would her fame have been if she had neglected her own silver groove? Not here to be art-eritic to *"The Times,"* nor leader writer for the money market. Yet her womanly influence lives in a multitude of homes, and will last through generations yet unborn—a genial, simple, salty influence that was all on one plous line through life, and is findings its line of succession.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, worked his own vein of ore with splendid manliness and tact. Did not the boys say it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie; he'd be sure to believe you! His life is made trustworthy by the love which he trusted them! His to call up honor from its secret place! His letters reveal the interest he maintained in their religious welfare. How sterling it all is! Who can doubt that in following his line he found his greatness?

David Brainerd lived in a groove of prayer. In prayer he exercised himself till the habit formed his character. We know his soul, as we know any other soul, by his character. It was a praying soul. Says he: "I wrestled in prayer for the ingathering of souls, for multitudes of poor souls, in many distant places. I was in such an agony, from sun half an hour high till near dark, that I was wet all over with sweat; but oh, my dear Lord did sweat for such poor souls! I longed for more compassion." And he is in the noble line of saints.

It is not running in grooves that is wrong, but only running in wrong grooves.

The more we think it over the plainer it is that as much can be said for ruts

as can ever be said against them. "Such freedom from bias as human nature is capable of" is admirable in its way. Perfect freedom from unfair bias is more admirable still. But bias grows like evergreens in a life of good habits. Ungoverned by preferences, one grows wild. This is a line to goodness; a narrow way that is safer than the broad way. Every sound principle is a good groove.

There is a bad bias as well as good; there are ruts that throw the cyclist in the mud and overturn the gambler. Perhaps it is easier to get into bad grooves than good ones. Anyone can wear the broad arrow if he chooses. One need not fake much pains to show the white feather. Brambles, simpletons and cowards flourish without culture. One might do a great deal worse than be nightly biased against them.

Good hearts must have good habits; must be "like wax to receive," like marble to retain them. Have good rules and keep them; keep your boots and shoes water-tight.

No one need plume himself that his own are the only good ones while he follows his own line. If one must "be content to fill a little space that God be glorified," it matters nothing so long as the little space is big enough for God to visit. The blessing of good habits is that when they get absorbed into character they are rules no longer, but abilities and powers, useful proclivities and helpful dispositions; they become pleasant tendencies in the right direction.

Get on good lines, and keep on them, for the sake of avoiding bad ones. The devil is sometimes best beaten by keeping off his tracks. Neglect his companions, don't deal at his shop. Show him the cold shoulder, and before very long you will get the same treatment from him. Fighting is not the only way of conquest. It is the last word of a quarrel, but not in a heaven-born life.

Grooves! Everyone is what his habits are. Habits! They are the limbs of the soul. Limbs! They are just the things by which we can be of use. Let all love good grooves, and let no one say a word against them, for they will keep us on the right rack to the Celestial City.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!"—*Rev. J. E. Gibberd, in Sunday Companion.*

A New Consecration

We need to realize a new consecration in this work of living. Let us never be forgotten that it is not enough to have new methods, new machinery, or new institutions, but that our hearts must burn with the sacred passion of saving the young! No amount of up-to-date machinery will do us good for lack of love and fidelity in the teacher. The worker among children must first love Christ, and then, for Christ's sake, love the child. When this true Christian love is felt, there will be patient study of each young life, and a fostering care which will protect the child from evil. Dr. Arnold is reported to have said of one of his scholars, "If that boy goes wrong, it will break my heart." The Quakers have a beautiful phrase, "to quicken the germ of life already in us," and the supreme work of the teacher is to bring to fruition that divine life, the germ of which has already been implanted by the Spirit of Life and Love.—*Rev. Walter Norton.*

What is the difference between a cloud and a whipped child?

One pours with rain, and the other roars with pain.