

MY STRUGGLES WITH A CAMERA.

'Yes,' I decided, after reading the florid description (in an advertisement) of the wonders accomplished by the 'Clipper' camera, 'evidently the one thing needful to make existence useful, profitable, and delightful is a photographic camera.' As with the tempting occupations which offer to either sex a rare opportunity to increase their income, 'no previous experience is necessary,' and unparalleled results are obtained from the trifling exertion involved in pressing a button or touching a spring. That would just suit me. 'And there is no occasion to purchase an expensive outfit,' I mused, 'when such brilliant successes can be achieved by the aid of these small affairs.'

Within a few days I was the proud possessor of the 'Clipper' camera, with plates, slides, and other known and unknown appurtenances thereunto belonging, and was off for a holiday to the Highlands. These not altogether unknown regions should live again in the hearts of Englishmen, and be further revived and beloved, when I gave my photographs to the world.

I took a long and delightful excursion—it was worth while to incur a little expense for the sake of the scene I should by this means secure—and boldly held my camera up in front of one of the biggest mountains. As I had omitted to ascertain the manner in which photographs are usually taken, and had, in fact, no idea of the process, it was a fine opportunity to call common sense into play. I did so, and decided, first of all, that by turning the broad end in which was the plate towards the mountain I gave the latter a much better chance of immortality than if the small lens had been pointed at it. I drew out the paper Chinese-lantern arrangement which fixed the 'focus,' released the spring, and the thing was done—as easy as child's play! I ordered a meat tea instead of dinner at an early hour

perfect in that line had I been a paterfamilias. I kept looking, as the directions enjoined, to see 'the image appear gradually,' but I looked and looked, and rocked and looked, in vain. My mountain never appeared at all. After a couple of hours of this sort of exercise I left the plate to steep in the developer, and sought relaxation.

An acquaintance to whom I casually mentioned my method of working and singular lack of success, poured out on me a vast amount of advice. It is surprising from what an elevation a six months' possessor of a camera bestows counsel. However, I am not above accepting information, and I resolved, as my own way had failed, to give his a trial.

Accordingly, I sallied forth again, and this time I attacked a loch—with the lens, instead of the shutter and directed to it, and again at night I poured on fresh developer and rocked. The result was more manifest, though scarcely more satisfactory. A heavy blackness settled on the plate, through which it was impossible to discover any 'image' at all, except that of darkness visible.

The failure which attended the mode of procedure recommended by my friend was not such a severe blow as the failure I had experienced on my own account, and I resolved to give the theory another try. I was not going to be beaten by a machine 8in by 6in. I would try a 'time exposure.'

I did so. I tried a short time exposure and a long time exposure—from five seconds to five minutes, and so on to half an hour. I tried indoors and out of doors, shine and shade, animate and inanimate objects, and precisely the same result followed in all cases, or, rather total lack of result. I consulted two other amateur photographers.

'Oh!' exclaimed Amateur Number One, taking up a plate (the one which I had in desperation exposed for half an hour), and holding it with a knowing air to the light, 'Easy to see what is the matter here—not sufficient exposure.' Amateur Number Two seized on another representation of darkness, blacker than I should have

carried it with me on one of those long excursions arranged in Scotland to keep you at it all day without letting you get away too far from your starting place, by coach, steamer,

train—steamer—train, coach—train coach steamer.

A charming girl displayed the utmost interest in my camera, which I exhibited to her with the confidence,

Completely Broken Down

Unable to Sleep, No Appetite, Loss of Flesh,

Physicians Could Give no Relief. Was Cured by

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



"Sometime ago I was taken very ill, losing my appetite, could not sleep, and was unable to do my work. I was attended by two doctors, but to no effect. I became very thin and weak. Sometimes when I was out I would become so ill that I would have to go into a neighbor's house until I was fit to walk again. I cannot describe my sufferings, only to say that this state of things lasted for months.

"At last I remembered your advertisements in the papers, so determined to try a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Finding the first so beneficial, I took another, and still another, and the three bottles completely put me to rights.

"I am now perfectly healthy and strong, and can eat and sleep and work like a Trojan."

This is the strong and clear testimonial of Mrs. Jane Messiter (whose portrait is here given), of Foy St., Balmain, New South Wales.

It is because of the multitude of such cures that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is called

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"Ayer's" is unlike other sarsaparillas. It contains different medicines, cures more quickly, acts more directly on the blood.

One bottle of "Ayer's" does the work of three bottles of the ordinary kind.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla
That Cures.

It Enriches the Blood.

Ayer's Pills aid the Action of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
BEST AND SAFEST APERIENT.

RECOMMENDED AND PRESCRIBED BY MEDICAL MEN EVERYWHERE.

"Hunyadi János"

ANNUAL SALE EXCEEDS SIX MILLION BOTTLES.

The "BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL" says of "Hunyadi János"
"It has established itself in favour with leading physicians and therapeutists of every country, whose testimonies bear witness to its action as a speedy, sure and gentle aperient for ordinary use; it is remarkably and exceptionally uniform in its composition and free from defects incidental to many other Hungarian Bitter Waters."



'BOLDLY HELD MY CAMERA UP IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE BIGGEST MOUNTAINS.

that evening, so that I might devote an unclouded intellect to the science of photography.

At last my arrangements were complete: the mysterious mixtures in the bottles were at hand, the 'actinic' light was blown out, and I was left by the vague illumination of the ruby lamp to explore into the recesses of my camera, take out the plate, and place it, 'film side upwards,' in the dish. Then, with a beating heart, I deftly poured on the developer, and rocked the dish.

I rocked assiduously, zealously. There could have been nothing more

supposed anything could get in five seconds—indoors, too—with, 'By Jinglo' over-exposed!

My faith in the wisdom of my photographic friends was shaken. However, I had no objection to borrow a camera from them and to follow their advice, returning my own camera, accompanied by a letter expressing more grief than anger to the makers. I found the new camera a neat article, more important in appearance than my first experiment, and even simpler in its adjustments. A 'fixed focus' is warranted to take anything—except the influenza. I

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