

THE  
CANADIAN PHOTOGRAPHIC  
JOURNAL.

---

---

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

---

---

VOL. V.

TORONTO, JULY, 1896.

No. 7.

---

---

THE  
Canadian Photographic Journal

PUBLISHERS.....

The Nesbitt Publishing Co., Ltd.,

Rooms 97, 98, 99,  
Confederation Life Building.

TORONTO - - - CANADA.

---

---

GEORGE W. GILSON. - - EDITOR

---

---

P. A. OF A.

Convention held June 22-27, 1896,  
at Celoron-on-Chautauqua,  
New York.

Convention called to order by President R. P. Bellsmith, Tuesday morning, June 23, 1896.

Address of Welcome, by  
Hon. Porter Sheldon, Jamestown, N.Y.

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen of the Photographers' Association of America, old Chautauqua bids you a cordial welcome to her heights. Her great heart glows with warmth at your approach. She will inspire you all, never doubt it, with a generous rivalry to make this convention the best, and the most of it. In the cool calm mornings of her perfect June, when with even pulse and clear searching eyes you address yourselves to the duties of your great Association, seeking to realize and

enforce that golden maxim, "Help ye one another," that renders so delightful the contact of kindred spirits when striving for excellence, her spirit will abide with you then. When released from the duties of the day, whether you devote the bright afternoons to the diversions of recreation or repose, old Chautauqua will be there to help you. To the more active her attentions may seem a little warm, but, Mr. President, I assure you that although these warm attentions may be somewhat oppressive at the time, yet, like the hot summer evenings you have spent in old Cincinnati with your best girl, they will be sweet to remember. Then, Ah! her delicious nights, when she woos you beneath her silver moon upon her rippling waters, and fans you with her coolest airs, she is indeed irresistible then.

But, Mr. President, I have a word of warning which I must speak to some of my youngest and most inexperienced friends here, like—yes, I will not be personal, like old Charley Hetherington, for instance. Beware, beware, beware, an evil spirit disguised in the most alluring form haunts these beautiful shores, and by the pale dim light of the moon. Beware, beware, beware, for the "sweet sounds of the early morning, the bright sights of the sunny days, are only sweet when we fondly listen, are only bright