

Owing to sickness of several members of the Executive Committee of the Photographers' Association of Canada, they were unable to meet last month as intended. A meeting will be held on March 11th, at Toronto, full particulars of which will appear in our next issue.

A Baby's Diary

First Week.—As near as I am able to judge from appearances, my arrival has kicked up quite an excitement in the household. I have been weighed and the figures were given at eight pounds. I have also been carefully inspected and have been pronounced sound in wind and limb. It's a go as far as I am concerned. My young dad seems to be tickled half to death and his breath smells of beer. When he heard I was a boy he went out back of the house and jumped on his hat for joy. If I don't make him jump for some other cause before I get over this redness of complexion then you may play marbles on my bald head!

Second Week.—Nurse is here yet and I'm on my good behavior. She looks to me like a woman who wouldn't take much sass of a youngster and I don't want a row until my muscle works up a little more. Several parties in to see me and I had to listen to the usual congratulations. Some talk of bringing me up on a bottle, but I'll have something to say about that later on. I'm laying low and taking things easy. Dad is still walking around with a grin on his face and there was a smell of gin cocktail in the room last night. When he remarked that I was just the quietest and most good-natured baby in all New York I came near giving myself dead away. There's a surprise in store for that hayseed and it'll hit him like a load of brick.

Third Week.—Everything so-so. Nurse goes Saturday night. She brags about what a little darling I am, but she's talking for wages. I'm quite sure she mistrusts me. People keep coming in to paw me over and look at my feet. The general verdict is (ahem!) that I'm ust the cutest, handsomest young'un

ever born. That's all bosh, however, and I'm not at all stuck on my shape.

They allowed dad to carry me around a few minutes last evening and you'd a-thought he owned the earth. He said he could walk with me for a week and I just gurgled. He'll drop to something before he is a week older. I haven't said much thus far, but I've done a heap o' thinking just the same. I don't propose to take advantage of the baby act much longer. Had a row with the nurse and had to give in. Beaten but not conquered.

Fourth Week.—I told you I'd do it and I did! The night after the nurse left I took up that unfinished business with dad and along about two o'clock in the morning he was the sickest man you ever saw. I didn't want to kill him in one night and so saved some of him over for the next. Colic, you know. All babies have it and I wasn't going to be left out. Kicks, squirms, wriggles, yells, with dad trotting up and down until he finally shook his fist under my nose and hoped I'd die.

Then I let up a little, but I've got a lot more colic saved up. The happy grin has quite vanished from his face and they say he has lost five pounds. That's all right. I propose to take a hand in from this time on. If the old man gets out to lodge or a checker party again this winter, you just ask me how it happened. I'm keeping the run of things under the proper dates and now and then I'll dish you up half a column or so, and let you know who's running the house. Dad may go any day next week, but as for me I've come to stay.

Impurities of Alcohol.

Pure alcohol is desirable for various operations in photography, and Dr. E. Walker, in the journal of the American Chemical Society, has pointed out a hitherto unsuspected source of impurity. He finds that, if it be kept for some time in tin cans, it slowly reacts in the tin, giving, after a while, a white cloud of oxide of tin, so fine that it can not be filtered out. Vessels of stoneware or glass should therefore be employed for storing alcohol.