

to listen to the remarks of the members, another takes his place and proceeds to transcribe his notes at almost lightning speed ; and so the work goes on, night and day, during the entire session. As soon as a reporter finishes the transcription a page takes the manuscript to the telegraph office for transmission. The shorthand reporter has his hands full, early and late—there's no rest for him ; but the reporters who merely give a synopsis of the speeches and proceedings take life easier. The hours of business vary, but it would not be far out of the way to say that the reporter averages sixteen hours a day hard work. He is up at nine in the morning ready to "take in" the committee meetings, which adjourn about two. At three the session of the day begins, ending almost anywhere among the "wee sma' hours."

Of the daily papers represented in the press gallery, the *Toronto Globe* and *Mail* send the largest number, and have very full and correct reports,

### THE DUKE OF ALBANY ON THE PRESS.

His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, presided at the annual dinner recently held in London, in connection with the Newspaper Press Fund. In proposing the toast of the evening, "The Press," His Royal Highness said :

"It is with great satisfaction that I come before you to-night to plead the cause of the Newspaper Press Fund—(cheers)—and that I see around me, not only so many distinguished representatives of the press itself, but so many men of eminence in other walks of life, whose presence here testifies to the widespread, I may say the national, interest which this cause inspires. (Cheers.) There can hardly, indeed, be any password to the general goodwill and gratitude of Englishmen more potent than the name of the Newspaper Press. If we know anything in this country we know the benefits of a free press ; we know that the gentlemen of the press are the watchdogs of civilization, and that nothing can go wrong anywhere without their uttering a warning sound, and very often suggesting some real and practical remedy. (Cheers.) The direct social and political power of the press is a fact which we are none of us likely to forget for a day. And yet it is the indirect, the educative power of the press which is, I think, the greatest of all. The most pervading effect on mankind is produced, not by the arguments of the press on points on which the various journals differ, but by the instruction given, and the tone assumed by the press on points on which all journals concur. (Cheers.) For, after all, the main function of the press is to be the contemporary and authentic record of the progress of the world ; and the world's progress is not marked so much by the changing triumphs of one or other party—by the shifting

predominance of this or that school of opinion—as by the steady increase in the mass of knowledge and experience on which all civilized men are agreed, and which each generation inherits almost unconsciously from its predecessor. (Cheers.) And what it gives me most pleasure to observe in the press is the increasing completeness with which this world-wide record is kept—the increasing accuracy and fulness of the picture which the press presents to us of all the complex life and thought and action which are going on upon the surface of the globe. There is nothing now which the press does not chronicle—from yesterday's debates in London or Paris to the latest enquiries into the habits of earth-worms, or the last photograph taken of the sun. (Laughter.) And especially we may claim for our English press that it is surpassed by none in its earnest endeavor to understand the real condition of foreign nations as well as of our own—(hear, hear)—to draw the true lessons, of example or warning, from distant events, which in former times we should have been content to hear of in a very secondhand and imperfect way. But our press is alive to everything now ; and when there falls on the world some such sudden shock as brings our human brotherhood home to all, then it is that we feel how intimately the press has entwined itself with our existence, till the electric wires seem the very nerves of humanity, carrying in a moment to every corner of the earth the self-same thrill of hope or pain. (Cheers.) There is another branch of journalism which one cannot help watching, both in this country and in the United States, with much curiosity and interest, I mean the constantly extending enterprises of the "Special Correspondent." There is, I think, something satisfactory in the thought that the public, through the spokesmen of the press, is taking into its own hands so many works of historical and geographical discovery, or even of active benevolence ; that its representatives are finding the lost, succoring the afflicted, facing perils, traversing regions unknown ; sitting in conclave, perhaps, among the patriarchs of Merv, or struggling with the fevers of Zanzibar, and the Congo, or with the ice of Polar seas, or scanning the desperate charges of Plevna, or carrying an impartial comfort to the wounded of two nations at Sedan. (Cheers.) One likes to think that some spectator of our own race is always present when history is in the making, and that in scenes of danger and frenzy, where no one else ventures to stand, except at the call of urgent duty or in the fury of the fight, there is sure to be in the thick of everything an Englishman with a notebook, whose only object is to see and know. (Cheers.) Yes, gentlemen of the press, your career is one of constant interest, of growing power, and, like all positions of power, it carries with it its own responsibilities, its own temptations. Even in private life there may often be a momentary temptation to use some unfair argument, or to repeat some unkindly