



King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain. The birth of a son to this young royal pair has created quite a stir in the social world of Europe.

The Spanish Heir

FRIDAY will henceforth be considered a lucky day by the people of Spain, since it marks the birth of the little Prince of the Asturias whose advent was so joyously celebrated from the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean. King Edward was greatly pleased at the birth of the young prince who is his grand-nephew and whose English strain will conduce to friendlier relations between Great Britain and the kingdom of Alfonso. The terrible events which marked the attempted assassination at the time of King Alfonso's marriage are forgotten in the public joy over the heir to the throne. The most lavish environment of silken curtains, lace robes and rose-embroidered cloaks is the lot of this royal baby. But the best wish for the week-old prince is that he may come to a united kingdom "to read his history in a nation's eyes." Spain is slowly recovering from her lethargy and by the time the young prince reaches manhood it may be a leading power.

Perils of Imperial Dining

AS Canadians read of turtle, pate de foie gras and barons of beef, which the colonial premiers are consuming, the Conservative chuckles and the Reformer looks grave. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier should return to Canada with chronic dyspepsia, all the statesmanship in the world will not keep his ways sunny—a policy of pessimism will be introduced next session and the Opposition will take on new life.

Even in England the public is becoming apprehensive over the gastronomic situation. Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes in M.A.P. voices the growing alarm as he says:—"There is a general consensus of opinion that our friends the Colonial Premiers are inclined to cry 'hold, enough!'" in regard to the steady campaign of lunching and dining through which they have already passed and the further engagements which still confront them. The sort of dinner which they have to face is no joke—it is generally a five hours' affair, and by a refinement of cruelty we afflict both the body and the mind of the victims of our hospitality. For a guest on an occasion of this sort sits down about seven o'clock to vast quantities of food, which he knows will upset him, which at the time he can feel upsetting him, and he knows that some time between ten and eleven o'clock he will be called upon to make a speech. All the time he is eating, while he is listening to other speeches, when songs, sentimental or comic, are rendered to charm or amuse him, the unhappy man is horribly and hideously conscious of the ordeal before him. Who has not seen a depressed gentleman on such an occasion furtively trying to consult some notes half concealed beneath a plate?

"This is bad enough in the case of an ordinary individual on an ordinary occasion—but think how much harder is the lot of a Colonial Premier. Let me set

forth one or two of the peculiar trials to which he is subjected just now. In the first place he has to endure a couple of these feasts nearly every day, and he is called on to speak on each occasion. He cannot keep on saying the same thing, because his hearers are to a great extent the same people over and over again. There is something positively ghastly in the idea of the same people proposing the same toast ten times a week for the same victim to reply to, and expecting that victim to make bright and original and varied replies every time. Nor should it be forgotten that the thoughtful Press pays these distinguished visitors the rather cruel compliment of reporting them every time. And in addition to all this it happens that there are generally several of the Premiers present, and so the speaking becomes of the nature of a competitive performance. These statesmen are, of course, above mere personal jealousy, but they are inspired by an honourable feeling of emulation, each being anxious to do well for the sake of the portion of the Empire which he represents. So that altogether the mere mental strain put upon our visitors is considerable.

"And what about the strain put on their digestions? There is something almost indecent in the manner in which medical men and medical papers are discussing these problems of the interior, so to speak. One learned authority has proclaimed that each Colonial Premier should confine himself to 'five ounces of dry (water-free) proteid, three ounces of dry fat, and fifteen ounces of dry carbohydrates' per day. How Charles Lamb would have scorned this teaching as a 'vile cold-scrag-o'-mutton sophism!' If we are going to restrict our distinguished guests to dry proteid, dry fat, and dry carbohydrates—and then inflict the additional misery of dry speeches—would it not be well to leave them to enjoy a good square meal in privacy at their hotels? This public analysis of the probable condition of our visitors' insides is brutal."

Identified

It is related of the late Gustave Dore that he once lost his passport while on a tour in Switzerland. Arriving at Lucerne, he asked to be allowed to speak to the Mayor, to whom he gave his name.

"You say that you are M. Gustav Dore," replied the Mayor, "and I believe you; but," he added, producing a pencil and a piece of paper, "you can easily prove it." Dore looked round him and saw some peasants selling potatoes in the street. With a few clever touches he produced the homely scene, and, appending his name to the sketch, presented it to the mayor.

"Your passport is perfectly en règle," remarked the official; "but you must allow me to keep it as a souvenir, and to offer you in return one in the ordinary form." The Creator of Drumtochty.



Madrid.—Salon of Ambassadors, where the little prince was presented to the officials. Note the royal chairs turned when not in use.