Sixteen on May 17; by the laws of his country Alfonso XIII. has attained his majority; no longer is he "the Little King;" he is a royal man. He was born on May 17, 1886, and took his solemn oath of allegiance on May 17, 1902, in old historic Spain, the first motherland of America.

The young king—the youngest him.

motherland of America.

The young king—the youngest king in the world—has been most carefully educated to meet the responsibilities of his lefty station. He speaks readers of his lofty station. He speaks, reads and his lofty station. He speaks, reads and writes in half a dozen languages; French, English and German are as familiar to him as his native Spanish. Naturally delicate of physique, his slight frame has been strengthened by plenty of open air exercise and by plain, wholesome diet. He is a masterly porseman, a crack shot and an expert encer. The writer of an article in 'Benziger's Magazine' says that the Benziger's Magazine says that the king at sixteen is a well-grown boy, with brown eyes full of vivacity, naturally curly chestnut hair and an expression at once serious and wilful. From the serious and wilful. sion at once serious and willul. From his earliest years Alfonso, by his child-ish grace, has won the hearts of all those whose duties brought them in contact with him. It was always easy to conquer his resistance to orders or his caprices by reminding him that his mother would feel sorry if he persisted in paughtiness. His love for Marie naughtiness. His love for Marie pristing has always been most touch-Christina has always been than all the

ing. "I love you more than all the world," he often says to her.

Although the Queen has striven to make him thoroughly modest, the little King had from his earliest days an instinctive notion of the respect stinctive notion of the respect due him. When he was four years old his governess, Senora Tacon, felt it neces-sary to reprove him. "Yo sol el Rev." "I am the King," replied this small embodiment of the dignity of the Spanembodiment of the dignity of the Span-ish throne. When he was eight he re-buked sharply a court dignitary who ad-dressed him as "Bubi," his mother's little pet name for him. "I am Bubi to mamma," he said, "but to you I am the King."

The godfather of the young King is no less a personage than the venerable Pope Leo XIII. When Alfonso was but six weeks old his good mother had him consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. His first morning duty is prayer, and hitherto he has been at his desk ready for study at 9 o'clock every morning. He was taught French and English on alternative days, and every day at 10 he went for his riding lesson; under a fine teacher, the royal boy is already an expert horseman. Seven splendid creatures constitute his stable. Frequently Alfonso XIII. rides with his mother in the park instead of taking his exercise under cover, and then the crowd around the gates may see their young King and the Queen mother returning in triumph from their rapid gallop. At 11 this recreation ends, and until noon the King studies physics, chemistry or

military geography.

Now the King will have to perform the duties of a sovereign monarch, but it is not likely that for a few years to come the former routine of his life will be appreciably changed. At noon precisely every day luncheon is announced, when Alfonso XIII. eats alone, served at a separate table placed a little distance from that at which his mother, sister and their attendants sit. After an hour's rest German conversa-tion marks the resumption of the day's duties. This is succeeded by lessons in rhetoric and universal history. Thrice rnetoric and universal instory. Infloe a week the King has military exercises. A little platoon has been formed of the King's comrades, children of court dig-nitaries, or of members of the Madrid nobility. These boys take their train-

full of duties that American boys would consider one like it a hardship, the boy King finds time in it for the mother to

chapel on the fifth day of his life and the opening of the exposition at Barcelona in 1888, when he was but two years old, are the only occasions in which King has yet appeared publicly. Saturday, his sixteenth birthday, opened the real career of the present King of

On former birthdays he received the diplomatic corps and the dignitaries of the State in the throne-room, and with full ceremonials: but for the most part the young King has been working hard to learn to be a great King, and has led the life of a jealously guarded child, surrounded by his immediate family and attendants, utterly excluded from the world in which he must take so prominent a position, and act, perhaps, one of the most difficult of parts.

Spain has lost all her colonies, yet their loss may but serve to strengthen the magnificent internal resources of the grand old motherland. Under a the grand old motherland. Under a wise King—as it is hoped Alfonso may prove to be—Spain may regain much of her ancient renown. May she be known as a land of progressive learning, of chivalric courage and of Christian peace! Viva el Rey! May the young King have a long life, a strong life and a happy life, blessed by the love of his people and the prosperity of his counpeople and the prosperity of his coun-

A Strawberry Story.

Mrs. Kenyon followed her son to the garden, her eyes dwelling with motherpride on his sturdy figure, rosy neeks, and clear blue eyes; the ideal picture of a happy, healthy, country

The garden was an old-fashioned one with some fine trees, and sweet-scented flowers blooming in natural profusion. In a sunny corner was the strawberry

while Paul raked the beds she occupied herself among the flowers. They were still busily engaged when the slow, clear strokes of a bell sounded upon the air. It was the bell for catechism class, at which Paul was a regular attendant.

He put up his rake at once, kissed

his mother good-bye, and was soon walking briskly on his way to church, stopping for a moment at the Widow Brown's to give a greeting to her lame

boy, Bertie.

Poor Bertie, who was just getting over a wasting fever, was recovering so slowly that seemed as if we would never be well again.

Bertie's eye followed him out of sight. Then he turned to his mother with a sad little sigh, and said wearily "Mother, I would like to be like Paul Kenyon. I want to be well and strong and able to run about as he does. I overheard the doctor say one day that he was afraid there was something the matter with my spine, and that I might have to sit in this chair all the rest of my life. You are so poor, mother, and my life. You are so poor, mother, and it would be such a trouble for you to have a useless son, I think I shall ask God, if it is so, to let me die soon. It would not be a sin, would it?"

Tears were streaming down Mrs. Brown's poor thin cheeks, but she dried

them carefully before she turned her face toward her son, and her voice only trembled slightly as she answered: "You could never be a trouble to me, my darling boy, and no matter what we suffer here, none of us must ask to die until God's good time. But here comes Father Best; he can talk to you better

Father Best was a favorite of Bertie. He used to tell his mother that he was the best Father they had ever had, and so when the kind old man stopped to speak to him Bertie's face brightened

"You are not getting well fast enough to please me," the priest said, "and your mother tells me you have no appetite. This is bad, very bad. You ought to have plenty of fresh fruit; we must see about getting some for you

When the good priest made a promise to anyone, he put it uppermost in his mind, and there was no danger of his forgetting it. After Catechism he walked home with Paul Kenyon for a look at the wonderful strawberry and he lingered for a talk with Paul's mother.

In the after days, what delight was Paul's as his berries grew and ripened. What rapture thrilled his heart as he picked the first dish of luscious fruit and carried it to his mother.

and carried it to his mother. "They are all for you; please eat them while they are fresh," he said.
"Thank you, Paul. I appreciate your gift with all my heart, but there is something I would like better than eating them myself. I would like to give something I would like better than eating them myself. I would like to give them to a little boy, one who is not strong and well like yon—'."
" To lame Bertie? Yes, he can have them; let us take them to him right away."

right away."

My generous boy, you are making me very happy," said Mrs. Kenyon, as they set out on their short walk.

Bertie was just taking his supper when the Kenyons came in with their gift, and Paul handed him the basket. "Here are some strawberries for you. Bertie. I raised them myself. Mother thought you might like them; they are very nice."

"Oh they are beauties! And they

"Oh, they are beauties! And they basket of are so fragrant; just like a basket of flowers. How do you eat them?" "Just dip them in this sugar-bowl,

and then pop them in your mouth."

"Oh—h! they are the nicest things I ever tasted in my life. Thank you so much for bringing them."

ing very seriously, and Alfonso XIII. is the first to submit to strict discipline.

In spite of the fact that his day is so sall of distinct that American hove would well you must come and work in my garden with me. I will give you a bed for yourself. I know you are bound to

to cultivate berries for himself, with

Paul, afterward. And when good Father Best learned of the wonderful cure, he only smiled acturally and said. "Everything has a mission in this world, even the strawberry."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Youth in the Race of Life. On of the best known pastors in western Maryland, the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Altoona, takes an earnest interest in the welfare of young men. He is, says the Catholic Columbian records in the wign of his bian, young himself, in the vigor of his prime, young in heart, young in energy, young in enthusiasm for what is noblest

power of the young man and young woman in the affairs of life. In busiwoman in the anairs of life. In business, in politics, in the professions, in literature, in every walk of life the old order is changing rapidly. Young people are filling the places that used to be filled only a short while ago by these of vicen years. Youth is no long. to be filled only a short while ago by those of riper years. Youth is no long-er a barrier, rather it is a recommen-dation to those who aspire to reach the coveted positions in business or

Steel Company, just before the billion-dollar combination was formed, the partners of the "Great Scot" were mostly all young men; there were thirty of them, who had come up from the ranks of the mechanic, or foreman, the ranks of the mechanic, or trusted clerk in the employ of the company. The president of the great steel trust, Mr. C. M. Schwab, is himself one of these brilliant young men. The stories of their successes read like

chapters in a continuous fairy tale.

Surely it is the age of the you it is the age of the young Their expansion is mightier people! Their expansion is mightier and more impressive than that of em-pire, which reaches out to grasp the remote islands of the sea and corner the

remote islands of the sea and corner the markets of the world.

There was published a short while ago a novel which had some vogue; it was of the ultra-realistic school, in which the decadent hero was represented as too old for any new hazard of fortunes, because he had arrived at the advanced age of forty-two years! The advanced age of forty-two years! The young author—he was under thirty— made his chief character sit down and helplessly go to seed because he had not left in him the strength, the courage, the vitality to strike out in any

signing his charge because he was fifty-two, and therefore counted too old to carry on his work with the energy and spirit that it required. Nothing was said of ill health; he was just too old.

The French have a proverb that says. spirit that it required. Nothing was said of ill health; he was just too old. The French have a proverb that says, "It is the man who makes the land." How true this is? We have sometimes when youth seems to be more in desemble that it required. The French have a proverb that says, "It is the man who makes the land." How true this is? We have sometimes when youth seems to be more in desemble that it is the man who makes the land." passed forty-five is no longer welcome.

I do not know whether we have reached their doctors, lawyers, teachers and even elergymen, because of their youth, and pass by the elders with their stores

of experience and wisdom.

What is to be done in the face of a condition which, to say the least, is dis-tressing? Let me confess that I do not know what can be done so far as those are concerned who have already mitigate the hardship of those who have been already semi-retired because of middle age. But I do believe that very many of the coming generation can be saved such an experience if they are trained to meet the requirements of the age. All-round men are no longer in demand. A few generations ago a man who could turn his hand to anything and everything was an invaluable assistant. His prosperity, if he were honest and sober and industrious, was reasonably assured. He was pretty certain to grow and grow according to his capacity until he became a figure and a personage in his community. Those were times when industries and social conditions both were crude.

Everything is as much changed as There is no place for the all-round man now. He walks super-fluous on a darkened stage. The man who is in demand now must be able to who is in demand now must be able to do excellently well some one thing that the world needs to be done. It is a time of specialization. There is the key to the future. The boy or girl who is turned out of high school or of college with no more idea of what his or her life's is to be than to do anything that turns up is accepting an invitation to that turns up is accepting an invitation to failure. The chances are not one in five hundred. The time to drift from thing to thing until the right opening is found has passed. It used to exist. Two generations ago the square pegs that found themselves in round holes goald will themselves out and holes. could pull themselves out and look around till the right holes in size and shape were found. There were lots of holes in those days. But now there are many more pegs than holes. Indeed, around each hole there are waiting whom he is devoted; he drives with her, plays ball after dinner on the terrace before her windows, has music and ends the day with prayer, as he began it, before going to rest.

Each year he has gone solemnly to open the Cortes, but his baptism in the changle on the fifth day of his life and the first here. The first have been the kindness of his friend, for kindness is a great tonic; but it is certain that Bertie got well and lived each generation, and probably always are many more pegs than holes. Indeed, around each hole there are many more pegs than holes. Indeed, around each hole there are many more pegs than holes. Indeed, around each hole there are many more pegs ready to hop in when the occupant pegs re moment of the fact that there are in each generation, and probably always will be some, few men who are in so forceful and so adaptable that they will be some, few men who are in so forceful and so adaptable that they make opportunities and fairly command success. They, however, are very few—not one in a thousand. The others must live after a fashion and according to the conditions that surround them. These will have immeasurely better prospects if their ambitions and their energies are exerted in spec-ial channels toward which ial channels toward which their youthful studies and training as a

matter of course. We must, then, learn the lesson of

which Lowell sings, that: "New occasions teach new duties.
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
We must upward still and onward,
If we would keep abreast of truth."

He recently wrote this article on young men for young men, and in it readers of this department may find inspiration for nobility of character. This nobility is based on a divine motive for every day life, on virtue, on high principles and lofty ideals, on integrity and on culture:

prove helpful to the less ambitious, and are necessary even to those who aspire to the foremost places in life. Let me say at once that there can be no suc-cess without a definite aim. What the sun glass does to the sun's rays—converge them until they become a blazing and irresistible point—that a definite purpose does to the energies of the soul. It brings them to a focus, and achievement follows as a matter of

myriads of baby berries peeping timidly and inquiringly forth from their nest of green leaves.

"They will grow bigger every day, "They will grow bearries of our own raising," he exclaimed proudly.

Mrs. Kenyon loved gardening, and "myriads of baby berries peeping timidle to the other day I was reading an activated, trained to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockmind. "I have neither riches, nor power, nor birth to recommend me; yet, power, n

Thus spoke at the age of twenty - one a poor lad, who had been brought up in a mechanic's shop, and who became afterward one of the most eminent men of his time. He was great and honored be-cause of his noble character and high mental attainments. His opportunities were not better than those age young man of his or our day. Not one of us who cannot, if we will, build up and strengthen our character; not one of us who cannot cultivate and en-rich our mind, if we only set ourselves

earnestly to do so.

There are thousands of men to-day prominent in the affairs of state, distinguished in the various profess successful in business, filling the high-est offices in Church and State, especi-ally here in America, who have risen from the humble walks of life. Neither the accidents of birth, nor power, nor wealth, which belong only to the few are required. All that is needed are character and mental culture, which

may be attained by everybody.

Character in a country like ours, where every man votes, makes and unmake parties and policies, is everything.

And if a man has a cultivated mind, age, the vitality to strike out in any new path, or even to pursue the old one in which he had some measure of success. The idea that this could be a picture of real life is truly saddening to those of us who cherished the notion that a man between thirty-five and that a man between thirty-five and the careful and thorough development of mind and heart; the training, to be with a strong character, he can scarcely of mind and heart; the training, of mind and heart; the training, to be sure, is oftentimes a slow and difficult other day a newspaper account of a clergyman of a metropolitan church relegyman of a metropolitan church relegy very start. There is no gain or victory

when youth seems to be more in demand than ever before. There are many occupations to which the man who has persoal forth five in no longer walkers. farm that was accounted sterile and al-I do not know whether we have reached the time when our neighbors will choose through the intelligent and unceasing eultivation of the active and busy hus-bandman. So is it with the human soul. It can be made to bring forth a rich and immortal harvest of Godlike virtues and merits. What is required is this: that we cultivate the faculties mind and heart that the Author of being has implanted within us. And of what base ingratitude taken up the burden of life, and much less do I know what can be done to if we make no use, and worse still if we put to bad or wicked uses, those high and noble gifts? There is a life work for each of us to do. Woe to us if we for each of us to do. Woe to us if we are faint hearted; woe to us if we have lost patience and quitted the work. One day we shall have to give an account of all that we have omitted or left undone. The talents we have buried away in the ground, the lost opportunities, the precious moments and hours and days of youth that we have allowed to glide by unprofitably, the allowed to glide by unprofitably, the great good we could have done in life if we had only strengthened our minds

if we had only strengthened and character—all this will be scrutinized by the divine Giver.

The dignity, then, of our nature demands that we cultivate our minds and hearts so that we fit ourselves for meministrative with Words. bership in that society of which Words

worth speaks: "There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble living and the noble dead."

Who would not wish to be admitted into this choice company? It is within the power of any one of us to be associated with these noble spirits. And, not only a laudable ambition, but the promptings of our higher nature urge us on in the pursuit of what is true, beautiful and good. We can educate and train ourselves to so run in the race of life, that if we do not "com-mand success," we'll do more; we'll

deserve it. The most important truth, then, for us to remember is this: that the forma-tion of a great character and the at-tainment of knowledge depend on our

helping ourselves.

Our chief duty is to continue through life that education begun in school. How abundant are the means, and within the reach of all, for carrying on in public libraries; the magazines are filled with the choicest productions o our best writers and artists; special agencies are provided in our day to assist those who are aiming to reach that "higher life," that may be secured by nobility of character and sound menta culture.

Let us not be so blinded by the com-Let us not be so initiated by the com-mercialism of the age as to become in-capable of seeing that the highest power on earth, and the most lasting, comes not from wealth, not from intel-lect, not from dogged will; but from nobility of character.

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"Know you not that they who run in the race all run indeed, but one receiveth the prize?" (1 Cor. 9: 24. St. Paul.)

Among the many changes that the twentieth century has brought us none is more striking than that of dominant power of the young man and young man and young steps, through driving storms with bare feet and naked breasts, jaded, mangled and chilled, before they reach the prize. This is how the foremost the prize rates tsuccesses in life, and these, ingreatest successes in life, and these, ing. He was feverish, sleepless and very cross, and suffered from indiges-tion. After using the Tablets he began to get better almost at once, and slept better and was no longer cross. I think the Tablets a fine medicine for children and keep them on hand all the time." The Tablets are readily taken by all children, and crushed to a powder can be given to the very youngest baby with a certainty of benefit. Sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-



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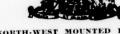


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RECRUITS WANTED. An Officer will be at the Grigg House, on 26th, 27th and 28th May, for the purpose of engaging recruits for the North-west Mounted Police.

Police.

Applicants must be between the ages of twenty-two and thirty five and unmarried.

Minimum height 5 feet 8 inches, minimum chest measurement 35 inches, maximum weight 175 lbs. Term of engagement 5 years.

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CEALED TENDERS addressed "Inspectors of Fentientiaries, Ottawa," and endorsed "Tender for Supplies," will be received until Monday, 16th of June, inclusive, from parties desirous of contracting for supplies, for the fle-

cal year 1992-1993, for the following institutions, namely:

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Strong Penitentiary,
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9. Drugs and Medicines.
10. Leather and Findings.

Details of information as to form of contract, together with forms of tender, will be fur-nished on application to the Wardens of the various institutions,

various institutions.

All supplies are subject to the approval of the Warden or Jailer.

All tenders submitted must specify clearly the institution, or institutions, which it is proposed to supply, and must bear the endorsation of at least two responsible sure reles.

Papers inserting this notice without authority from the Kings Printer will not be paid therefor.

DOUGLAS STEWART.

therefor.

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