

SPAIN'S YOUNG RULER

EVERY DAY LIFE OF THE BOY KING AT SAN SEBASTIAN.

Scene at His Morning Dip in the Ocean—The Life of the Royal Family, a Particularly Free and Happy One During Their Stay at Their Summer Home.

King Alfonso XIII. will soon be 12 years of age, and already people are speculating as to the probabilities of his living to ascend the throne which his mother, the Queen Regent, expects to vacate in his favor upon the day that he attains his eighteenth year. Moreover, not many can be found to dispute the probability of the prediction that if Spain should be so mad as to go to war with the United States with the inevitable consequences of defeat and the loss of Cuba, the Bourbon dynasty, of which this little fellow is the frail representative, would disappear forever in the ruins made by the rage of a proud and sensitive people humiliated into the dust.

Alfonso is weighted with seven names in addition to the one by which the world knows him. Leon, Ferdinand, Marie, Jacques, Indore, Pascal, and Antoine were all given to him at his baptism, and, as we are informed by the Almanach de Getha, the Bible and prayerbook of Europe's royalty and nobility, besides being King of Spain, he is also King of Castille, of Leon, of Aragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarre, of Grenada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Galicia, of Majorca, of Minorca, of Seville, of Sardinia, of Cordova, of Corcega, of Murcia, of Jaen, of Algarve, of Algeiras, of Gibralt'ar, of the Canary Islands, of the Eastern and Western Indies, of India, and of the Oceanic Continent. He is an Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant, and of Milan, Count of Hapsburg, of Flanders, of the Tyrol, and of Barcelona, and Lord of Biscay, and Molina, &c. And now let us see what manner of human being in this 27-fold King. Some idea may be gained from the following plain description of his Majesty's every day life at San Sebastian.

About San Sebastian, the Spanish Newport and the summer home of Spain's royal family, enough has been written to make it familiar to all, but a few details of the daily life of 'el pequenito' (the little one) as he is affectionately called by his subjects, are worth recording.

Every year the court makes a sojourn of several months at the north coast watering place, drawing in its train a great portion of fashionable Madrid, and making the pretty town the centre of Spanish life for the season. The royal family, consisting of the King, the Queen Regent, and her two daughters, reside in the Real Palacio de Miramar, a pleasantly situated though not very imposing edifice, built chiefly of red brick, and, as its name implies, overlooking the sea. It is, indeed, a charming view that can be seen from any of the palace windows, a mass of color, ruggedness and calmness marvellously blended. Straight in front is the Bay of Biscay, charming alike in storm or calm; to the left and to the right high and rugged cliffs of majestic beauty, and to the rear a smiling country, backed by the dim shapes of the not far distant Pyrenees.

Here his little Majesty lives a joyous but busy life, divided between health-giving recreation, political studies, and inner home occupations. The time when he is most seen by his subjects, to whom San Sebastian is either a permanent or a temporary abiding place, is in the early morning when he sallies out for the daily sea bath. This is sometimes abandoned on account of bad weather, but, providing the morning be fine, one may be sure of a good look at the royal family at 10 a. m.—or as near this hour as the Spanish idea of punctuality will allow.

A knot of expectant persons of both sexes and all ages and stations in life gathered round the opening in the sea wall leading to the caseta real, or royal bathing house, announces the approach of the hora del baño, and presently a few officers in gorgeous uniforms group themselves picturesquely around the bathing house. They all appear deeply interested in the latest news from Cuba, all reading the morning papers assiduously. Then from the private road leading to the royal palace a carriage comes dashing up, drawn by four horses, or sometimes mules. This equipage contains the royal family itself. The Queen Regent and her daughters are in charming light morning toilettes, and the King in a blue and white striped sailor suit with the regulation straw hat. The little King jumps out first and rushes headlong down the wooden slope in a manner very undignified for a King, but with such an abandon and appearance of joyous spirits as to win the hearts of the spectators. There is no ceremony, no fuss, no demonstration. The officers and the mule spectators doff their hats, and the Queen Regent and the Infantas follow more leisurely their lord and master into the bath-

ing house. Nothing will now be seen for a few minutes save about half a dozen stalwart men in bathing suits whose duty it is to look after the King when in the water, who rush about in a frantic endeavor to do something—or to appear to be doing something.

Presently the King steps out of the house, which it may be stated resembles as much as anything a glorified summer house, divided into two octagonal buildings with a landing between and steps leading down to the water. When the royal party enters the house is closed up to the sea wall, but once inside, the whole structure is allowed to slide gently down on rails by means of a paid-out cable, until the surf breaks over the steps and the water laps the wooden walls. The little monarch wears a blue and white bathing costume and is hatless. A favorite attendant approaches, but his Majesty seems to be helped into the water, and making a run and a jump is in a moment up to his neck in the sea. After a few preliminary skirmishes with the heavy billows which break incessantly on the beach, the King, with the assistance of his attendant, gains deeper water and begins to swim, diving through the waves with the greatest zest and enjoyment. He is not allowed to remain in the water any great length of time, however, and at a signal from his mother, who, with the Infantas, watches from the steps of the bathhouse, the attendants begin to help him back; but Alfonso frequently breaks from the man's grasp to dive again through an incoming wave, and he seems most reluctant to leave the water.

Altogether a more genuinely boyish and entertaining scene than this morning gambol in the sea by the King of Spain could probably not be witnessed. When running down the slope to the bathing house one morning in August last he slipped and stumbled on to his knees. An attendant rushed forward, but the King was on his feet in a moment with a laugh and continued his run with unabated speed.

His subjects appear to like him best in this mood, and it is amusing to note how the King's morning sailor costume is copied by all the boys of similar age staying at San Sebastian. There is, however, a singular difference, for all the young would-be sailors of interior rank to Alfonso XIII wear hats with an English ribbon bearing the legend "H. M. S. Terrible," "H. M. S. Alert," &c.

At other times during the day the royal carriage, with the same four occupants may be seen driving swiftly through the streets. All vehicles are driven at a great pace in San Sebastian, and a horse's life—particularly a car horse's—must be a very short one. At the approach of the royal equipage the passers-by of the male sex stand and raise their hats, and are generally rewarded by a bow of acknowledgement and a smile. As for precautions against Anarchists and fanatics, the royal personages appear to take absolutely none, and any Anarchist with murderous designs would find not the least difficulty in exterminating the whole of the royal family during its summer sojourn at San Sebastian. But he would never live to tell the tale, for he would be immediately torn to pieces by the crowd. As a Spaniard said to the writer at San Sebastian:

'Anarchists and political reformers do not make war on women and children, and Alfonso and his much esteemed royal mother are as safe as the merest plebeian in the streets of Spanish towns.'

EASY VICTIMS.

A Large Percentage of Members in the Commons Suffer From Catarrh—The Scope of City Found in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—They Tell Their Own Story of Successful Recovery Through This Remedy.

Mr. W. H. Bennett, Member for East Simcoe, and forty-nine others of the House of Commons, have over their own signatures, told of the good effect of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. What the remedy has done for these Parliamentarians it is doing for thousands of others in public and private life the Dominion over. With cold in the head it gives immediate relief inside of half an hour, and a little perseverance quickly rids the head of all trouble. It is easy and pleasant to use and produces no hurtful effects.

AMUSING POLITENESS.

A Young Man who Mistook a Lay Figure for a Lady.

It may seem too bad to laugh at an act of politeness but there is a time for everything. Who could help smiling, at the very least, at a scene described by the Chicago Record:

It was on the fourth floor of a department store. The elevator door opened, and three salesmen entered, each holding in affectionate clasp a beautifully attired dummy—a shapely thing made of wire, and attired in the 'swellest' gowns and the fluffiest laces of the establishment.

The salesmen steadied their dummy companions. The elevator stopped at the third floor.

Ask your grocer for

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

A young man, whose gaze was modestly directed toward the floor, stepped aboard and removed his hat. Even in a department store it is eminently proper to remove the hat when riding in an elevator with women. So the young man removed his hat and continued to look downward, seeing only the skirts of his fair fellow passengers, for it is counted exceedingly rude for a man to stare at a woman in an elevator.

The salesmen began to snicker. This embarrassed the young man; for he had no reason to believe that they were laughing at him. He blushed and shifted uneasily, but did not look up.

Then one salesman laughed aloud. The young man lifted his head in order to reprove the vulgar person with a look, and then he said, 'Well, I'll be switched!'

The women had no heads! The salesmen exploded, and the young man put his hat back on his head.

AWFUL HEART DISEASE.

Death Charmed Away Under the Spell of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—More Wonderful Than a Fairy Tale is the Story of Mrs. Roadhouse of Willscroft, Ont.

Where disease has effected the heart the remedy to be applied must be speedy in its effects, or all may be lost. Mrs. Roadhouse of Willscroft, Ont., says: "Cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face, because of the intense suffering from heart disease. I often felt that the death struggle was at hand. No medicine gave me help until I used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. In thirty minutes the severe pain was removed, and after taking little more than one bottle the trouble had vanished. I know nothing of it today."

Tobacco Taking the Place of Oranges

Since the great freeze which destroyed so many orange orchards in Florida, the people of that State have turned their attention to other products besides fruit, which they had previously raised almost exclusively. Next year Florida will harvest an immense tobacco crop. It will be ten times that of any other year. Having a large area adapted to the production of tobacco of excellent quality, it is surprising that the crop has not been more extensively cultivated there. The war in Cuba has limited the supply usually obtained from that island and has furnished the incentive for the increase that is to be made in tobacco acreage in Florida, where many of the greatest cigar manufactories in the country are located.

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Mutual Benefit.

'Did your husband's wheel-trip do him good?' 'Yes; and it did me good, too. I didn't have to help him clean his wheel for three weeks.'

A Young Man

finds it hard to get a start in life nowadays unless he has a good business education. Business men look for it and expect it of him. If you have the right stuff, write to me.

Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

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Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

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WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWAN 25, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Lincoln, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPFOD, 48 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

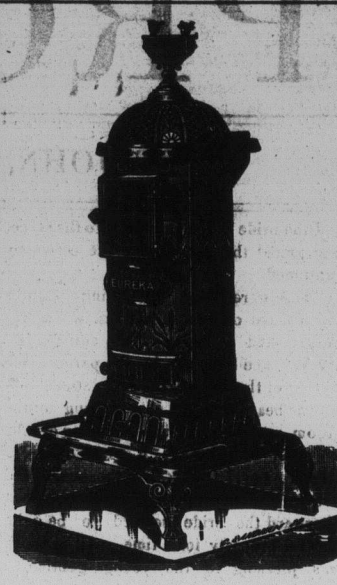
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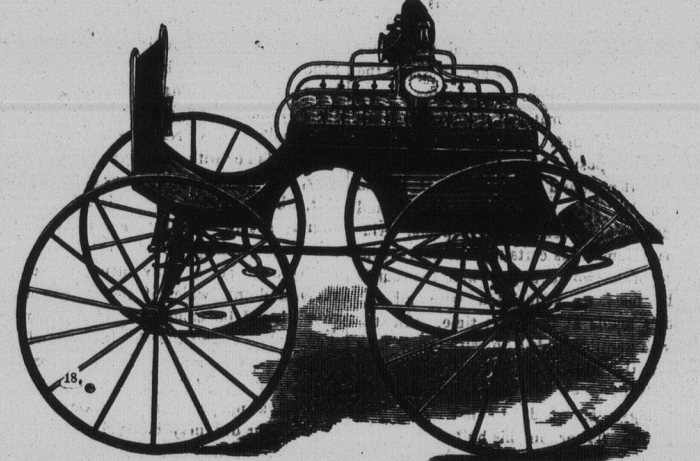
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