

# THE DAILY BRITISH WHIG.

YEAR 74.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1907.

NO. 134

SCENES ATTENDANT UPON THE BIRTH OF HEIR TO SPANISH THRONE AND SOME PERSONS ASSOCIATED WITH THE EVENT.



King Alfonso presents baby prince to the Diplomatic Corps

## WOMAN DESCRIBES SCENES AT ROYAL BABY'S BIRTH

### Was in the Palace at Madrid When the Momentous Event That Gave an Heir to the Spanish Throne Occurred

(The following account of the birth of the heir to the Spanish throne is from a woman who was in the palace on the eventful day. It is addressed to a fashionable member of London's exclusive smart set and will be read with interest.)

Madrid, May 10.—My Dear: After what has seemed like months of nervous tension and a tendency to jump out of one's chair at the rattle of every passing cart, it is all over. Really the air was such a hustle and bustle at the last that I have to pinch myself to believe that it is all true. I and some of the ladies had dined together as usual. It was too warm to go to the theatre, so we ordered coffee in my rooms and sat by the open windows overlooking the gardens. The queen, with the king and her mother, had quite a long stroll there in the early evening. We finished our coffee, and then leaned out and looked once more at those bare flag-staffs poking up into the blue night sky. I had those bare poles on my brain for the thousandth time. We wondered if it would be flags or colored lights—then toddled off to bed.

That night there was no one waiting in the big square. For weeks there had been small groups hanging about hoping to be the first to get news, but that particular night the sentries had it all to themselves. I was awakened by a voice, shouting "Get up! Be quick!" I simply fell out of my bed, and, rushing to the door without my dressing gown, screamed: "Is the palace on fire? Wait for me!" I opened the door. Marie de B. stood there. She was absolutely crying with excitement. "Fire! You goose, no! The queen— I rushed for my dressing gown— Marie had her hair in curlers, and looked a sight—and dashed into the corridors, and the arms of one of the halberds with a long spear, who was running

faster than I have ever seen a Spaniard move before.

The Palace Like A Beehive.

We begged each other's pardons, and I asked him if there was any news. In Spain, one gets most awfully frank about these things, and I have found myself "gamping" with utter strangers in a way that would make one blush for a week in England. From the minutest of his details he was, I am sure, married.

By this time—all in a moment it seemed—the palace swarmed and hummed like a hive. Behind closed doors I heard the electric switches turned on while half-dressed maids hurried from room to room. The captain of the halberds swung by, a body of men in all the glory of their old-world costume at his heels. "We are hidden to gunmen everybody. It cannot be so very long," he vouchsafed. I observed that we had better go and dress, and lucky it was that we did so, for a little later the bishops were assembling in the private chapel, and we all rushed away.

The chapel looked lovely, white flowers everywhere, and such decorations. But we all gave our dignity away sadly. The old Duchess of O had forgotten half her hair and all her rouge. The bishops also were not as tidy as they might have been, and I never saw such a collection of unshorn chins in my life—and the Spaniards do get so dreadfully blue. Some of the dear ladies prayed very hard, but all the same there was a constant rustle of unrest and excitement and also more than a suspicion that a certain amount of hooking-and-eying was going on all the while.

The Bravery Of The Queen.

It was a brilliant morning when we left the chapel, and then I ran against Lady—W, who told me that the queen's mother, the dowager queen,



Miss Eves in charge of the prince's wardrobe

and the doctors and maids had all been called up about four, and had not left the queen's apartments since. She said that Princess Henry was terribly excited, but was being awfully brave, and that the queen herself was behaving splendidly. But, then, she is so blacky—it is only when one sees her among all these courtiers, with their fussing and their fuming about tries, that one realizes how splendidly English her majesty is. I was dying for some chocolate by this time, but little Rita de L. said it was much funnier to go round to the other side of the palace and watch the people. Of course, I had never been anywhere when a future king was being born, so I gave up the chocolate and went with her. My dear, you can have no conception of the sight. All Madrid was like a disturbed ant-hill, and I shall never make you understand what a hurly-burly the square was in. The place was literally black with people, all seething and looking up and laughing and praying together. The women were telling their heads and in through the mobs the hurried coachmen and chauffeurs were trying to force their way with carriages and motor cars. Troops kept marching to and fro, the hum grew louder as the sun rose, and the air grew as hot as a baked apple. A host of grandees who had come to a council or something joined our ladies. They were greatly excited, for, having come to the palace on business as usual they had only received a message to say that the king could not leave the queen's apartments.

The Great Churchmen Arrive.

Presently all the crowd in the square bent and wavered to and fro. The great churchmen were arriving. They had come more carefully dressed than had most of the bishops, who wore a very "up-all-night" and worn appearance. But even these great worthies betrayed some anxiety, and the archbishop of Toledo threw an anxious glance at Diamond Tower as he left his coach. Up in the tower were the men with two flags. One was the royal standard, you know—that was for a boy; the other was white.

Of course, we all tried to talk and even to laugh, but we had a queer, tight sort of feeling all over, while Marie did nothing but sniff and roll her wet handkerchief into a damp ball. She was getting on my nerves, when a whisper went round—"the king"—and we all fell back from the windows and made way for him to come and look at the sight in the square. Oh! my dear, I was sorry for that boy. He was livid under his dark skin, and I could see his throat working hard against the collar of his uniform. He gripped the handle of his sword so tightly that his fingers looked like iron. I never knew before how fearfully frightened a man can be at such a time.

He looked out at the people, who were too busy with their peering, pushings and prayers to see him, and then he went away again, and we were all marshalled into the saloons near the royal apartments, according to our rank. We all looked like the characters at the end of a pantomime, and oh! how tired, how hot, how anxious we got. The palace was fearfully quiet. Everybody seemed holding their breath. In whispers we began to suppose things. Suppose we should be waiting for hours, suppose it should be a girl, suppose the baby should not live, suppose the queen— Suddenly—the door of the saloon



Miss Eves in charge of the prince's wardrobe

where I was opened. I nearly screamed, the tension was so great. I didn't hear the words, but as the door closed a great shout went up. I waved my hands frantically. I know, and Marie leaned against the wall and cried more than ever. I told her it was all right that it was a boy—that everything was over. I don't believe she heard a word, and indeed a second later I could not hear myself speak, for the whole of Madrid turned itself into one huge roar. They told me afterward—those who had been out in the streets—that in a flash Madrid literally blazed with the red and yellow, and that the white flags were tossed away with scorn. Then the guns started in, and the uproar was deafening. Through it one only got stray notes of the Marcha Reale and at what seemed the height of the din the doors were flung wide, and "It" appeared. Then I don't mind telling you that all our drilling in etiquette gave way, human nature asserted itself, and I for one literally howled! I don't know which of the two made me do it—father or son! The baby—such a dear, and very fair—was very quiet and good. It looked delicious in its lace nest, but when the king tried to speak to us and introduce his son he broke down, and with the tears running down his face just stood and sobbed and smiled, while all the men shouted and waved at him, and the women gasped unintelligible sturdities in any language that came first.

Over At Last.

At last it was over, and somehow we all got back to our rooms, which were just as we had left them, for the servants had been waiting and wondering like the rest of us, without a thought of bedmaking or dusting. When I dropped into my chair I felt as if I had been banged all over with a thick stick, but some hot water and a little luncheon—or breakfast, if you like—pulled me together, and I was quite ready to go an hour later to hear the Te Deum in the cathedral. Such a crowd, such gratitude, such delight I never saw. I wonder if ever a baby was born amid such excitement, such noise, and such joy!

—M. J. P.

**Delicate Children.**

Baby's Own Tablets have done more than any other medicine to make weak, sickly children well and strong. And the mother can use them with absolute confidence, as she has the guarantee of a government analyst that the tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Laurent Cyr, Little Compendia, N.B., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for colic, teething troubles and indigestion, and am more than pleased with the good results. Mothers who use this medicine will not regret it." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c. a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**The Doctor's Mission.**

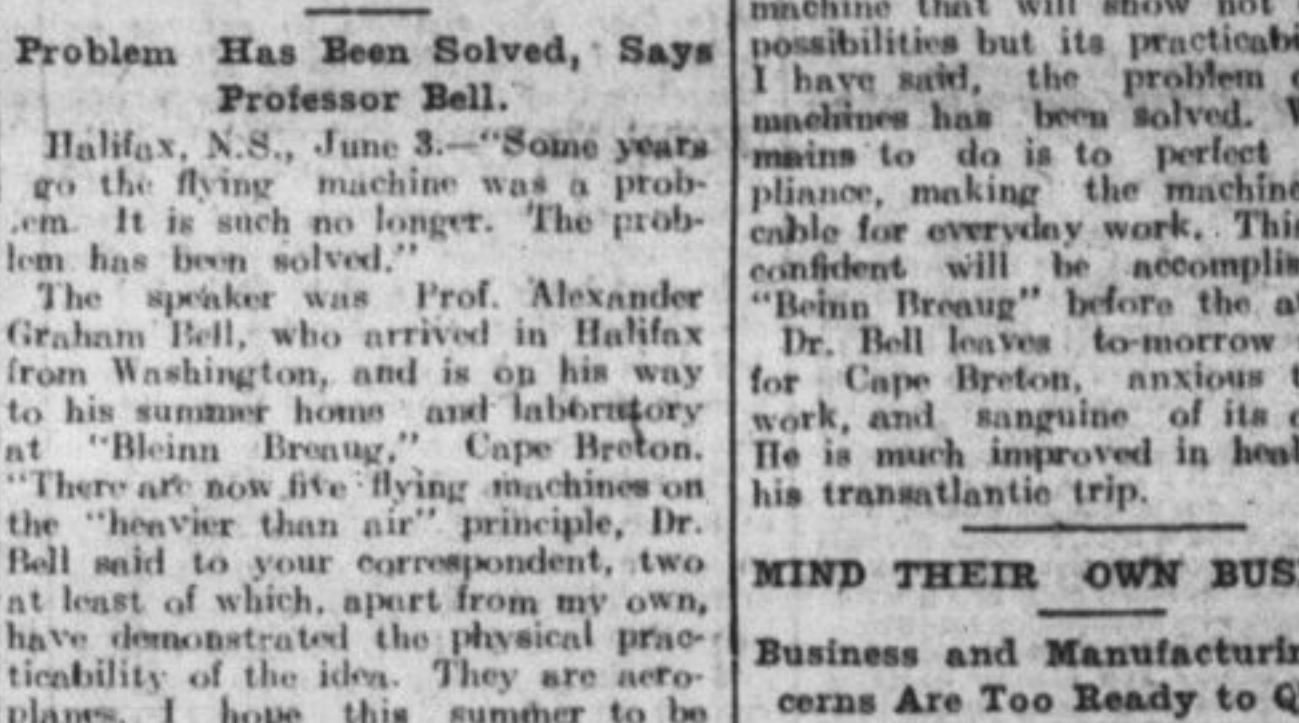
Some frivolous person has remarked that illness was like a struggle between two people, and that the doctor resembled the third man, who intervened to separate them with a club. Sometimes he hit the disease on the head, and sometimes the patient. Pa. he starts at early morn. To face the wide, blue world. He gets his strength and health by using Rocky Mountain Tea.



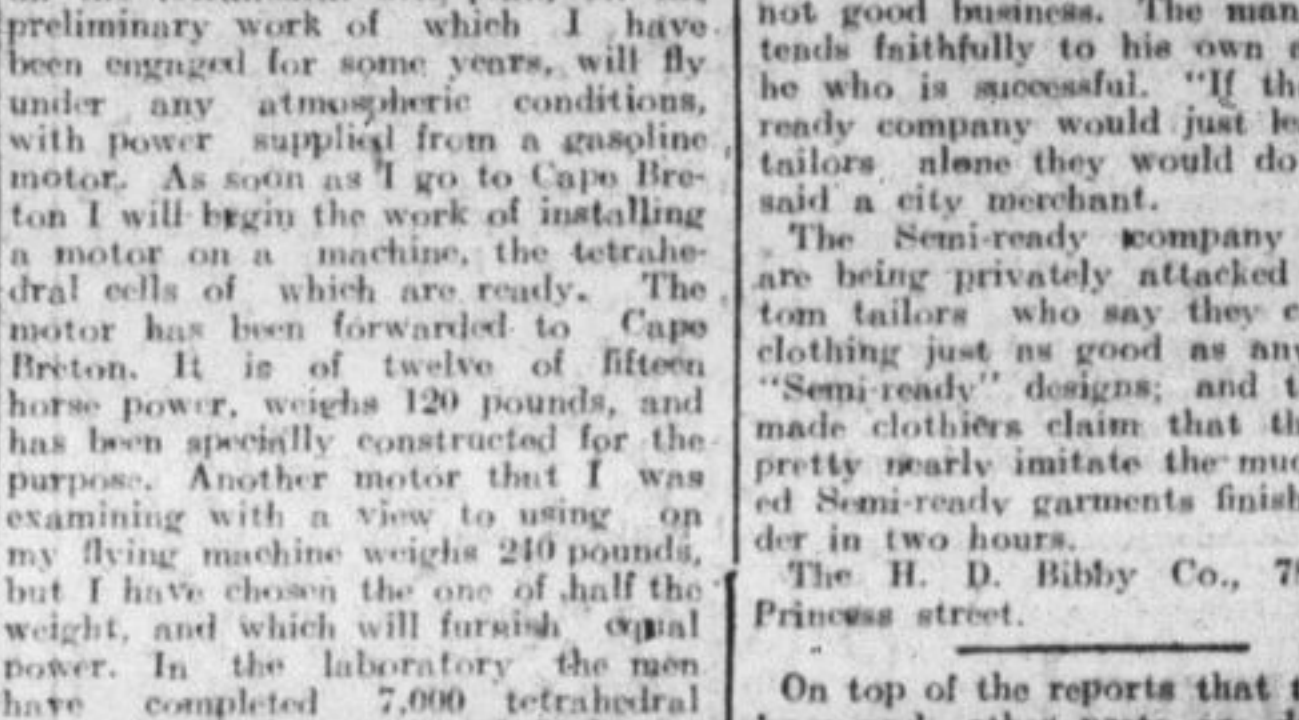
King Alfonso in a Domestic Hood



Returning with his nephews from the christening of their sister (carried by his mother)



Grand around palace waiting for news



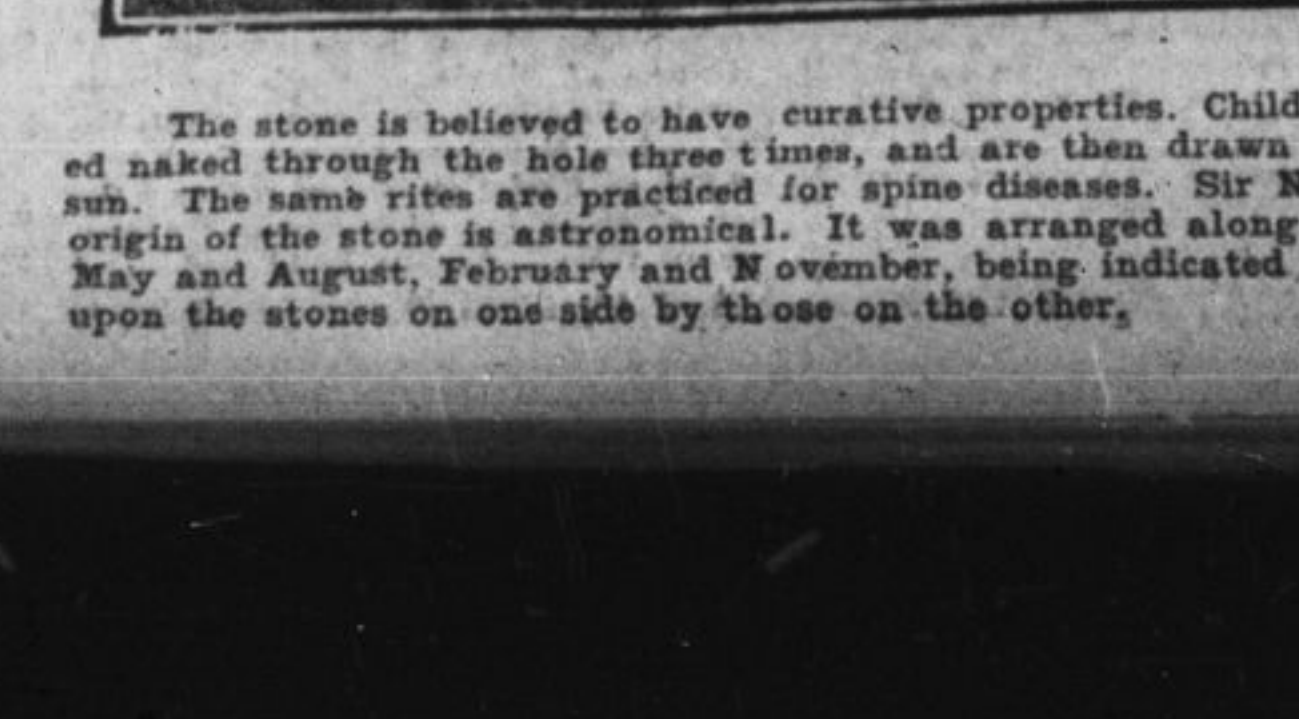
Princess Henry



Princess Henry



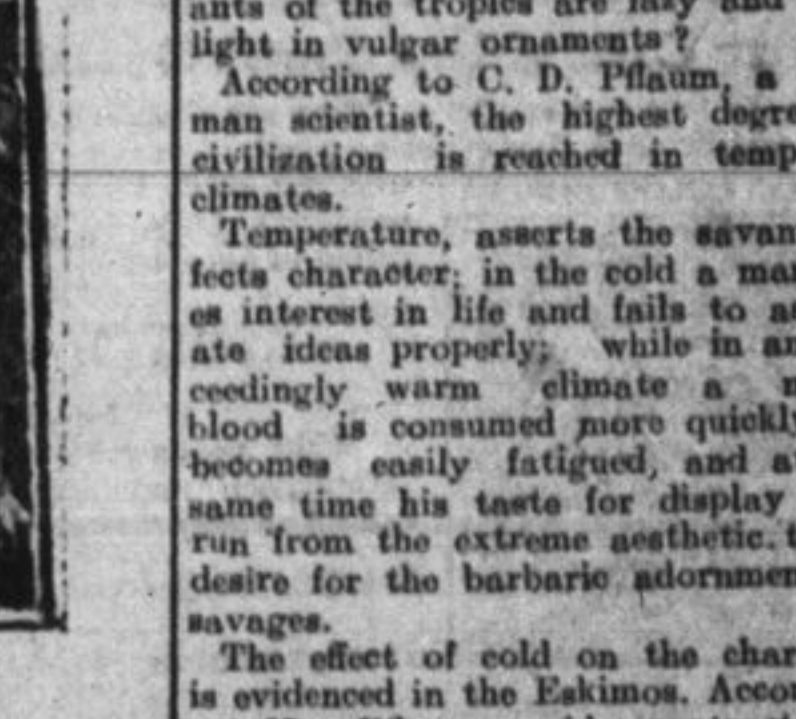
Princess Henry



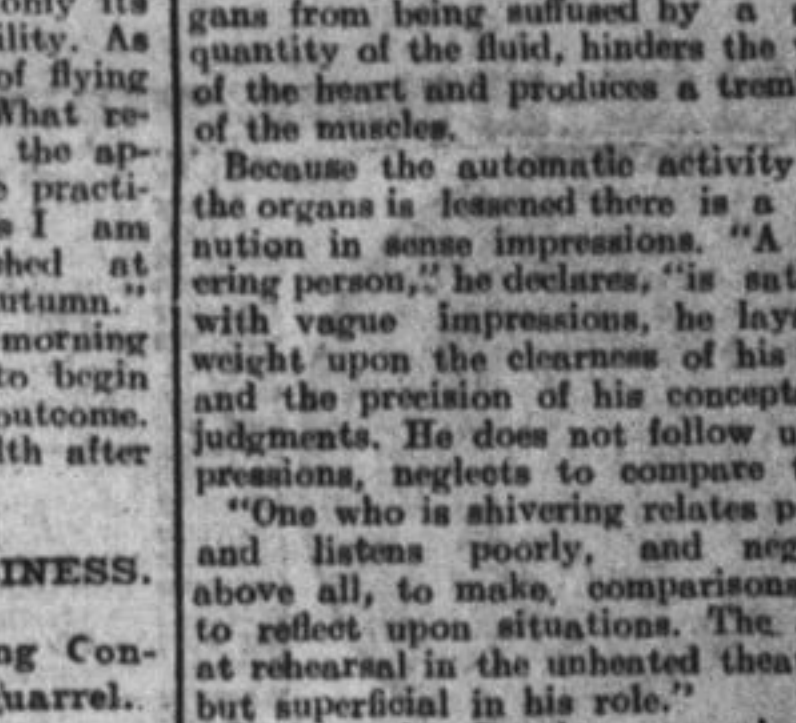
Princess Henry



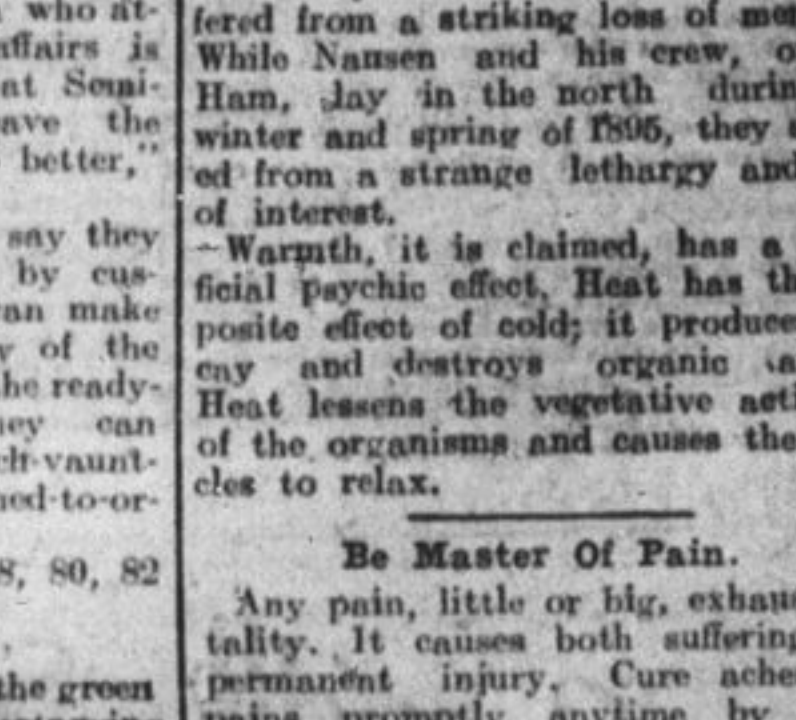
Princess Henry



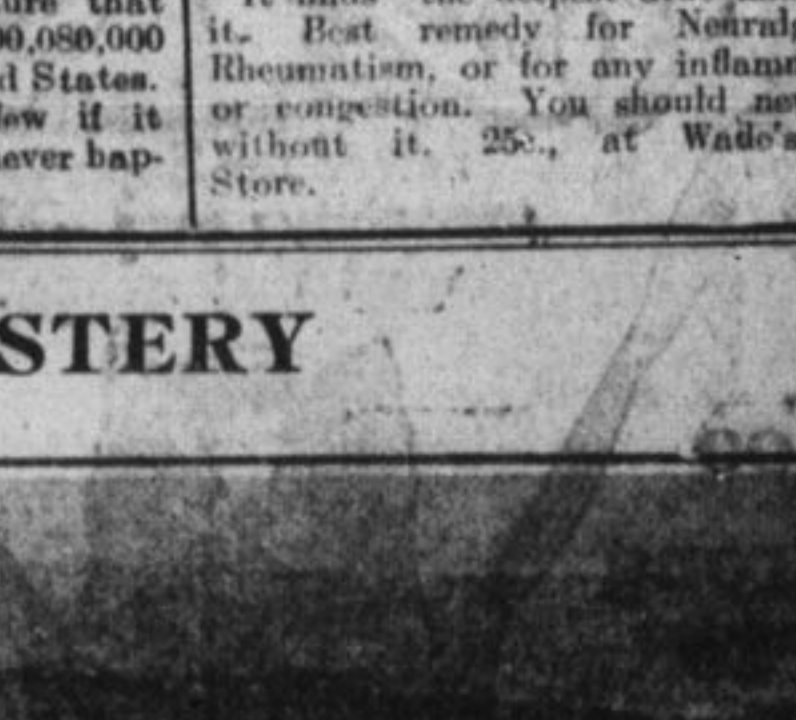
Princess Henry



Princess Henry



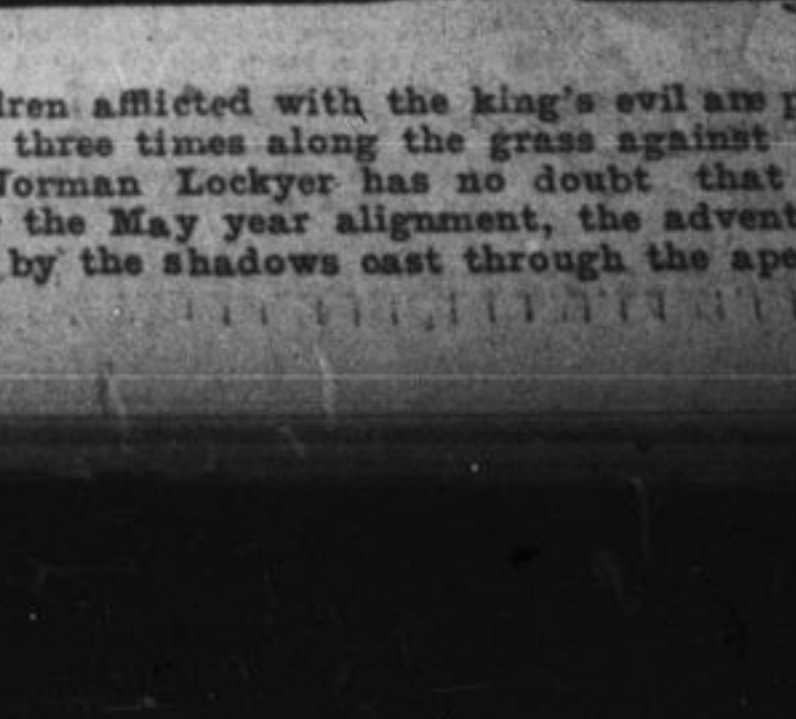
Princess Henry



Princess Henry



Princess Henry



Princess Henry

### EFFECT ON CHARACTER.

The Climate is Much Responsible For It.

Why is it that the inhabitants of the frozen north are a shiftless and unintelligent people, that the inhabitants of the tropics are lazy and delight in vulgar ornaments? According to C. D. Plaun, a German scientist, the highest degree of civilization is reached in temperate climates.

Temperature, asserts the savant, affects character; in the cold a man loses interest in life and fails to associate ideas properly, while in an exceedingly warm climate a man's blood is consumed more quickly, he becomes easily fatigued, and at the same time his taste for display may run from the extreme aesthetic to a desire for the barbaric adornment of savages.

The effect of cold on the character is evidenced in the Eskimos. According to Mr. Plaun, cold contracts the blood vessels and prevents the organs from being suffused by a great quantity of the fluid, hinders the work of the heart and produces a trembling of the muscles.

Because the automatic activity of the organs is lessened there is a diminution in sense impressions. "A shivering person," he declares, "is satisfied with vague impressions, he lays no weight upon the clearness of his ideas and the precision of his concepts and judgments. He does not follow up impressions, neglects to compare them."

"One who is shivering relates poorly and listens poorly, and neglects, above all, to make comparisons and to reflect upon situations. The actor at rehearsal in the unheated theatre is but superficial in his role."

During the Russian campaign of 1812 many of the French soldiers suffered from a striking loss of memory. While Nansen and his crew, on the Ham, lay in the north during the winter and spring of 1806, they suffered from a strange lethargy and lack of interest.

Warmth, it is claimed, has a beneficial psychic effect. Heat has the opposite effect of cold; it produces decay and destroys organic action. Heat lessens the vegetative activities of the organisms and causes the muscles to relax.

### Be Master Of Pain.

Any pain, little or big, exhausts vitality. It causes both suffering and permanent injury. Cure aches and pains promptly anytime by using Smith's White Liniment.

It finds the deepest ache and cures it. Best remedy for Neuralgia or Rheumatism, or for any inflammation or congestion. You should never be without it. 25c. at Wade's Drug Store.

### Business and Manufacturing Concerns Are Too Ready to Quarrel.

(Needlework Magazine)

Hitting out at the other fellow is not good business. The man who attends faithfully to his own affairs is he who is successful. If that Semi-ready company would just leave the tailors alone they would do better, said a city merchant.

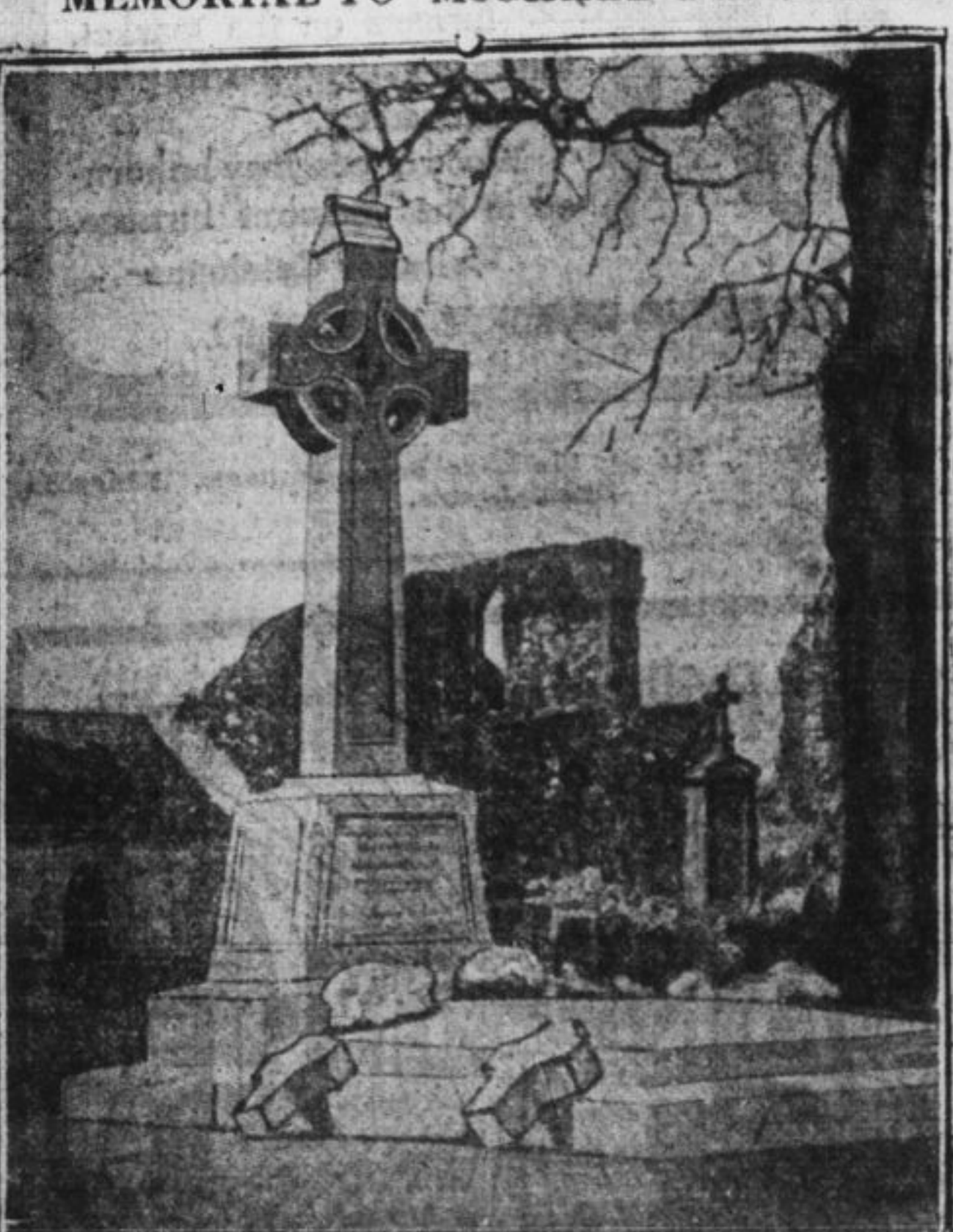
The Semi-ready company say they are being privately attacked by custom tailors who say they can make clothing just as good as any of the "Semi-ready" designs, and the ready-made clothiers claim that they can pretty nearly imitate the much-valued Semi-ready garments finished-to-order in two hours.

The H. D. Bibby Co., 78, 80, 82 Princess street.

### On top of the reports that the green bugs and other pests are destroying crops, comes the announcement from the department of agriculture that rate annually cut over \$100,000,000 worth of grain in the United States.

Our worries would be few if it wasn't for the things that never happen.

## MEMORIAL TO MICHAEL DAVITT.



This Celtic cross has been placed on the grave of the famous Irish patriot in the Abbey of Str aid, his final place in County May. The ruins of the abbey are seen in the background.

## CORNISH MYSTERY



The stone is believed to have curative properties. Children afflicted with the king's evil are passed naked through the hole three times, and are then drawn three times along the grass against the sun. The same rites are practiced for spine diseases. Sir Norman Lockyer has no doubt that the origin of the stone is astronomical. It was arranged along the May year alignment, the advent of May and August, February and November, being indicated by the shadows cast through the aperture upon the stones on one side by those on the other.

**Supper Sale**  
7.30 to 10 O'clock,  
260  
**Ladies' Fancy Collars**  
A manufacturers' lot of samples, all different ranging in value, 40c, 35c, 50c, 60c.  
Yours To-night at 7.30 for  
**15c. Each.**  
this lot will be in show win.

is in great demand and make no doubt wonder where White Goods to sell for  
be alert for buying opportunities. Here is an example:

**ards Fine India Linons**  
ide, a beautiful fine make and Children's wear. usually sold at 25c. yard.  
from 7.30 to 10 O'clock for  
**5c. Yard.**

**Children's Siery**  
ribbed or plain, all sizes.  
ribbed or plain, all sizes.  
the famous LEATHER, extra strong, with dou-  
Prices from 15c to 25c.

**Stockings**  
ren, in Cashmere or Cot-

**Shoes**  
Blucher Oxfords

New Goods Just Received  
**\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50.**

Shoe Store.  
Suit Cases, \$1.00 and up.