POOR DOCUMENT

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B. TUESDAY, JUNE 8 1909

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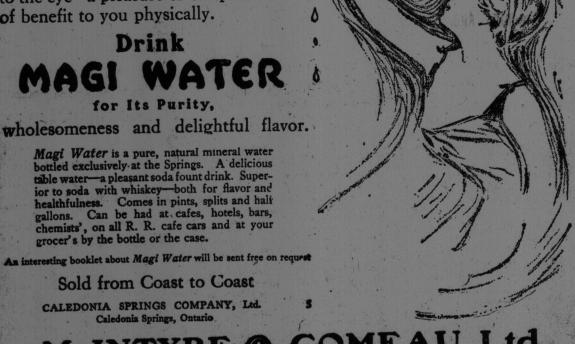
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LATEST G. B. SHAW MADE A FORTUNE

OF £12,000,000

Making Money.

Mr. Charles Morrison, one of the wealthiest men in the City of London, died on Tuesday, at the advanced age of ninety-two. He leaves an estate of enormous dimensions, estimated by well-informed persons to be considerably over £12,000,000 in value. It was a saying on the Stock Exchange that the taxes on his estate would buy Dreadnoughts.

Abdressable: James, Taluer of the

Index proposed to the control of the control o der his will. One son and a daughter survive.

Charles Morrison was educated at Edinburgh and Cambridge. He completed his education by a visit to the United States, where his father had acquired various commercial interests.

After his father's death his weath steadily increased, until he earned for himself the title of "the richest man in the City of London." His business was that of a financier—largely in the way of underwriting or promoting enterprises which he had supported in their infancy. He would buy anything and sell anything, and his deals almost always turned out well.

Until his great age made his appearance remarkable he looked like a not too prosperous cierk. He was a man of the strictest probity, never doing a stroke of business he could not justify to himself. It was he who mainly helped to put on its leg again the London and Paris Exchange after its first failure in 1904.

Mr. Morrison's peculiarities amount-

failure in 1904.

Mr. Morrison's peculiarities amounted almost to eccentricities. He would always walk when possible in the middle of the street—often eating a bun or an apple, which frequently formed his modestreaction. At more leisured times he patronized a restaurant in Coleman street, but an eighteenpenny lunch was about the extent to which he indulged.

he indulged.

It is told of him that one night, a year or two back, Charles Morrison got out at Tilehurst, the station before Pangbourne, by mistake. It was rather late and he walked too an inn a little out, and asked for a trap to drive him to Basildon. The landlord appearhim to Basildon. him to Basildon. The landlord appeared to eye him with great disfavor, and curtly told him that he couldn't have a trap. Mr. Morrison had. If course, only to be identified to have the finest equipage in the place pressed upon him. But his accustomed reserve made him say nothing, and he steadily tramped the whole of the way home.

The censor has refused to license Mr. G. B. Shaw's new play, "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," which the Afternoon Theatre was to have produced at His Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. Shaw, to whom the experience is no novelty since the ban on "Mrs. Warren's Profession," is calmly and righteously disgusted. He issued on Saturday a statement, in which he regrets that he is unable to explain the Lord Chamberlain's action. The decision as to the moral fitness of a play to be performed, he says, rests with the king absolutely, and he is not in the king absolutely, and he is not in the king so confidence. He proceeds: "To write a play too vile for public performance even at the very indulgent standard applied to our London theatres is as grave an offense as a man can commit, short of downright felony: in fact it is much worse than most felonies. To announce it for production at a theatre of high reputation is almost as bad. I presume the king would not hold up Mr. Tree and myself before Europe and America as guilty of this disgraceful conduct unless he had the most entire confidence in his own judgment or that of his advisers.

PLAY IS BANNED

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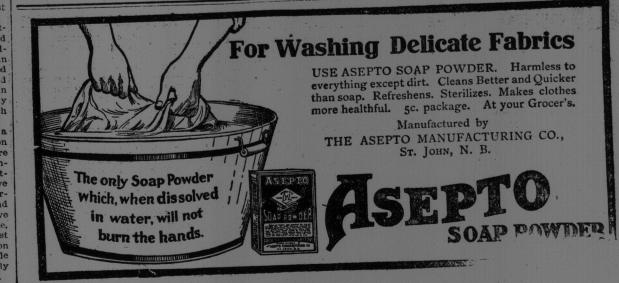
SET HUMBER WILLS

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Buy Hera Wiss



Yes, Why Can't You Be Like John D.?

