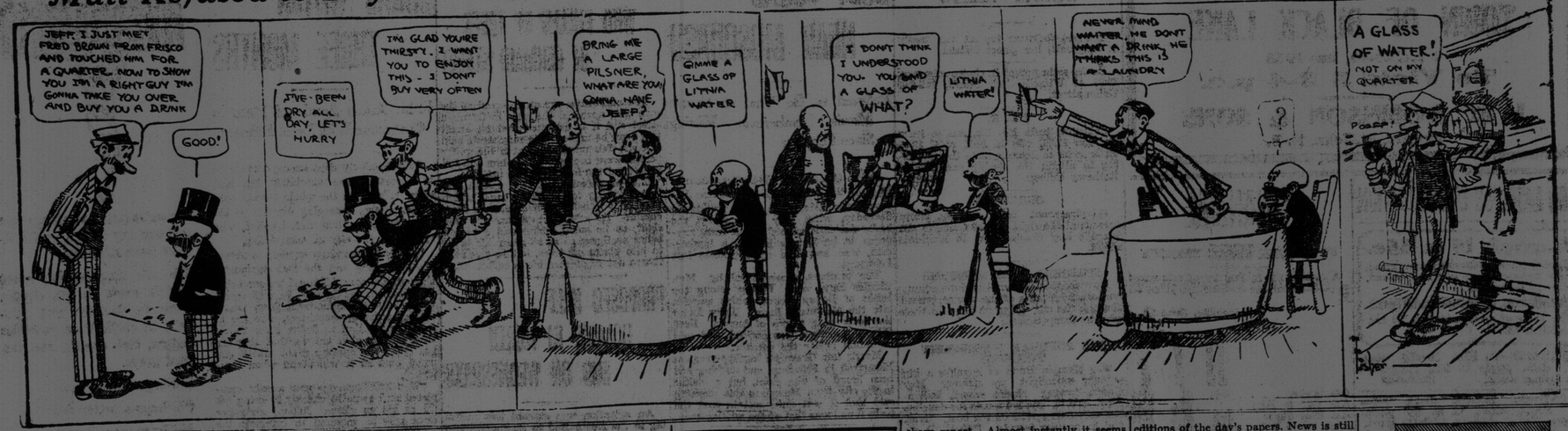
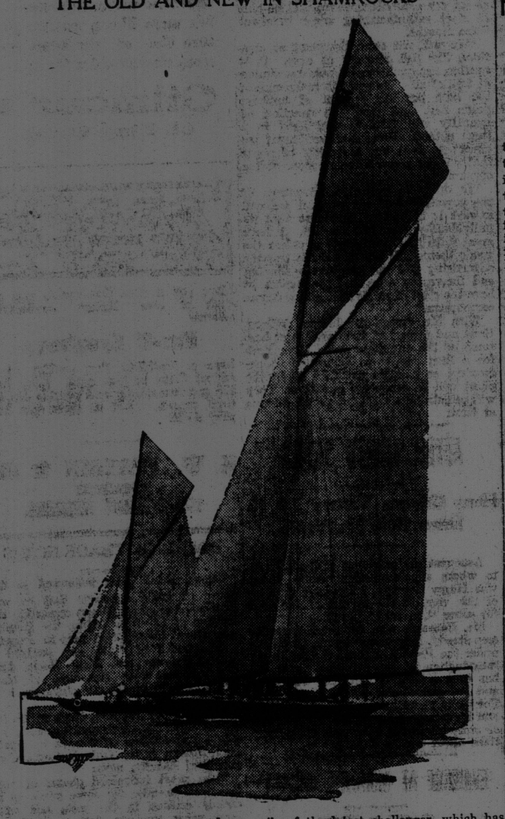
MC 2035 POOR DOCUMENT

Mutt Refused to Buy the Ocean at 15 Cents Per Glass ∴ ∴ ∴ By "Bud" Fisher



THE OLD AND NEW IN SHAMROCKS



Shamrock IV., in the foreground, as she looks alongside Shamrock III., the last defeated challenger of Sir Thomas Tipton.

Enough sail to furnish summer attire for many women has been used in the sails of the latest challenger, which has just been put through first trials in England and is now preparing to sail across the Atlantic to meet the American defender for the international cup.

GERMAN SHIPPING AT ANTWERP IS FAST OVERTAKING BRITISH

London, June 20—Sir Cecil Hertalet, British consul-general at Antwerp, reports:

"German shipping at Antwerp has increased, and is continuing to increase more rapidly than British shipping. At the present rate of progress, only three or four years need elapse before German shipping exceeds British at Antwerp, and it will do so unless active measures are adopted to retain and increase the trade of British vessels visiting the port.

"In 1913 British shipping actually declined by forty-two vessels and 96,207 tons, while during the same period German shipping increased by seventy-eight vessels and 861,000 tons.

"This state of affairs," says Sir Cecil, "is undoubtedly serious, though it is true that British vessels do more actual trade, that is, carry more cargo and bring more wealth to the port than German vessels."

Of course British shipping is still greatly in excess of that of Germany. The total shipping of Antwerp last year amounted to 7,050 vessels with a volume of 14,146,819 tons, of which 5,352 vessels of 6,173,231 tons were British, while the Germans accounted for 1,705 vessels of 4,510,522 tons.

One of the causes of the decline of British shipping was the transfer of some of the Red Star liners from the British to the Belgian flag.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

CURED A BAD ATTACK OF ECZEMA.

All skin diseases such as Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Rash, Boils, Pimples, and Itching Skin Eruptions, are always caused from the blood being in a bad condition, and it is impossible to eradicate them from the system unless you put your blood into good shape. This you can very easily do without the slightest trouble by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

It drives out all the humor from the blood, and makes it pure and rich, and not only are the unsightly diseases removed, and a bright clean complexion produced, but the entire system is renovated and invigorated at the same time.

Mrs. G. A. Day, Somerville, N.B., writes:—"Last spring I had a bad attack of Eczema. I tried several patent medicines as well as the medicine of a physician, but they seemed to make the disease worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and I did so with the result that in two weeks time the sores began to disappear. I continued to take it until I had taken three bottles and they worked a complete cure."

NEW AMBASSADOR TO UNITED STATES A MOSLEM

Constantinople, June 20—Alfred Rustem Bey, desBilinski, who has just succeeded to the post of ambassador to the United States, has received widespread commendation in the Turkish newspapers because he recently embraced the Moslem faith. He has Polish blood on his father's side, and his mother was Miss Sandison, of an aristocratic British family, which has been settled in Constantinople for two or three generations. Rusten Bey, upon becoming converted to Mohammedanism, substituted the name Ahmed for Alfred. The Sultan received the neophyte with great favor and presented him with a jewelled watch and chaplet.

Rusten Bey has recently been a contributor to British magazines, on European political topics. He has had a varied diplomatic career, including service at Washington several years ago as counsellor of the embassy. During the regime of Abdul Hamid, when the Turkish diplomats away from home found their pay day a hollow dream, Rusten Bey was a strike leader, with the slogan "No pay, no work." Although he won the fight, the government punished him by dropping him for a time.

BURIED ON SUNDAY.

The funeral of Walter Cameron took place yesterday afternoon at three o'clock from his parents' residence, 144 King street, West, St. John, and was attended by many sorrowing friends. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. R. Robinson and interment was in Fernhill.

The funeral of Charles Traynor took place yesterday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock from his late residence, 161 Britain street. The body was conveyed to St. John the Baptist church, Broad street, where the funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. Donohue. Interment was in the old Catholic cemetery.

Two drug stores in the North End have been entered by thieves and goods and cash amounting to $68 were taken. About $30 was taken from F. W. Munro's store, and $23 in cash from the drug store of G. M. Ross, besides $10 worth of cigars and confectionary.

PRIVATE WEALTH GETS CONTROL OF POPULAR RESORT OF TOURISTS

Berlin, June 20—German and Austrian alpinists are alarmed by the news that the Grossglockner and its surrounding region are to be practically closed to tourists owing to the fact that the whole territory has been sold to a rich capitalist of Bochum, a Prussian mining and iron center. The Grossglockner group is the favorite point of the Tyrol for high mountain climbers; and the German-Austrian Alpine Society has erected one or two refuge huts on it. The members of that society are now filling the columns of German and Austrian papers with their protests against the closing of the mountain paths and roads. Their indignation has been increased by the well-authenticated report that the buyer intends to stock the region with the ibex and convert it into an exclusive hunting preserve.

The Bochum capitalist, however, has declare that he means to leave a certain part of the region open to the public.

MASONIC GRAND LODGE AT DIVINE SERVICE

To celebrate St. John the Baptist day the members of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of New Brunswick attended a special service at Trinity church, St. John, yesterday afternoon. There was a large muster from all the local lodges, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 8, 10 and 28. They assembled at the Masonic hall at 2.30 and, headed by the band of the 62nd regiment, marched to the adjoining church and after the service, when the grand chaplain, Rev. R. A. Armstrong, preached, they returned to the hall via King and Germain streets.

The officers present were: Grand master, R. J. G. Knowlton; deputy grand master, H. V. B. Bridges; past grand masters, His Honor Judge Forbes, Julius T. Whitlock, Thomas Walker, M. D., and H. S. Bridges; as senior grand warden, Andrew McNicholl; junior grand warden, Francis F. Burpee; grand chaplain, Rev. R. A. Armstrong; as grand treasurer, G. M. Baillie; grand secretary, J. Twining Hartt; as senior grand deacon, H. Russell Sturdee; as junior grand deacon, George E. Day; G. D. of C., J. Herbert Crockett; as assistant G. D. of C., Fred J. Hartt; as grand standard bearer, W. S. Clawson; as grand sword bearer, W. S. Morrison, M. D.; grand organist, D. Arnold Fox; grand pursuivant, E. R. W. Ingraham, and grand tyler, Robert Clerke.

Judge Forbes has been appointed to represent the St. John Railway Company on the board of inquiry into the dismissal of Frederick Ramsay from the employ of the street railway.

Troubled With Weak Back and Kidneys For 10 Years.

Many people fail to understand the significance of a lame, weak, sore or aching back.

When the back aches or becomes weak it is a warning that the kidneys are affected in some way.

Take notice to the warning and cure the backache on the first sign, for if you don't do this, serious complications are sure to arise and perhaps develop into Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's Disease, the three most deadly forms of kidney trouble.

Doan's Kidney Pills will strengthen the weak back, and prevent any form of kidney trouble entering the system.

Mrs. Ed. Boyer, Nokomis, Sask., writes:—"I have been troubled with weak back and kidneys. I had terrible dizzy headaches, and could not sleep at night. In this way I suffered for ten years, until I read about Doan's Kidney Pills. I purchased two boxes, and as they helped me, I sent for two more; they put me on my feet, and I have been able to work ever since."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents a box, or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

If ordering direct specify "Doan's."

For Headache, Neuralgia, La Grippe—
Relieve All Nerve Pain
Anukamnia Tablets
ASK FOR A-K TABLETS
P. S.—Our A-K Salve Conquers Eczema

London by Night

(London Answers.)

London of the stark contrasts does not exist during daylight. You will find the real London only under the blue blaze of the electric arcs of the West End, the spluttering sky-signs of the Strand, the flaring naptha-lamps of the Commercial Road and the New Cut. There is London with the mask off. London no longer cloaking its human moods and passions under an atmosphere of business energy—a London of gaiety and squalor, of tragedy and comedy, of wretchedness and luxury, of crime and charity.

Hawks and Pidgeons

Beside one of the pillars of a theatre a couple of bluff, genial men in evening-dress are in earnest conversation with a third—a palpable colonial. Few there are who would recognize in them the hawks and the pigeon. But one man at least does. He is slim, straight-shouldered, keen-eyed—a detective on patrol. He steps up to the group, addresses a few words to the colonial, and the bluff, genial men scowl and slink away.

The roads are choked with motor-cars and cabs darting outwards from the circle. Any decently-dressed man or woman who wants a free ride can get one now, for the police have stopped all empty cabs from entering the thronged area, and the drivers will pick up anyone willing to serve as a human passport.

Pickpockets, working in threes, are probably somewhere among the crowds choking the entrances to the underground stations and fighting for the omnibuses. The newspaper sellers and hawkers of matches and bootlaces are making a last attempt to s[illegible] day's harvest.

Between the Bridges.

Policemen are thick among the strolling groups in Coventry street, there is one almost every dozen yards. A couple of them interfere in a drunken squabble, and a man and a woman are rushed along to Vine street. A woman's shriek rings out from some back street then a sharp report. Almost instantly it seems the police-whistles are shrilling out, and men and women are running. A jealous Italian has quarreled with his sweetheart and shot at her with a cheap revolver. Luckily, the shot has gone astray, but both of them are hustled in swift, businesslike fashion to the police-station.

There is still light and life enough. The restaurants and "supper-rooms" are in full swing, but if you would see London in its beauty get down to the river now. The great buildings of the northern bank stand out in vague masses against the starlit sky. The black sweep of the Thames gives back in a thousand fantastic reflections the lights of the bridges and embankment. Barges are dropping down, silently as the black shadows on the waters themselves, to catch the tide. The electric cars make swift bolts of light against the blackness of the sky and buildings.

In Newspaper Land.

Every seat along the river front has its complement of occupants—haggard, pinched, ill-clad. Some have obtained old newspapers, which they have wrapped about them as some protection from the chill night air. A merciful sleep has enabled most of them to forget their miseries. Others there are who stare wide-eyed in front of them. Perhaps they cannot sleep. Still others shamble across the pavement to any likely looking passers-by with pitiful appeals for a copper—and a keen eye that there is no constable within eyeshot.

Long ago soup has been served out to many of these folk, and now comes another messenger of charity. True, he does not look it. A thick-coated, bloated-faced musical artist, with a cynical turn of phrase that soon converts most of his acquaintances into enemies. His pockets are full of sixpences, and he goes from seat to seat distributing them, a sneer on his lips when someone tries to detain him with a hard-luck story. It is indiscriminate charity if you like, but it is saving more than one a night in the open, for several of them are shambling away to the doss-houses and shelters of Blackfriars Road.

Round about Fleet street vans and motor-cars are drawn up, while the big, pulsating machines are shaking the buildings as they commence on the early editions of the day's papers. News is still coming in, but trains are waiting to carry the papers to the farthest limits of the kingdom. Men inside the offices are hurrying in a race against the clock—sub-editors, printers, engineers—sweating to save seconds. A minute lost may mean a train lost and a train lost may mean a hundred pounds lost.

For the first time one gets a sense of loneliness as one crosses to the Surrey side. The gas-lamps show little islands of light in the blackness, and the stereotyped houses on each side look even uglier than by daylight.

Faro and Baccarat

The coffee-stalls are driving a brisk and mixed trade, and savory smells beat on the senses of the little crowd that surrounds each one. A man in evening-dress is drinking scalding-hot coffee and keeping a hopeful eye for a taxi that is not so easy to find here at this time of night. There is a taxi-driver by his side toying with sausage and onions, but he has left his cab at the garage, and is now walking home himself. A scarlet-coated Guardsman is eating his third hard-boiled egg. A musician, apparently just finished from some late engagement nurses his violin while he eats. Two or three nondescripts play pitch and toss under a lamp-post.

Away in East London there is night life too—of a kind. Like the West it has its gambling dens, but they have few superfluous luxuries. They exist for strict business, and though shillings are placed on faro rather than banknotes on baccarat, the hawks and pigeons still exist. But in the East the hawks are less artistic or more primitive. The sailorman just paid off is his pet quarry. Drugged drinks are not unknown, and many a man has dragged himself out of some dark alley at three in the morning with empty pockets and aching head, cursing the criminal strangers who had entertained him a few hours before. They would have sandbagged him if other means had failed.

There are streets about here which even the police patrol in couples, and it behooves a visitor to walk warily in the middle of the road, and beware the man who asks the time or requests a light. Now and again perhaps the stillness is disturbed by a woman's shriek. The inhabitants take little notice. If a man has not a right to beat his wife when the fancy takes him where is the boasted freedom of England?

A grey streak of light broadens in the sky and the street lamps grow pale. The traffic of the streets is swelling. All this has been merely the restless stirring of London in her sleep. Now she is really awakening.

Annoying

"Do you believe in the square deal?"

"I do, but I don't like other people to insist on cutting the cards when I'm dealing."

Not Likely

The Nurse—"A stork has brought you a little baby brother. Would you like to see him?"

The Elder Brother—"Please can I see the stork instead?"—Sketch.

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and is certainly cure you. 60c. a box; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co. Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

"Ah—a beauty!"

With the aid of WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT it's a good follow-through

Many people—at work as well as play—find this refreshing, mint-flavored morsel helps them to concentrate — to "follow-through."

It steadies nerves—sweetens breath soothes the throat—relieves thirst—quickens appetite—helps digestion.

It's big value for little cost—it's the most helpful pocket companion you can carry with you on a hot day.

Always tasty, fresh and clean in the NEW SEALED PACKAGE

BUY IT BY THE BOX and have it always on hand

MADE IN CANADA.
Wm. Wrigley, Jr. Co., Ltd.
7 Scott Street, TORONTO.

Chew it after every meal 2