# ONE GREAT TESTIMONY

## Religion Ever the Same, Though Men May Differ.

The word of the Lord endureth forever.—Peter 1. 25.

Perhaps the words of the Irish hymn writer voices the deepest religious feelings of to-day:

Change and decay in all around I see;
O, Thou who changest not, abide with me.

There has been a change in mental attitude toward all things that pertain to religion. The doctrine of evolution has unveiled a new world. And yet it is the same old world; we have simply revised our opinions about it. The universe did not break up into chaos with the downfall of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. We simply awoke one day to find that in reality the earth instead of sitting on a throne, receiving the adoration of the sun and stars, itself paid homage, and in rotation and revolution besought the sun's light and heat and was content with the worship of one little burnt-up cinder. Similarly, though Charles Darwin has changed men's views of science and history and of all human speculation, the facts of life remain the same. It is only the opinions of those facts which change and differ.

Now some lament that their religion is being taken away; that "the Bible is being destroyed as God's word to man' and its position of authority undermined; that the church, the sacraments, the creeds, the ministry, no longer hold the attention and reverence of men and that all authority for faith itself is shattered. They look back with longing eyes to the days when there was

NO HIGHER CRITICISM,

when there was no questioning of the dogmas of religion, when men believed their theologies as they did the multiplication tables.

It would be simple truth to observe that those days never existed; they are part of an ideal imagination. There has always been skepticism; there have always been questionings. "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," is only one ancient testimony. The difference to-day is that skepticism and questionings are more apparent.

Then what must be the attitude of the religious mind to-day? Simply to assert more vigorously the old doctrine of inspiration, to proclaim with more definiteness the old formularies? If there is nothing better, nothing surer, the voice must grow fainter and weaker, until finally it shall die away entirely. For even the supposed days of simple faith and the unquestioning mind can never return. You have some time, possibly to-day, engaged in worship, in praise and prayer, and now you are reading this. Why? Because of something alien to your nature that has been imposed upon you by some book, some church, some creed? No, but because of some unmistakable fact of your inmost being, some part of your own nature, that finds no satisfying affinity with any of the transitory things of earth, and from its depths cries out, "O, Thou who changest not, abide with me"; some hunger of the soul that discovers no sustenance for it except in communion with God.

This is the foundation of your religion, your deepest faith. No science, no criticism, no philosophy can shake it. Without it no religion would be possible, no Bible, no church, no worship. Because it is there all forms of expression are possible, yes; inevitable. As one of these forms consider briefly the Bible.

THE MAIN TRUTH

is that the Bible did not precede this foundation faith we have just mentioned, but blossomed from it. In the words of one New Testament writer, "Men spake from good, being moved by the holy spirit." As their nature, their generation, their habits of thought permitted them to be moved, so they were moved. And what they spake is of value to us, not as an infallible rule of faith and practice, but as an actual religious experience of men of flesh and blood like our own. Much we can appropriate, and make our own because our own religious natures respond to it. Much we can enjoy and feed on because it actually does nourish. It goes straight to the heart without the aid of any theory of inspiration.

The method of compilation has nothing to do with the Bible's power to nourish the religious life. That integral part of our being hails the Bible as one great testimony to religion. It shows that in our highest aspirations we are in tune with the best life and thought of the ages. We do not say "Take away the Bible and faith remains." We say the faith that is in man made the Bible possible. Faith is encouraged by its frank witness to growth from lower to higher spiritual planes. Faith feeds and grows on all the enduring divine truth it contains. So this word of the Lord endureth forever.

# THE S. S. LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, OCT. 22.

Lesson IV. Rebuilding the Temple. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 3. 17.

LESSON WORD STUDIES.

Note.—These Word Studies for this lesson are based on the text of the Revised Version.

Intervening Events—Chapter 2 is devoted largely to an enumeration of the principal men and heads of tribes and families, priests, Levites, and others, who accompanied the caravan of returning exiles from Babylonia to Jerusalem. In Ezra 2, 64-66 the numbers of Israelites returning is stated as 42,360 plus 7,337 servants and maids, making a total of 49,697 persons. Of this number there were 200 "singing men and women," that is, professional singers. This company took with them 4,136 beasts of burden, of which 6,720 were asses, 736 horses, 435 camels, and 245 mules. The first thing necessary after the arrival of the caravan at Jerusalem was the choosing and establishing of homes by the returning exiles. This occupied some months. At last in the seventh month the people reassembled in Jerusalem and at once reinstituted "all the set feasts of Jehovah that were consecrated." The beginning of the actual work of the rebuilding of the temple was not so simple a matter. Cedars of Lebanon and prepared stones were necessary, and it was two years and two months longer before the actual work of the building could be begun. Our lesson story begins with the events accompanying the laying of the foundation of the temple.

Verse 10. They set—That is, those in charge of the building set the priests. Some ancient manuscripts read, "The priests stood."

Their apparel—The dress of the priests consisted of short breeches (Exod. 28. 42) made of fine linen; a long coat with sleeves also made of fine linen; a girdle, woven of the same colors that were in the veil before the Holy Place; a cap of linen. On their feet they wore nothing (comp. Exod. 3. 5; 39. 27-29; Josh. 5. 15).

Sons of Asaph with cymbals—For the assignment of instrumental music to the Levites by David and of the cymbals specially to the sons of Asaph, compare 1 Chron. 25. 1 with 1 Chron. 16. 4, 5 and 25. 6.

11. They sang one to another—Probably, as has been the traditional interpretation, this refers to antiphonal singing in which two choirs sang alternate phrases in response to each other. Such psalms as 136; 24; 7-10; 106; 107; 118 were suited especially to such rendering. Our limited knowledge, however, concerning early Jewish music makes it impossible to speak authoritatively with regard to what music was used and how it was rendered.

"For he is good, for his loving-kindness endureth forever toward Israel"—These words are probably not a quotation from the psalms, but rather a liturgical response used at sacred festivals, upon which the well-known psalm, Psa. 136, was itself based. This verse is a marked fulfillment of the prophecy, Jer. 33. 10, 11, which compare.

12. Old men that had seen the first house—The "first house" refers to Solomon's temple, which had been destroyed in 586 B. C., fifty-one years before. Even sixteen years later the prophet Haggai (2. 3) could still appeal to some who had seen the former temple.

Wept with a loud voice—In their extreme sorrow because of the comparative insignificance of the house being erected to the former temple in its glory.

13. Could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people—A most marked difference of effect which the inauguration of the building had upon the younger people, on the one hand, and the older people, on the other.

Verse 1. The adversaries of Judah and Benjamin—The Samaritans living just to the north, called adversaries by anticipation.

2. Since the days of Esarhaddon, king of Assyria—Essar-haddon was the son and successor of Sennacherib. In the year 677 B. C. Sidon had revolted from the authority of Babylonia, but was promptly captured and destroyed, and another city, called "The City of Asar-haddon," was built in its place. This new city, together with the surrounding country, was colonized with captives from Elam and Babylonia, and of these captives many settled as far south as the region which we know as Samaria. The descendants of these colonists, who had intermarried with the remnant of Jews still dwelling in the country, were a mixed race, adhering partly to the religion of the Jews and partly to that of the land from which the colonists had come. Because of the fact that they were not Jews of pure descent the returned exiles would have nothing to do with them.

4. Weakened the hands of the people of Judah—Put obstacles in their way, hindered them in their enterprise in every manner possible.

5. Hired counselors against them to frustrate their purpose—Men who, for pay, made false representations before the king concerning the purposes and work of the Jews at Jerusalem.

Darius king of Persia—Not to be confused with "Darius the Median" of Dan. 5. 31. The king here referred to was the third ruler after Cyrus and the reorganizer of (second) founder of the Persian empire. He reigned from 522 to 543 B. C.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Half-hearted service is always heavy.

Fear vice most when she wears the veil.

You may know a man by the friends he drops.

Sunny souls are not troubled with doubt-damps.

There's a tack somewhere for every pneumatic saint.

No creed that is worth publishing can be put into type.

Without the sense of stewardship culture becomes a curse.

No than is going to buy your piety if your peanuts are ancient.

The slumber of one saint is no excuse for the sloth of another.

The best way to bear your cross is to share another's cares.

The only things that are established are those that never stand still.

When a man has religion in his heart he will not need it on his hatband.

The lightweight man always thinks that his buoyancy is due to his wings.

The only version of the bible authorized by heaven is the one on two feet.

The devil makes a lot of people believe that his winking is their thinking.

Most men have less trouble in forgetting their follies than in foregoing them.

Don't pray "Thy kingdom come," and then block the track with your opinions.

## BRITISH WAGES DROP.

Less Pay for Workmen is Record for Past Year.

The annual report of the British Board of Trade, issued recently, on the changes in rates of wages and hours of labor for last year shows that the reduction in wages noted in the three preceding years was continued.

Nearly 801,000 work people in all had their wages changed last year, 16,000 of the number obtaining increases amounting to more than £1,200 per week, while nearly 785,000 sustained decreases amounting to over £40,000. The net result, therefore, is a decrease of £39,200 in weekly wages compared with £39,200 in 1903, £72,600 in 1902 and £76,600 in 1901. Roughly, the total of the year's wages fell by £938,000, as against £500,000 in 1903, £2,300,000 in 1902 and £1,600,000 in 1901.

The following table shows the number of work-people affected and the total computed amount of the changes for each of the years 1895-1904:—

| | Work-people. | *Increase. †Decrease. |
|---|---|---|
| 1895 | 434,708 | †£ 28,125 |
| 1896 | 605,401 | *£ 26,511 |
| 1897 | 597,444 | *£ 31,507 |
| 1898 | 1,012,119 | *£ 80,713 |
| 1899 | 1,172,069 | *£ 90,311 |
| 1900 | 1,132,386 | *£208,530 |
| 1901 | 928,826 | †£ 76,587 |
| 1902 | 887,206 | †£ 72,595 |
| 1903 | 896,598 | †£ 38,327 |
| 1904 | 800,658 | †£ 39,231 |

The industries principally affected were coal mining, iron mining, iron and steel manufacture, shipbuilding, glass bottle making and building. The preliminary figures for the first half of this week show a decrease of £9,803 per week compared with £13,038 in the same period last year.

Changes in the hours of labor last year were comparatively small, affecting 16,792 work-people, of whom 16,048 had their hours of labor reduced.

## OFFICE BOY IS NOW "SIR"

HE ALSO INHERITS A LARGE FORTUNE.

Clerk in Lawyer's Office in New York Hears of Accession to Title.

Yesterday an office boy, content and even happy with his wage of five or six dollars a week, today Sir John Edwards, of Cardiff, Wales, sole heir of the title and fortune of the Sir John who died a few weeks ago! This is the story of John McGarry, office boy at No. 289 Fourth avenue, New York.

The story goes further, though and tells of a time when 12-year-old John lived in Maine and was told by his mother that some day he might be wealthy and live in a palace instead of the humble home the family occupied from the time of coming to this country from Wales. A far cry it seemed to the boy, though, until he might be a knight in Wales, so, when he became fifteen, he said good-bye to the family and came to New York to make his own fortune.

FINDS BOY HEIR AT WORK.

It was in the office of the magazine that he obtained his chance, and there he worked until on Thursday, when the lawyer who has been looking for him for weeks found him humbly carrying messages in the office.

So little difference had prosperity and the prospect of adulation and opulence made in John McGarry that until he received permission to return to his home he still obediently obeyed the commands of his superior.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH IT?

John McGarry is eighteen years of age, and has lived, since leaving his Maine home three years ago, with his uncle, at No. 609 Eagle avenue, New York. The fortune he has inherited is estimated at $10,000 or $500,000.

To a quiet, self-contained, retiring youth who has been content with a small wage the acquisition of wealth is overwhelming.

"What shall I do with it?" said he; "it's a puzzling question. It overwhelms me, though I don't suppose there was ever a boy on earth who did not dream of being the possessor of as much money as they says I have, and who hadn't a thousand places to put it.

"Of course, I will see something of the world. Who is there who has seen New York and all it holds for the fortunate possessor of wealth—and more title—who wouldn't know for himself what it is all for and about?

EAGER TO HELP OTHERS.

"Then think of the infinite opportunities for doing good. Even in my own little section of the city it has seemed to me, boy though they may call me, that I would so like to help everybody who needs only a little to make them get along in the world, which isn't so easy after all."

Sir John is a studious youth, with few tendencies of the boy of the period, and, as aptly expressed by the man he has served well for three years, his half million will not be spent in a few years for cigarettes and the trifles which boys of his age usually consider so indispensable.

The late Sir John Edwards was one of the best known residents of Cardiff, the famous shipping point to New York and other western ports. His fortune was made in the shipping business, and was estimated at a vast sum by the people of Wales who affectionately spoke of "Sir John."

CROWN EXPECTED ESTATE.

The home to which the future Sir John will retire is a well known Welsh city of more than a hundred thousand people, to all of whom the Edwards fortune is known, and which it was supposed, would revert to the Crown, as no heir was known for a long time.

The lawyers from Maine who informed the fortunate office boy of his inheritance have been searching for him in this country for weeks.

The name of Sir John Edwards does not appear in "Burke's Peerage."

## BY WILL POWER.

"I understand that young Sprigginns has acquired considerable wealth during the two years of my absence from town."

"Yes; and it's all the result of sheer will power."

"Will power? You surprise me. I never suspected him of having the least particle of it in his make-up."

"He didn't; it was the will power of his late lamented uncle."

## LIVERPOOL'S GREAT PORT

MAMMOTH LINERS ARE ALWAYS IN THE MERSEY.

Sixth of England's Exports and Imports Pass Through Its Portals.

Brick and mortar and stone unleveled and everywhere—such is Liverpool, writes a correspondent of a Chicago paper from that city. This city contains less grass, fewer and fewer flowers than any other town in the United Kingdom.

It has miles upon miles of streets with scarcely a touch of green. The nation's passion for leaf and blossom seems to be wanting here. The roadways are made of cobblestones, the footways of broad stone flagging and the buildings of dull hued brick and mortar. You may travel until you are worn out and it is the same. The faces of shops and dwellings, two storied, three storied and four storied, are featureless as the disk of a waveless sea. It is only when one gets quite clear of the centre of Liverpool, that one finds even a few trees and small front gardens and some mild attempts at architectural individuality. What is the word, then, for this second of English cities?

For inanimate Liverpool the word is overwhelming—monotony. And yet Liverpool is an absorbing city. It vibrates with a high voltage commercial life. It is the keenest trading point under the union jack. Its shops overflow with fine goods at moderate prices. It is a better town to shop in than is London. Its Bold street is London's Regent street and its Lime street is London's Strand. Its hotels and restaurants and busy thoroughfares are crowded with the representatives of all races. They go and come in their tens of thousands and the scene is always new.

Every great steamer going out and every great steamer coming in furnishes a fresh spectacle. Prince's landing stage is packed on all these occasions with people who grieve to see loved ones go and rejoice at their return. Mammoth liners are always in the Mersey before Liverpool and about them the stream is cleft and smitten by craft of every draught, design and destination.

WORLD'S SHIPPING.

North and south runs the Mersey at this point. It is a mile or more wide. Its six-knot tide meets a freshening breeze from the Irish Sea and its heaving waters are full of sapphire and emerald. Liverpool lies on the east shore, with its 716,000 inhabitants on the northwest side of Lancashire. Across the river are Liverpool's suburban children, New Brighton, Birkenhead, Eastham and Egremont, on the Wirral peninsula—a tongue of Cheshire extending northeastward between the estuary of the Mersey and the estuary of the Dee. The mother and her children have together more than a million people.

Eternally the children are the fairer. Their red brick villas are more varied and attractive; their asphalt streets are lined with trees. They have green squares, parks and heights and a profusion of window gardens. Along the river front there is a broad drive-way with footpaths on each side, a sea wall and a stretch of yellow sand. There are many piers from which the residents of the suburbs take the blunt bowed sulky ferries for Liverpool in the morning. To these piers on pleasant Sunday afternoons the people of Liverpool come in crowds in their Sunday clothes, and accompanied by their babies, to seek the fresh air of the Wirral peninsula.

FINEST DOCKS IN THE WORLD.

Liverpool's docks, the finest in the world, are seven or eight miles long and are being made longer. The new office building which will house the staff to manage the dock business is nearing completion near Prince's landing stage. It looks like an American State House of the first class. It is made of white stone, with marble pillared windows and a great dome surmounting the centre. Five hundred ships a week come to Liverpool and as many leave. They represent a tonnage of 25,000,000 and a cargo value of $1,250,000,000. The total rates and dues at the docks on these exports and imports are about $11,000,000.

Liverpool accounts for one-fifth of the shipping tonnage of Great Britain, one-tenth of the foreign and one-sixth of the total. It is the greatest grain and tobacco centre in these islands. Its flour milling industry is immense, and the cigarette making rooms in one tobacco factory are half a mile long and turn out 40,000,000 cigarettes a year.

Liverpool is not a manufacturing city to compare with some of the great midland towns, but it makes a big showing in bicycles, watches, jams, glass, shipbuilding, pottery and soap.

No town could be better served by its street cars than is this. It has twenty-five double track lines radiating from Prince's landing stage to all parts of the city and running off merrily for miles into the sheep walks and cow pastures of Lancashire. The cars are huge double-deckers, all enclosed. They carry eighty-four passengers each and move along the streets like animated two-storey buildings. They are the poor man's automobile. For about two and one-half pence (five cents) one can ride "all the way" and get a matchless view of Liverpool and the adjacent country. The lines are owned and operated by the city. The municipal authorities say they make money and nobody can fail to see that they are a boon to the masses.

In London the bus routes have their termini at public houses—the Bald Faced Stag, the Hare and Hounds, the Three Black Birds, the Little Fox Under the Hill and like places. This is so because the Londoner assumes that whenever you stop you will want a drink.

In Liverpool the tram lines have their termini at one end at such places as Knotty Ash, a charming spot in the country where one can start right off on a footpath through the meadows. At the other end the termini are at Pierhead, where the rushing currents of humanity pour in and out through the gateway of the old and new worlds.

POOR OF A GREAT CITY.

Liverpool's deepest shadows are its poor and its highest lights are Irish. Both are numbered by thousands. There is something peculiarly human about the Liverpool street wretch. All destitution is not pathetic. Some beggars stir one's ire, but the Liverpool beggar breaks one's heart. Deep poverty, while very terrible, often seems a most impersonal. It lies beyond our understanding and hence beyond our sympathy.

But let us look at the old woman beggar of this town, for instance. She is amazingly numerous. She is half-naked. Her face is thin, her hair a streaky white, her eyes blue and watery, her hands shrivelled and misshapen, her voice low and faltering. Does this old woman connote impersonal, non-appealing poverty? No. She connotes motherhood and human feeling and acute personal vicissitude. She is with the other beggars in the streets all day and all night.

They stand by St. George's Hall, the architectural glory of Liverpool; they haunt the famous Lime street, where flow the full tides of the city's traffic; they stand looking up into the eyes of those who come down the steps of the great hotels to their carriages and automobiles—down from their surfeit of food and drink, from their savories and soups and fish and entree and joint and vegetables and fowl and salad and ices and sweets and champagne and coffee and liqueur.

If one have a tender heart and keen eyes it were well for one if above the portals of Liverpool stood the admonition:—"Abandon peace of mind and pleasant dreams, all ye that enter here."

## WHY JEWS HATE RUSSIA

THEY ARE SHOT DOWN LIKE DOGS BY THE SOLDIERS

Details of the Cold-Blooded Murder of Hebrews by Soldiers in Bialystock.

Letters just received at Moscow from Bialystock relating to the shooting down of the Jews by Russian soldiers contain many hitherto suppressed facts. One of the letters from Bialystock, says:

"Since the town has been declared to be subject to martial law, and the military have become masters of the town, groups of soldiers, two or three in number, have been patrolling the streets. While a group of workingmen were standing quietly in Surazskaya street, the patrol ordered them to disperse, and one of the group remonstrated. The officer in command, without giving the man any notice, ordered a soldier to shoot him, which was instantly done.

"A bomb was thrown but of the crowd, which killed one soldier and wounded several. Then an order was given by the soldier to

SHOOT DOWN EVERY JEW.

Then began a dreadful firing in Surazskaya street and neighboring streets. The soldiers, drunk with the sight of blood, were overrunning the streets, and without notice shooting down every Jew, male or female, just on the way. If any man showed himself on the balcony, or at the window, he was instantly shot down. The day's work resulted in 80 killed outright and about 300 wounded, of whom many are dying every day.

"Out of many cases I shall cite only a few. An old man, Itskhak Slon by name, was returning from the house of God, where he was saying his afternoon prayers. A soldier came up, fired at him, and the old man fell to the ground. His son, 21 years old, rushed out of the house to assist his father, who was lying in a pool of blood. He had not time to come up close to his father before he was shot dead. The soldier walked to him, searched his pockets, and took away a watch and purse. Other people tried to come out to remove the bodies from the street, but the soldiers started firing, and would not let them, so those dead bodies, and many others, were lying in the streets all the afternoon and all the night until Sunday morning, when they were put on cars, and, like dead cattle, taken away in heaps to the hospital courtyard.

HUSBAND SHOT DOWN.

"Another fact is still more horrible. In Minskaya street, in the house of Venik, lived a shoemaker, Abram Goldberg. He was sitting in his tenement, situated on the ground floor, reading the Psalms, and suspecting no evil. His wife noticed a soldier coming into the yard and aiming at the windows. Before she had time to shout to her husband to run away from the window, a gun was fired, and the bullet hit the man in the head, killing him outright, and leaving a woman with seven children in terrible poverty.

"When, on the following day, the Mayor, M. Matlanowski, with a deputation, went to the general commanding the troops in Bialystock, to complain of the conduct of the soldiery, and to beg of him to take measures that such a thing should not occur again, the general answered: Tell the inhabitants of your town that if another soldier is killed I shall hand over the town to the soldiers for three days."

WHAT HE WAS.

"This prisoner refuses to give his occupation, sir," remarked the police officer to a magistrate.

"Why don't you say what you are?" asked the magistrate of the individual in the dock.

"'Cos it's superflus, ain't it?" was the grinning reply.

"I do not understand you," retorted the magistrate, with dignity.

"No?" said the prisoner, with elevated eyebrows. "Then you're as bad as the 'lice themselves, if you'll 'scuse me saying so, sir. May I ask what the charge agenst me is?"

"You are charged with stealing a table and two chairs," said the magistrate.

"Then there yer are," grinned the cheerful gentleman in the dock. "I'm a furniture remover, ain't I?"

STATE LOTTERY PROFITS.

State lotteries add to the incomes of foreign Governments. In Italy they bring the Government in a sum of nearly $12,500,000 a year. In Prussia the profits of the public lottery amount to no less than $25,250,000. The Dutch Government gets the nice little sum of $250,000 profit out of its lottery. Portugal makes about $290,000. And in Brazil, where the Government does not itself run the lottery, but collects a tax on the receipts of private lotteries, the amount realized is $85,000.

## A BOER'S HEROIC FIGHT

THRILLING STORY OF THE RAND GOLD MINES.

Piet Joubert's Little Ten-year-old Son Brought Succor to the Household.

Popular feeling against the continuation of the system under which the Rand gold mines are worked by Chinese coolies has been greatly strengthened by a revolting murder which occurred last week in Middelburg district, says a Pretoria letter. The victim was Piet Joubert, a typical Boer farmer who, after fighting to the last for the independence of the Transvaal, had accepted British domination and set himself steadily to work to repair the ravages of war which had left him practically penniless. With his family, consisting of his wife, two daughters aged fifteen and thirteen, a boy of ten and a baby only eleven months old, he lived in a small brick house not far from the mines at Moab's Veloen.

Desertions among the Chinese employed on these mines have been numerous. The deserters wander about the country living by theft and plunder. One night a party of these marauders visited Joubert's house and two of them gained entrance to the single living-room by forcing open a window. The noise they made awakened Joubert. Unarmed and attired in his night clothes he rushed into the room. No sooner had he crossed the threshold than the two Chinamen set upon him. One of them had a knife and the other a pick handle. Joubert backed into a corner and defended himself vigorously with his fists.

TWO MORE COOLIES

stole in through the window and joined in the fight against him. Getting hold of a chair he contrived for a time to keep his assailants at bay, being favored by the darkness. But he soon lost this advantage. One of the Chinamen chanced to have a box of matches, and dropping his weapon—a shovel—devoted himself to striking lights that his three companions might see how to make their blows effective. After that the odds proved too much for the stout old Boer. While he was trying to bring a chair down on the head of one of the Celestials another jabbed a knife between his ribs, and he was soon bleeding from half a dozen wounds.

Before he went down, however, his son ran into the room. A mere child though he was, he had the spirit of his race. He had armed himself with a stout stick and placed himself by his father's side, prepared to battle with all his puny strength. Amazed at the pluck shown by the little fellow, the Chinamen drew back.

"You can only save us all from being murdered," said his father, "by bringing help. I'll try to clear the way for you and then you must run for it."

"I'll do it, dad," said the boy.

Summoning all his strength for a last desperate effort Joubert flung himself at the Chinamen. In the melee the boy slipped by them and scrambled through the window before he succeeded in clearing it, however, one of the Chinamen made a vicious thrust at him with a knife and slashed him across the head. Another Chinaman dashed after him. Though wounded and bleeding profusely the youngster kept his wits. Instead of taking at once to his legs, which would have resulted in his being speedily overtaken, he slipped behind some bushes and crept away in the darkness.

ON ALL FOURS.

When he felt assured that he had placed such distance between himself and the murderous heathen who was seeking for him, that his footsteps could not be heard, he dashed across the veldt to the house of the nearest neighbors—the Venters.

Meanwhile, Joubert, his strength exhausted, had fallen to the floor, and as he went down a Chinaman drove a knife through his skull. But the heroism of that little Boer household had not been exhausted. Holding her baby clasped to her breast in her left hand and wielding a hunting knife in her right Mrs. Joubert ran into the room. Not knowing that her husband was already dead she stood over his prostrate body. Because they had view a worse fate for her than death the Chinamen attempted to disarm her. After a brief struggle she still retained possession of the knife and two of the Chinamen had been badly cut across the hands. While they were concerting fresh measures to deal with her, the Chinaman who had gone in pursuit of the boy returned with the tidings that he had escaped and, as he was sure to raise an alarm, they had better all seek safety in flight.

They were captured some two miles distant from the scene of the crime. And those who helped track them was John Viljoen, a brother of General Viljoen. He was the first to discover them and brought them to a halt with a few shots from his Mauser. It speaks much for the strain shown by the Boers and their respect for law and order that the yellow fiends were not lynched on the spot.

The incident is only one of the many which illustrate the failure of the coolie system of working the mines which it was proclaimed would usher in an era of prosperity in South Africa such as had never been witnessed before. It has had full

A YEAR'S TRIAL.

Whatever it may have done to fatten the banking balance of the mining magnates it has done nothing to improve the economic conditions of the Transvaal. Over 44,000 coolies have been imported. Their dissatisfaction with the system may be inferred from the fact that despite the vigor displayed in hunting them up and bringing them back to the mines there are now about 1,000 of them at large. Regarding themselves as the victims of white tyranny and injustice, marauding bands of them do not scruple to rob and murder white people when they think they can do so with impunity. In the compounds themselves riots are of frequent occurrence. The coolies are far more troublesome than ever were the Kaffirs, whose labor they have replaced.

According to the Johannesburg Leader there are at present 12,000 British workmen out of employment within a twelve-mile radius of the Johannesburg market square. The only succor open to them is work on the relief works at a shilling (25 cents) a day. Such widespread misery and destitution was never known before the war. It has aroused a fierce feeling of hostility to the British Government, even among people of British birth, who feel that the government has betrayed the country into the hands of the capitalists, who are blind to all interests save those of their own pockets. Should another war arise there are many who assert that Boers and Britons would be found fighting side by side for independence.

## THE KING AT MARIENBAD

WHEN HIS MAJESTY HAS TO OBEY ORDERS.

Where King Edward Goes Every Year to Enjoy His Annual Cure.

Time was when Homburg [illegible] forward confidently every year to basking under his Royal favor, and hundreds flocked there every August to take the waters in such regal and exalted company; but [illegible] the King has come to his throne he has exchanged the crush and fa[illegible] of Homburg for the [illegible] ment of the bright little [illegible] among the forests that [illegible] the Austrian frontier, says Letters to Bits.

And, quite apart from its healing waters, Marienbad is an ideal resort for those who love a [illegible] natural holiday amid beautiful [illegible]ery. Picturesquely placed in a setting of cool woods of oak and pine, beech and chestnut, with glorious drives and walks, lovely [illegible] for picnics, and all the rich [illegible] of which Nature assumes in her brightest mood, there are few more attractive spots in Europe than Marienbad; and it is little wonder that every year it draws at least 17,000 visitors and sends them reluctantly away, taking with them a store of health and of happy memories.

Most of these thousands go there without any idea beyond having a pleasant time, but King Edward is not of the number. To him the annual trip has a serious object—the pursuit of health to enable him to face the stress and strain of the other year of kingly duty. And from the moment he sets foot in Marienbad he puts himself

UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE

and begins to carry out his orders with a zest and [illegible] which many of his subjects might imitate with advantage.

At six o'clock His Majesty and by seven he is on his way to his favorite Kurzbrunnen. After his morning glass of water he has even been known to carry him his glass and tube to the water through, as [illegible] French notary or German [illegible]er. Frequently he strolls [illegible] usually with a friend, [illegible] Lonsdale or Lord Alington, [illegible]gaily and responding with a smile to salutations on the [illegible]

Then follows a Spartan [illegible] generally consisting of a [illegible] boiled eggs, a little dry [illegible] a cup of coffee, for [illegible] strictly tabooed at Marienbad, [illegible] butter, cheese, and fruit [illegible] upon, while such delicious [illegible]mon or duck are looked upon [illegible] horror. After breakfast the [illegible] thing is to bathe in the [illegible] failing this, to drink another [illegible] of the water, followed by a [illegible] stroll, a read, or a bask [illegible]

Luncheon, which is a [illegible] charming meal, is generally [illegible] out of doors, at one of the [illegible] restaurants, such as the Waldl [illegible] Cafe or the Panorama, with [illegible] the beautiful woods are [illegible] afternoon is always a pleasure [illegible] at Marienbad, with its long [illegible] motor-trips, tennis croquet [illegible] on. At five o'clock

ANOTHER PILGRIMAGE

is made to the Kurbrunnen [illegible] other glass of water drunk [illegible] is usually followed by a [illegible] the popular Promenade [illegible] with its quaint little shops [illegible] embroideries and jewellery, [illegible] hats, Bohemian glass and [illegible] which the visitors purchase [illegible] quantities to take home with [illegible] The King spends many happy [illegible] exploring these shops and [illegible] liberal purchases, which [illegible] home in boxfuls as presents [illegible] grand-children and other [illegible]

The dinner which follows [illegible] is an enjoyable but enormous [illegible] meal, consisting of a little [illegible] small portion of chicken or [illegible] salad and the inevitable compote [illegible] stewed fruit; and after dinner [illegible] cigar and a stroll, a game of [illegible]liards or a concert, bring a busy and happy day to an end. [illegible]tors are in bed by ten, and [illegible] low eleven to strike before the [illegible] between the sheets.

Thus the simple days fly away too quickly, and in three weeks King, "like a giant refreshed," [illegible] his back on Marienbad and [illegible] his haunts for another [illegible] months. To the good people of Marienbad King Edward proves [illegible] the "Duke of Lancaster" [illegible] never, surely, did [illegible] so completely by right of [illegible] quest over the hearts of a [illegible] monarch's subjects.

LATEST IN STAMPS.

The Italian Government [illegible] what might be [illegible] picture stamps. [illegible] the Italian army is [illegible] special stamp for the [illegible]ers belonging to it [illegible] of course, all different [illegible] most varied nature. [illegible] appears the name of a regiment on another [illegible] rifles supporting [illegible] The military district [illegible] stamp on which is [illegible] town of Ivrea; on [illegible] a representation of a [illegible] cil; on that of Fossano [illegible] Regiment of Cavalry [illegible] Catania with the regimental motto. On the regimental stamp of the Sixth Bersaglieri are the notes of the regimental bugle-call and motto.

## MOSLEM GRAVES.

A Moslem grave in Turkey, which once it has been filled in, is never reopened on any account. With a view to remove the faintest chance of it being thus defiled the Moslems plant a cypress tree on every grave immediately after the burial, thus making their cemeteries resemble forests.

Grocer—"What are you grumbling about? D'yo want the earth?" Customer—"No, not in the sugar."

The Standard
TEA
CEYLON TEA
Sold only in lead packets
By all Grocers.

KITCHENER AS ARCHITECT

Famous General Builds His Home in India.

Apropos of the Kitchener controversy, there is [illegible] tion as a reduction [illegible] ably modified [illegible] India.

In the midst of the [illegible] zation scheme of [illegible] found time to supervise [illegible] tical rebuilding of [illegible] official residence [illegible] Originally [illegible] Peter Innes [illegible] 1873, a correspondent [illegible] P." points out that the [illegible] acquired by the Government [illegible] residence of Commander-in-Chief.

However, Lord Kitchener [illegible] tirely altered the house [illegible] large dining room [illegible] and ceilings, and [illegible] and staircase.

This hall has [illegible] Soudan and South Africa [illegible] of war, which are [illegible] by the many guests who [illegible] "Snowdon."

A BABY CHAMPION.

"One could [illegible] chinee Baby's Own [illegible] wrought in my [illegible] Angus Morrison [illegible] "He suffered [illegible] vomited his food [illegible] puny. One box [illegible] leg made him a [illegible] eased the pain [illegible] end his stomach [illegible] big, healthy child [illegible] and never [illegible] ience of Mrs. M. [illegible] thousands of other [illegible] found health, [illegible] comfort for the [illegible] Baby's Own Tablets [illegible] not be afraid [illegible] guaranteed [illegible] of opiate [illegible] could not have [illegible] and they are [illegible] ages. Ask your [illegible] Own Tablets [illegible] Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WORLD'S [illegible]

Switzerland [illegible] vocacy of the [illegible] Federal Government [illegible] the country [illegible] the world [illegible] had its origin [illegible] for purposes [illegible] of the three [illegible] and Unterwalden [illegible] As years went on [illegible] all the Cantons [illegible] latest being the [illegible] Valais, and [illegible]

GRAND NEW YORK

Goes Via Lackawanna Thursday, Oct. [illegible]

The annual [illegible] sion of the Lackawanna [illegible] York will take place [illegible] 12th. Tickets good [illegible] in ten days will [illegible] tions in New York [illegible] one dollar for [illegible] York is at its [illegible] The train will [illegible] in full force [illegible] new and bright [illegible] Best with [illegible] the right [illegible] sides the [illegible] York, the [illegible] may be noted [illegible] tons of the [illegible] ional Auto Race [illegible] Show, and [illegible] Liquor [illegible] national [illegible] to go and [illegible] an event [illegible] served [illegible] wire or [illegible] Buffalo, N. Y.

BERLIN [illegible]

Lifebuoy [illegible] strongly [illegible] Profession [illegible] fectious diseases.

DIVORCE [illegible]

The Friend—"[illegible] dead, she [illegible] The Doctor—"[illegible] fly."

The Friend—"[illegible] It? Why, it never [illegible] thing."

The Doctor—"Well, [illegible] insanity only discovered [illegible] fend the deceased [illegible] of his money to charitable institutions."

BOOTS
KIDNEY PILLS