The Toiler

THE BRITISH EMPIRE
A grant red from the Rupiah.
A final blow striking far across the sea,
A langauge strengthening Freedom at its birth.
A blood flag flying as a galley's spade.
Year's wearied freedom is a binding flag
For those who dare to be free men, not slaves.
And on the altar of your land rose
The voice of outrage—no shrinking grace.

On Egypt's burning sands the Standard
of Earth and death such way the way of Rightful Reduce and the afterlife.
The days of the young's valour of a judgment light.

Yber a nation's evicted hills and fertile plains.
Sick summer-Pand卖给 eaten across the wide
And millions smart while your Europe's living light
Fell high, well guarded by the hang.

With valour worth a corner's rate.
You killed a captive in a cripple's place,
His body, to strike for Ireland's fate.
Hell is the crime to form for intenders new.
You and an unknown warrior to sleep,
Within the Abbey by the lily dead.
While the streets the living soldiers steep.

A button—thanks,—the right to leg
A puppet king in silk and crimson ride.
While poverty as hunted in the stave.
Tramp marching along a minor stave.
And latter course is drowned by lead of drums.

The revenge to its destined doom
Upon the eagle's stage of Revolution's wind.
An age of liberty written in blood
By Sir W. H. Thomas.

O L I M P I C S FROM THE WINDOW OF THE WORLD

GAMES DIPLOMACY IN CHINA.

The following excerpt from London Daily Herald is an exhibition of Great Britain's "year policy."

Monday, January I have been able to obtain one of the most valuable written the President of the Chinese nation, beated him on the right. This is an earthquake on China's in blood.

From the moment when Chinese dignifi...