

**The Downfall of Britain, as Dreamed by a Frenchman.**

A singular illustration of the present temper of France toward England appears in the current number of *Le Monde Illustré* under the title of "The End of England." It is a plausible and circumstantial account of a great war, begun by an overt act of England and resulting in the downfall of the empire. At its end Ireland becomes a republic, the British are hemmed in England, her possessions are divided among the powers, and in this way, the author asserts, universal peace is assured. To further simulate reality photographs and photographic illustrations accompany the article, which is from the pen of Henri de Noussane.

The preface of this political cataclysm is laid at Kouch (Koushk,) on the Afghanistan frontier. Its date is July 16—for the story is circumstantial even to dates as well as to places, atmosphere and the names of living men. Thus, on July 16th, a band of Afghan bandits—200 in number—fall upon the railroad at Kouch, slay the attendants and set fire to the rolling stock and station.

The news arrives in Russia two days later. At the same moment the ministry is informed that the Ameer, Abdur-Rahman, has been slain by his nephew, who has been elevated to the throne. It is known that the dead Ameer was about to sign a treaty granting Russia permission to extend the Trans-Caspian railroad from Merx through Herat to Kandahar, and as the assassin usurper has appointed a British agent his premier, the influences are obvious.

Instantly upon the arrival of the information the czar retires to his place of Gatchina. General Dragomirov and the minister of war are summoned. In Paris a fever of excitement seizes citizen and official alike. The exposition has been a disaster; the British are blamed. All the world looks toward Russia.

For six days the czar is silent. Dispatches show that troops are being hurried by both England and Russia to the Afghan frontier. M. de Montebello, the French ambassador at St. Petersburg, is in conference with the czar at Gatchina.

On the morning of July 24th, the czar moves. He transmits an order to General Soboleff to move at once upon Herat. At the same instant, Great Britain orders her ambassador to leave Russia; on the following day the Russian ambassador leaves London. War has begun.

The corps of Russians leaves Kouck at once. It consist of 22,000 men and 48 pieces of cannon, and is composed of troops furnished by the Trans-Caspian provinces and by the military district of Turkestan. On July 28 it proceeds to attack Herat.

It is a foregone conclusion that Herat falls, and of this, the author says:—

"The fall of Herat is a date always to be remembered in history. At this point began a war which was to change the entire face of the world."

Assaulted on two sides, the town makes but a brief resistance to the energetic assault of the Russians.

With the announcement of hostilities, prodigious enterprise appears everywhere, but particularly at Toulon and other naval stations. In twelve hours the French have prepared their Mediterranean fleet for sea. Four trans-Atlantic liners, the *Marchal Bugaud*, the *City of Tunis*, the *Duke of Braganza* and the *Isaac Pereire*—all of the *Massageries Company*—are in the harbor embarking troops. At midnight, August 8th, the fleet sails. Its objective is Alexandria and the Suez Canal. Admiral Fournier commands. His sealed orders, opened at sea, tell him that he is to meet the Russian fleet at Bizerta, and that the English squadron must be led to expect that he is still at Toulon.

But on arriving at Alexandria there is a surprise. The British flag no longer floats

over the city. Instead, the banner of Egypt waves in the breeze. But all is explained. Lord Cromer has been assassinated, the Khedive has seized the three British battalions, and Mourad Bey, the minister of war, has seized the Suez Canal. In addition, the cable code of the British is in the Egyptian's possession, and for five days it answers London's demands with the assurance that all is well.

In the meanwhile, the Mediterranean squadron of the British, under Admiral Fisher, is on its way to destroy the French fleet, supposed to be at Toulon. Moreover, the Sultan of Turkey, alarmed by the turn of affairs, has permitted the Russians in the Black Sea to pass through the Dardanelles to join the French.

Menelik, Emperor of Abyssinia, accepting the opportunity, advances along the upper Nile, seizing the British posts and occupying Fashoda. The French and the Russians, joining fleets and forces, fortify the Suez Canal. On the 19th an attack by Admiral Fournier upon Malta reduces it, and the fleets of Russia and France cover the sea. But, curiously, on that same day, Admiral Fisher opens fire on Toulon.

The blockade of Toulon is also organized, and Sir Charles Beresford is dispatched to bombard Marseilles, with the *Anson*, the *Peerless* and the *Isis*, thus withdrawing a portion of Admiral Fisher's Forces. On August 28, in the midst of this bombardment of fortification, the English fleet is suddenly and unexpectedly assailed by the combined forces of France and Russia.

A dreadful sea fight ensues. For once—on paper—the English fleet is overwhelmed. Ship after ship is sunk, Sir John Fisher, and Sir Charles Beresford, with thousands of other officers and seamen, are slain, and one ship only—the *Royal Sovereign*—escapes the general destruction. Highly satisfied with the afternoon's work, the French and Russian fleets enter Toulon for casual repairs.

Upon the declaration of war, England begins invasion of France. Under Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, the Channel fleet reduces Granville, whereupon the invaders land in Normandy, Lord Kitchener, hastily recalled from South Africa, is in charge of the land forces. Cherbourg is cut off from the remainder of France, but the French, with vivid mobility, arrange an army against the invader. A terrific conflict ensues; the French under General Donop, destroying all historical precedents by wiping the British from the face of the earth. More than 3,000 British are killed. Kitchener is a captive, one by one the Channel Islands fall, and English is sorely menaced.

In the colonies disaster treads upon the heels of disaster, Great Britain's colonial possession is doomed. After a few minor victories over French holdings she is further menaced by the march of the Russians. India is on fire again, the Sepoys reproducing the scenes of the mutiny of old. Dragomirov has arrived at Herat, prepared to take full command of the operations. Every hand is aroused against the English flag. On August 7 her army approaches Gericheh, about ninety kilometres west of Kandahar. Two days later the two forces hurl themselves upon one another.

Lord Roberts is killed and India arises against the British, laying waste with fire and the sword Delhi and Benares. Three hundred million Hindoos revolt against their one-time conqueror, and men, women and babes are tortured and slain. The English are effaced, says the Frenchman, in the same way that England sought to efface the Boers.

At home the Channel is closed to the British. Already France and Russia threaten. On September 7 the semaphore station at the Lizard telegraphs that a fleet is in sight. It is manoeuvring west of Scilly, with Queenstown as its objective. Admiral Sir Harry Rawson is left no doubt. It is the

combined fleets of Russia and France moving upon Albion. It has come victorious from the Mediterranean, and to strike a first blow by liberating Ireland.

Queenstown, with all its defences stripped to add to the strength of the Channel fleet, is bound to fall unless the opposing fleet be stopped. Realizing this, Admiral Rawson determines to oppose the invader at the Scilly Islands. But while he is off looking for the allied fleets they steal into the Channel, and when he returns are awaiting. He is trapped. In vain he seeks to break the cordon.

Sir Harry Rawson, as a final detail also blows out his brains.

But great is the resistance when the French land at Brighton. The first to land is Colonel Marchand,—now a general in command of the French forces. Sad to say, the French avant-historian sees fit to slay him. He is shot in the head at Brighton and dies upon the field of battle. In Dublin the Republic is proclaimed. Queenstown turns out en masse to greet the Russian and French invasion. The picture shows the quays and fore-shore crowded with thousands of shouting men, waving the Irish flag, entwined with those of Russia and French. The invasion presses onward. London falls at last. At the head of the victorious army General Jamont Fournier, elevated to the dignity of Admiral of France, retires, with an exclamation point after his name.

On September 20, England falls, and the whole world groans and is glad.

The treaty of London, signed on October 25, readjusts the map. Each country is represented by its plenipotentiary—for England, Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman; for Russia, the Grand Duke Sergius and Count Mouravieff; for France, M. Deschanel and Admiral Caillaud. What happens is this: The colonies of England are divided among the powers. Canada coming to us, Ireland, India and Australia setting up for themselves as republics.

Also Queen Victoria dies—and why shouldn't she?

An Old Theory Exploded  
The old-fashioned theory of tearing down diseases was entirely changed by the advent of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, which cures by creating new rich blood and nerve tissue. Through the medium of the circulation and the nervous system they strengthen and invigorate every organ in the human body.

A Grand Movement.  
Robert Choate, of Boston, an American, wrote the *Montreal Star*, enclosing twenty small subscriptions of his friends, and suggesting a popular patriotic fund to be started in Canada and the United States to gather in ten cent pieces, quarter dollars, etc., for the fifty thousands orphans and widows of British soldiers dead in Africa. The *Star*, in publishing this letter from Boston, suggested the starting of a Children's Testimonial to Queen Victoria, promoted by the boys and girls of Canada, accompanied by a special patriotic fund. It was proposed to engrave on parchment the name of every giver to this fund of ten cents and upwards. The name of every boy or girl who collects ten subscriptions in the testimonial as a leader in the movement and the photograph, beautifully mounted, of every boy or girl who collects five dollars or upwards is to accompany the gift and the testimonial. The latter of which will be in form suitable for placing amongst the tributes from her loyal subjects, placed in the room in Windsor Castle, where the public can obtain a view of them. The presentation of this great testimonial from the children of Canada, through Lord Minto, accompanied by the photos of the children who are raising it, will be a touching incident in her life, and it is an opportunity that will probably come only once in a lifetime to the children of Canada. Boys and girls wanting special blank subscription lists and particulars of the movement can obtain them by mailing a postal card to the *Montreal Star*. Photographers all over Canada are offering to photograph free to place in the Queen's testimonial the boys and girls of Canada who identify themselves successfully with the movement. Subscriptions by the thousands are pouring into the *Star* office.

SOLD BY GARDEN BROS.

**GRIPPE'S LEGACY.****Shattered Nerves****AND Weakened System.****A Montreal Gentleman Tells About It.**

Mr. F. J. Brophy, a well-known employee in the money-order department at the general post office in Montreal, tells about his case as follows:

"I had a very severe attack of La Grippe, which left me all run down, very nervous, without appetite, and extremely weak. Very often I could not sleep at night, and I was much troubled with profuse perspiration, which naturally caused me much annoyance. Learning of the good effects of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I began taking them, and much to my gratification they have braced me up, invigorated my entire system, and made me feel like a new man. I am now all O.K., and highly recommend these pills to anyone suffering as I did."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure palpitation, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, anemia and general debility.

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**A FORESTER'S CASE.****Chronic Kidney Disease Cured After Eight Years' Agony.**

Mr. John J. Burns Gives His Experience with Dodd's Kidney Pills—Nothing Else Gave Relief—Death Seemed Near—Dodd's Kidney Pills Never Fail.

DARNLEY, P. E. I., April 2.—There are many members of the Independent Order of Foresters in this town, and the surrounding country district, and they are among the most respectable, wealthy, and estimable citizens of the district. They are all thoroughly acquainted with the case of Mr. John J. Burns, a popular member of the order, who conducts a boot and shoe business here.

Mr. Burns has had an experience that has been given to but few men. He has stood in the presence of the grim tyrant Death, within the very shadow of his wings. The monster's hand was outstretched to grasp his victim, and Mr. Burns was within an infinitely short distance of the grave, when a protecting influence came between him and Death, and the demon was put to flight. Dodd's Kidney Pills were his protectors. Death attacked him in the disguise of Kidney Disease.

For over eight years Mr. Burns had endured the agonies of chronic inflammation of the Kidneys. His pains were indescribable. Every effort to obtain relief or cure utterly failed. There seemed no other ending of his misery but death.

Provisionally Mr. Burns heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He tried them. They cured him. His Forester friends know it. His neighbors know it. Hundreds who never saw him know it. They all know that Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Diseases of Women and all other Kidney Troubles.

**Canadian Magazine.**

This excellent periodical is growing in favour with its readers. It is conducted with marked ability, the articles evidently carefully selected, and well written, the illustrations really admirable. The March number is full of military matters, apropos of the minds of the people. The article on the second contingent, plentifully illustrated, is thoroughly readable. Frederic Villiers' reminiscences are a feature of the magazine. The March number is interesting and instructive from cover to cover. It is gratifying to notice the generous and high class advertising in this truly Canadian magazine.

**HEALTH IN APRIL****Use The World's Greatest Spring Medicine****Paine's Celery Compound**

It is The One Remedy Gladly and Universally Recommended by the Ablest Doctors.

It is well known that almost every condition of winter life has been detrimental to the health of thousands of men and women. The blood has become clogged and impure; the skin is unhealthy and muddy, showing eruptions and pimples; the eyes are dull and sunken; the nerves are unsteady; there is loss in weight, and stomach troubles, rheumatism and neuralgia made life a misery by day and night.

Paine's Celery Compound is the only spring medicine that the best physicians are now recommending, because no other remedy can so quickly bring new and vigorous health to the ailing, half dead and broken down.

Paine's Celery Compound cures disease by first purifying the blood and enriching and strengthening the nerves. It makes the weak strong; it regulates and invigorates the entire nervous system from the brain to the minutest nerve filament.

Seeing that the experience of tens of thousands has proven that Paine's Celery Compound is the greatest of all spring medicines—the one remedy that the world could not lose today at any price—it is foolish and suicidal to defer its use. One or two bottles used at this season will surely banish all symptoms of disease and fit you for the work and duties of spring and summer.

When you are buying Paine's Celery Compound see that you get the genuine with the name "Paine's" and the "Stalk of Celery" on the label; other compounds are frauds and deceptions.

"Those twin daughters of Editor Swipe are becoming rather passe."

"Yes; first editions, out of print, as it were."—Philadelphia North American.

**FEVERISH FROM WORMS.**

Two of my little boys were troubled with worms. They would wake up in the night and vomit and through the day would sometimes be very feverish. I gave them Dr. Low's Worm Syrup and it completely cured them.

Mrs. Wm. Mercel, Teeterville, Ont.

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**Healed of Her Heart Pangs!**

After doctors had said no cure---Acute heart disease had put Mrs. Fitzpatrick well nigh in the clutch of the "Grim Reaper." But Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart met her at the hospital door, offered her life, she accepted the great healer and today is well and strong.

In these days of hurry and bustle, nervous strain, poor digestion, the struggle of the humble classes for an existence and the everlasting run of the married man for more money, the heart, the human engine, is wrought upon for double the duty that Prov-

idence originally assigned it. Thus it is that we may pick up any newspaper any day and read of the sudden taking off of this, that and the other person, here, there and yonder—the cause assigned, heart failure, strain too great, and no assistance offered nature to help her carry her load.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a peerless remedy. Thousands of cases where sure and sudden death seemed imminent, its wonderful curative powers have been demonstrated, and in most acute forms of heart disease

relief has come inside of 30 minutes after the first dose has been taken. Some of the pronounced symptoms of heart disorder are: Palpitation, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, smothering spells, swelling of the feet and ankles, tenderness and pain in the left side, chilly sensations, uneasiness if sleeping on the left sides, fainting spells, hunger and exhaustion. Any one of these symptoms is enough to convince of the seating of heart disease—and any one of them, if neglected, may mean sudden death to the patient.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but in the most stubborn cases it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is not an untried nostrum. It is a heart specific, leaves no bad after effects or depression. It

acts directly on the nerve centres, induces nervous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Mrs. John Fitzpatrick, of Gananoque, Ont., was a great sufferer from heart disease. Hers was a stubborn case of over five years' standing. She was treated by several eminent physicians and heart specialists without any permanent relief. She became so bad that she went to the hospital, and was in a short while discharged from there as a hopeless incurable; but, to use her own words, "As a last resort, I bought a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose gave me almost instant relief from a very acute spasm. I felt encouraged, and persisted in its use. It just took three bottles to cure me completely, and I gladly bear my testimony to this wonderful remedy as a life saver."

What it has done for Mrs. Fitzpatrick it can do for any sufferer from heart disease.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves cold in the head in ten minutes, and has cured catarrh cases of fifty years' standing.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure blind, bleeding or itching piles from three to five nights. One application relieves the most irritating skin diseases; 35 cents.

Dr. Agnew's Pills, for constipation, sick headache, biliousness and stomach troubles generally. Only 20 cents a vial