

# ENGLISH GIRL'S STORY OF WILD ADVENTURES IN MIDST OF BALKAN BATTLES AND BANDITS; DESCRIBES HORRORS OF RECENT CAMPAIGN

How Miss Borthwick and Her Big Tabby Cat Came Unscathed Through Land Where Death and Disease Stalked on All Sides.

[From Montreal Star.]

A little English girl of 22, who has just recovered from wounds, and sickness received during a year's solitary experiences in the Balkan war, has just given out her frightful story of those grim battlefields to some newspapers.

She is Miss Jessica Borthwick, and her interest in the Balkans is hereditary, for her father, the late General Borthwick, was employed by Bulgaria in the eighties to reorganize and command the army in Eastern Rumania, and she found his name still one to conjure with wherever Bulgarian troops went.

The winter found her in her studio in South Kensington—she is a clever animal sculptor. She limps badly, as there is still a bullet in her knee. On the walls hang some of her Balkan trophies—a knapsack and water bottle that she took from a dead Turk for her own use, the tri-color ribbon badge that she was given by Servians at Monastir, when she had to pass as a British war correspondent to gain admission to the town, a revolver and many another relic.

Photographs taken by herself litter the table, and as she spoke her restless fingers played with clips of rifle cartridges that she had picked up among the dead on the battlefield.

Went to get photographs. "When the Balkan war broke out," she said, "I could think of nothing else, for although I had never been so far East, every place seemed familiar to me, through hearing my father talk, and the names of the officers were the names of the men he had trained. Finally, I decided to go out and see for myself. I raised all the money I could and soon completed my preparations. I meant to get some cinematographs, so I got the necessary camera and, learned in three days how to use it.

"My outfit consisted mainly of riding breeches and riding boots, flannel shirt, sweater, and a felt hat or Bulgarian black sheepskin cap. I had a big burberry coat that I wished to be less noticeable. I took out one revolver, but I added to my arsenal from time to time, for I saw so many on dead officers, and could pick and choose. For a time I carried a Martini rifle as well, taken from a dead soldier. After a year of picking up what I wanted from the dead or from abandoned stores, it seems very hard to be back in London and to have to pay for everything."

In January, 1913, Miss Borthwick made her way to Sofia and there sought out her father's old friend, the Premier. She told him quite calmly—

## EVERY WIFE'S DUTY

Watch Husband's Hair—If Thin or Full of Dandruff, Insist on His Using Parisian Sage.

Men as a class give but little thought to the care of the hair. Not until it comes out by the combful, or some friend remarks that they are getting bald, do they really take notice—then it may be too late.

If your husband's hair is getting thin; if he has dandruff or the scalp itches, take immediate action—do not let him become a bald head.

Get from any drug or toilet counter a 50-cent bottle of Parisian Sage. It contains the exact elements to supply hair and scalp needs. The first application removes all dandruff—the great hair destroyer. A little Parisian Sage rubbed well into the scalp for a few nights will work wonders. When the hair stops falling and the new growth appears, use every other night until the hair is thick and abundant.

Parisian Sage is a delightful and invigorating hair tonic for men, women and children. It is a scientific preparation based on a thorough knowledge of what is needed by the hair and scalp to keep them perfectly healthy and remove dandruff, stop scalp itch and falling hair.

Surely try Parisian Sage. W. T. Strong & Co. sells it, with an agreement to refund your money if not satisfied. Look for the trade-mark—"The Girl with the Auburn Hair." Accept no other.

## What Thin Folks Should Do To Gain Weight

Physician's Advice for Thin, Undeveloped Men and Women.

Thousands of people suffer from excessive thinness, weak nerves and feeble stomachs, who, having tried advertised flesh-makers, food-fads, physical culture stunts and rub-on creams, resign themselves to lifelong skinniness and think nothing will make them fat. Yet their case is not hopeless. A recently discovered regenerative force makes fat grow after years of thinness, and is also unequalled for repairing the waste of sickness or faulty digestion and for strengthening the nerves. This remarkable discovery is called Sargol. Six strengthening, fat-producing elements of acknowledged merit have been combined in this peerless preparation, which is endorsed by eminent physicians and used by prominent people everywhere. It is absolutely harmless, inexpensive and efficient.

A month's systematic use of Sargol should produce flesh and strength by correcting faults of digestion and by supplying highly concentrated fats to the blood. Increased nourishment is obtained from the food eaten, and the additional fats that thin people need are provided. Leading druggists supply Sargol and say there is a large demand for it. While this new preparation has given splendid results as a nerve-tonic and vitalizer, it should not be used by nervous people unless they wish to gain at least ten pounds of flesh.—Adv.

no adding, one supposes, to the legend that the English are mad—that she wanted to join the Bulgarian army, then operating around Adrianople and towards Chatalja. Premier handed her over to the Minister of War, who gave her a permit, and soon she was in the train on her way to Starazagora.

Slept Between the Leaves. "Everywhere I found that my father's name was sufficient to insure me every respect and assistance. Every officer did what he could for me, some running great risks in smuggling me to the front, where no civilian had a right to be. One officer took me as his servant, and I cleaned his boots for a week.

"Through the terrible winter I made my way south to Kirk Kilisse. Near there I lost my first pony. I had been following a bullock transport which was taking bread for the troops. At night the back wheels of the transport came off, we were in over four feet of snow, and it was bitterly cold. I could get no shelter, so I crept in among the bread, covered myself with the straw, and soon dropped off to sleep, to the sound of the flapping of the canvas hood of the cart. About 3 a.m. I awoke and thought of my pony, which I had tethered at the end of the wagon. When I patted its nose, my hand made a poise as if I had struck a lump of wood, and I found the poor little animal frozen solid. I had a funny lump in my throat, and felt more lonely than ever before."

"On the night of March 13, I was told that Adrianople was about to fall, and that I might be able to get through there to the north. Accordingly, on the morning of the 14th, I set out in a cart drawn by two Bulgarian ponies, which the driver brushed to a wild gallop. Not one of the four wheels of the cart seemed to be the same size, the bottom was of loose planks that had never been nailed down, and that furious ride through mountains, and rough plains to the fallen city, seemed like nothing so much as a nightmare drive to destruction on the upturned skeleton of a sewing machine.

"The open ground before the town was covered with dead bodies of men and horses and bullocks, many of which had lain unburied for weeks. The smell was awful. The river was full of corpses, and every well and drinking place had its dead to pollute the waters, so that cholera was rampant. Some of the garrison were starving men in a state of collapse, for all had been short of food. Indeed, when I entered I could get no coffee, no wine, and the bread was understood to be 50 per cent. sawdust, 25 per cent. sweepings and perhaps 25 per cent. good flour.

Not a Melon Patch. "Two days later, Gen. Ivanoff, an old friend of my father, gave me a horse—the biggest I have ever ridden, like a transport camel—and I rode over the eastern battlefield. The roads were so thick with mud and clay that we pushed our way rather than walked. All the area was littered with unburied dead, and the siege guns, now silent, sulky sentries over the battered Turkish camps around."

She had ridden out toward Ferre, and, feeling hungry and thirsty, was looking out for a melon field.

"About eight o'clock at night," she said, "when the full moon was out, I saw what seemed a melon field, with a lot of round, light-colored objects like melons on the ground. I jumped off my pony and picked the nearest melon. Then I dropped it in horror. It was a human skull, picked clean by dogs and birds. Then all around I saw dozens of them, with the unburied bodies of women and children, which the dogs were feasting on. Lying among them were beds, mattresses, cooking pots and articles of furniture, all smashed and strewn around when the Greek irregulars massacred the Bulgarians."

Her encounters with the pillaging Bashi-Bazouks were dangerous in the extreme, but by diplomacy she circumvented them. At one place, she reports, "the whole area had been pillaged by the Bashi-Bazouks, who had driven off all the stock, even taking or destroying the silk-worms, which were the chief means of livelihood of the people. Luckily I could get water, and that was all I had from a Tuesday to a Sunday."

Cholera in Adrianople. A day or two after the fall of Adrianople she says:

"On the following day I went to the Island Saraila Itschy, among the marshes of the Maritza, where the Turkish prisoners had been sent. Dead soldiers, robbed of almost every article of value, there as food for the scavenging birds. But the sight of the living who waited for death was worse. The island was one large swamp, with huge trees sticking out, and knees deep in the mud were thousands of starving Turkish prisoners, huddled together for warmth and support, their faces and hands ashy-gray, and their eyes sunken in the sockets.

"I saw four men sitting around a little fire, and as it was the first fire I had seen there, I went up to them. I spoke to the nearest, but there was no answer. I repeated my question, with no result, and then pushed his shoulder. He rolled over—all four were dead."

In Adrianople, Miss Borthwick was stricken with cholera. Feeling ill, she hurried to her room—"if you can call it a room," she exclaims, "sixteen windows and no bed!"—but as she approached the house the landlady flamed the door and cried that she must not enter. The ghastly green color was on her face, and though she went from place to place, all refused her shelter. Finally she crept into a mosque, and lay there unattended, with neither food nor water, for three days, until found and taken to the Red Crescent Hospital, where, under the care of an English doctor, Dr. Haig, she eventually recovered, and set out again.

Random Shooting. The young lady greatly resented the random shooting of the irregulars, though truth compels us to state that she was guilty of doing a little herself, when worked up to it.

"One night I was returning from a ride through the Turkish quarter. I was in riding breeches, with no skirt, and had a cavalry horse, so in the half-darkness I might very well have been taken for a Bulgarian officer. Suddenly several shots were fired at me from the house. Fortunately I was not hit, and I whipped out my revolver and fired six shots at the house from which I had been attacked. The building was only lath and plaster, so they must have penetrated. Whether anyone was hit I cannot say.

"On another occasion I had an encounter just outside the town. I was riding over rough ground, all plowed and torn up by bursting shells. Suddenly a shot was fired near me, and my frightened horse plunged, getting its hind legs into a hole. I slid off safely, got hold of the bridle, and managed to get him out again. Then the puzzle was how to mount, for this was a big horse, and I really wanted a stepladder. However, at last I got my left foot into the stirrup and clambered up like a monkey. Just as I was getting into the saddle there was another shot, and a small bullet, apparently from an automatic pistol, caught me in the leg. I fired a few shots in what seemed in the darkness to be the right direction, and then I got back to the town as quickly as I could.

"This random shooting was a terrible nuisance. Numbers of Bulgarian officers were killed—men who could not be spared for this dog's death at the hands of hidden assassins. All the prowling thieves who could be found were immediately arrested and hanged the next morning, sometimes a dozen at a time."

No doubt we shall have a book from Miss Borthwick before long, detailing her experiences, and it ought to prove exciting enough to satisfy the most extreme taste.

A feminine touch is furnished by the story of Moukova, a veteran of the war. He is a cat, a tabby, twice the usual size, and reached London with Miss Borthwick after sharing her adventures for many a long day.

They became acquainted when Miss Borthwick rode into the deserted village of Moukova, looking for a place to sleep. She found an empty barn, made for herself a bed of maize husks, and, tethering her pony outside, went to sleep.

She was awakened by something springing on her chest and growling. It was a monster cat, which took this means of telling her that the barn was on fire. While she slept the Bashi-Bazouks had fired the village.

Miss Borthwick sprang up, fully dressed, jumped on to her pony, set the cat on the saddle before her, and galloped off. Four months Moukova, as he was named, after the village, journeyed on the saddle, and went with her to England. But the day after he arrived he strolled out to see London, and never returned.

After all her experiences of the horrors of war, the loss of Moukova at the moment struck Miss Borthwick as being the greatest tragedy of all.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills effect cures cases of this kind because they make new, rich, red blood, which feeds and strengthens the nerves, and tones up the whole system. If you are in need of a medicine give these pills a trial. We are confident you will not be disappointed. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

There are cases of paralysis that cannot be cured. But that is far different from saying that every case of paralysis is incurable. There is absolute proof that many forms of this disease are curable. Of the cases that cannot be cured many can be so benefited that the formerly hopeless sufferer will once more find life worth living.

Attention is called to the remarkable cures that have been effected in cases of partial paralysis, and other severe nervous disorders, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Some of these cures are so wonderful as to challenge belief, but in every case the statements have been carefully verified and may be investigated by anyone interested. In this connection the case of Miss B. Millehan, of St. John, N. B., is worthy of the most careful attention. Miss Millehan says: "Some three years ago I was taken seriously ill with diphtheria. The doctor brought me safely through this dreaded trouble, and I was assumed to be well. But two weeks later I took a relapse, my throat and limbs becoming paralyzed. I could neither speak nor walk. I was under the best of medical care, and after a few weeks was able to sit up in bed, but my throat was still completely paralyzed and I could only utter unintelligible sounds. I was treated by three of St. John's best physicians for this trouble, and my case was given up as hopeless. A friend asked me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I had spent so much on medicine without help that I thought it would be only a further waste of money. However, I felt myself growing daily weaker and weaker, and I decided at last chance that I would try the Pills. By the time I had taken a half dozen boxes I could walk across the floor, something doctors had told me could never happen again. I still continued taking the pills, my speech returned, and I felt myself in perfect health. My friends thought my restoration nothing short of a miracle, and I think myself that I have to thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I am living today, and I feel confident they can do quite as much for others as they did for me."

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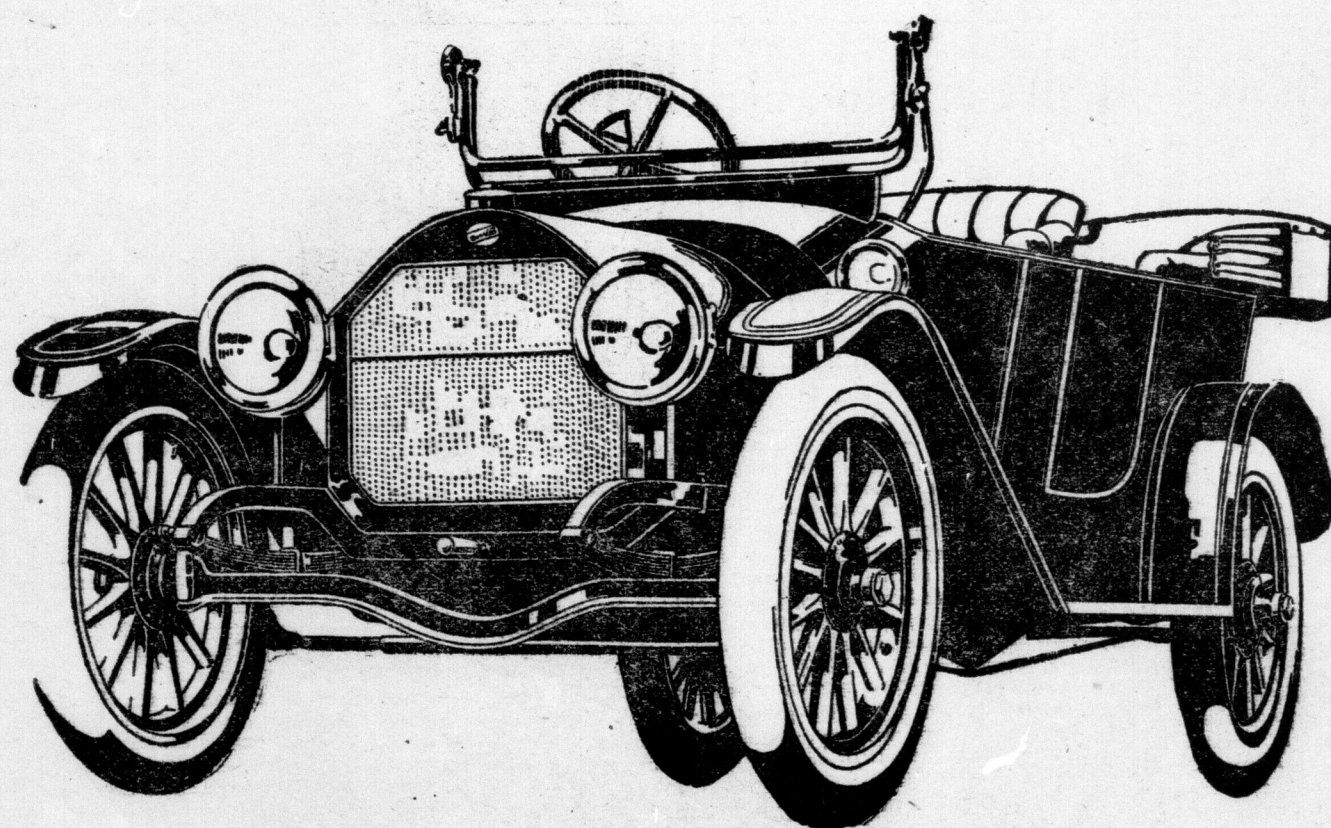
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LT.-GOVERNOR'S WIFE  
WORKS IN A FACTORY



Mr. B. O'Hara

Special Correspondence

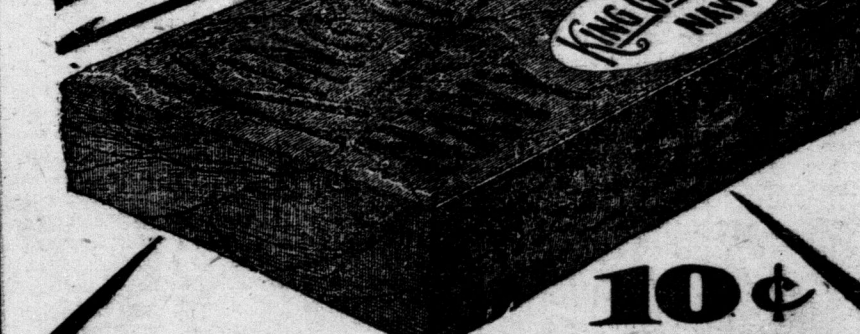
CHICAGO, Ill., May 8.—When Mrs. Barratt O'Hara talks about the problems of the working girl or the "relation of wages to vice," she knows what she's talking about. The wife of the lieutenant-governor of Illinois resigned her \$5-a-week job in a knitting factory at Bridgeport, Mass. Mrs. O'Hara went to work in a factory to gain first-hand knowledge of the conditions that surround working girls.

"I wanted to know the home," says Mrs. O'Hara, "because I expect to help my husband, who is president of the Illinois vice commission, in his fight against low wages and their consequent evils."

She was awakened by something springing on her chest and growling. It was a monster cat, which took this means of telling her that the barn was on fire. While she slept the Bashi-Bazouks had fired the village.

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# King George's Navy Plug



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