

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1913.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER.

Glimpse Behind the Scenes in New York

"Norman" Sends The Advertiser the Story of a Thrilling Melodrama in Every-Day Life.

[By Norman.]

New York, Jan. 31.—"My father, he will kill me, I am afraid of him."

Magistrate Dodd looked down at a little olive-skinned girl who stood trembling with fear as she made her complaint.

A few kindly questions elicited her story. She was Fanny Martino, 18 years old. She had a sweetheart, whom she wanted to marry. He was 22. But her father, Emilio—he had another suitor for Fanny's hand. A man three times her age. Her cruel father had beaten Fanny, she declared, and sworn to her that if she did not marry the man of his choice she would not live to wed any other man.

Having heard this medieval romance laid before him, the judge sent for Mrs. Hatfield, prison officer. To Mrs. Hatfield he handed a summons for Emilio Martino, and Mrs. Hatfield went forth with Fanny to find the cruel parent and invite his attendance before the magistrate.

Down into the heart of the Italian district they went, till they stood before a great dingy tenement, with a swarm of dirty children chattering its steps.

Fanny was shivering with fear, and she clung to Mrs. Hatfield as they picked

their way up the dark stairs. On an upper floor Fanny opened the door of the room occupied by her father. As she and Mrs. Hatfield walked into the room Martino clambered out a back window and went down a fire escape.

Mrs. Hatfield heard a key turn behind her. Between her and the door stood seven or eight men and women, silent, gloowering. One of them said something to Fanny, and Fanny cried out in terror. Others made signs to Mrs. Hatfield which indicated that she might go, but she must not take the girl with her.

From the sleeve of her coat the prison officer drew a small, but mean-looking revolver, which she had packed in anticipation of just such an emergency. She levelled it at the group of scowling Italians.

"Tell them," she said to Fanny, "that you and I are going and that anybody

who tries to stop us will get a bullet through the heart."

Fanny translated the message in a trembling whisper, clinging to her protector's arm. The group, suddenly eyeing the revolver, melted away from before the door and the two women went out. Fanny went first, and Mrs. Hatfield backed out, still covering the group with her gun. She slammed the door after her, but all the way down stairs she kept her head turned and her revolver ready.

A policeman got Martino, and he was held for examination. Meanwhile Fanny, Mrs. Hatfield and Fanny's swim were getting a marriage license and Fanny was setting married.

Generally speaking, there were a lot of things they didn't manage so well in the middle ages as they do in New York today.

Salm, the marriage being performed in St. Patrick's Church, Washington. The Prince was then a man of thirty years. He was of middle height, had an elegant figure, dark hair, light moustache, and a very agreeable handsome face. He was, however, very bashful, but the Princess declared that it only served to make him the more attractive to her. I felt very much attracted by the face of the Prince, she remarked to a friend after their first meeting.

The Salm-Salm family was an old one in Prussia, and the Prince had been handsomely provided for at the death of his father. Being very young and improvident, he lived in Vienna, in a very extravagant manner. Soon he was delivered into the hands of sharpers and money lenders. The position of the young spendthrift in Vienna became at last too hot. He first went to Paris and then to America, where he arrived in 1861, just after the outbreak of the war, provided with letters of recommendation from the Crown Prince of Prussia to the Prussian Consul at Washington.

Follows Husband Through Civil War.

There were discouraging days when the young warrior sought a place in the armies that were being organized, but the Princess won out in the struggle. Women, she said, in her later years ruled the country. In her endeavor to get the command of a regiment for her husband, she twisted governors and officers around her finger, and soon had them willing to appoint her Prince to the command of a regiment of the line. The 8th New York volunteers were ready for the field, when, by her captivating ways and persuasive manner, she secured the leadership of it for Prince Salm-Salm. The regiment was in West Virginia, and to it with her husband she hastened. It was comfortably encamped in a pine grove, and she was expecting to move for some time, the soldiers had made themselves very comfortable in tents and board shacks.

It was soon after her arrival with the boys in blue that the Princess received her first real lesson of the hardships of campaigning in war time. News came in one night that the enemy were advancing, and the whole camp was in a state of confusion. It was raining hard at the time, and the twelve-mile ride to the next tenting ground was through a deluge of water and mud that was almost knee deep.

The Princess rode with her husband. The night carrying with her as part of the spoil of the camp a long red ostrich plume for her hat. The camp was in a state of confusion, and the recent favorite of Washington had to content herself with salt pork and hard tack, and even this was none too plentiful. Her bed was made of some rough boards, a straw mattress, and a couple of buffalo skins thrown over the sides.

When the 8th Regiment was disbanded, through the influence of the Princess, Col. Felix Salm-Salm was given the command of the 88th New York Volunteers. He served with great distinction, and when the war was ended, he had been advanced until he held the brevet rank of Brigadier-General, and was stationed at Atlanta. Through all of his campaigns the Princess passed with him, sharing the dangers of the times, with no apparent evidence of fear.

With Maximilian in Mexican Campaign.

The declaration of peace in the United States left the young soldier of fortune without anything to engage his time. He was in the habit of riding across the country, infested as it was with thousands of lawless characters at all times, but swarming with the most desperate men in the United States. The Princess, however, soon found the lines of the enemy by appointment with the officer in charge, she made a mistake in her reply when challenged by the sentry.

"Who goes there?" he cried.

"Enemigo," was her prompt answer, instead of "Amigo."

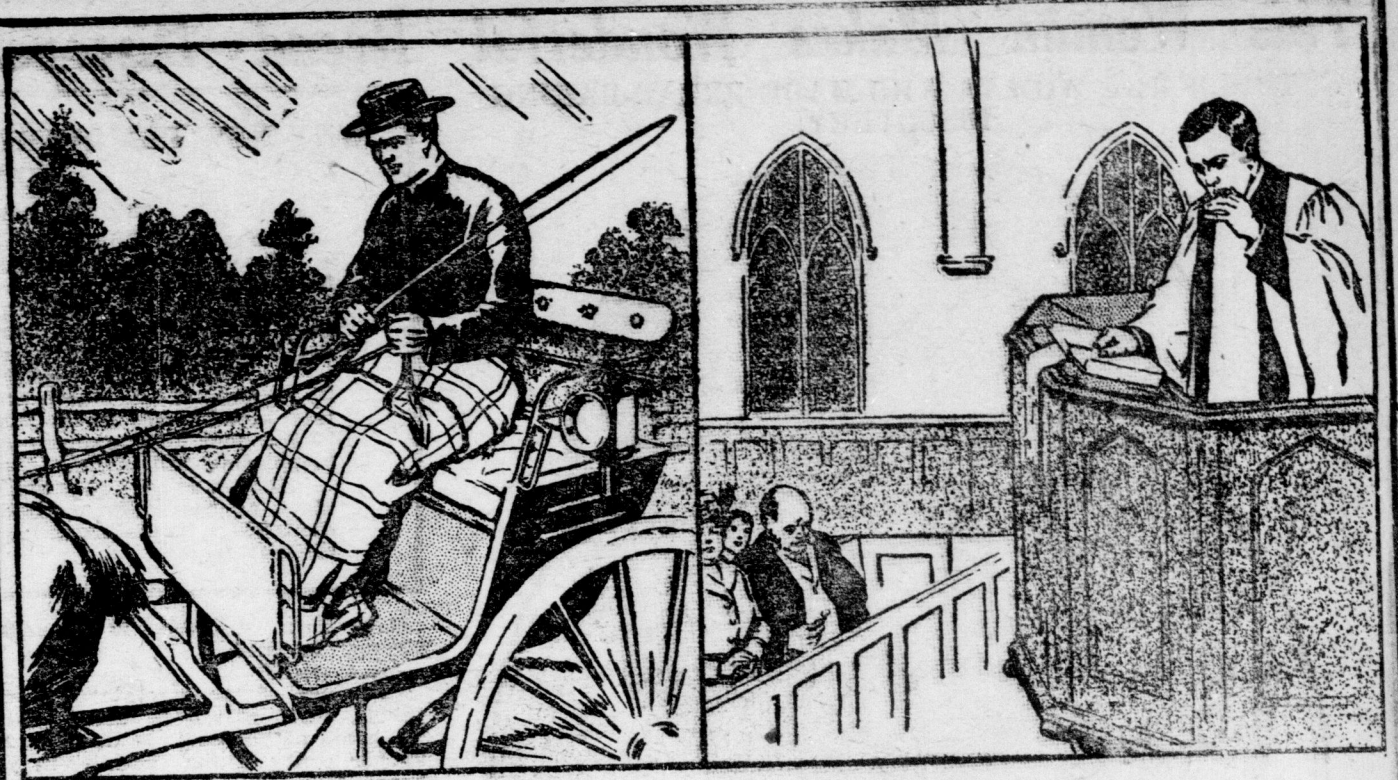
The result of her wrong answer was a bullet that whistled uncomfortably close to her head. Once a regiment of drunken Indian troops opened fire on her and only their poor marksmanship prevented the termination of her career then and there.

Plots and Plans to Save Emperor.

After the fall of Queretaro she rode to San Luis Potosi to implore President Juarez to procure the release of Maximilian and his aides, and to be seen him to safeguard the lives of his prisoners. She sought to interest Porfirio Diaz and General Escobedo in the royal captive, and to arrange a conference between the General and the prisoner. When all these attempts failed to secure the release of the captives she plotted day and night to effect an escape for them from the prison where they were confined. Had her supply of money been larger, it would have been almost impossible to have frustrated her carefully-laid schemes. She had plenty of checks, a very little cash, and that spoiled her hopes of success.

Her interview with President Juarez was a stirring one, and left that official so exhausted that he did not leave his room for three days. He assured her that the life of her husband was in no danger, but told her plainly that the Emperor must die. "I was like one distracted all the time," she wrote in her diary, after it was all over. "I was convinced that the Emperor was lost beyond hope. I struggled on for his life. The last day before the execution I made another effort, the last, to save him. It was eight o'clock in the evening when I went to see Mr. Juarez. He was pale and suffering himself. With trembling lips I pleaded for the life of the Emperor or at least for delay. The President said that he could not grant it; he would not prolong his agony any longer; the Emperor must die tomorrow. When I heard those words I was frantic with grief. Trembling in every limb and sobbing, I fell down on my knees and pleaded with words that came from my heart, but which I cannot remember. The President tried to raise me, but I held his knees convulsively. I said I would not leave him until he granted me the life."

He answered me in a low, sad voice, "I am grieved to see you on your knees before me; but if all the kings and queens of Europe were in your place, I would not spare that life. It is not I who take it; it is the people and the law, and if I do not do its will, the people will take it and mine also." The Emperor was shot early the next morning and the life of Prince Salm-



Throat Irritation

Speakers and singers are especially annoyed by throat irritation and coughing, often to such an extent as to spoil the effectiveness of their appearance in public.

More particularly in the country, where long drives in stormy weather and the sudden change of temperature on entering warm, stuffy buildings bring on dry throat, irritation and coughing.

A sip of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine brings the greatest relief imaginable under these circumstances, and in wonderfully short time. It clears the throat and air passages, and by coating the mucous membrane protects it against further irritation.

You not only obtain the temporary

relief which enables you the free use of the voice in comfort, but also prevent the development of a cold or serious lung trouble.

It is on the recommendation of this medicine from one person to another, during a long period of years, that it has attained such wonderful popularity, and has such enormous sales.

Its reputation is so great as to lead to many imitations being put on the market, some even using the name Linseed and Turpentine. But imitations almost always disappoint. You can be sure of the genuine by seeing the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on the bottle you buy. 25 cents; family size, 60 cents, all dealers, or

Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

DEATH ENDS THE ROMANTIC CAREER OF QUEBEC WOMAN

The Princess Salm-Salm, a St. Armand Fisherman's Daughter, Who Fearlessly Followed Her Husband Through the Dangers of War in Three Continents, Defeated by the Grim Conqueror—Her Struggles to Save Emperor Maximilian After Collapse of His Ill-Starred Campaign.

(Montreal Witness.)

The Princess Salm-Salm is dead. The final chapter in one of the most remarkable lives of a century has been written; the curtain has fallen on the romantic career of the fisherman's daughter, who became a princess and followed her husband to the battlefields of three continents, on two continents, and who at last saw him, in a soldier's grave, on the field of strife when the day of horrible carnage was ended. With fearless eye she, who had never quivered in the excitement of the most fearful times

when fathers were red with human blood and presidents were assassinated and emperors were led out to execution in the early morning—acknowledged the call of the grim conqueror of all, and followed him to his life.

The Princess Salm-Salm is dead. From the little home of Captain William Joy, of St. Armand West, Quebec, where she was born, to the palaces of princes and rulers of great nations, is a far journey, but it is the one that the Quebec girl took in her adventurous career, for she who died as Princess Salm-Salm was born Eliza A. Joy a little over twenty years ago in this province. But it was not long after she reached womanhood that the lure of the life of the great cities drew her from the seclusion of the little cottage at St. Armand West and placed her in that highway that led to the battlefields of the American civil war the ill-starred campaign of the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico, and the horrors of bloody Gravelotte, where her husband, Prince Felix Salm-Salm, fell under the iron hail that swept the field.

Her Father Was a Quebec Fisherman. Old Captain Joy was one of the best known characters of the little village of St. Armand West. His was an adventurous life, for the sea was untamed, and it was only by the employment

of every talent that he possessed that he was able to wring from it what was essential to keep the wolf from the door of the tiny home.

Through the blackness of midnight his little craft floated safely on the great seas, although there were times when its swamping seemed certain. There were many nights when those who watched on shore feared for the fisherman out on the leaping waters, laid in a soldier's grave, on the field of strife when the day of horrible carnage was ended. With fearless eye she, who had never quivered in the excitement of the most fearful times

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"WHITE HOUSE BRIDE" MAY WED AGAIN ON THE SAME DAY AS FIRST "WHITE HOUSE BABY."



MRS. FRANCES FOLSOM CLEVELAND, widow of President Grover Cleveland.

The "White House bride" and the mother of the first "White House baby" is to be married again. Maybe there'll be a double wedding, and mother and eldest daughter, Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland and Miss Esther Cleveland, will go away upon their honeymoon at the same time.

Grover Cleveland's widow, whose engagement to Professor Thomas J. Preston is announced, has never craved the spotlight of publicity. Even in the days when she had youth, the fresh beauty that youth gives, and the enviable position of "first lady of the land," Mrs. Cleveland preferred the nursery of her babies and the library of her husband to the drawing-room and dancing floors of gilded and be-jeweled society.

Following the retirement of her husband from the presidency in 1897, Mrs. Cleveland and her family lived quietly in the college town of Princeton, N. J. Mrs. Cleveland, who numbers among her chief charms an exquisitely modulated voice and a mastery of the old-fashioned art of conversation, became a part of the university city's cultured society.

But she was never unmindful of her children's welfare, and was often called "the ideal American mother." A year after their father's death, Mrs. Cleveland took the children, Miss Esther (the "White House baby"), and Miss Marion, and her boys, Richard and Francis Grover, to Europe that they might learn the French language and European customs.

Recently the engagement of Miss Esther to Randolph West, son of Dean West, of Princeton University, was announced. She is 19; her sister Marion is 17, Richard is 15, and his brother is 9.

Mrs. Cleveland was educated at Welles College, at which her future husband is now professor of archaeology and art history. The bride-to-be has been a trustee of the college since 1887. It was while she was a student at Welles that President Cleveland wooed her. There is the Frances Cleveland Library, Andrew Carnegie \$40,000 gift to the college, made in honor of Mrs. Cleveland.

Had Pains Around The Heart AND SMOTHERING FEELINGS.

The terrible smothering and choking up sensations and sinking turns, that come to those whose heart and nerves are deranged or disordered call for prompt relief.

There is nothing that brings with it such a fear of death as to wake up in the night with that awful feeling of smothering.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the only remedy that can give prompt relief and effect a complete cure in cases of such severity.

Mrs. Wm. Lee, Unthoff, Ont., writes: "I have taken three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and am now well. I had such pains around my heart and such smothering feelings that I thought I would surely die. My head used to be propped up with pillows to keep me from smothering. One day I read in a paper about your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and three boxes cured me."

Price, 50 cents per box; 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.

"A man of large calibre, isn't he?" "Yes, he is a big bore."—Judge. The Inventor—"That machine can do the work of ten men." Visitor—"Gee whiz. My wife ought to have married it."—Puck.

SHE SUFFERED TEN MONTHS

Mrs. Blankenship Tells of Her Restoration to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elliston, Va.—"I feel it my duty to express my thanks for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was a sufferer from female troubles and had been confined in bed over one third of my time for ten months. I could not do my housework and had fainting spells so that my husband could not leave me alone for five minutes at a time."

"Now I have been restored to health and it has come from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Whenever I see a suffering woman I want to tell her what this medicine has done for me and I will always speak a good word for it."—Mrs. ROBERT BLANKENSHIP, Elliston, Va., Montgomery Co.

was helpless—Now Well. Trenton, Mo.—"About two years ago I had female trouble and inflammation so bad that I was literally helpless and had to be tended like a baby. I could not move my body or lift my foot for such severe pains that I had to scream. I was very nervous and had a weakness."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me to such an extent that I think there is no medicine like it for female troubles. I am up and able to do my work again and I give you full permission to publish my letter for the sake of other suffering women."—Mrs. W. T. PURNELL, 320-10th St., Trenton, Mo.

\$1,000 REWARD

For information that will lead to the discovery of whereabouts of the person or persons suffering from Nervous Debility, Fits, Skin Disease, Blood Poison, Genito Urinary Troubles, and Chronic or Special Complaints that cannot be cured at The Ontario Medical Institute, 263-265 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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