

A TRUE LIFE SAVER.

Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

A PROMPT AND CERTAIN CURE FOR

Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps,
—Colic and all

SUMMER COMPLAINTS

of Children or Adults.

THOUSANDS of thankful mothers gratefully acknowledge that Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry cures even after all other remedies fail, and when life has been despaired of. The lives of hundreds of children have been saved by its use. It is a specific in every form of looseness of the bowels. It gives relief at once and cures quickly. Children especially suffer in summer from distressing Cramps, Colic, Summer Complaints, etc., but a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry insures safety and health to the children. Parents should keep a supply on hand in case of sudden attacks to children or other members of the household. Those who travel, either for business or pleasure, should never be without Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. Read this reliable testimony.

Truth Told in Plain Print. Dr. Fowler's Extract Wild Strawberry Cures all Summer Complaints.

Diarrhœa Cured.

DEAR SIRS.—I was suffering very much from Diarrhœa, and could get nothing to cure me. One day a friend told me of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I took a few doses and it completely cured me.

THOS. L. GRAHAM,
Melita, Man.

Severely Attacked.

GENTLEMEN.—I was troubled every summer and fall with diarrhœa, cramps and colic, and last winter had a very severe attack and thought I was going to die. I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, although I thought it was throwing away money, but soon found I was getting better, and now I thank it for saving my life. I would not be without it.

MRS. S. KELLETT,
Minden, Ont.

Baby was Saved.

SIRS.—Last summer my baby was very bad with summer complaint, and nothing would cure him. Doctor's medicine failed and I thought my baby would die, until a friend advised me to try Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. With the first dose I noticed a change for the better, and he is now cured, and fat and healthy. Since then I always keep a bottle of it in the house, because I know it saved my baby's life.

MRS. A. NORMANDIN,
London, Ont.

Always Proves Successful.

GENTLEMEN.—About two years ago I had a very bad attack of diarrhœa, and tried all sorts of medicine, but received no benefit from anything. By chance I heard of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and I gave it a trial, though I cannot say I had much faith in it; however, less than one bottle completely cured me, and I would not now be without it. Numbers of my friends have used it and in every case it proves successful.

J. BUTCHER,
Winnipeg, Man.

Three Days Suffering.

GENTLEMEN.—I suffered three days very severely from Summer Complaint and could not get relief but kept getting worse and worse till the pain was almost unbearable and I became very weak. Some friends advised Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and after I had taken the first dose I found much relief and it did not fail to cure me. I do not intend to be without this valuable medicine if I can help it.

WM. T. GLYNN,
Windsor, Ont.

She Would Have Welcomed Death.

Gentlemen.—Two years ago I took a severe attack of summer complaint, and suffered for some time so severely that I felt at times that the grave and death would be a relief. I took medicine from four different doctors without effecting a cure, and it was found very little benefit from anything until I commenced taking Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I have taken three bottles, and am now feeling better and quite regular. The doctors said I was past help, they could ease me with soothing powders, but they were of no benefit. I suffered more than pen can describe. My granddaughter got me the Wild Strawberry and I used it according to directions. The first bottle relieved the disagreeable feeling, and at the end of the second I was able to sit up a few minutes at a time, and I am now able to be dressed and feel quite comfortable, and as well as anyone of my age (73 years) can expect to be.

MRS. HANNAH McDONNELL,
17 Church St., Chatham, Ont.

Be Sure to Get the Genuine. Price 25c. Sold by all Dealers.

THE SECRET OF A SPADE.

A MYSTERIOUS TALE OF THE NASHOUAC RIVER.

Baptiste's Strange Career—The Hand-to-Hand Fight on York Island—A Boy's search for a Fortune—His Adventures in Portland and Halifax.

My name is Henry Lachon. I am an old man whose life has reached the limit of three score years and ten. Shortly I must be gathered to my fathers; but before that time I wish to tell of a portion of my somewhat eventful career.

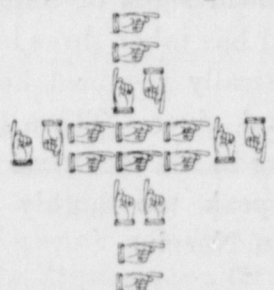
When I had lived with my widowed mother in one of the alleys of the great city of London, an alley which was long ago lost in the mazes of the many streets and buildings since constructed, but at that time one which had as notorious a name as the now blood-besprinkled Whitechapel.

My mother was well educated and seemed to my childish fancy to be an altogether different person from those with whom I daily came in contact, and as I grew older I learned from her that she was the daughter of one of the noblest families of England. On account of her marriage she was cast off by her kindred, and never again did she hold communication with them.

My father was a ship captain, and while he lived my mother cared little for the anger of her relatives, but alas! he went down like thousands of others into the blue depths, and his widow and fatherless child were thrown on the mercy of a hard world. But I must hasten on.

Being eager for education I attended a night school as regularly as possible, and was often put to great straits to provide myself with books, paper and the other requisites of learning. In an old desk in my mother's bedroom was a great quantity of old papers of different kinds, and on this collection I very often had to draw, to eke out my meagre stock of writing materials.

One day I opened the old desk rather suddenly, and from some nook or cranny of it, tell a miniature spade made of metal, which I afterwards found was lead. I examined it carefully and noticed on the handle neatly carved the following inscriptions:



What was meant by those hands? It was no trade mark. The spade was of no value in itself, as it was not the work of a smith—it must be the key to some secret. What can it be? These and similar thoughts swept through my mind like flashes of light.

I was alive with curiosity and studied it for hours, quite forgetting my hurry, yet could not understand the marks. I took it to my mother, who told me to put it away safely, and when she had leisure, she would tell me all she knew about it, which was little but interesting. About a week passed away, and one evening, when the gloom had settled down,

and the streets of the city were thronged with promenaders, my mother called me to her side and asked me to get the little spade. I brought it forth, and she told me that it was treasured by my father, that he had received it as part of the effects of my grandfather, and that he often said that the spade was destined to redeem our fallen fortunes, whenever its hidden meaning was solved. She said "that often when my father was a sea, she had taken the spade and spent hours looking at the symbols." I asked her if there were no writings in the old drawer which could throw any light upon it, and she replied that there was one, but it only seemed to make the mystery deeper, if that was possible. My curiosity was aroused, and hurrying to the desk I pulled out the papers in a heap on the floor, and from the assortment my mother drew a dingy and very much faded old letter, of which the following is a copy:—

Fort William Henry 1690.

My hours are numbered, but to my only son I must write a few words of farewell. Should this paper and the spade which accompanies ever reach your hands, go to the St. John river in Acadia, ascend to the mouth of the Nachouac. Take the spade for your guide, and sail that stream—I can say no more, my name is called. I hasten to execution. My faithful son will carry this to you if so prospered. Farewell.

GILBERT LACHON (Baptiste).

This was all. Broken off before enough had been given to guide, before enough had been given to assure the reader of the real intent of the writer. With these meagre materials, a strong heart, a good constitution, and unlimited perseverance, I set out to fathom the secret, and obtain the wealth which, I had no doubt, it guarded.

To say that I pored over the spade, that it was my constant companion, would be a mild way of expressing my perfect infatuation. Did my father ever try to solve the mystery? Was there anything in his papers? I must find out. The thought occurred to me that perhaps the old mate might have given him some information. Had he? and did my father leave it in such a way that it might be useful to me? I poured all these questions forth at once.

My mother said:—"Your father left very few papers, but after his death (I have told you that he was lost in a storm), his sea chest was sent home, and I have never had the heart to read the papers it contained. Take the key, and bring the papers here." I eagerly did as I was bidden, and took out a number of writings, some shipping lists, some charters and other ship property, but there was one that must contain the information sought, or my father's papers were useless.

With bated breath and gleaming eyes I watched my mother as she unfolded part of the mystery. It was a sheet of blue paper and was sealed with wax in several places. She opened it and read the following:—

"The secret of the Little Spade lies among the State papers in Maine or Nova Scotia."

That was all. It was a clue, however, and one which I resolved to follow. You may wonder how I, a poor boy, a bootblack, could get entrance to papers so closely guarded, but remember the old saying, "Where there's a will there's a way."

I immediately began to set about finding my way to Maine, which was a great task for a penniless boy, but hard as it was, it

looked easy compared with the trouble I expected to have in searching the State papers in that country. Nothing daunted, however, I made ready for the enterprise. Getting an unwilling leave from my loving parent, I stowed myself away among the boxes and barrels which formed the cargo of a large ship, the Beacon Light, destined to Portland, Me. I had my blacking brush and the rest of the kit, and enough food for three days. On the third day out, I came on deck, and caused quite a sensation. The idea became general that I had gone on the vessel while in dock to take a nap, and had been carried away. I did nothing to dispel the illusion, and readily got on good terms with the captain and crew. I worked at odds and ends about the vessel, and soon landed in Portland.

The captain gave me five shillings as a present when I went ashore, and setting at once to work I shined several boots before evening. Next morning I fell in with another boy of the same calling, and as I was "flush," I gave him a good tuck-out at a bake shop and we became fast friends. He took me round the city and showed me the various buildings, and among them the Athenæum, which I soon learned contained the document I wanted, if it was in the place.

How was I to get a chance to search those papers? I might go in for a day or two days, but it would take months, instead of days, to examine them all. I took perhaps, a novel plan; but one which gave me all the opportunity I desired—indeed, for the time being, made me guardian of the whole library.

From my friend, the "shiner," I found out the old woman, Mrs. Haggerty, by name, who was janitor of the institution, and a few evenings after I had landed, I came to the library as she was ready to depart with her brooms, brushes and other requisites. I offered my services in carrying some of the articles, which she eagerly accepted, after a good look at me, and we rapidly got acquainted. I escorted her to her home on Munjoy's Hill, and was invited in. We had some conversation; the upshot of the matter was, that I became a member of the Haggerty household. Having gained this point the rest was easy. I volunteered my help as an experienced dustman and general house cleaner, and every evening saw Mrs. Haggerty and her protégé in the library, where I must admit, I did more searching for my grandfather's papers than I did for dust or cobwebs. Mrs. Haggerty would say: "Arrah shure! ye can't luk the dust off!" "Ye rade a mighty site more than ye sweep!" This would set my brush swinging for a few moments, but it would again fall idle, as my eye caught a glimpse of other papers.

Thus I put in five months, blacking shoes all day, and every evening dusting as an excuse, but really glancing over the files of written documents. My work was in vain, however, for the paper, if one there were, was not in Portland. Becoming perfectly satisfied regarding this, my thoughts began to turn towards Halifax. With me, to think was to act, and bidding my friend, Mrs. Haggerty, an affectionate good-bye, for the old body had been kind to me, I got on board a schooner bound

for Halifax; and I was soon walking the streets of that city.

I had now dropped my bootblack costume, and stepped on the soil of Acadia as a full-fledged Yankee. After numerous enquiries I understood that the Province Building was the place most likely to contain any records, such as I was looking for, and by luck, or chance, call it what you will, I got a situation as coachman to the Provincial Secretary. I did my utmost to please my employer and soon got into his good graces, and after a few months was allowed to wait for him in his office and to do some copying and other writing. I was then installed as a regular clerk, and no longer sat upon the box holding the ribbons over the spanking bays.

Now I could search to my heart's content, and I doubt if ever an office under government was opened earlier and closed later than the one which I occupied.

I pored over lists, records, rolls, documents, etc., till my eyes began to fail me, and at night, in my dreams, I saw great sheets of parchment as large as the mainsail of a man-of-war, with letters of all sorts and sizes, of as many colors as Joseph's coat, dancing before me.

So the days passed, and I was beginning to despair, when one evening, taking down a bound volume of reference called for, I dislodged some very antique looking writings. My heart bounded at the discovery. I took them out, and the first one I looked at had in large hand across the end:—"Papers of Baptiste, Captain of Revenge, captured opposite Port Royal by His Majesty's cruiser Southampton, 1680." I was terribly agitated. I could not open it before the other employees of the office put it in a secure place till they had gone. Then I opened it and read the following:—

ON BOARD REVENGE.

Latitude, 45° 30' N., Lon. 66° 20' W.

When a young man, being highly educated, and accomplished in all the exercises of the time, and belonging to a good family, I found my way open for court favors, and in a short time had gained a high position in the government. By a turn of fortune's wheel, my glory was changed to ignominy. I was hurled at once from the favor of a King and people, to be an outlaw and wanderer. I was accused of being a secret friend of the unfortunate King James; and orders were issued for my arrest. I instantly escaped to France; there under the name of Baptiste, I once more rose above the clouds of misfortune.

M. Villebon was appointed Governor of Acadia, and the lot fell to me, being commander of a man of war, to take him out to that country. We made a quick passage, though having many a brush with the enemy.

I gave me letters of marque and orders to capture all vessels of the English found cruising in the neighborhood. I accordingly hoisted my flag on board a heavily armed sloop, which I named the Revenge, and fought many battles with my countrymen, sometimes suffering defeat, but often being the conqueror. What valuables were taken, were carried to the fort at the fortress. Thus I carried destruction in my wake for several years.

One of my shore spies brought me intelligence that a powerful force of New Englanders was coming against us. All of our vessels were at once ordered to remove the munitions of war and valuables to a fort at the Nachouac, but lately constructed. The Revenge was not engaged in this traffic, but was sent under an officer to guard the mouth of the river, and from time to time send reports.

The fort at Nachouac, under command of Captain Soulanges, occupied the right bank of the stream, and was built in the form of a triangle, of sods and earth with a palisade or a facing of stout piles, set closely together, with sharpened points. Here for about a month we waited the advent of the English. We had a fair force of fighting men, including Indians from the Kennebec, Penobscot, Madawaska, Grand Lake, and the warriors of the Medouctie, led by Father Simon.

One quiet evening, as guards were being placed for the night, a courier reached us from the mouth

of the St. John, with the news that the English fleet had entered the river, and were already well up the stream. Everything was put in readiness for the attack. Cannons were sponged and loaded, arms distributed to the Indians, ammunition placed in receptacles where it could be most easily reached, and the gloom of night settled down over the tree clad hills of the Nachouac, and the rude fort with its garrison of strong and determined hearts.

Shortly after supper I had a visit from Governor Villebon, and he gave me orders to take a chest of specie, lately captured from the Newport in French Bay, up the Nachouac, and hide it in some very secure and secret place. "Take the English prisoner," he said, "and kill him, and throw his body into the hole with the money. If you won't do it yourself, take Moose Heart. He will glory in it. It will be an easy scape for his belt. It will be an excuse for making the grave, and will prevent the Indians' molesting the money."

Well, I hunted up Moose Heart, a very powerful Indian, and ordered him to have the chest put into a canoe and to get the prisoner, and we three silently left the fort at midnight and paddled up the stream. At an island, that stayed our course, we went ashore and dug a grave.

When the hole was ready, I asked the prisoner in English if he could fight with the knife. He was so startled on hearing his own language, that he did not answer, but on a repetition of the question he said that he was well accustomed to the use of the knife, and he had spent several years in Spain, the Indian did not understand our talk, and I told the prisoner to fight for his life when I gave the word. I gave him my own hunting knife, with a blade of eleven inches, made in Sheffield, and of the best manufacture.

My heart, cruel as I was, revolted at the idea of taking the life of the captive, for he was a young man and my own countryman, still, my duty, though I was now one of its bitterest foes.

The Indian drew his knife, one which I had myself given him as a token of esteem for his bravery, and stood on the defensive, while the captive took from the canoe the piece of deer skin which had been put over the box and wrapped it round his left arm. I gave him my own hunting knife, with a blade of eleven inches, made in Sheffield, and of the best manufacture.

We placed him in the hole, and then as I dressed the wounds of the prisoner in the moonlight, I told him that the box contained powder, so that in the event of our being defeated, we might have some left for future use. I told him to hide till the fight; then, seeing him gain the shelter of the forest, I returned to the fort.

Next evening the English fleet landed a force on the left bank of the stream, and a brisk cannonade was kept up until daylight. Of the English, two of their cannons, and as they had only three placed in battery, they drew off for the night. Soulanges ordered the chills night without light or fire. With the dawn of day, they departed, and our defeat was stayed.

I write this account of the circumstance attending the burial of the money, so that you, my son, should I never return for it, may get it. Note the little spade. It contains the whole directions as to where to dig. I am in chase of an armed vessel, which is on its way to Machigonne (Portland). If defeated and this paper taken it will be of no use without the spade, which I will take all precautions, shall reach you safely. May you, if I fail, be successful in the search. Something tells me that this will be my last night. Farewell. Your affectionate father.

I was clearing the mist away that enshrouded the tiny spade, but there was one more cloud which must be driven from the sky of my fortunes, before I could see

the star towards which I was blindly groping my way.

The question now was:—what do the hands mean and why placed in the form of a cross? I came to the conclusion that as the symbols were at one end of the spade, the money was buried at the other end of the island. Which end was not stated, but this could be easily solved. I believed that the money was buried at the point where the arms of the cross met one another. I also thought, and rightly too, that the hands meant a measure of some kind, but search where I would, I could find no clue to their meaning.

As my grandfather had been a sailor, he would very likely use a sea term for a measure of distance, and acting on this idea, I visited the ships in the harbor and talked with captains and crews, but made no advance in knowledge. It was my luck however, to meet, one morning, an old weather-beaten fisherman, who had passed his life in the coasting trade and had made several runs to Jamaica and other West India islands. He told me there was a way of measuring with the hands, used among the negro fishermen of the islands, that he had heard them use it, but did not understand it.

I was again on the scent, and took passage in a sailing vessel for Jamaica. I cruised among the islands for nearly a year before I heard the words used which I longed to hear. An old negro and his son were putting out their nets, and as the son passed them over the side, the father called "Hand over hand, hand by hand, hand by hand," etc. Here was the mystery explained.

I instantly rowed to the canoe and learned from the negroes that hand over hand was six feet and hand by hand one foot.

I lost no time in finding my way to St. John and going to Fredericton. There I hired a man and boat. We rowed to York Island, as I believe it is named, and in a short time found the money. I placed it in an oil barrel to disguise it, and took it to the Bank of—, where it is now at my call.

I then cabled my mother, and together we lived for a few years as happily as possible, when she died. I sent Mrs. Haggerty a small token of my regard, and, of course, received her blessing.

Subsequently, I learned that my grandfather, in escaping from Fort William Henry, was shot by one of the sentries, and that the mate who gave my father the spade, was at one time "the fighting captive of the Nachouac." ALEX. HERON.

