

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

Is without a doubt the safest and most reliable remedy in existence for **Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Pain in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, and all Summer Complaints.**

It has been a household remedy for nearly sixty years.

Its effects are instantaneous and it does not leave the bowels constipated.

Don't accept substitutes. They're dangerous.

Sweet as a Rose.

But it's not raised to the empty air, for Stacey, though he tugs at the reins, cannot pull the horses up, and the coach is carried past the inn a hundred yards or so before he can succeed in bringing it to a stand.

"Pull up, Stacey! pull up!" Sir Herrick will have to wait for it, exclaims Mr. Palmer, anxiously. "Pray pull up!"

"I'm pulling up as hard as I can, mutters Stacey sullenly. "Woe, woe, woe!"

"Come to the back, Sir Herrick," says Mr. Palmer, but Sir Herrick, with a glance, shakes his head.

"Keep your seat, sir," he says. "I'll sit here, and with a nod to Bob, he seats himself beside Paula.

"What a lovely morning—What's the matter now, Stacey?" breaks off Mr. Palmer, for the near leader has begun to prance and gallop and tug playfully at the pole.

"Nothing, nothing," mutters Stacey, peevishly. "I wish you would sit down."

Sir Herrick stands up and looks at the horse and the driver for a moment, then he sinks back with his impassive countenance, and turns to Paula as if they were sitting on the stump beside the stream.

"Good morning, Miss Paula," he says, and he holds out his hand and takes hers in his ungloved palm. "I'm glad you've come. I didn't feel quite sure."

"Let me introduce you to my sister," says Paula, feeling rather than seeing. "Alice," this is Sir Herrick Powis.

Alice's finest, mildest smile blossoms like the rose, and she bows and takes her hand gracefully. "In the Queen of Sheba style," as Bob would put it, the smile that is the advertisement of patient medicines, in dealing destruction to the youths and the stumps beside.

But Sir Herrick doesn't appear to go down before it. He bends over the hand with a touch of knightly courtesy, but his face does not flush, and his voice does not falter in his remarks that it is a fine day for driving, and that he doesn't think there will be any rain.

"I hope not," says Bob from behind. "I'm getting a shower, and I don't like it. I hope there won't be much rain."

"Never mention the weather when you are in Bob's company," says Paula, warningly. "It's a dangerous topic upon which he can hold forth for a week, or a year, or the weather, the crops and the price of sheep are subjects carefully avoided by all Bob's friends who are not like himself, agriculturally mad."

Sir Herrick laughs, and he glances at Bob with a nod, but his eyes come back to the beautiful face looking so bright and fresh under the sunburnt hat.

"Thanks," he says. "I'll take warning; but I can't talk about crops and sheep."

"How I wish you lived near us," says Paula, innocently enough, but the next instant, made conscious of the significance of the remark by the ominous silence that followed, she flushes up to the roots of her red-brown hair.

"I mean," she says, "that it would be such a relief to have some one who never mentioned those subjects."

"But then I should bore you on something else," says Sir Herrick, faintly, and laughing to hide her momentary confusion. "Where are we going to-day?"

"To Crawford Hospital," murmurs Paula.

"Well, we thought you would like to see the ruins of the Abbey, Sir Herrick," says Mr. Palmer, twisting round cautiously, as if he feared that any sudden movement would upset the coach.

Sir Herrick inclines his head, but glances at the ladies.

"The Abbey," says Mr. Palmer, "is full of historic interest. Sir Wolfert de Bernard was burned there."

"Yes," says Sir Herrick, wondering who Sir Wolfert was when he was alive.

"And there is some fine Norman architecture shown up about 20 years ago," murmurs Paula.

Sir Herrick smiles.

"Besides," adds Mr. Palmer, "it's a sheltered spot, and out of the sun, which makes it pleasant for luncheon."

"Oh, that's more in my way," says Sir Herrick. "You know," in a low voice to Paula, "I haven't a spark of romance in my character."

Paula smiles.

"If you want to know all about Sir Wolfert," she says, "ask my sister Alice; she'll tell you, and shed tears in the recital. My sister is the soul of sentiment."

He glances at the delicately beautiful face, which its owner is carefully guarding from the sun, and smiles; and gonian.

but he doesn't ask any particulars respecting Sir Wolfert.

Indeed, the moment is not the most fitting for a recital of old legends, for they were now descending a stiff hill, and the horses, being quite beyond Mr. Stacey's control, are galloping down in a free-and-easy fashion, which, though very pleasant for the eyes, is not so for the coach.

Mr. Palmer, clutching tightly to his seat, and staring at the galloping horses, gasps a little, and rolls his eyes toward his son.

"Ain't they going a little—little too fast, Stacey?" he asks, nervously.

"Oh, no," replies Stacey, but fumbling at the reins anxiously.

"We seem to be going at a tremendous pace," murmurs Alice, with a troubled but apologetic tone. Paula looks at Sir Herrick with a bright smile of interrogation.

"Is there any immediate danger?" she asks, in an undertone.

He shakes his head, but eyes the fumbling hands of the helpless driver with a slightly amused attention.

"Not at present," he answers, in the same tone. "It is all right while they keep their own way, they'll keep straight; but if he begins to pull them about—" and he stops significantly.

Paula laughs.

"I've often wondered what a broken arm feels like," she says. "I suppose I shall wonder long."

"Paula!" murmurs Alice, reprovingly. Sir Herrick laughs.

"Nature," says Paula, blandly, "is so sure to make trouble, Alice," as if she were testifying to a fine quality of worthiness of commendation. "Alice is de-iciously nervous, aren't you, Alice?"

"I'm not very fond of horses," she says, turning her head, most pleasing smile on Sir Herrick.

"Or cows, or dogs, or cats, or any living thing that barks or bites, or makes a noise," says Paula.

Sir Herrick suppresses a smile.

"And you are afraid of nothing?" he says, suggestively.

"Not much," says Paula, "or I shouldn't be here."

"I wonder," says Bob from the back, where he has been stretched at full length contemplating the scenery with half-closed eyes, "if there would be anything calculated to shock the senses of propriety if one smoked?"

It is the first remark of the journey. May, excepting one respecting the weather, may have been seated quite in his youth in mounting coaches.

"Take care, pray take care, dear young sir," implores Mr. Palmer. "How do you do, how do you do? Now this is really very kind of you, very kind indeed. I hope we haven't kept you waiting?"

"Oh, no," says Sir Herrick, looking round for a seat.

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CANADA'S 2:30 HARNESS HORSES.

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