EVERY FAMILY
SHOULD KNOW THAT

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER

is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress.

PAIN-KILLER is a sure cure for **Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera,** and all Bowel Complaints.

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Beware of imitations. Take none but the genuine "PERRY DAVIS." Sold everywhere; 25c. big bottle.

AT A DOMINICAN PRIORY.

In the old priory garden the friars pace to and fro,
Long level shafts of sunlight fall on each robe of snow.

No sound comes thither wand'ring of the world's jar and fret;
With tears of heaven these garden beds are wet.

Here peach and golden nectarine mellow upon the wall,
And in the ancient orchard the red-cheeked apples fall.

And here are Mary's lilies, like virgins white and pure;
And waving laurel branches for those who shall endure.

Like outpoured blood of martyrs the crimson roses glow,
And sweet as little maidens the purple violets blow.

The cross-marked flowers of passion hang o'er the victor's palm,
And here is sad rosemary and here is healing balm.

The bells of Benediction ring from the ivied tower;
Slow creeping on the dial the shadow tells the hour.

Within the dusky chapel, the lilies in his hand,
The Patron of the Order stands fair and calm and grand.

And calm as his, though living, is each grave monkish face;
Of mellow age no bright'ning, of youthful fire no trace.

No ecstasy of passion, nor mystery of pain;
No furrow plowed—traceless—by the heart's burning rain.

Nor bitter sweet of loving, nor agony of life;
Nor trace of hopeless longing for respite from its strife.

Dim eyes or bright look sadly unlit by joy or ruth,
From under hoar white tresses or soft, dark locks of youth.

Can warmth of summer noontides, or sounds of wind-blown trees,
Or subtle scent of violets borne on the jocund breeze,

Or silver flush of moonbeams flooding the mystic night,
Stir in these hearts no rapture nor fill these eyes with light?

Calm—cold—to outward seeming, as souls from star-lit lands,
They teach the clinging children, they clasp the wedded hands.

Does never aching longing in priestly hearts have birth
For earthly love and pleasure, for worldly joy or mirth?

We know not, none may tell us of spiritual jars,
Of struggling souls all vainly beating against the bars.

The long slow years glide over as fall the rosary beads;
The weeks are told by aves, the months are marked by creeds.

Sun after sun arises and sun sets after sun,
The daily prayers are uttered, the daily work is done.

With reverend hands they offer the daily sacrifice,
They stay the erring footsteps, they close the dying eyes.

Still comes unbroken slumber beneath the dewy sod,
And passing from the altar they see the face of God.

—Cornhill Magazine.

DIMITRIOS AND IRENE;

—OR—

The Conquest of Constantinople.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE

(Copyrighted)

—BY—

CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

(Published in the Herald with the Author's permission.)

CHAPTER XX.—(*Continued.*)

Kneeling beside the unconscious girl, he gently opened her lips and let fall into her mouth a few drops of a liquid he carried in a small flask by his side. As Morosini at that moment happened to turn his head, he beheld a multitude of people moving in the direction of St. Sophia.

"It is the Sultan," said the Turk, "but fear not, we shall not be molested; you are safe with me."

In the centre of the Hippodrome stood a peculiar monument of venerable antiquity, a three-headed brazen serpent. It had been dedicated at Delphi, in the year 470 B C. by Pausanius and the Greeks, as a monument of their victory over the Persians at Plataea. Constantine had brought it to Byzantium, on removing the seat of the empire. As Mahomet reached the spot where the Delphic monument stood, he rose in his stirrups and with one blow of his mace, smote away the jaws of the nearest serpent. Morosini could not refrain from a feeling of indignation at the sight of this wanton deed, and the blood rushed to his head and suffused his cheeks with a crimson tint. The Turk noticed his indignation, and said to him:

"Young man, if you will follow my advice, you will abstain from showing anger at anything you may see." Morosini was silent. Meanwhile, the Turkish soldier returned with the water he had been sent for. Helena seemed to be regaining consciousness. The Venetian, kneeling beside her, succeeded, with some difficulty, in causing her to swallow the liquid. Opening her eyes, she gazed around her as though bewildered, and, with a feeble voice, asked:

"Where am I?"

"You are safe, Helena, and with friends," said Vincent. She gazed at him with a stupified air, as though she did not recognize him and she were seeking to recall some event; finally, she exclaimed with a faint smile:

"Vincent Morosini! Thank heaven!"

Allowing her eyes to wander around, she added:

"Where is my brother?"

"He will soon return," answered Vincent.

"And Zoe?" inquired the girl. Then, as if the remembrance of the bloody scene she had witnessed shot across her mind, she put her hands before her face, as if to shut out the fearful vision.

"We must remove her from here," said the Turk, and turning to Helena he added, in a respectful tone:

"Will you endeavor to walk, my lady? We will support you."

Seeing the Turk, she turned away her head with a frightened expression, exclaiming:

"Go away from me! Morosini, save me from these monsters!"

"Fear not, Helena," replied the Italian, "I am with you. This man will do you no harm. Let us try to raise you."

Reassured by these words, she offered no further resistance, and the two men gently raised the lady to her feet. Though weak, she was able to stand, and leaning on Morosini, she walked onward, preceded by the Turk. They directed their steps towards the nearest house, before which stood a follower of Mahomet. A few words were exchanged between both Turks, and the stranger who accompanied Morosini and Helena bade them enter, saying:

"Here you will be safe."

The house seemed abandoned and, within it, all was confusion. It appeared evident that it had been given over to pillage. Broken furniture lay scattered in all directions, but every object of value had disappeared. Helena was conducted to one of the sleeping apartments and laid upon a couch.

"You need fear nothing, lady," spoke the Turk, "you are here under my protection."

"Where is Dimitrios?" she asked with anxiety.

"Helena, you need rest; Dimitrios is safe, calm your fears," answered Morosini.

"Oh, they are hiding the worst from me!" cried the poor girl, amid tears and sobs, "Dimitrios is dead, or he would be here."

Morosini endeavored, as much as possible, to hide the fears which tormented him, but, in spite of his efforts, his countenance betrayed him.

"Vincent," said Helena, "I see that you have nothing reassuring to tell me. You know not where my brother is. Tell me the truth."

"Helena, must you not confide in God? Rest assured that your brother will come to you."

The Turk gazed in silence upon the suffering girl; finally, he spoke:

"I will go in quest of your brother, and will bring him back to you."

"But you do not know my brother."

"I know him. I saw him when he was a prisoner among us. I am a friend, trust me."

Morosini turned an enquiring glance upon him, saying:

"Are you the friend of whom Dimitrios spoke; are you Selim?"

"I am not Selim, but I am Selim's friend; you shall hear more later. Meanwhile, remain with the lady. I will place a strong guard at the door; you will have naught to fear."

With these words the Turk departed.

CHAPTER XXI.

What was happening in St. Sophia? The abomination of desolation was in the holy place. For centuries it had been a Christian temple in which the name of Christ had been daily pronounced with reverence, and the sacrifice of the New Law had been offered upon its altars by a Christian priesthood, though for a long time that priesthood had been separated from the great body of the Christian Church. Henceforward, the name of the prophet of Mecca was to take the place of that of the Redeemer. Around the sacred edifice stood a crowd of wailing captives who had sought refuge in the church. They were being divided among the Mussulman conquerors. The male captives were bound with cords, the females with their veils and girdles. Senators and slaves were linked together, prelates were bound to those of inferior dignity, plebian youths to noble maids. In this general captivity, the ranks of society were confounded. Children had been torn from their parents, husbands from their wives, and the hard-hearted soldier heeded not the lamentations of his victims. The loud wailings of consecrated virgins who had been torn from the altar, arose above the universal cries of grief, while mothers detested their fecundity and deplored the fate of their infants.

It was while this dismal spectacle was witnessed at the doors of St. Sophia, that the youthful conqueror rode up to the eastern entrance of the temple. Upon the face of Mahomet lay an expression of pity, and even of sympathy for his captives. He gazed upon the multitude with compassion, and, as he approached the entrance to the church, he was heard to exclaim:

"I will be the friend and father of these unfortunates."

The Sultan rode in at the eastern door. As he entered the edifice, followed by a multitude, a mollah, at his bidding, ascended the pulpit whence the voice of the Christian preacher had so frequently been heard, and, under the lofty dome of St. Sophia, resounded for the first time the cry:

"God is great, and Mahomet is His prophet."

Beneath the pulpit stood two men. Joy was plainly pictured upon their countenances. The eyes of one were riveted upon the Sultan. He is no stranger to you, reader, you have seen him ere this; it is Nicolaus Lecapenos. When the Sultan left the church that had now become a mosque, the two men followed at a respectful distance. The work of spoliation began. The dome of St. Sophia was stripped of its ornaments, precious objects of gold and silver and the sacred vessels fell into the hands of the sacriligeous invaders; nothing was spared.

No sooner had Nicolaus and his companion reached the Hippodrome than they were brought face to face with the Turk who, a short time before, had left Helena and Morosini, to go in quest of Dimitrios. Surprise pictured itself both on the face of the Greek and on that of the Turk. There was a mutual recognition. The countenance of the former bore evidence of unrestrained satisfaction, while that of the latter showed signs of the disgust which filled his heart and which he endeavored to conceal.

Nicolaus recognizing Fortuny, in spite of his change of costume, exclaimed: "Fortuny, I had thought thee dead! Hast thou joined the faithful?"

"You understand," replied the Catalan, "that the reason why I did not return to you arose from the fact that, during the siege, I could find no opportunity of entering the city."

"Well, at all events," spoke Nicolaus, "I am delighted to see you. I have had numberless hair-breadth escapes. The Emperor did all he could to find me, under pretence of exchanging me for Dimitrios, but I was equal to the ruse. It is not such an easy task to ensnare this fox. But now—ha, ha!—I am free, free as the birds of the air; I replenish my lungs again with the pure air of heaven, the beautiful sun shines upon me, Constantinople is ours; there is only one thing wanting to my happiness, and that is, you know it, the possession of Irene. But the Sultan has promised her to me, and no one shall thwart me, I assure you."

"Speak not too soon, friend," replied Fortuny.

"What do you mean?" asked Nicolaus with surprise.

"Did you not send me to Thessalonica?"

"I did,"

"I have been there."

"And how is Irene?"

"That is more than I can tell."

"Speak, man, what do you mean?"

"I mean that the bird has flown."

"Impossible."

"It is not only not impossible, but it is true. I found no trace of Irene, her father, nor the guard."

"Fortuny, you are deceiving me."

"As sure as the sun is shining upon us, so sure it is that I am telling you the truth."

"I will go to Thessalonica myself; I will find them, as truly as my name is Nicolaus."

"You may do as you like. When will you start?"

"This very night. But, tell me, where is Dimitrios?"

"How can you ask that question? Do you not know that nearly all the men who were fighting have fallen, and that all those who were taken under arms have been put to death by the Sultan's orders? The Emperor himself has disappeared," although Mohammed has ordered that search should be made for him. Dimitrios, no doubt, lies among the slain."

There was a smile upon the lips of Nicolaus, as he replied:

"So much the better; my rival is out of the way. Although I feel kindly towards him on account of his interest in me, I would rather see him dead than alive, on account of Irene."

A look of aversion passed over the face of Fortuny."

"Where is my reward?" he asked.

"It was only promised on condition that you brought me news of Irene."

"Is it thus you make bargains, Greek? We shall meet again, Lecapenos."

Fortuny turned upon his heels, and, ere Nicolaus had time to recall him, he was gone. On reaching the Mese, he saw a Turk standing with two saddled horses beside him. Holding out a piece of gold, he said:

"Give me one of those animals."

The Mahometan's eyes fell upon the glittering metal, and, without hesitation, he made the exchange. In an instant Fortuny sprang into the saddle and galloped off towards the walls. Passing through the gate Phenar which was wide open, he proceeded in the direction of the camp. * * * *

Meanwhile, Selim sat in his tent. Beside him lay upon an improvised couch Dimitrios, pale and wan. His head was tied with a bandage.

"Dimitrios," spoke the priest, "has not Providence been kind to you? After saving the life of your soul, God has also saved the life of your body. Had I not been among the Turks who rushed first into the city, I would not have seen you fall. Your escape has been miraculous When I saw the scimitar descend upon your head, I gave you up for lost. I was too late to avert the blow. Thank Heaven! your wound is not serious. Your angel must have held his shield above you, for a blow like the one you received must have killed you. It broke your helmet. As soon as you fell, I rushed to your side. It was impossible to carry you to the right or to the left, for the multitude, storming into the city, pressed on all sides, hence I dragged you along for a considerable distance, until I found a free space."

"Father," answered the youth, in a feeble voice, "you have saved my life; I owe you more than I can ever repay, but would it not have been better if I had died? Alas! life, bereft of all, is worse than death. Constantine has fallen, Morosini is no more, Helena is, perhaps, dead, and Irene is lost to me forever. Why must I survive them? I alone to weep over the ashes of the dead! Why did I not fall with thee, Paleologos, with thee, my bosom friend, Morosini? Then would I now be with Helena in a better world, and from beyond the skies my prayers would protect Irene."

Selim gazed, with tears in his eyes, upon the face of the youthful sufferer

"Speak not thus, Dimitrios, I beseech you," he said, "your imagination renders things worse than they are. Before we returned to the camp, I searched the spot where you saw me Morosini had stood; there was no trace of his body. I do not believe he is killed. I have sent Fortuny in quest of Helena, be sure that he will move Heaven and earth to find her. He was in advance of me when my eye first fell upon you whom he did not notice. I remember distinctly that, at the moment when I flew to your side, I caught a glimpse of him rushing on in the front rank. He has surely reached the city in safety, and, perhaps, even now is on his way back with the good news that Helena is safe. One thing I must require of you; that is strict secrecy in regard to your identity. Not a soul must know you You must pass for my slave; I will disguise you in such a manner that even Helena would not recognize you. Be cheerful and hope for the best."

"Welcome, Hassan!" cried a voice outside of the tent."

Dimitrios started, while Selim jumped to his feet and ran to the entrance. Fortuny stood there in conversation with a man. Selim went out to him and drew him aside.

"Well, Fortuny, what news?"

"Ah, padre, good news, good news! Let me go into your tent first and quench my thirst, I am dying for some juice of the grape."

"No, Fortuny, wait a moment, we have no time to lose. Dimitrios is there, but he is prostrated and any sudden intelligence of a startling nature might prove injurious to him."

"Dimitrios there! O, this is too good! Now Helena will rejoice!"

"Helena lives, Fortuny?"

"She lives, my father, and she is safe."

Selim raised his eyes to Heaven and breathed a silent prayer of thanksgiving, then added the inquiry:

"And Morosini?"

"He, too, is safe and with Helena."

Fortuny related the events of the day, taking especial care not to omit his accidental meeting with Nicolaus.

"So!" said Selim, "he is going to Thessalonica! We have, then, no time to lose. Saddle the three fleetest horses that you can find, bring them here within half an hour."

Selim entered the tent. Dimitrios raised himself on his elbow and gazed eagerly at the priest.

"Did I not tell you to be of good cheer, Dimitrios?"

"Speak, father, relieve my suspense, what news have you?"

"Excellent news, my boy."

"Is Helena alive?"

"Yes, my son, alive and safe"!

"Thank God! Have you heard of Morosini?"

"Morosini is with Helena."

"Oh, the faithful friend! Father, let us go to them."

"We shall go to them within an hour. Think you that you are strong enough?"

"Oh, yes! I feel a new strength within me, my life returns, my blood flows more freely."

"Await my return, dear boy."

Selim left the tent and in a short time returned with a garment under his arm. It was a short tunic and girdle. Dimitrios, who had been already divested of his armor, put on the tunic.

"Now," said Selim, "you will have to make a sacrifice, you must allow me to cut off those locks."

"I am at your disposal, father."

"In an instant, the beautiful hair of Dimitrios lay upon the ground. Selim now opened several boxes containing ointments and cosmetics, a few strokes of a camel's hair brush over the face of the youth produced a marvellous transformation. He was no longer the handsome young soldier, but a withered man, apparently about fifty years of age. Selim's words had been true, not even Helena could have known him. The preparations had hardly been completed, than Fortuny entered. Walking towards Dimitrios and extending his hand, he said:

"I suppose you remember me. Your escape from the Turkish camp would have been impossible had I not fallen on purpose, I wanted you to escape."

Dimitrios smiled in reply. The two men assisted the youth to his feet and helped him to mount his horse. Placing themselves on either side of him, they rode on toward the city.

CHAPTER XXII.

The day, the most terrible one in the history of the Byzantine Empire, the day of its death, the 29th of May, 1453, was about to be numbered with countless other days which lie buried in the grave of the past. The hours had dragged along slowly over the heart of poor Helena, as she anxiously awaited tidings of her brother. As time passed, and the Turk returned not, hope began to desert her, in spite of the cheering words of Morosini. Nourishment was brought to her by one of the guards Fortuny had stationed at the house, but she refused to touch food, while tears unceasingly coursed down her cheeks. The sun had set and the shades of twilight gradually settled over the earth; still there was no news of Dimitrios.

"Oh, Morosini!" moaned the heart-broken girl, "my brother will never return!"

"Do not lose courage so easily, Helena," answered her friend.

"Have I not waited an entire day? If Dimitrios is not dead, he is, at least, a prisoner."

"That does not follow. May he not be searching for us?"

A heavy step was heard, and suddenly the door was pushed open. A Turk entered, but it was not the one whom they were expecting. Both Helena and Vincent gazed at him in mute surprise.

"Fear not," the stranger said, "I am Selim, the friend of Dimitrios."

"Welcome, thrice welcome!" exclaimed Morosini."

"Where is my brother," exclaimed Helena.

"Your brother lives, lady."

"He lives! I thank Thee, Oh, God of Mercy! My brother lives? Where is he? Why does he not come to me"

"He will come, but I desired to prepare you. Your brother is disguised; it is necessary for his safety; you will not recognize him."

"Oh, bring him to me, let me see him!"

"Your desire shall be accomplished. I go to fetch him."

Selim went out, and in less than a minute, returned with Dimitrios. Morosini gazed in astonishment. He would not have known his friend.

"Is this Dimitrios?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, my brother," cried Helena, "God has brought us back from the tomb!"

"We can never sufficiently thank Him," replied the youth, embracing his sister, then turning to Morosini, he added:

"Vincent, my friend, thy fidelity binds thee to me with ties that not even death can break."

Morosini grasped the hand of his friend in silence.

"My friends," said Selim, "we have no time to lose, prepare to leave Constantinople this very night. I have sent a faithful servant to engage a vessel. Morosini, you must submit to a disguise, for otherwise your life will be in danger, and the lady Helena must wear her veil the entire length of the journey. I know that Greek ladies are always veiled in public, but I simply remind her, lest, in an unguarded moment, she might inadvertently neglect this custom."

"We place ourselves into your hands, command us in all things," said Dimitrios.

Selim now proceeded to use his paint on Morosini, until the young man was no longer recognizable. Within an hour, Fortuny returned with the information that he had engaged a Turkish vessel to convey the party to Thessalonica. Very little time was spent in preparation, for they had nothing to take with them, save the clothes they wore. The house of Dimitrios had been pillaged, together with the rest of the city, and he had, consequently, lost his property. Morosini, it is true, was still wealthy, but his wealth lay in a distant country. Fortuny, however, and Selim, commanded both influence and money, and, herewith, they had induced the Turkish captain to take them to Salonica. Selim himself had procured leave of absence from the army for an indefinite period.

(*To be continued.*)

Letters Come.

Letters come day by day telling us that this person has been cured of dyspepsia, that person of Bad Blood, and another of Headache, still another of Biliousness, and yet others of various complaints of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through the intelligent use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

It is the voice of the people recognizing the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood.

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Ayer's Pills

"I would like to add my testimony to that of others who have used Ayer's Pills, and to say that I have taken them for many years, and always derived the best results from their use.

For Stomach

and liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equaled. When my friends ask me what is the best remedy for disorders of the stomach,

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my invariable answer is, Ayer's Pills. Taken in season they will break up a cold, prevent la grippe, check fever, and regulate the digestive organs. They are easy to take, and

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Carter's "Tested" Seeds

are the best. They are suitable to the climate and soil of P. E. Island, and are sold at the Seed-store in Charlottetown and by leading merchants throughout the Province.

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GEO. CARTER & CO.,

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June 12, 1895—6m

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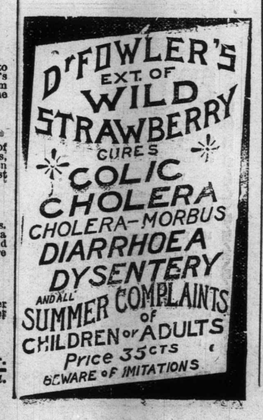

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FENNELL & CHANDLER.

Charlottetown, Jan. 8, 1896.

"The iron bound bucket—"

heavy and clumsy, but good in its time: out of date now though—given way to the modern, light, hoopless, Fibre Pail—kept by all grocers and called

E. B. Eddy's INDURATED FIBREWARE

NEW GOODS.

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Have received 125 cases and bales of

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500 Remnants Dress Goods at about half price, 300 Remnants Gray Cotton, 250 Remnants Print Cotton, 5 cents up, 150 pieces Flannel, 200 Rolls Carpet, 65 Rolls Oil Cloth, 100 dozen Shirts, 500 suits

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Mortgage Sale.

To be sold by Public Auction on Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of March, A. D. 1896, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twenty-first day of December, A. D. 1887, and made between Thomas Connors, of Grand Tracadie, Lot or Township Number Thirty-five, in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, farmer, and Anne Connors, his wife, of the one part and Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien of the other part.

All that tract piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number Thirty-five, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows that is to say:—Commencing on the shore of Winter River at the southeast angle of a farm of land formerly in the occupation of Hugh Ready but now in the possession of Michael McNab; thence north twenty-five degrees east for the distance of sixty-nine chains to the shore of Bedford Bay; thence eastwardly along the said shore for such a distance as to admit of fifteen chains at right angles to the last named line; thence south twenty-five degrees west to Winter River, aforesaid; and from thence westerly along the said river to the place of commencement containing ninety-five and one-half acres of land a little more or less.

If not sold at the time and place aforesaid the said property will thereafter be sold by private sale.

For further particulars apply at the office of Æneas A. McDonald, Solicitor, Charlottetown.

Dated this eighteenth day of February, A. D. 1896.

CREDIT FONCIER FRANCO-CANADIEN,
Feb. 19, '96—tl sale. Mortgagees.

The above sale is postponed until Tuesday the fifth day of May, A. D. 1896, then to take place at the hour and place aforesaid.

Dated this fourteenth day of March, A. D. 1896.

CREDIT FONCIER FRANCO-CANADIEN,
e ow, tl sale. Mortgagees.