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SEA LONGINGS

I long for the keen salt air of the sea And the solemn strength and sublimity Of the songs of the sea gods under.

For the song I long of the sea-gods strong And the vigorous blow and bluster ; The leap and sweep of the billows along, And the stormy light and lustre. For the white-winged ships that sail in th

And the white-winged waves that he

For the yachts that over the waters run And the breezes that race and dare them I long for a sight of the see gulls free, And the wash and the swash of

For the surf and spray of the salty sea And a glimpse of the dark sea-daughte And the fisher's note, and the fisher's bos And the voice of the piping plover; For the foam and fume; and the weeds the

For I was born by the boisterous sea, And its storm, and thunder, and madner

And I love the waves with their rush and As the gier-eagle loves the mountains:

Its music, and sunlight and sadness.

As the weir-wolf white loves the Norther Julia E. Johnstone in January Donahoe's

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE (Copyrighted)

—ву—

awakened within me a desire to continue the study of the same subject.

My mind became riveted on the Turks, who, in this century, as of old, have displayed such ferocious barbar
To be painful memory, and a tear guistened in his eye. Dimitrios, seeing that the monk was silent, thus began:

My mind became riveted on the Turks, who, in this century, as of old, in the apartment was divided in the armor of Medieval times, and wielding the spear. The apartment was divided in to say that the encroachments of from the inner ones by a row of By
the Bishop of Rome on the rights of the Cecumenical Patriarchs grew the fall of Byzantium, and the story I little bloodshed. now offer to the reader has been the

historical outlines resembling each his officers."

other, they are worked out on plans essentially different. May the little work I now send forth to the world yoice, moaned: "Irene, my poor public in a most interesting spoch of grave."

The monk noticed his emotion, and coincidence that it should appear at a time, when there is a marked tendency "It is true, dreadful calamities hang toward a union between the Eastern over us, but remember there is a God; and Western churches, a tendency let us place our trust in Him." At upon which especial stress is laid by this moment the shadow of a man an Encyclical of the Holy Father was seen to glide before them; both

western horizon, cast a mellow vanced and I must leave you. Tothe patriarchal church of Constantithat of the monks, while the cape awaited his arrival, while the other around his shoulders was adorned approached him, smiling, "Hail, with a number of crosses. From Dimitrios," he exclaimed, "I saw under this cape, a black mantle thee sitting on the steps of St. descended to his feet, which were covered with sandals. Any one accurrent conversation. Whither goest quainted with oriental monasticism, thou?" quainted with oriental monasticism, would at once have recognized a monk of the Order of St. Basil, elad in the great or angelical habit. Beside the aged man sat a youth of twenty summers. His curly locks descended to his shoulders, his face slightly bronzed, was of the true Grecian type, and it bore an expression of thoughfulness and even marks of anxiety. He were a loose white tunc reaching to his knees, while a species of mantle was carelessly hung come have recognized a monk of the Order of St. Basil, elad to me?" replied Dimitrios.

"No! but I fain would keep thee company on thy way."

"I prefer to be alone."

"Come, come, Dimitrios, why look at me like a hear? I have done thee no harm? Is of anxiety. He were a loose white tunc reaching to his knees, while a species of mantle was carelessly hung and type are his aboulders. The two and false accusations, detestingly."

"Hast thou aught to communicate to me?" replied Dimitrios.

"No! but I fain would keep thee company on thy way."

"I prefer to be alone."

"Come, come, Dimitrios, why look at me like a hear? I have done thee no harm? Is it is nseless to speak of resistance, one of his successors, it was again free for a hundred years until it was absorbed by the great Roman Republic."

"It is well, my son, I am glad to see that your memory renders you such good service."

"Thou has done me no harm? Is it is nseless to speak of resistance, one of his successors, it was again free for a hundred years until it was absorbed by the great Roman Republic."

"It is well, my son, I am glad to see that your memory renders you such good service."

"Father, dear," chimed in Irene, "tell Basil how the name of Byzan-tium was changed for that of Gonstan-tium for the death of Lysan an

peared to have been for sometime in earnest conversation, which had been followed by silence that lasted a few The first to Interrupt it was the aged monk. As he spoke, there was something sad, yet sweet in his accents. A voice of deep tone contrasted well with the melody of

"It is true, Dimitrios, alas! too ue, our proud city, our last strongold, the only remnant of the glori ous Roman Empire, the mistress of the world will soon be a slave of the Turk, Byzantium will be a thing of the past. Ol that I should live to witness this day! Why do I not sleep with my fathers? In the grave at least the Turk wields no power.

"But, my father," replied the roung man,, "are things then so far tone? Is there no hope?"

"None, my child. You are aware of the fact that the Byzantine Empire has fallen piecemeal under the sway of the Turks, Since more than a entury, the Empire of Constantine has been reduced to the small-terri tory occupied by this city and a few rovinces in the south. Ever since calumnies to separate her from me

Prince Solyman crossed the Hellespont and win her for thyself whom she in the early part of the last century, the Turks have been encroaching up-on us. Amurath I subdued without shadowed the brow of the stranger resistance the whole province of whom we shall henceforth know as Thrace from the Hellespont to Mount Nicolaus, while an ironical smile, Hæmus and, since then, the standard played upon his lips. of the Ottomans floats proudly from work of his father, extending his conwhen the image of a traitor arises before my eyes. Who delivered our beautiful, but sadly afflicted Greece

into the hands of the infidel, who led Bajazet through the pass of Thermopylae, once in olden times detended by Leonidas and his heroic band, who alas! my son, one of our own, another Iudas, a successor of the Apostles, a words should reach his ears." Bishop of our holy church. Betrayed into the hands of the enemy by a minister of Christ! The province of Greece were overrun. The powerful Christian army, 100,000 strong, led by Sigismond, King of Hungary,

was entirely conquered by the Mussulman, and, had the formidable of Irene and her father.' invader not fallen into the hands of Are deep in the blood, and the heart of me,one greater than himself, the Tartar Tamerlane, the fate of Constantinople would probably have been sealed long ere this. The accession of Mahomet I, to the throne was a star of hope for our empire, but it was a part as friends." the firmament of history.

His The Conquest of Constantinople ing of Thessalonica. You know the fate of that unfortunate city, how, overpowered by the Turks. Its riches were carried off, the churches, with one exception, turned into Mosques and the inhabitants led into captivity. Our day had not yet arrived, but, believe me, my son, it is not far distant The heroism of the intrepid Scander CHARLES WARREN CURRIER. beg in Albania kept the Turkish army occupied in another direction, but Scanderbeg is no more and ! Published in the Herald with the Author's Albania is in the power of the infidel.

ty, for instance, in the massacre of spiral least, the lives of its inhabitants will be reverted to the past, I contemplated a three was suspended. The entrance to the sumption of authority so intolerable, my escape."

These unfortunate demagnings but may we from the inner ones by a row of By- the Bishop of Rome on the rights caught in the voltage, I was caught "True, my son, but a worse fate

awaits our poor people. Slavery in Everything indicated opulence and its bitterest forms stares us in the face. tale that the distinguished author of Our men will serve the Turk, our "Ben Hur" had prepared a Historical children will be educated in the Romance the scene of which is laid religion of the Prophet, our women in the same place and time as my will become the victims of brutal lust own. However, though in the great and fill the harems of the Sultan and

serve to increase the interest of the Irene, rather would I see thee in thy

which is announced for the near the monk and Dimitrios raised their CHAPTER I.

Countenance of Dimitrios and a shudder passed over his frame, but in an instant be had regained his companied the roses of the rose of the roses of t 1453. The day was drawing to a posure. His companion had not close, and the last rays of the sun as noticed his emotion, and, arising, it descended ever lower toward the said: "Dimitrios, the hour is ad-

reflection on the dome of St. Sophia, morrow I leave Constantinople and the patriarchal church of Constantinople, in which city our story begins. meet again under more joyful circum-On a stone step at one of the doors stances." Hereupon the monk and of this venerable pile, erected by the the young man embraced each other, piety of the Emperor Justinian, sat the former entering the church and an aged priest whose furrowed brow, the latter pursuing his way along the long white locks and flowing beard street which passed between St. which descended to his breast, gave Sophia and the Hippodrome. He had bim the appearance of one of the prophets of old. At least sixty years seemed to have passed over his head. He was attired in a long black robe, whom had, a short time before, caused girded at the waist, with wide sleeves, him to turn pale. Dimitrios, with and on his head he wore a hood like teeth firmly set and knitted brows



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BILIOUSNESS

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"Thou hast been misinformed the walls of Adrianople. Bajazet I, Dimitrios," he replied, "thou hast no he son of Amurath, continued the better friend in Constantinople than myself. I take Irene from thee quest over Thrace, Macedonia and rather let my right hand wither. Thessaly. Forgive this weakness, my son, but my blood boils within me before thy eyes." "Surely, Irene's father is not a false

friend." "Nicolaus grew pale, but hiding his emotion, he answered: "Have said aught to Irene's father concerning thee?" "No! but thou did'st speak to

others in order that thy insiduou

"False, false; it is a lie." "Moreover, Nicolaus, actions some times speak louder than works. A winking of the eye, a shrug of the shoulder may hurt a man's reputation as much as open calumny. I know how thou hast acted in the presence

"Dimitrios, I have been misunde stood. If I have innocently been the cause that the least injury has been done thee, I will endeavor to make amends. Give me thy hand, let us

star that shone only a short time in the firmament of history. His successor, Amurath II, would have the two separated, the former taking was heartily pressed by Nicolaus, and laid siege to Constantinople, had an a side street and Dimitrios pursuing insurrection at Nice not turned aside his way. When Nicolaus found himed to our fair city, nothing saved it ed to our fair city, nothing saved it but the payment of the annual tribute but the payment of the annual tribute under his cloak. For a moment he of 300,000 aspers and the relinguish-of 300,000 a tween his teeth; "Patience, Nicolaus, after a desperate resistance it was patience! The moment has not yet

CHAPTER II.

For more than an hour the city had been wrapped in the shades of Albania is in the power of the infidel permission.)

Albania is in the power of the infidel Mahomet II. now rules over the Ottoman Empire and we know not what day we may expect his hosts before the walls of Constantinople. I was in my monastery of Agios-Kyriani, when Athens fel into the hands of the independence of which they had so long been deprived. The occasion of this was a small but most interesting story sent to me by its author, my distinguished friend, M. Dimitrios Bikelas, of Athens. Louki Laras awakened within me a desire to continue the study of the same subject.

Albania is in the power of the infidel Mahomet II. now rules over the Ottoman Empire and we know not the hards of the barbor called the "Golden Horn," sat a small family, absorbed in the sockets prince the house of the apartment were covered with evening. Im one of the rooms of a good man, because he has submitted

> house was an arched doorway, constructed in the style of Byzantium

On a chair of cedar wood, partly

gilded, set a man whose appearance indicated that he was past the middle age of life. His furrowed brow, and altogether above your comprehen should be forgotten in the present the deep lines of his face showed that sion he had not gone through life without care. His eyes, deep in his head, sparkled with vivacity as he spoke, while the expression of his mouth denoted great firmness. John Diogenes was one of the few Greeks who retained their wealth. On a low stool, at his feet, sat a maiden of seventeen, with her hand resting on his knee, while her face turned upward, showed Turks are so near to our city?" let us place our trust in Him." At this moment the shadow of a man was seen to glide before them; both the monk and Dimitrios raised their eyes and an individual disappeared around the corner of the sacred edifice.

At a pair of black eyes, intently fixed upon her father. She was of surpassing beauty. Her raven hair, gracefully bound in a knot at the back of her head, left entirely exposed a fore-rowest point on the Bosphorus. A

In front of the father knelt a boy of twelve, whose face bore a striking resemblance to his sister. His hands rested upon an illustrated book upon his father's knees, and his countencommand, and most of these are ance denoted rapturous attention.

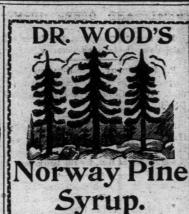
"Basil," spoke the father, "can you repeat to me, in a few words, what I told you last evening concerning the early history of our city.!

"Yes, father, I think I can. By "The emperor," replied the gantium was first settled in the sixth father, "has exhausted his efforts century before Christ, by Dorian Greeks, natives of the seaport town of Megara. With the exception of thirty years, during which it was held by the years, during which it was held by the sent some money, and a few hun-Persians, Byzantium maintained for three centuries its independence, all Giustiniani has brought us from though it was twice conquered by the Athenians, who, nevertheless, did not deprive it of its freedom. In the fourth century, the city fell under the power of Alexander the Great, but after the death of Lysimachus, one of his successors, it was again free for a hundred years until it was absorbed.

Giustiniani has brought us from Genoa no more than two galleys and three hundred men. From Yenice we have received only a few soldiers. Thus it is necless to speak of resistance, we can rely only on God."

"But," exclaimed Basil, with a hundred years until it was absorbed.

The two ap-lable and false accusations, heinous "Yes, father, do," spoke the boy, "Nicholas V.," Diogenes answer-



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give me another opportunity to prac tice my memory. "With pleasure, my children. The

history of the great Constantine is known to you, Irene, and you, Basil, are familiar with his name. Behold ing himself at the head of the greatest mpire the world has ever known, this able general and no less able administrator understood how necessary i was to protect the empire against the incursions of the barbarians. The danger arose from two quarters; from empire stretched over a great portion

of Europe and Asia, and Constantin deemed it necessary that his capital should occupy a central position in the Empire, as well for the sake of greater facilities in holding the reins government, as of having a watchful eye on the enemy. Rome, the ancient capital, more than half way down the Italian Peninsula, was most inconveniently located, and no city in the East offered such inducements as Byzan'ium, hence, the first Christian Emperor determined to transfer the seat of the empire to this city, to awhile, for you seem exhausted, which he gave the name of "New then you may relate to us what ha Rome," but the people spoutaneously

day, it still being governed by the successors of its founder. "Thank you, father!" exclaimed brother and sister in one accord. Basil continued: "Is our present reigning emperor, Constantine. a descendant of Constantine the Great?"

called it Constantinople, and that

name it has retained to the present

"No, my son, Constantine belongs to the house of Paleologos. He is a descendant of Michael VIII., an un-He is a principled general of the empire, who, about the year 1260, obtained the

But why did not the descendants of Constantine continue to reign over the Empire?" " For the simple reason, child, that

there were no descendants of Constantine left. The last was the Empress Pulcheria, sister of the Emperor Theodosius II. She died childless about the year 457. Thus, you see, it is a long time since the race of Constantine has become extiact." "They say, father," put in Irene, "that our present emperor is not a

that a breach occurred between the Eastern and Western Churches, under the patriarch Photius, which became final under Michael Celularius. Moreover, the Latins are heretical in some of their opinions concerning the Blessed Trinity, matters which are Empire is at stake, all differences Blessed Trinity, matters which are

"But why did John Paleologos return to the jurisdiction of the See of Rome, Father?" asked Irene. "He no doubt expected that the

Pope would help him against the Turks, but that hope is vain "You make me tremble, father, said the boy, "when you mentithat terrible name; is it true that the

around the corner of the sacred edifice.

A deathlike pallor overspread the marble on the wall. Her lips were ed at Adrianople, and a powerful fleet

youth and health. Her arms were bare from the shoulders down, while a sist.!"

Sold Asia.

"But; surely," said Basil "our emperor and his soldiers will related to the shoulders down, while a sist.!" glory of the empire has waned and the war-like spirit that animated the Roman legions no longer exists. Moreover, the emperor has no more

> foreignere. "But, will not the other nations of Christendom help us?" queried Irene; "the cause is a general

than four thousand troops at his

in making appeals to the Pope and

ed, " is Pope, and he rules over Ron and the adjacent territory. The Italian Peninsula is divided into a number of smaller states, the repub-lies in the northern and centeral house of Arragon reigns over the kingdom of Naples. The Spanish Peninsula is divided into several states. Castile is now ruled by John II., Queen Blanche and John I

are soverigns of Navarra, Arragon has as king Fredinaud I. The southeastern portion of the peninsula is comprised in the Moorish kingdom of Granada. Fredrick III. is the Emperor of the West, or rather, of the Germanic nations, Charles VII. is king of France, and in England reigns Henry VI. Thus, my son you now behold in whose hands the destiny of the world reposes. The weakest of all is our own Emperor Constantine. From the West we "Hark! father," exclaimed Irene,
do you hear those distant sounds?

What can they mean? John Diogenes listened then spoke slowly: "Yes, I hear an un-usual noise, but be not alarmed, for, in these troublous times, everything is apt to frighten one."

Meanwhile, the sounds diew nearer, human voices, and even the name of the Emperor might be distinguished above the din. At that moment, the door burst open, and a the Goths in the North, and from the young man with signs of dismay Persians in the East. Moreover, the upon his countenance, rushed in Irene turned with a frightened look and exclaimed:

"Heavens! Dimitrios, what has happened? Are the Turks before "No, Irene," he replied, scarcely noticing the presence of her father,

'I will tell you al', as soon as I have regained my composure." "Turning to the master of the house, he bowed to him, saying:
Pardon me, my rudeness, my lord, but I scare ly new where I was.' "Be seated, Dimitrios, and rest

The uproar in the streets appear ed to have passed on, and it seemed to grow fainter as it withdrew to a greater distance. Dimitrios fell upon a seet, and, wiping his brow, began; "I was, this evening, walking along the Angustaeum, having been to St. Sophia, when I noticed a gathering of people opposite the palace of the Patriarch, They were TOYS AND WALL PAPERS. gesticulating and vociferating wildly, and here and there I could distinguish the words: "Better the multitude, apparently haranguing them. Going up to an individual who seemed to be in a pensive mood, and who stood somewhat apart, inquired the reason of the tumult. He informed me that the Emperor had issued an appeal to the people,

begging for volunteers to defend the holy city, the centre of Eastern Christendom. About a quarter of an hour after my arrival, the Emperor had been seen to enter the Royal Gate," on his return from St. Sophia. A man at that momen began to address a few persons, standing at the beginning of the Augustaeum. The crowd gradually increased, until, worked up to a pitch of frenzy, by the harangue of the demagogue, it moved toward the palace of the Patriarch, denouncing him and the Emperor for their apostacy, and protesting that not a Grecian sword should be drawn in defense of the house of Paleologos Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd, and the multidude rushed between St. Sophia and the Kataisma

Caught in the vortex, I was carried "These unfortunate demagogues, said John Diogenes, they will be our Patriarch have been unfaithful to our religion, it is true, but, here is a of the enemy. But, tell me, Dimitrios, did you hear the sname of the man who worked thus upon

the felings of the people, and caused such atumult?" (to be continued.)



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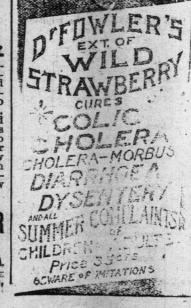
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