

DION AND THE SIBYLS

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

CHAPTER XI.

In passing through Rome Dionysius had again called upon Charicles, and had obtained from that celebrated physician a promise that he would, within only a few hours then next ensuing, leave Rome once more, and fly north as fast as good horses could whirl his carriage, in order to pay Paulus another visit and watch his recovery. "I may even overtake you upon the road," were the words of this medicus insignis at Tacitus terms him; and with a grateful pressure of the hand, Dionysius left him to wait upon his countrywoman in the prosecution of her anxious journey.

The next step was to obtain another set of warrants from the prefect to secure them relays of horses along the road at the various post houses, where none not connected with the imperial administrations would be so served. The good-natured Lucius Piso again furnished the Athenian with the indispensable orders, and the lady, with her female slave, renewed her travels after less than half a day's delay in the capital, Dionysius accompanying them still.

Having completed their rapid journey they found Paulus not in the little taverna or hut, whether Philip had first carried him, but in a beautiful room, opening upon the impluvium, courtyard, or central garden of a fine country house about quarter of a mile distant.

Thither they had been immediately guided by a lame soldier walking with a crutch. The master of the house was absent, and indeed seldom lived there. He was a rich and dissipated young patrician, who much preferred the gayety and magnificence of Rome to the quiet of the country. A steward and his wife, with three or four outdoor slaves took care of the almost abandoned place.

As Aglais, having descended from the carriage, followed the lame soldier along a rough path, through a fine wood of sycamores, she observed here and there near the stately mansion a decurion or two and several other soldiers. She asked what that meant; and the man said that these were convalescents from among the wounded left behind in the neighborhood by Germanicus, and they were all too much attached to Paulus to return home or to leave the spot where he lay battling for his young life till they knew his fate.

"You are brave and noble friends!" cried Aglais; "but in what state then do you consider my son to be?"

The soldier darted a shy, quick glance of compassion at her, and muttering something hastened his hobbling pace to such a degree that the ladies could hardly keep up with him.

They found Paulus carefully laid upon a soft couch in a beautiful room, and Thellus seated nigh, watching him.

"Alas! lady," said Thellus, rising, "he will not know you." So saying he left the chamber on tiptoe. In vain the mother, kneeling by his bedside, called the youth in the voice so dear to him. He was talking to himself in a mixture of Greek and Latin, and said, "It would be pleasing to the Great Being to save an innocent young couple from brutal tyranny; would not a God rescue the world? why, it would be godlike; it was not more reasonable to expect from a man what was human than from a God what was divine. Augustus might take their inheritance, but he would find nothing but stones in the strong iron box; no, the treasure is safe, general; suppose the Germans smite the Adige behind us what then? A military tribune, mother, already your son a tribune! By fire you will subdue the—was she the Sibyl? That was little Esther on the raft, covering the left flank of the entrenchment. They swim the river—come, Thellus—face to the rear, be men. The lawyers were no match for him. Dion broke Sejanus—Dion held torches to the prefect's nose. What a splendid scene in the palace! I'll drink at the fountain; they may stare, but drink I must; the emperor wants a draught, the Caesars want a draught; water, clear water—what mean you by keeping me from the fountain? Augustus told me to drink."

Thus he raved, and the weeping mother, while moistening his lips and head, said ever and again in vain: "Paulus, my child—Paulus, do you not, then, know your mother?" And the night came; and the old stewardess brought refreshments to Aglais, weary with travel, distracted with anguish.

But the stewardess was unable to induce her to take rest or leave the room;

she therefore lighted lamps in the part of the chamber behind the sufferer's bed prepared couches there for the mother and for herself, and made every arrangement which her experience and prudence could suggest to render more supportable to the forlorn strangers the coming watches of the night. She told Aglais that the military doctor would pay his visit presently, and that she felt sure the sufferer would recover; she bade the mother control her emotions, because the youthful tribune would become sensible in a moment, and it would injure him if he saw her in grief.

Aglais was occupied in fanning the wasted and sunken face of Paulus, occasionally moistening his lips and temples, from which the light brown locks fell away tangled and dank upon the pillow, when Thellus entering, announced the doctor. This functionary found the patient still in a delirious condition, was informed that there had been no intermissions for hours in his ravings, and declared that, although he dreaded the result because Paulus was perceptibly losing strength, he would bleed him, as the last chance of saving his life. Everything was ready for this operation when the sound of wheels and the furious tramp of horses was heard. The surgeon, remembering that it was the dead of night and feeling surprized at a noise for which he could not account, turned round in suspense, grasping the fatal lancet. Thellus was holding an earthen ewer in one hand and with the other was gently supporting Paulus's wrist. On the one hand stood the doctor, and on the further the nurse, raising a taper so as to shed its light over the bare arm of the young tribune. Aglais was leaning over her son's face on the opposite side of the couch, too anxious and too frightened to weep, and almost as one who is dreaming, conscious of the rush of wheels and the tramp of hoofs. Presently there was the sound of persons springing to the ground, a low murmur of voices was heard outside, and then the door of the apartment was pushed open, and Charicles, followed by an Asiatic servant, carrying a box, entered.

A few whispered words were sufficient to inform the local doctor that the most eminent member of his profession then living stood before him; and Charicles at once added that, being long since an intimate friend of the sufferer and of his whole family, it was natural and right that they should desire, and he give, attendance and help in the present case. The manner of the celebrated physician was at once noble, simple and natural, without any affectation of patronizing his lowly colleague.

Having persuaded the lady Aglais to leave the room, and having examined Paulus's wounds, which he declared to have been most admirably treated, he said his colleague had divined the proper method of cure in starting from the principle that Paulus had already lost far too much blood.

"That is quite evident," said the local doctor, concealing his lancet.

Charicles unlocked his box, produced an ointment of some kind, and caused the patient's spine from the nape of the neck to the small of the back to be vigorously rubbed by Thellus for about twenty minutes. He then applied to each temple a piece of linen saturated with a liquid, the acrid odor of which failed to inform the professional person present of its nature; and in order to keep the narcotizing appliances in their places, he bound them gently and rather loosely round the head. He with his own hands cut off the beautiful brown locks of the youth, and desired Thellus to continue from time to time, till Paulus should sleep, to touch the top of the patient's head with a sponge steeped in a lotion which he placed upon a table near.

(To be Continued.)

GET YOUR RUBBER STAMPS at The Northwest Review, 219 McDermot Ave.

The Winnipeg Industrial starts this year on Thursday July 20, and will continue open until the Friday of the following week. It is anticipated that the entries in all classes will be as heavy as was the case at the Dominion Exhibition held last year. Already many applications have been received for space and the chairmen of the various committees are using their best endeavours to secure a most successful fair.

HONOR MEMORY OF ST. JEAN BAPTISTE

French Citizens of Winnipeg Conclude the Festival of their Patron Saint with a Grand Banquet—A Representative Gathering—Some Clever Speeches Expressive of True National Sentiment.

(Free Press July 4)

The festival of St. Jean Baptiste, as observed by the French Canadians of Winnipeg according to elaborate arrangements and which has been quite the success anticipated, was concluded last evening with a banquet in St. Mary's hall, a brilliant gathering assembling to do honor to the occasion. The tables, which had been arranged to accommodate three hundred guests, were decorated in a very graceful manner, and burdened with dainties which would have satisfied the most epicurean tastes. These tables, which bore the names of past patriots of the nation, were presided over in the following order: "Provencher and Tache," Madame Bourbeau; "Jacques Cartier," Madame R. L. Chevrier; "Champlain," Madame Mineau; "Maison Neuve," Madame L. Lecompote; "Frontenac," Madame T. Roy; "Montcalm," Madame Milord; "Montmorency de Laval," Madame Hurtubise; "Canada," Madame Ste. Marie; "Levis," Madame Perron.

At the presidents' table were seated Pres. Thos. Gelley, Vicar-General Dugas, Father Portelance, A. J. H. Dubuc, J. B. Lauzon, Father Chossegros, L. N. Carrier, H. Fournier, T. J. Dumoulin, Horace Chevrier, M.P.P., Jos. Bernier, Father Cahill, Father Portelance.

After full justice had been done to the ample repast provided, the following toast list was submitted.

- Part I.
- President's Address Mr. Thos. Gelley
 - "The King" (responded to by singing the national anthem)
 - "The Pope and the Catholic Church" Vicar-General Dugas
 - "The Pope and the English Catholics" Vicar-General
 - "The Parish of the Sacred Heart." Rev. Father Portelance, O.M.I.
 - "Past Officers of the Society" Mr. J. B. Lauzon
 - "The Day we celebrate" Mr. A. J. Dubuc
 - Song—"O Canada"

- Part II.
- Presided over by J. Dumoulin, first vice-president.
 - "City of Winnipeg"
 - "The Learned Professions"—Horace Chevrier, M.P.P., and L. Delorme.
 - "The Working Classes" M. H. Fournier
- (Continued on page 8.)



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A FEW POINTERS

On arrival at Winnipeg the wisest policy for any new settler to adopt is to remain in Winnipeg for a few days and learn for himself all about the lands offered for sale and to homestead.

There are districts that have been settled for many years in which land can be purchased. Some of this may be unbroken prairie which still possesses all the richness and productive powers of our virgin prairies. Other lands, cultivated and having comfortable farm buildings, are ready for immediate possession.

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For information regarding homesteads apply at the Dominion Land Office.

For purchase of Provincial lands apply at the Provincial Land Office in the Parliament Buildings.

For C. P. R. or C. N. R. lands apply at the land offices of said railway companies.

For lands owned by private individuals apply to the various real estate agents in the city.

For situations as farm laborers apply to: **J. J. GOLDEN**

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