

Restigouche,
Gloucester,

EVENTS

Bonaventure,
and Gaspé.

Volume 10

ANSLOW BROS.
Publishers

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1916

TERMS:
\$1 Per Year in Advance.

Number 46

New
Goods,

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Priestley's
New Dress Goods
"The fabric for every occasion"

New
Goods

Grand Display of Summer Dress Goods AT MCKENZIES

More new goods have arrived in Dress Goods, Muslins, Smart models in Corsets, Veilings, Belts, Neckwear, Laces, Ribbons, Shirt waists, Gloves, Fancy Hosiery, Whitewear, White Pique Skirts, Costumes, Summer Shoes, etc.

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Farmers, Manufacturers and Merchants all working to make this

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A WEEK OF PLEASURE FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST—READY NOW

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DONT MISS D. SCHEFFER'S GREAT LIQUIDATION SALE

Smart people take advantage of this great outpouring of generous values. Our low prices are attracting men, women and children to buy here, of our varied and extensive stock of high grade merchandise, consisting of Clothing, Boots and shoes, Hats and caps, Gent's Furnishings, Trunks, Valises, Suit Cases, Fur Coats, Cravenette Rain Coats, Dress goods, Ladies' ready-to-wear Skirts, Coats, Waists, Fancy Belts and fancy Collars, house furnishings of all kinds, Jewelry, smallwares, etc., at prices never before heard of in Campbellton or vicinity.

D. SCHEFFER, The Outfitter

Opposite LaCasse Hotel

Campbellton, N. B.

The REFUGEES

By A. CONAN DOYLE.
Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"

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"Shall I give a reason for your request?"
"Oh, you madden me! Say what I have told you, and at once!"
But the young officer's dilemma was happily over. At that instant the double doors were swung open, and Louis appeared in the opening, strutting forward on his high heeled shoes, his stick tapping, his broad skirts flapping and his courtiers spreading out behind him. He stopped as he came out and turned to the captain of the guard.

"You have a note for me?"
"Yes, sire."

The monarch slipped it into the pocket of his scarlet undervest and was advancing once more when his eyes fell upon Mme. de Montepan standing very stiff and erect in the middle of the passage. A dark flush of anger shot to his brow and he walked swiftly past her without a word, but she turned and kept pace with him down the corridor.

"I had not expected this honor, madame," said he.

"I wished to hear my fate from your own lips," she whispered. "I can bear to be struck myself, sire, even by him who has my heart, but it is hard to hear that one's brother has been wounded through the mouths of valets and Huguenot soldiers for no fault of his save that his sister has loved too fondly."

"It is no time to speak of such things."

"When can I see you, then, sire?"
"In your chamber at four."

"Then I shall trouble your majesty no further."

She swept him one of the graceful courtesies for which she was famous, and turned away down a side passage with triumph shining in her eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

LOUIS had walked on to his devotions in no very charitable frame of mind, as was easily to be seen from his clouded brow and compressed lips. He knew his late favorite well, her impulsiveness, her audacity, her lack of all restraint when thwarted or opposed. She was capable of making a public exposure which would leave him the butt and gossip of Europe. He shuddered at the thought.

At costs such a catastrophe must be averted. And yet how could he cut the tie which bound them? This woman would struggle hard, fight to the bitter end, before she would quit the position which was so dear to her. She spoke of her wrongs. What were her wrongs?

In his intense selfishness, nurtured by the eternal factory which was the very air he breathed, he could not see that the fifteen years of her life which he had absorbed or the loss of the husband whom he had supplanted gave her any claim upon him. In his view he had raised her to the highest position which a subject could occupy.

Such were the thoughts which ran through the king's head as he passed over the rich crimson cushion which topped his prie-dieu of carved oak. He knelt in his own inclosure to the right of the altar, with his guards and his immediate household around him, while the court, ladies and cavaliers, filled the chapel. Piety was a fashion now, like dark overcoats and lace cravats and no courtier was so worldly minded as not to have had a touch of grace since the king had taken to religion.

It was the habit of Louis as he walked back from the chapel to receive petitions or to listen to any tales of wrong which his subjects might bring to him. On this particular morning there were but two or three—a Parisian who conceived himself injured by the protest of his guild, a peasant whose cow had been torn by a huntsman's dog and a farmer who had had hard usage from his feudal lord. A few questions and then a hurried order to his secretary disposed of each case. He was about to resume his way again when an elderly man, clad in the garb of a respectable citizen and with a strong deep lined face which marked him as a man of character, darted forward and threw himself down upon one knee in front of the monarch.

"What is this?" asked Louis. "Who are you, and what is it that you want?"

"I am a citizen of Paris, and I have been cruelly wronged."

"You seem a very worthy person. If you have indeed been wronged you shall have redress. What have you to complain of?"

"Twenty of the Blue dragons of Languedoc are quartered in my house, with Captain Dalbert at their head. They have devoured my food, stolen my property and beaten my servants, yet the magistrature will give me no redress."

"On my life, justice seems to be administered in a strange fashion in our city of Paris!" exclaimed the king.

A Keen Appetite

and a healthy stomach indicate an active Liver, which is enjoyed by all who use Beecham's Pills. They insure strong digestion, sweet breath and sound sleep. No other remedy is as good as

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

Now he was weary of her, and it was her duty to retire with resignation, eyes with gratitude for past favors. She should have a pension, and the children should be cared for. What could a reasonable woman ask for more?

On the whole, his conscience acquitted him. But in this one matter he had been lax. From the first coming of his gentle and forgiving young wife from Spain he had never once permitted her to be without a rival. Now that she was dead the matter was no longer a secret. One favorite had succeeded another, and if De Montepan had held her own as long it was rather from her audacity than from his affection. But now Father la Chaise and Bossuet were ever reminding him that he had topped the summit of his life and was already upon that downward path which leads to the grave. The time had come for gravity and for calm, a truce of which was to be expected in the company of Mme. de Montepan.

But he had found out where they were to be enjoyed. From the day when De Montepan had introduced the stately and silent widow as a governess for his children he had found a never failing and ever increasing pleasure in her society. For a time he had thought that her piety and her talk of principle might be a mere mask, for he was accustomed to hypocrisy all round him. It was surely unlikely that a woman who was still beautiful, with as bright an eye and as graceful a figure as any in his court, could after a life spent in the gay circles preserve the spirit of a nun. But on this point he was soon undeceived, for when his own language had become warmer than that of friendship he had been met by an iciness of manner and a brevity of speech which had shown him that there was one woman at least in his dominions who had a higher respect for herself than for him. And perhaps it was because she had seen the pleasure of friendship were very soothing after the storms of passion. To sit in her room every afternoon, to listen to talk which was not calculated to flatter and to hear opinions which were not framed to please his ear were the occupations now of his happiest hours. And when her influence over him was all so good!

And now he knew that the time had come when he must choose between her and De Montepan. Their influences were antagonistic. They could not continue together. He stood between virtue and vice, and he must choose.

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"And yet there may be a very good reason for it," suggested Pere la Chaise. "I would suggest that your majesty should ask this man his name, his business and why it was that the dragons were quartered upon him."

"You hear the reverend father's question?"

"My name, sire, is Catinet, by trade I am a merchant in cloth, and I am treated in this fashion because I am of the Reformed church."

The king shook his head and his brow darkened. "You have only yourself to thank, then. The remedy is in your hands."

"And now, sire?"

"By embracing the only true faith."

"I am already a member of it, sire."

ALMOST GIVEN UP

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" SAVED HIS LIFE

Mr. Dingwall was Superintendent of St. Andrews Sunday School in Williams town for nine years and License Commissioner for Glengarry—and Tax Collector for Charlottenburg—for fourteen years continuously. Read how strongly Mr. Dingwall comes out in favor of "Fruit-a-tives."

"But he nobly atoned for his error," murmured the Jesuit.

"Then you will not help me, sire?"

"You must first help yourself."

The old Huguenot stood up with a gesture of despair, while the king continued on his way, the two ecclesiastics on either side of him murmuring their approval into his ears.

But the king bore the face of a man who was not absolutely satisfied with his own action.

"You do not think, then, that these people have too hard a measure?" said he. "I hear that they are leaving my kingdom in great numbers."

"And surely it is better so, sire, for what blessing can come upon a country which has such stubborn infidels within its boundaries?"

"Those who are traitors to God can scarce be loyal to the king," remarked the Jesuit.

"I can see that you are a very insolent heretic," said he.

Bossuet. "Your majesty's power would be greater if there were no temple, as they call their dens of heresy, within your dominions."

"My grandfather has promised them protection. They are shielded, as you well know, by the edict which he gave at Nantes."

"But it lies with your majesty to undo the mischief that has been done."

"And how?"

"By recalling the edict."

"And driving into the open arms of my enemies 2,000,000 of my best artisans and of my bravest servants. How say you, Louvois?"

"I would say that the devil has given these men such cunning of hand and of brain that they are the best workmen and traders in your majesty's kingdom. I know not how the state coffers are to be filled if such taxpayers go from among us."

"But," remarked Bossuet, "if it were once known that the king's will had been expressed your majesty may rest

assured that even the worst of his subjects bear him such love that they would hasten to come within the pale of the holy church."

The king shook his head. "They have always been stubborn folk," said he.

"Perhaps," remarked Louvois, glancing maliciously at Bossuet, "were the bishops of France to make an offering to the state of the treasures of their sees we might then do without these Huguenot taxes."

"The kingdom is mine and all that is in it," remarked Louis as they entered the grand salon in which the court assembled after chapel. "Yet I trust that it may be long before I have to claim wealth of the church. Where is Mansard? I must see his plans for the new wing at Marly."

"I think," said Pere la Chaise, drawing Bossuet aside, "that your grace has made some impression upon the king's mind."

"With your powerful assistance, father."

"But there is another who has more weight than I—Mme. de Maintenon."

"I hear that she is very devout."

"Very. But she has no love for my order. She is a Sulpician. Yet we may all work to one end. Now, if you were to speak to her, your grace. Show her how good a service it would be could she bring about the banishment of the Huguenots."

"I shall do so."

"And offer her in return that we will promote"—He bent forward and whispered into the prelate's ear.

"What! He would not do it."

"And why? The queen is dead."

"She is of good birth. Her grandfather and his were dear friends. If she will serve the church, the church will serve her. But the king beckons, and I must go."

The thin dark figure hastened on through the throng of courtiers, and the great bishop of Meaux remained standing with his chin upon his breast, sunk in reflection.

CHAPTER V.

THE elderly Huguenot had stood silent after his repulse by the king, with his eyes cast modestly downward and a frown in which doubt, sorrow and anger contended for the mastery. He was a very large, gaunt man, ravenoned and haggard, with a wide forehead, a large, fleshy nose and a powerful chin. He was dressed as became his rank, plainly and yet well, in a sad colored brown kersey coat with silver plated buttons, knee breeches of the same and white woolen stockings, ending in broad toed black leather shoes cut across with a great steel buckle.

His doubts as to what his next step should be soon resolved for him in a very summary fashion. These were days when, if the Huguenot was not absolutely forbidden in France, he was at least looked upon as a man who existed upon sufferance, and who was unsanctioned by the laws which protected his Catholic fellow subjects. For twenty years the stringency of the persecution had increased until there was no weapon which bigotry could employ, short of absolute expulsion, which had not been turned against him.

Two of the king's big blue coated guardsmen were on duty at that side of the palace and had been witnesses to his unsuccessful appeal. Now they were framed across together to where he was standing and broke brutally into the current of his thoughts.

"Now, Hymenobooks," said one gruffly, "get off again about your business."

The old Huguenot shot a glance of anger and contempt at them and was turning to go when one of them thrust at his ribs with the butt end of his halberd.

"Take that, you dog!" he cried. "Would you dare to look like that at the king's guard?"

(To be continued.)