



The Attraction of Our Store . . .

. . . IS ITS . . .

LOW PRICES.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

KERNER'S

NEW KLONDYKE.

Interesting details of special values will appear in our advertisement. The manager of the New Klondyke has decided to further reduce prices, new goods just arrived. Prices to range 40c, 50c, and 60c. on the dollar. Don't forget that it is new goods we are selling at these prices. Everyone asks how it is we sell so cheap. We want plenty of customers, quick sales.

Come One, Come all.

Come young, come old. Come everybody. We do not quote prices, we want to surprise you when you come in to see us.

NO BLUFF.

**EVERYTHING
AS ADVERTISED.**

Everybody attending this big reduction sale will save 40 to 60 per cent.

KERNER'S New Klondyke,

opposite City Hall, to get the best bargains in the retail trade of Fredericton.

KERNER The Destroyer of High Prices.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

The Gunmaker Of Moscow

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

[CONTINUED.]

Ruric felt sure he had been there four days, and at times it appeared longer than that. Food and drink had been brought to him thrice, and he was now without both. His strength had not yet left him, though there were pains in his limbs and a chilling sensation about the heart. He had broken the rope from his arms on the first day of his confinement, and he had hoped to overcome the man who brought him food and drink and thus make his escape, but no human being had yet come in to him. His food had been passed in through a small wicket.

"And this is the end of life!" he murmured to himself as he paced slowly to and fro across the dungeon. "Thus ends all the hopes of youth, and here the prayers of a lifetime must close in one last hope—one hope of heaven when earth has passed away! My mother, no farewell can reach thee from the lips of thy son. He will lie down in the

dark slumber of death, and thou shalt not know his resting place! And thou, loved one—oh, thou fondly cherished, wildly worshiped being—thy smiles can shine no more for me! Oh, Rosalind, would that I could see thee but once—that once more I might press thee to my bosom and bid thee remember me when I am gone! Had I never seen thee I might not be here now! And yet, O God, for life itself I would not wipe away the written story of that holy love from my heart!"

The thought of Rosalind came heavily upon him. All else he could give up in a higher hope than that of earth, but for her he held a strange fear. She would be another's.

"And must it be so?" he continued after some minutes of painful reflection. "Alas, she will be nothing to me hereafter! My mother will know her son, but Rosalind will know another! And yet she may carry the old love with her always.

She may never forget it. Oh, could I but once!"

He stopped suddenly, for he heard a footfall in the low passage close by the dungeon. He listened, and he heard more. There were several feet, and soon he heard voices. He moved back to the extremity of the vault and listened. The feet stopped, and the sound of grating iron, like the drawing of a bolt, was heard. Soon afterward the door was opened, and the light from a lantern flashed into the place. For a few moments the prisoner was blind by the sudden transition, but by degrees he overcame the difficulty and was able to look up.

The first object upon which his eyes fell was the humpbacked priest, Savatano. There were four others behind him, but Ruric noticed them not yet. He saw before him the man whom he believed to be the instrument of his suffering, and with one bound he reached him and felled him to the floor.

"Hold!" cried one of the others, one who held the lantern. "We have come to conduct thee out from here."

"Ha! Say ye so?"

"Most surely we have."

"Then stand aside and let me go."

"Just as you say. The doors are open, and you may go. You may follow us, or you may go in advance."

"Then lead on," returned Ruric, "and I will follow."

"As you say."

Thus speaking, the man assisted the priest to his feet and led him out from the cell. In a few moments more the others went out also, and Ruric prepared to follow. He heard the priest cursing, but he noticed that one of the others led him off. The youth stepped forth into the passage, but he did not place the fullest confidence in what he had heard. He reached the foot of the stairs, and the others were nearly up. He started to follow them and had nearly gained the top when a quick, lightninglike shadow flitted before him. He would have started back, but 'twas too late. There came a blow upon his head, and, with a dull, crashing sensation, he sank down. He realized that he was turned over and that a rope was being lashed about his arms.

But the prisoner had not been fully stunned. He returned to consciousness as they lifted him to his feet, and his first impulse was to try to force his bonds asunder, but this he could not do. He gazed up now, and he found only two men with him, and they wore masks upon their faces. They were stout, powerful men, and their very bearing was murderous, and his heart sank within him.

"Come," said one of them. "You'll

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad letter from a lady whose
Husband was Dissipated.

How She Cured Him with a
Secret Remedy.



"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and 'astless,' he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

FREE SAMPLE full pamphlet giving particulars and price are sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Enclose stamp for reply. Address **The Samaria Remedy Co., 23 Jordan Street, Toronto, Canada.**

SUNLIGHT SOAP

If your Grocer cannot supply, write to
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Toronto,
sending the name and address of your
grocer, and a trial sample of Sunlight
Soap will be sent you free of cost.

**REDUCES
EXPENSE**

One woman will do quicker work
than two will with impure soap.
Ask for the Octagon Bar.

For
Laundry

go with us. We won't force you if
you'll walk."

"But where?" asked the youth.

"What mean you?"

"You'll see when you get there.

But there's no time to waste, so
come."

What could the prisoner do? His hands were firmly bound behind him, and his great strength availed not a bit. He knew that he could not resist, so he simply bowed his head in token of submission and prepared to follow his conductors. But they left him not to follow at will. They took him by either arm and thus led him away. He remembered the room into which he had been first conducted on the evening of his capture, but he was not detained there. From here a long corridor led off to where a wing of the building had been partly torn away, and they soon came to a large circular apartment, in the center of which was a deep basin where in years gone by people had been wont to bathe. The walls looked grim and ragged by the feeble rays of the lantern, and the chill wind came moaning through the cracks and crevices in the decaying masonry.

"There," spoke one of the guides as he set his lantern upon the top of a broken column. "We will stop here."

The words were spoken in a sort of hushed, unmerciful tone, and

Ruric felt them strike fearfully upon him. He gazed upon the man who had spoken, and he saw that he was preparing to throw off his pelisse, which he had thus far worn. As soon as this was off he moved where his companion stood and commenced whispering.

Could Ruric mistake longer? What reason but one could there have been for bringing him to such a place? To the left, where the basin had once emptied itself, there was a dark, deep, cave-like place, at the mouth of which a heap of rubbish had collected. What a place in which to hide a dead body! So thought Ruric. But he was startled from the dark reverie by a darker reality.

(To be Continued.)

"HELPLESS WITH RHEUMATISM"

South American Rheumatic Cure, Mr. Barker says, worked a miracle in his case, and he expresses his gratitude in no uncertain sound.

Mr. S. Barker, of 9 Suffolk Place, Toronto, writes:—"It is only fair to my suffering neighbors to publicly express my great gratitude for the almost miraculous cure from Rheumatism effected in me by the use of South American Rheumatic Cure. For three months I was next door to helplessness, and my sufferings were intense, but two bottles of this great remedy cured me. It relieves in six hours."

For Sale by John M. Wiley.



Maple Sugar Makers.

The Supplies you want.

The Best of Their Kind.

The Most Favorable Prices.

SAP BUCKETS, SAP SPILES.

SYRUP CANS, (Gal. and half gal).

BOILING KETTLES.

(Best Scotch make).

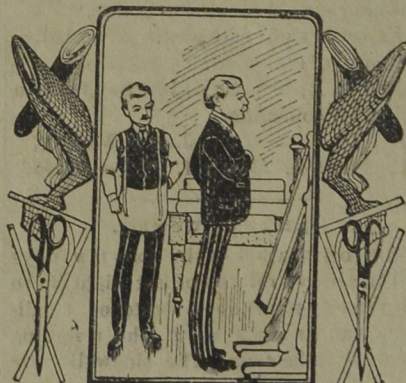
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Stream
Drivers'
Supplies.

NEILL.

Guns and
Animal
Traps.

Regardless of Your SHAPE!



We can fit you. The demand for garments constructed by us is steadily increasing. The high quality of the materials we offer the stylish way the garments are cut, the elegance of the finish and perfection of fit are bringing us a host of customers. I am expecting in a few days the finest range of

**SPRING
SUITINGS**

ever brought to the city. The prices on these goods will be extremely low and it will pay you to look them over before ordering your Spring Suit.

JAS. R. HOWIE, 210 Queen Street.

JANUARY 1902.

GREAT BARGAINS IN TROUSERINGS

I will put on sale a lot of Trouserings at cost to make room for Spring Goods. All are first-class goods. Come early and get first chance. This sale is for CASH only.

W. E. SEERY, 210 Queen St.