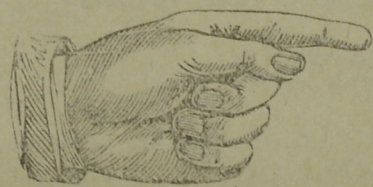




The New Klondyke



We Mean
what we
Say . . .

When we started we decided to give bargains. We will continue to give bargains during the month of February. No matter in what line of goods, you are confronted by opportunities to save money during this month.

Goods procurable at from
20 to 50 p. c. below value.

Be sure to make your purchase before that date. We will quote a few prices of some of our goods so you will see that we cannot be beat elsewhere in giving the best bargains for the least money.

Men's Clothing.

Men's Tweed Suits, good quality, fine finish, worth \$5.00, \$6.50, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.50 in our store only, \$2.85 to \$7.50. Men's serge suits, fine finish, best tailor-made, worth \$7.50 to \$15.00 in our store from \$4.15 to \$8.00. Men's Overcoats and Ulsters 40 p. c. less than our ordinary low prices. We will surprise you when you come to see this line of goods. Boys' suits from \$1.65 to \$3.00.

Ladies' Wear.

Ladies' ready-made lined skirts, all colors, worth \$2.25 to \$5.25, sales' price from \$1.40 to \$2.75. Ladies' Waists, all styles and shades, worth \$1.76 to \$3.50, sales' price 75 cts. to \$1.75.

Ladies' Jackets.

An unusual money saving event. 105 Ladies' Stylish Winter Jackets reduced 25 to 75 per cent.

This department is always crowded every day with ladies participating in this great reduction of Ladies' Jackets. We are sure that this will so interest you that you will come to

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]

"I know nothing to the contrary, sir," the stranger returned promptly. "All I can say is Alarie Orsa has fallen upon the ice and hurt himself severely and upon being informed that you were near by with a sledge he asked that you might be sent for."

"Been hurt, has he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Badly?"

"I believe no bones are broken, but he is so badly sprained that he cannot walk."

"Ah, then perhaps he wants me to carry him home."

"I can't say as to that, sir. They only sent me to find you. I don't know the man myself."

There was something so frank in the statement this made that Ruric believed it all honest, and he stood no longer in doubt.

"I will go," he said. "But lead the way quickly, for I have no time to waste."

"I will lead as fast as you will want to follow," answered the man.

And thus speaking he turned back, and, having gone some dozen rods by the way they had both come, he turned down a narrow street which led toward the river. Half way down this he went, and then he turned again—this time to the left—and thus Ruric found himself in a narrow, dark lane, within which the snow was deep and almost untrodden.

"Look ye," cried the youth, stopping as he found himself over knees in snow, "I think we have gone about far enough in this direction."

"This is the shortest way," said the stranger guide apologetically. "I did not think the snow was so deep here. But it's only in the next street."

"Then on you go."

Again the stranger started, and Ruric followed on. The lane was a

crooked one, and more than once the youth had another inclination to stop. He had no direct fear, but yet he had some just grounds for doubt. Had he not seen what had been attempted against the count he might have had no such doubts now, but as it was he thought that if one attempt had been made to ruin him through the emperor's displeasure by the man who was now trying to murder the count it would not be at all improbable that some more effective plan should be adopted toward him. He was pondering thus when they came to a cross lane full as narrow as this, into which the guide turned.

"Look ye once more, sirrah!" cried the youth, now stopping short. "Do you call this a street?"

"Yes, sir, and on this street we shall find the man we seek. It is only a short cut from where he is to the inn where your horse is, so you won't have to retrace these dubious ways. Only a little farther, sir."

"But I don't like this."

"Why, bless you, sir, if you wish to go direct to the inn where your horse is this will be the nearest way."

"Well, on you go."

And on they went, now slipping on the ice, now in the snow to their knees and anon stumbling along over frozen huddles and deep holes. At length the guide stopped and opened a small gate which was fixed in a high, thick brick wall. Ruric hesitated here again. He had no weapon of any kind. If he had had even a pistol or a sword, he would have cared not. But he did not show his thoughts to his guide. The gate opened with a creak upon its frosty hinges, and by the dim starlight the youth could see an open court beyond, and farther still a house of some kind loomed up.

"This place seems not to be used much," remarked Ruric as he saw the snow in the court was trodden but little, only one or two tracks being visible from the gate to the house.

"Ah—yes—you said—what?"

"I said this place didn't seem to be used much," the youth repeated, though he was sure the fellow heard the first time.

"Ah, yes—a—the usual entrance is the other way, by the sledge path."

"And where is that?" Ruric asked, not being able to see any such path.

"Oh, it's around on the other side."

By this time they had reached the door of the house, which our hero could now see had an old, dilapidated appearance, and the guide plied the iron knocker with zeal. Ere long a man made his appearance with a lantern in his hand.

"Ah! Has the gunmaker come?" the latter asked.

"Yes," returned the guide.

"Well, I'm glad he's here, but I don't believe Orsa is fit to move," said the first speaker. And then, turning to Ruric, he said:

"But I'm glad you've come, sir, for the lieutenant wishes to see you very much. This way, sir."

This was all so frank and prompt that the young man began to think he had been a fool for being frightened. He followed the man with the lantern into the hall, and from thence down a long flight of stairs into a basement. The lantern did not give much light, but it was sufficient to reveal the fact that the house was an old one and not very large, for Ruric could see windows upon the opposite side of the hall which looked out of doors. As he reached the foot of the stairs he found himself upon a brick floor, and he saw the walls were of stone. A little farther on a door was opened, and this led to a small apartment, within which was a fireplace and a good fire burning.

"There, good sir," said the second guide, "if you will wait a few moments I will go and see how the lieutenant is."

(To be Continued.)

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It's Loathsome,
It's Disgusting.

Instant Relief and Permanent Cure Secured by the use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Here's strong evidence of the quickness and sureness of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: "For years I was a victim of Chronic Catarrh—tried many remedies but no cure was effected until I had procured and used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. First application gave me instant relief, and in an incredibly short while I was absolutely cured."—James Headley, Dundee, N.Y.

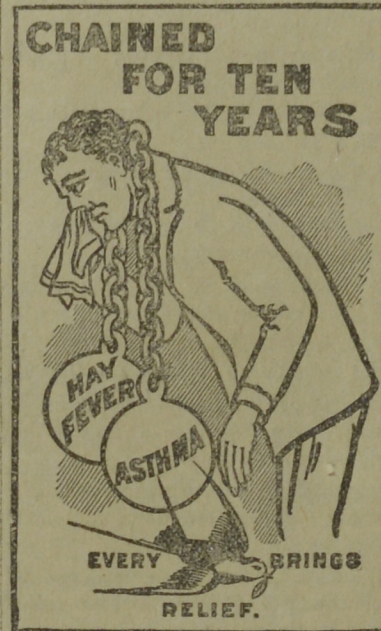
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ASTHMA CURE FREE!

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Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.



There is nothing like Asthmalene, brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The REV. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years, I despaired of ever being cured, saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-sized bottle."

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

Rabbi of the Cong. Egnat Israel.

New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful. After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours,

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 180th street, New York. I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,

O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit. Home address, 235 Livingston Street.

Feb. 5, 1901.

8 RAPHAELE, 67 East 120th st., New York City

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Stream Drivers' Supplies.

NEILL.

Guns and Animal Traps.

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.

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Wait a Minute!

—a day—a month, is the common excuse. It was what the captain of a vessel said—on returning from the voyage he would insure. But he never came back. The vessel was wrecked; he was lost; his family was stranded, too, financially, by his procrastination. No other time is equal to the present moment for Life Insurance in cost and opportunity, and

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