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OUR AMBITION IS TO BE
DESTROYER OF

HIGH PRICES.

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Men's, Boys' and Youths' Clothing.

We wish you could see instead of merely reading about the results of a comparison we are showing, it proves conclusively that competition charges nearly 40 per cent dearer for identical clothing. This is just one instance. **KERNER'S NEW KLONDYKE** teems with hundreds of other items that relatively show the same price difference. **There are two methods of retailing:** One wants big profits and few customers; we want small profits and many customers.

DRY GOODS.

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If you purchase your Clothing and Dry Goods here, knowing that you receive the best clothing and dry goods value in the City, this is the time to place your orders for spring. We are now prepared to meet the demands of everybody. Don't be satisfied with what other people show you. See what you want, get the lowest price, come here and get better articles for less money.

You are cordially invited to visit our store, and new goods just arrived, with which we make tremendous strides at **KERNER'S NEW KLONDYKE** in Chestnut's Building, opposite City Hall.

Please when you pass our store look at our windows and prices, and you can see that you can get the best bargains in the retail trade in Fredericton.

KERNER: THE DESTROYER OF
HIGH PRICES.

Mail Orders Promptly
Attended to.

strictly
One Price.

THE STRANGE RIDE OF MORROWBIE JUKES.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

[CONTINUED.]

5. Imitation crocodile skin notebook with pencil. First 45 pages blank, 4½ illegible, 15 other filled with private memoranda relating chiefly to three persons—a Mrs. L. Singleton, abbreviated several times to "Lot Single," "Mrs. S. May" and "Garmison," referred to in places as "Jerry" or "Jack."

6. Handle of small sized hunting knife. Blade snapped short. Buck's horn, diamond cut, with swivel and ring on the butt; fragment of cotton cord attached.

It must not be supposed that I inventoried all these things on the spot as fully as I have here written them down. The notebook first attracted my attention, and I put it in my pocket with a view to studying it later on. The rest of the articles I conveyed to my burrow for safety's sake, and there, being a methodical man, I inventoried them. I then returned to the corpse and ordered Gunga Dass to help me to carry it out to the river front. While we were engaged in this the exploded shell of an old brown cartridge dropped out of one of the pockets and rolled at my feet. Gunga Dass had not seen it, and

I took to thinking that a man does not carry exploded cartridge cases, especially "browns," which will not bear loading twice, about with him when shooting. In other words, that cartridge case had been fired inside the crater. Consequently there must be a gun somewhere. I was on the verge of asking Gunga Dass, but checked myself, knowing that he would lie. We laid the body down on the edge of the quicksand by the tussocks. It was my intention to push it out and let it be swallowed up, the only possible mode of burial that I could think of. I ordered Gunga Dass to go away.

Then I gingerly put the corpse out on the quicksand. In doing so—it was lying face downward—I tore the frail and rotten khaki shooting coat open, disclosing a hideous cavity in the back. I have already told you that the dry sand had, as it were, mummified the body. A moment's glance showed that the gaping hole had been caused by a gunshot wound. The gun must have been fired with the muzzle almost touching the back. The shooting coat, being intact, had been drawn over the body after death, which must have been instantaneous. The secret of the poor wretch's death was plain to me in a

flash. Some one of the crater, presumably Gunga Dass, must have shot him with his own gun—the shot that fitted the brown cartridges. He had never attempted to escape in the face of the rifle fire from the boat.

I pushed the corpse out hastily and saw it sink from sight literally in a few seconds. I shuddered as I watched. In a dazed, half-conscious way I turned to peruse the notebook. A stained and discolored slip of paper had been inserted between the binding and the back and dropped out as I opened the pages. This is what it contained: "Four out from crow clump: 3 left; 9 out; 2 right; 3 back; 2 left; 14 out; 2 left; 7 out; 1 left; 9 back; 2 right; 6 back; 4 right; 7 back." The paper had been burned and charred at the edges. What it meant I could not understand. I sat down on the dried bents, turning it over and over between my fingers until I was aware of Gunga Dass standing immediately behind me with glowing eyes and outstretched hands.

"Have you got it?" he panted. "Will you not let me look at it also? I swear that I will return it."

"Got what? Return what?" I asked. "That which you have in your hands. It will help us both." He stretched out his long, birdlike talons, trembling with eagerness.

"I could never find it," he continued. "He had secreted it about his person. Therefore I shot him, but nevertheless I was unable to obtain it."

Gunga Dass had quite forgotten his little fiction about the rifle bullet. I received the information perfectly calmly. Morality is blunted by consorting with the dead who are alive.

"What on earth are you raving about? What is it you want me to give you?"

"The piece of paper in the notebook. It will help us both. Oh, you fool! You fool! Can you not see what it will do for us? We shall escape."

His voice rose almost to a scream, and he danced with excitement before me. I own I was moved at the chance of getting away.

"Don't skip! Explain yourself. Do you mean to say that this slip of paper will help us? What does it mean?"

"Read it aloud! Read it aloud! I beg and I pray to you to read it aloud."

I did so. Gunga Dass listened delightedly and drew an irregular line in the sand with his fingers.

"See now! It was the length of his gun barrels without the stock. I have those barrels. Four gun barrels out from the place where I caught crows—straight out; do you follow me? Then three left. Ah, how well I remember when that man worked it out night after night! Then nine out, and so on. Out is always straight before you across the quicksand. He told me so before I killed him."

"But if you knew all this why didn't you get out before?"

"I did not know it. He told me that he was working it out a year and a half ago, and how he was working it out night after night when the boat had gone away and he could get out near the quicksand safely. Then he said that we would get away together. But I was afraid that he would leave me behind one night when he had worked it out, and so I shot him. Besides, it is not advisable that the men who once get in here should escape. Only I, and I am a Brahman."

[Concluded Tomorrow.]

The Artist and the Duke.

When Gustave Dore was at the height of his fame he visited England, and Blanchard Jerrold took him to a public dinner for one of the literary charities. The Duke of Cambridge was in the chair. Jerrold suggested to the secretary that he should arrange for his Grace to speak of the famous French artist when proposing the toast of the visitors.

"Just write the gentleman's name on a slip of paper, and I'll put it under the Duke's eye." Whereupon Jerrold wrote "Distinguished visitor—Gustave Dore," but unfortunately marked the accent over the surname's last letter so faintly that it was invisible to His Royal Highness. Presently, hot and anxious, the secretary came back to Jerrold, "By all means, says the Duke, but who the devil is Dore?"

Jerrold had to make this clear, and did so on another slip of paper, with the words, "Gustave Dore is the celebrated French painter whose pictures are the admiration of the whole civilized world."

The Duke is too much a man of the world not to have accepted the snub with gracious savoir faire, and he did full honor to Dore in a kindly and appreciative reference to the guest—and did not forget the accent.

"BED-RIDDEN FOR YEARS"

Such cases are not hopeless when the right treatment is resorted to. South American Rheumatic Cure has cured hundreds of so-called "incurables." Relieves in six hours.

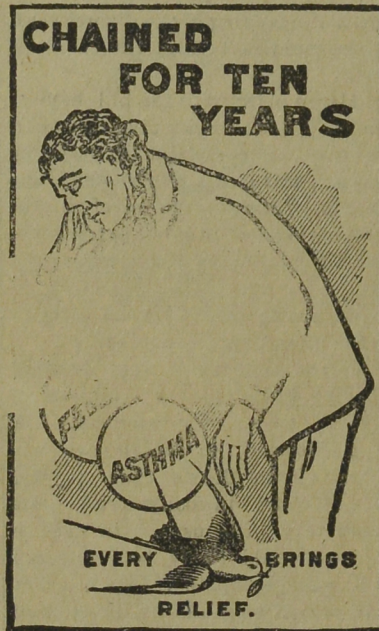
The marvellous curative power and effectiveness of South American Rheumatic Cure is in the quickness with which it acts and the almost "lightning change" for the better in the Rheumatic Victim after taking a few doses. It seems next to incredible—but there is no deception—it's work is apparent, and every step taken toward recovery is a permanent one. History repeats itself daily in this wonderful treatment—it never fails.

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ASTHMA CURE FREE!

Asthmalene brings instant relief and permanent cure in all cases.

Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.
WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.



There is nothing like Asthmalene. It 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. Bnai Israel.

New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

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 a 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 134th 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 Rivington Street. S. RAPHAEL, 67 East 120th St., New York City

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All Over The World.

The largest and most successful paint dealers in the world sell Church's Alabastine. Kalsomines which decay upon ceilings and walls breed unhealthfulness—they peel and scale and rub off easily. Alabastine grows harder with age. Cold water and a brush is all that's needed. We recommend it for its healthfulness—the ease with which it is applied—its durability. Let us show you the sixteen beautiful tints (and white), of Church's Alabastine. (Never sold in bulk.)

ALABASTINE.

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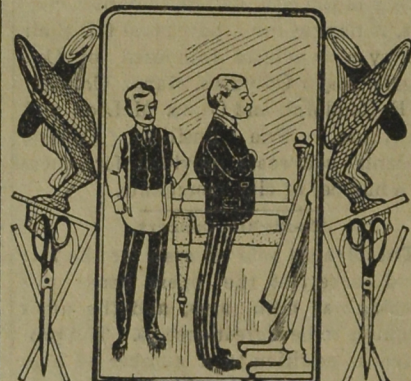
2½ lb. packages, 25 cents.

5 lb. packages 50 cents.

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MARCH 1902.

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