

## HE WAS AN ADVERTISER.

MR. KLUNKER OF KLUNKERVILLE AND HIS METHODS.

The Story of a Hustler from Awayback, in the Line of Red Rubber Stamps and Other Useful Articles—How He Lived, Fought and Died.

Charles A. Klunkner, the man of red rubber stamps and blue donkeys, died at his home at Golden Gate this afternoon, and the most unique advertiser on the coast has passed away, says a recent issue of the San Francisco Examiner. Klunkner was one of the shrewdest men on the coast and one of the most persistent and original advertisers that ever did business in San Francisco. His "red rubber stamps" had become a household word, though why red rubber should have been any better than blue rubber or green rubber Mr. Klunkner never explained.

But when Mr. Klunkner turned his advertising fancies loose he stopped at nothing. He was known to every pedestrian in San Francisco and Oakland by the little red cart in which he rode, drawn by a patient donkey that was dyed sometimes blue, sometimes green, and again polka dotted in all the colors of the rainbow.

When the prismatic donkey began to lose its attractiveness Mr. Klunkner added a second and dyed them different colors. Then he gave each donkey a rider and chained a small red-coated monkey to the back of each. The little red cart, which Mr. Klunkner never hesitated to drive himself, became a veritable menagerie, and was filled with an assortment of animals of all kinds, so that whenever it came to a standstill there was always a crowd of small boys around it.

One of Mr. Klunkner's advertising schemes cost the nickel-in-the-slot machines any quantity of money and got the originator into serious trouble. About the time that these machines were first introduced on this coast—when candy, chocolate, and chewing gum were sold in this way, and when you could get your weight, your height, and everything but your photograph from one of them—Mr. Klunkner began the manufacture of a lot of small lead and aluminum advertising coins. It was soon found that these coins, whether by accident or design, would work one of the nickel-in-the-slot machines as well as the coin of the realm. So Klunkner's advertisements were in great demand, and the owners of these machines soon found, to their cost, that there was such a man as Klunkner.

One day when a candy machine was opened it was found that out of \$2.85 worth of candy sold there was 2.65 worth of Klunkner's advertisements. Other machines were found in a like condition, and the United States authorities interfered, and the coining ceased.

Klunkner made a great deal of money at what is now the town of Golden Gate. Many years ago he purchased the land where the little town now stands. He bought the land when it could be had for a mere song, and then began to put it on the market. But there was little demand for lots "out in the country" in those days, and Klunkner had very poor success. Then he built a little house and tried to sell that, but that also failed. At last he hit upon a scheme, and he applied the raffle plan to his house. He sold tickets for a dollar each, and realized more than it he had sold the house outright. The winner was only too glad to reside in a house that cost him so little, and after Klunkner had sold several houses in that manner, he had quite a little settlement, and that he called Klunkerville.

The settlement grew, but as it prospered there came some citizens who did not fancy the name Klunkerville. It was not poetic enough, and so the town was divided against itself. When a Post Office was established the fight waxed warm, but Klunkner carried the day, and it was named Klunkerville.

But here the red rubber stamp man made a mistake. He issued an advertising card that dwelt with the personal appearance of Grover Cleveland and his family affairs. This was seized with avidity by those who wanted the name changed. Copies of the card were sent to the President, and almost before the Post Office had been established the name was changed to Golden Gate.

Then Klunkner put up a sign on every lot he owned. "This is Klunkerville." He strung immense signs across the main streets and placarded Oakland and the surrounding countries with little signs telling the distance to "Klunkerville." The fight ended when the Southern Pacific Company changed the name of their station to Golden Gate, and this broke Klunkner's heart. But there are still many who know it only as Klunkerville.

Klunkner was a familiar figure on the boats, and he carried for samples badges reading, "Poundmaster of Klunkerville" and "Chief of Police at Klunkerville," for he was Mayor, City Council, and the cook, the crew, and the captain bold of the little settlement.

## Men With Many Medals.

Among soldiers actually serving, Lord Wolsey wears the greatest number of clasps—one for the Crimea, two for China, two for the Indian Mutiny, two for South Africa, and seven for Egypt—total, fourteen, exclusive of medals, stars, and other decorations says an English paper. The British war medal having the greatest number of clasps, namely, twenty-eight, is that known as the Peninsular Medal. It was granted in 1847 (struck and presented in 1848) to the surviving officers and men of the Army and Navy who had taken part in any of the victories obtained over the French, in various parts of the world, between 1793 and 1814. The following are the clasps for the Peninsular War:—"Rociera," "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Talavera," "Busaco," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Pyrenees," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," and "Toulouse." Samuel Gibson, of the Inniskillings, who died about a year ago in the Caterham Asylum, having served in the Peninsular, had one of these medals with fourteen clasps. Another with fourteen clasps was held in his life-time by Peter Marsh, of the 95th, and was sold, after his death, for £23. One of the commissioners has a medal which has about an equal number of clasps,

the chief ones being: "Alexandria" (bombardment), "El-Teb," "Tama," "The Nile, 1884-1885," "Aba Klea," "Kerbek," "Suakim, 1884," "Suakim, 1885," and "Tofrek." Another commissioner has the Afghan Medal with six clasps, namely, "Kandahar," "Ahmed Kheh," "Char-aseab," "Peiwar Kotal," "Ali Masjid," and "Cabul;" he also has the bronze star, given to the troops who took part in General Roberts's famous march from Cabul to Kandahar.

## FACTS ABOUT FLEAS.

The Very Remarkable Tricks to Which They Can Be Trained.

A writer in London Tit Bits tell of a visit to a performing flea exhibition in that city. Before him were a dozen or more glass cases, revealing hundreds of these little insects: fat fleas, lean fleas, lodging-house fleas, cheap hotel fleas, fleas just born, and fleas eight years old. Great, robust, square-shouldered, determined-looking acrobats they were, who seemed quite as knowing as fleas could.

After gazing for some minutes at the agile creatures and witnessing the marvellous manner in which the fleas performed their feats, the man wanted to know how it was done, and in response to his inquiries the keeper of the cases spoke as follows:—

"This glass cylinder you see with an opening in the end is the home of the flea for the first three months after he comes under my care. Of course, the natural instinct of a flea is to jump, as it is with us to walk, and when Mr Flea finds himself in this glass case, only an inch and a half in diameter, he jumps and hurts his nose against the opposite side. He jumps again and again, with the same result, but at the end of the three months he jumps no more, but crawls, as all the rest of my well-behaved fleas do.

"The hardest part of my work is now over, but should the flea exhibit the slightest desire to get into bad habits, back he goes into the glass cylinder, where he can jump to his heart's content. As you can see, I have nineteen pupils in this the primary or kindergarten stage of their education.

"My next step is to dress them. Don't look so incredulous, for you will use this magnifying glass you will see in these compartments in this pill-box, dresses, hats, caps, aprons, and trousers by the score. Some of these it has taken me months to make, but the majority my father made before my birth, so you see Mr. Flea doesn't cost me much for clothes.

"If you will wait a moment I will show you the fleas in all their glory, that is, just as they have appeared day after day, and year after year, to a never-tiring public."

In ten minutes the task of dressing the fleas was completed, and our representative was handed a glass.

"What do you see in that corner of the miniature parlour?"

The man held his breath, for there, seated at the table, was the mother flea at her knitting, and on the opposite side was the father, spectacles and all deeply absorbed in perusing 'a paper,' while on the lounge in the corner of the apartment two young people, with arms around each other's neck, were making love.

"Those four that you see," interrupted the instructor, "are my oldest and best fleas. They never give me trouble, and I only regret they are nearing the end of flea life—nine years.

"Here you can see the chain-gang at work, assisted by an elephant, made of paper with a flea in each foot, giving the animal motion.

"The 'whist players' seem to please the public as much as anything, but one of the players is unwell—caught influenza or something—so you can only see the three of them playing. The smallest drop of water would completely cover the deck of cards they use, yet you can see with a glass that they are playing with knaves, kings, and queens, as we do. My pride is my orchestra. Look in this room, and then tell your readers what you see."

Our representative gazed on an orchestra of eighteen performers dressed in uniform, with actual music and instrument that looked as real as the Guards' band, and occupying a space of a single shilling.

"It took me just nine months to write their music, which is as you see, 'God Save the Queen.' The man was so wrapped up in exhibition that he actually listened for the familiar air, but, of course, none came, though the conductor brought down his baton with all the confidence of a Dan Godfrey, the bass-drummer hit his drum, the size of a pin's head, and the slide trombone manipulated his instrument like a human performer.

Many other wonderful things the fleas accomplished: one could bring up a bucket of water; another swings eight of its fellows in an old-fashioned swing, whilst another performer dressed in a scarlet coat fires off a cannon. Well trained fleas are worth from £2 to £10 apiece, though a hundred of them can be easily procured in their native state in the East-end for 1s. A good flea show is worth between £400 and £500 a year to its proprietor.

## His Future Wife's Name.

He was a chatty kind of a conjurer, and was anxious to open the evening's entertainment merrily. So he stepped forward to the front of the stage and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, if there is in this audience any young man who would like to know the name of his future wife, it that young man will kindly stand up, I will undertake to tell him, and this is no guessing competition. Now, will any single young man kindly stand up?"

Up jumped a young man in the centre of the room.

"Thank you," said the conjurer. "Now, do you wish to know the name of your future wife?"

"I do," said the young man.

"Well," said the man of magic, "I always like to do things in a proper business fashion; will you kindly give me your name?"

"Yes, certainly," said the young man; "my name is James Jackson."

"Thank you," replied the conjurer; "then the name of your future wife will be Mrs. Jackson."

Recent additions to the British navy have rendered necessary a large increase in the number of men required. In 1890-1 there were 68,800 men on the fleet list. In 1891-2 the number was 71,000, the present year 74,100, and for the coming financial year provision is asked for 76,700.

## A ST. JOHN'S MIRACLE.

EIGHT HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS SPENT IN VAIN EFFORTS TO REGAIN HEALTH.

An Engineer's Painful Existence and Wonderful Rejuvenation—Hospitals and Doctors Failed to Cure Him—Health Restored by a Remedy Almost Forced Upon Him—A Story Worthy of a Careful Perusal.

[The News, St. John's, Que.]

It is now some fourteen months since The News commenced publishing reports of the wonderful results produced by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and every one must admit that many of the cures effected seemed little short of the miraculous. The names of the remedies which claim to cure all the ills flesh is heir to are today legion, and whatever the merits and demerits of these preparations may be, there is no question as to the great reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Some people no doubt laugh at these stories, and believe them to be advertising dodges to catch the unwary and rope in some of their shekels. We have now printed and published The News for nearly half a century; it enjoys the reputation of being a high toned weekly with a large circulation, and we naturally do business with the advertising men of the day, and from the reputation of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, we have never had any reason to doubt the perfect accuracy of the cures related; but it is only now we are placed in a position to testify personally as to the wonderful curative powers of Pink Pills. The story we were about to relate, though no less remarkable than others regarding the same medicine, naturally impresses itself more upon our mind and upon the minds of others in the community because the party chiefly concerned is known to us, and we are enabled to bear personal testimony as to the correctness of his declarations.

The gentleman who was a short time ago so greatly afflicted is now almost as well as he ever was, and cheerfully related his story to the representative of The News, in the hope that those who read it might be benefited thereby.

Mr. Camille Dubuque is a man of fifty-three years of age and has been a mechanical engineer for twenty-five years, working on the steamer Reindeer which runs on Lake Champlain, and occasionally on the river Richelieu. "Four years ago," said Mr. Dubuque, "while our steamer had an excursion party on board for an evening run, I was rather tired after a long day's work, and went up on the upper deck to enjoy a smoke before retiring. At that time I felt myself to be in perfect health, but when I went to my room I was taken with chills and was unable to keep myself warm. Although that night I had but little sleep I felt comparatively well the next day. About a fortnight after I was taken with frightful pains in my back, near my spine, and in my side. I went to the hospital in Burlington, Vt., and was treated there for three weeks, and then feeling but little better I came to my home in Iverville county, five and a half miles from St. John's. I was then doctored by a medical man from Iverville. His treatment seemed to relieve me very little, and I determined to visit Montreal and see another physician. This I did in March (three years ago), and put myself in an eminent physician's care, who treated me from March until July, and certainly did all he could for me. I did not stay in Montreal all the time, but went backwards and forwards to see him. In July I got tired of this and was beginning to feel down-hearted. I then called in a medical man from Henryville, a village a few miles from where I live, and he prescribed for me over and over again, but by this time I was almost powerless to help myself, and no one knows what frightful agony I suffered. For seven long months I sat in a chair with my feet on a lounge. I was unable to lie down day or night, and often thought that death would be a happy relief. Last spring my wife read an account of a Saratoga miracle in The News, and determined to get a box of Pink Pills for me. I remonstrated with her telling her that it was useless spending more money, but she persisted and wrote to Wright & Co., druggists, of St. John's, and had a box sent by mail. I took them to please her, never thinking they would do me any good, but much to my surprise, after taking the box I felt slightly better. We then bought another box and by the time that was gone I felt that they were certainly helping me. I could now lie down, something I had been unable to do for seven long months previously. So I kept on taking the Pink Pills and am now on my tenth box, and today I am practically a new man. Last winter I had an attack of la grippe. I took Pink Pills and they cured me. We figured up to see the amount of money I had expended in trying to be cured before resorting to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the figures reached \$825. I willingly tell you my story and my wife corroborates every word I say, in the hope that any one who is as unfortunate as I have been may attain relief by employing the same remedy. Put it in The News, some of my old fellow-workmen will see it and it may benefit them as it has done me."

When The News representative drove up to Mr. Dubuque's pretty little farm house he beheld that gentleman chopping wood, and looking a strong, robust man. A year ago his neighbors thought him a doomed man; today they consider his cure as little short of miraculous.

Messrs. Wight & Co., old and reliable druggists of this town, assure us that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, which is additional proof that they are what the manufacturers claim for them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' Dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to the pale, sallow complexion and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen

or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

## THINGS OF VALUE.

If you want to get a reputation as a fine conversationalist let people whom you meet talk all the time about themselves and their affairs without your putting in a word.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.

Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair.

MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.

Stanley, P. E. I.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.

Oil City, Ont. MATTHIAS FOLEY.

Undertaking to tell a man his faults is like waving a lighted match over a barrel of gunpowder. You may do it successfully, but the chances greatly favor an explosion.

"Mother, what shall I do for this dreadful cough?" "Take Puttner's Emulsion, my dear, it always helps our family."

A French merchant, the victim of several defaulting cashiers, now advertises for "a cashier as honest as possible and paralysed in both legs."

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BLIND.

They are blind who will not try a box of

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

for the disorders which grow out of Impaired Digestion. For a Weak Stomach, Constipation, Disordered Liver, Sick Headache, or any Bilious and Nervous affections, they take the place of an entire medicine chest.

COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING.

Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

**Chase's Liquid Glue.**

MENDS EVERYTHING THAT GLUE WILL MEND

ALWAYS READY WITHOUT HEATING

Sold by Druggists, Stationers, Hardware Dealers, or Sample by mail for 10 cents.

GILMOUR & CO., MONTREAL.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

**SEGEE'S OINTMENT**

IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR—

Piles, Fever Sores, Sores of any kind, Ringworms, Chapped Hands, Chlbitains, Scalds and Burns, Frost Bites, Warts, Corns, etc.

For sale at Drug Stores, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50 cts. per Pot), by addressing

**JOHN A. SEGEE, Manufct.,**  
DURHAM STREET—North St. John, N. B.

Wholesale by

**T. B. Barker & Sons,**  
and  
**S. McDiarmid,**  
KING STREET, - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

**SEGEE'S OINTMENT**

THE FOLLOWING HAVE BEEN SELECTED FROM THE VAST NUMBER OF PERSONS WHO HAVE BEEN CURED BY THE USE OF SEGEE'S OINTMENT:

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.

ROBERT MCCUEN, St. John, N. B., writes:

This will certify that for two years and four months I was afflicted with Fever Sores. Had seven holes in my leg, running sores in my breast, back, shoulder and under my arm. I tried several physicians but got no relief. After being seventeen months in the hospital, I returned home and heard of SEGEE'S OINTMENT. I immediately procured a pot. After using it a short time I began to get better; and in a few weeks was completely cured. I can highly recommend it to all persons who may be suffering as I was.

## Full

## of Steam.



It's the usual way on wash day—a big fire—a house full of steam—the heavy lifting—the hard work.



## A TEAKETTLE

of HOT WATER

and

## SURPRISE SOAP

used according to the directions

on the wrapper does away with all this muss and confusion. The clothes are sweeter, whiter and cleaner than when washed the ordinary way.

Thousands use Surprise Soap this way, with perfect satisfaction. Why don't you?

**SURPRISE** is good for all uses. Every cake is stamped **Surprise**.

# THE WORLD'S FAIR



may be in Chicago, but St. John can justly boast of HER fair, and it is to them we speak. That "poem" of a Spring Bonnet, you remember, had beautiful feathers though now they are rather the worse for wear. Why not send them to **UNCAR'S?** HE MAKES THE OLD NEW. Your spring garments, jackets and Blouses, do they not need cleaning or dyeing? Look them over.

IT WILL PAY YOU.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNCAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 80 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at

**UNCAR'S.**

**Bisquit Dubouché & Co.**

**COGNAC.**

THE SECOND LARGEST SHIPPERS OF BRANDY FROM FRANCE.

**THEIR BRANDIES ARE UNSURPASSED IN AGE AND QUALITY.**

Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

## Thackeray's Complete Works—10 vols.

Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

Thackeray's works, 10 volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, library edition, with 177 illustrations for \$2.90 is an unequalled offer. We do not think it will last long because our supply is limited, and we may not be able to duplicate our orders at the same figure. The retail bargain prices usually \$6.00. The set is listed at \$10.00. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

THE WORKS OF

W. M. THACKERAY