

PHONOGRAPH IN COURT.

BILDAD MAKES AN EXPERIMENT WITH QUEER RESULTS.

The Transmitter, the Vibrator, the Funnel and the Hose-pipe—Their Gay and Festive Gambolings—A Rattled Jury and a Diminished Judge.

I told him I did not want to buy the machine—I did not want it at all. But the agent was an agent of that homeless and motherless brand, whose barber is adversity and whose tailor is neglect, and, as the sun shone on his pallid brow and on his low-necked pants, and on his eyes that rested on mine as those of a spring call might rest upon its executioner, 'twas hard indeed to cast him forth upon the cold and jagged world. His hands were clasped together in such a frenzy of appeal and his fragile form was consumed with such a fearful passion for my welfare, that it seemed like tempting fate to turn him from my door.

He said there was nothing this side of the grave that a court reporter needed like a phonograph. He said I was not born for toil. Toil was degrading to a man whom Nature had moulded for command. Toi was my bete noir. Toil was seeping up my nature which was jounced and juicy into a Sahara waste of mental desuetude. He believed he had a divine commission to come to me with this machine. He said it would gobble up everything that was said like so much bait—it would not sweat in August, nor freeze in January—its pen would never stick nor its pencil break—it could take 300 words per minute and chew gum—it didn't matter whether the witness was Irish, Scotch, French, or Miemac—it could take down a women's sewing circle or a hen convention without turning a hair—it would never get mad, nor hungry, nor homesick—it would masticate old Blackstone, and Roscoe and Chitty and Olgers et hoc like so many links of sausage; and when it had taken it all down it would retire with me to some secluded spot by the side of a murmuring canal, and disgorge.

Eloquence and truth are seldom found under the same hat, but, I think, now that I ought to have thought of that before. I think now that I should have known that the same man who was born to command could not be born to make a monkey of himself for agents. I think now that I should have sent him where the woodpile smilth, by means of the slack of his raiment and the fulness thereof. But I didn't. I temporized; he emphasized; we fraternized. I consented to take the machine on trial.

The thing looked queer and eerie-like. I thought, as I lugged it into the courtroom next morning. The funnel stuck out and brooded o'er the scene like the exhaust pipe of John McPherson's sausage-mill. It had a crank which revolved in a slow and threatening manner, and a dial that glared upon the prisoner. A joint of hose was coiled up on the box which contained the battery, with a tentacle to hook onto the flexible lobe of the transcriber. There was about a peck of spools reclining to starboard of the thing which I was supposed to feed into it, to keep the vibrator happy. The crier was awe-struck, the jury gazed at me in abject reverence, and the prisoner threatened to make a confession. Even the judge, I thought was conscious of an over-shadowing presence. I settled back in a majestic, but graceful degage manner to watch the procession. Once or twice in a while I oiled the machine, and every time it fired out a spool, I fired in another. All day long the funnel gurgled and choked, and the vibrator hummed away, and all day long the jury gazed upon it with eyes that threatened to leave their heads. Not a word did they hear of the evidence. They found the prisoner "Not Guilty," though the evidence was strong enough to kill a horse.

I had the apparatus carted home on a truck, the vibrator buzzing away on the last spool for over two blocks and a half. When it was portashed up into my den I assimilated a few viands, then hauled out the hose, strapped myself onto the phonograph on one side and the typewriter on the other, and pulled out the plug. I have never been able to call to mind that our family was remarkable for deafness, but that agent must have thought so. Of all the growls and howls, and grunts and grinds, and groans and moans that ever came from hog, dog, or frog, that vibrator when it humped itself up was the worst. It had been corked up and was now unloading on my tympanum every blessed noise that had occurred in the court room all that day. I heard the sneezing of the judge, the wheezing tones of the crier, the snoring of the constable, the roaring of the lawyers, the barking of the judge's dog, the banging of the door, the coughing of the consumptive jurymen—it was snort, crash, buzz and bang, as though all Inferno had broken

from its moorings! Do you blame me that I keep a gun for agents? Then listen to this which is only a diluted sample of the stuff that poured from the hose-pipe of that machine and percolated through my larboard auricle during the awful hours of that night.

"My learned friend—buzz, boom, crash—Now Yeromer I object—my learned friend, my learned friend—crash, rattle, bang—Well, I think my learned friend—Pardon me a moment, now pardon me—Well, Yeromer my learned friend—Order, order, bow—wow—wow—My learned friend—squeak, squeak, squeak—my learned friend did not make his objection—but pardon me



THEIR FIRST SMOKE.

if you please I did object—Now surely my learned friend—barg—my learned friend—boom—Gentlemen—buzz, boom, bang—this is really—creek, creek, bang—out-rageous—sneeze—If I am obliged to listen—bow, wow, wow—to such baldersdash—crash—Mr. Sheriff—yessir—really we must have order in the court—ha, ha, ha!—please put that red-headed man out immediately—buzz, crash—or tell him to keep quiet—rattle, bang, buzz, boom—Order in the Court—I say order!"

And so it went on and never have I heard a clock tick since that night that it did not say—"My learned friend—my learned friend—my learned friend—my learned friend!" And I am very anxious to see my learned friend, the agent.

A Pleasant Resort.

There is no keener pleasure for a great many people, residents and non-residents, at this season of the year, than a look through the well-known establishment of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan. Progress will not attempt to go into any details in regard to the handsome holiday volumes which have been imported, especially for this season's trade. The facts that there is a market for such books, and that any house is sufficiently enterprising to run the necessary risk of purchasing such expensive volumes, are in themselves a great credit to the city. Messrs. J. & A. McMillan have always been abreast, and if anything, ahead of the times in these and all other directions. Their supply this year is simply a complete collection of the wonderfully beautiful productions of the best English and American publishers. But while they have catered thoroughly to the expensive tastes of the epicure in books, they have by no means neglected the interest of the masses of the people who prefer something more popular and at less cost. The latest childrens and youths books, the newest designs of Christmas cards, and every fancy article suitable for this season to be sought for in a book store, can be found on their tables and shelves. In addition to the complete variety and beauty of the stock. The invariable hearty welcome awaiting a visitor, and the unflinching courtesy of the attendants, make this store one of the pleasantest resorts in the city.

Christmas Presents in Plenty.

Any person passing by the Colonial Book Store, on the corner of King and Germain streets, will note that it presents an unusually busy aspect just now. They will be, perhaps, surprised to learn that but half, if as much as half, of the store is visible. In order to accommodate the additional rush at this season, Mr. Hall found it necessary to trespass upon what is, during the rest of the year, his wholesale department. He has fitted it up in an admirable fashion for the display of holiday goods and his numerous visitors find ample opportunity to walk about and inspect his stock at their leisure. Praise of the goods to be found here is almost superfluous. Everything in a stationer's line and many other handsome Christmas articles, which one would hardly expect to find in such a store can be purchased in Mr. Hall's establishment. The location of the store will make it convenient, and a visit of a few minutes or longer will repay any lady or gentleman.

A Wonderfully Cheap Book.

Among the attractive holiday books in Mr. Alfred Morrissey's store is one entitled *The World's Worship in Stone*. It is handsomely bound and splendidly illustrated. The greatest structures of stone in the world are pictured in its pages. To look over it is quite an education in itself. The descriptive letter press is all that is necessary to complete the interest for the reader. Mr. Morrissey calls the book a "Leader," and sells it for the wonderfully low price of \$1.50. It certainly is remarkable value for the money.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY MONIALS WITH OUR GUARANTEE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

is the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this For sample package send three cent stamp to

A SMALL BOY'S ANTICS.

THE YOUNG LADIES BLUSHED AND THE GENTLEMEN FELT QUEER.

He Played Soldier in Church With a Cane for a Horse, and Attracted More Attention Than the Minister—The Guardians Painful Duty.

Church is a solemn sort of place, and one does not, as a rule, go there to be amused; but, at the same time, a thing which would not call forth even a momentary smile if it were to be served out to us at an opera bouffe will call forth storms of merriment in church. Therefore, the mother who contributes her little cherub

peace!" And the young man who had supplied the armory, was heard to remark afterwards, "I would not go through that again for a fortune. I tell you, the Lord has gone to church with me every Sunday since I have been here! but the hero of *Paradise Lost* sat behind me to-night!" GEOFF.

Kill Two Birds With One Stone.

The fine winter weather of the past week has been thoroughly enjoyed by all who were prepared for it. But there were some who could not take advantage of the snow as they might wish, and others to whom the cold snap was anything but welcome. The snow was fortunately too crisp for snow-balling and the small boys missed one of their favorite pastimes, but it made the hills excellent for coasting, and hundreds of them got their hand sleds out and enjoyed their lives thoroughly. But the boy without a sled was "not in it." And it is without a good warm overcoat or reefer his case is a great deal worse with the thermometer at zero, and the other boys warm with the excitement of coasting. A good warm overcoat or reefer and a hand sled would make such a boy happy. But his parents might be able to get one of those articles, and not the other. A sensible person would buy the coat. If they bought it at Oak Hall they would kill two birds with one stone, for this establishment is giving away sleds to their customers. They have the choice of either a board sled or a clipper. When you are passing the corner of King and Germain streets, drop into Oak Hall or look at the display in the window. A coat is necessary and a sled is a "luxury." What better present could you make to your young friends?

Some Qualifications.

Experience has a good deal to do with success in business. Something is learned every year, and perhaps every day. Mme. Kane has been pleasing the ladies of St. John with her millinery for six years, and today her business is larger than ever. But her experience is not confined only to St. John. She has done business in New York, where she located for five years. In her handsome store, in the new Opera House building, she is at present offering remarkable inducements to Christmas buyers.

Try It and See.

It is telling on a woman to be rubbing away at an old washboard, and many times they are worn out before the board is. How simple it would be for you to let your wife send her laundry to Ungar's this winter and let him do it for her. Look at the facts broadside, and know that it is cheaper and better to let him rough dry her washing. Send next week's to Ungar's Steam Laundry.—Adet.

A bright family and cheerful home depends to a great extent on the cook and cooking, but for her to accomplish this she must have the best materials, and especially at this season of the year, such as apples, dried fruit, pure spices, cider, lard, mince meat, etc., etc., and the place to get them is at 32 Charlotte street, from J. S. Armstrong & Bro.

XMAS PRESENTS.

LADIES' AND GENTS'

Dressing Cases,

Plush and Leather.

Odor Cases Cut Glass Bottles Celluloid Combs, Brushes and Mirrors.

A FULL LINE OF

CHOICE PERFUMES

By the bottle, and ounce; also in

FANCY BASKETS,

By Riessacker.

F. E. CRAIBE & CO.,

Druggists and Apothecaries,

35 KING STREET.

SABBATH HOURS—9 30 to 10 45 a. m.; 2 to 4, and 7 to 9 p. m.

SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER

I have not spent one day without intense suffering, until I obtained a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the Greatest Cure for Rheumatism ever discovered. I would recommend anyone to try it who suffers as I did. I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for years. Yours truly,

E. B. GREEN.

June 1, '90.

Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50. For sale by all Druggists.

Prepared in Canada only by

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

King Street (West), St. John, N. B.

Wholesale by T. B. BARKER & SONS, and S. McDIARMID.

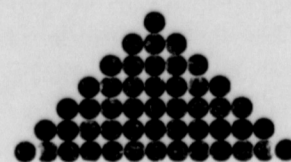
HOEGG'S TOMATOES.

THE FINEST BRAND IN THE MARKET.

There are CHEAPER Brands, but these are acknowledged the BEST.

ASK FOR THEM AT YOUR GROCER'S.

NEXT WEEK WE WILL TELL YOU WHERE THEY CAN BE HAD WHOLESALE.

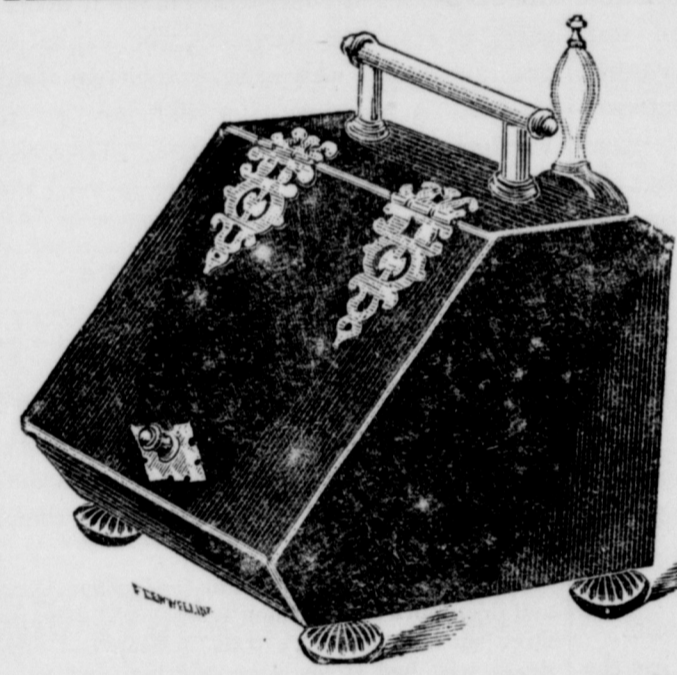
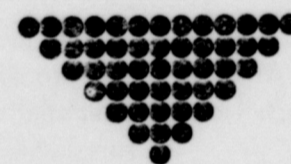


Wanted,

this cold weather, good warm Clothes for your boys. A Reefer is good for a boy to rough it in. He can get more wear out of one of FRASER'S Reefers than out of any other coat made. A Cape Overcoat for your boy looks well, wears well, feels well. Does your boy skate. If he doesn't, he ought to. FRASER gives a pair of the best quality Skates to boys who trade with him.

W. J. FRASER, ROYAL CLOTHING STORE,

ONLY ONE DOOR ABOVE THE ROYAL HOTEL.



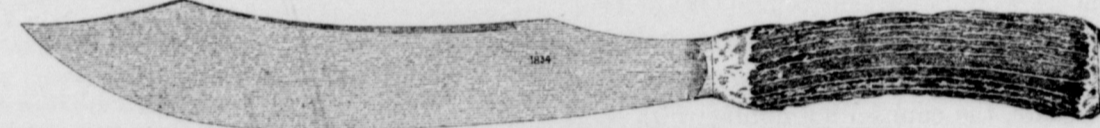
COAL VASES, FIRE IRONS, NURSERY and FIRE GUARDS, ASH BARRELS and SIFTERS, STOVE BOARDS,

Mica, and all sorts of Seasonable Goods. PRICES VERY LOW.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

P. S.—Special Cash Sale of Heating and Cook Stoves during December, to reduce Stock, previous to the New Year. Come early.

WHAT SHALL I GIVE?



Is a question which, at this season of the year, interests everybody. Don't let it trouble you; we can help you out. We are showing hundreds of useful articles in CUTLERY, TABLEWARE, SILVERPLATE AND SOLID SILVERWARE, which are always well received, and from their very usefulness, revive memories of the giver every day. In this way a present succeeds in its mission. Just as a hint: "LOW PRICES."

T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Warm Enough!

That's what you can say if you have one of the ART COUNTESS Hall Stoves in your house; the NEW SILVER MOON is as good, all say that have them. They heat well; burn little coal, and look well. The nickle-plated trimmings make them an ornament to any house. COLES, PARSONS and SHARP have them always in Stock; all sizes. 90 Charlotte St.