

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1892.

## A MAN OF THE OLD GUARD

ONE OF THE VETERANS IN CITY NEWSPAPER WORK.

He was Active in the Pioneer Days of Daily Journalism, and is a Young Man Yet—Everybody in the Business Knows Gordon Livingston.

A history of the press of St. John would be incomplete without more than a passing reference to the name of Livingston. Several brothers of the family have been prominently identified with the daily and weekly papers in the past, and some of the most successful of the existing dailies are at this day monuments of the Livingston work in journalism. The brothers best known are John and Gordon Livingston, the former of whom is now in the Northwest, while the latter resides at Harcourt, Kent county.

Gordon Livingston is a Westmorland boy, and was born at Shediak, August



12, 1844. He was educated at the Madras school, Shediak, and came to St. John at the age of 21. The *Telegraph* at that time was issued tri-weekly and weekly, for the day of daily papers in St. John had not come. Mr. Livingston was engaged as reporter and accountant, and did good work in both capacities. He remained with the *Telegraph* until 1869, after which he was engaged for a time on the *Morning Journal*, owned and edited by Rev. Wm. Elder. This paper and the *Telegraph* were amalgamated in the following year and made a daily under the somewhat lengthy name of *The St. John Daily Telegraph and Morning Journal*. At a later period the latter half of the title was dropped.

The first Guide to St. John worthy of the name was that issued by Mr. Livingston in 1869-70. It was a handy little volume, well arranged and containing much information in brief compass. In point of concise and clear description and system of arrangement, it has not been surpassed by later and more ambitious attempts of others. Livingston's pocket plan of the city was also a very convenient article for strangers and citizens alike.

The *St. John Advertiser*, a paper published by Mr. Livingston in 1870-71 was a very spicy sheet. It was very outspoken on the political and other questions of the day, and devoted special attention to the Intercolonial railway management.

In 1873, John Livingston became owner of the *Moncton Times*, which was then a respectable weekly full of life, from the fact that it was not on the government side in dominion politics. Gordon Livingston helped to make the *Times* lively until 1874, when he became editor and manager of the *Sackville Borderer*, a paper into which he infused new life, making it one of the best country weeklies in New Brunswick. Severing his connection with the *Borderer* in 1876, he took the position in the office of the collector of customs at Richibucto, remaining there for 13 years. Of late he has conducted a general agency business at Harcourt, Kent county.

Mr. Livingston represented the important parish of Richibucto in the municipal council for six years, and in the last year service was unanimously chosen to the position of warden of the municipality. He has twice been offered nominations as a candidate for the local legislature, and has declined the honor both times.

In politics, Mr. Livingston belongs to the old school of liberals, and was strongly opposed to the confederation scheme. Socially, he is everywhere known as "one of the boys," whose frank and open nature has made him many friends and no enemies who are worth regarding as such. As a writer, he wields a facile pen and is very concise in his style. He can be very caustic when occasion requires and fears nobody when he has anything to say, nor does he express any opinions which he is not prepared to discuss to a conclusion.

The portrait given herewith will be readily recognized by the very large circle of Mr. Livingston's friends.

### It Seemed Funny.

"I was in a little town in the mountains of Kentucky not long ago," remarked the drummer, as he showed his sample case aside to let another man in to hear the story, "and having a half day off, I concluded I'd take a look at the dispensation of justice by the city judge. He was a queer old joker, and his education had evidently not been of the college kind. The case before him was that of a colored man for assault and the way he hustled it through was not tardy by any means. He assessed a fine of \$50, redeemable by ninety days in jail, and turning to a constable he remarked with dignity:

"Here, Bill, take out this nigger and bring in the gentleman that stole them steers."

"It struck me as funny, but nobody else in the court room seemed to take it that way, and I didn't even smile."

## CONTORTING THE BODY.

John Ames, Barnum & Bailey's Star Twister, Tells Something About It.

You can't bend bones, but you can stretch cartilages.

That is where a great many people who go to see a contortionist twist and bend himself out of all semblance to the human form divine are misled. The human snake, the living corkscrew, the man with the rubber bones, the man who has no bones and all the rest of the list of contortionists who earn a livelihood by amusing and interesting the public with their feats do not and cannot bend their bones. But they seem to do so.

A performer crosses his arms and twines his legs. Then he turns his wrists and ankles and twists his hips at the hip joints, turns his tibiae and fibulae, his ulnuses and radiuses, and that is all he can bending, twisting, turning and contorting is done with the back. In some cases the neck is of use, and that, too, is twisted.

This sums the ability of the contortionist up in a general statement.

But to tie one's self up into knots, or even into one knot, is a physical impossibility. Of all contorting, back bending or turning backward and twisting the body out of shape is the most difficult. Forward bending is comparatively easy, because the backbone, which lie like thick waters between the vertebrae of the backbone, are thicker on the outside than on the inside, and so offer less obstruction to bending forward than they do to bending backward.

Forward bending is done with the performer standing on his feet or with a portion of his body lying on the floor. To be a good back-balancer, because the best and most difficult work is done by bending while the weight of the body rests on the hands. Of course it is good backward bending to stand on your feet and bend over backward until your head is thrust forward between your legs at the knees, and to do a dozen other things of a similar character. But it is more difficult to stand on your hands and bend backward until you sit in an upside down position on your head. That is hard and but few can do it.

Another and a more difficult feat is to get your chest on the floor, face downward, and, bending backward, place your toes under your shoulders.

But even that, which as you readily see is quite difficult, requires no bending of the arms or legs, although these members seem to be twisted out of all shape.

The most difficult thing to do that I know of is what I call my teeth balancing act. It is the only one which causes me any inconvenience afterward, and that is so slight and momentary as to be hardly worth noticing.

A strong iron rod is fastened upon a pedestal, which must stand firmly on its legs. The least tremble might result in throwing me over and breaking my neck. The termination of the rod is bent to an angle of about 30 degrees, and the end is covered with leather, so as to be comparatively soft for my teeth.

I stand on the pedestal and bend backward over the rod until my hands touch the pedestal behind me. That is, I simply "bend the crab." Then I grip the leather covered end with my teeth and gradually lower my body by bending my knees until the small of my back rests upon the crown of my head. Then I raise my feet from the pedestal, which throws the weight of my body on my head and so on my teeth. Then getting a perfect balance by spreading my legs wide apart, I raise my hands and fold my arms. My face is then at right angles with my back and I can look right out between my legs.

An inconvenience results if I remain in this position too long. I have stayed so for a minute and a half, but I don't want to remain in the position more than a minute, and this is long enough to frighten some audiences.

I frightened an audience of physicians quite badly recently this way. After about fifteen seconds I closed my eyes. They thought I had fainted, and some of them arose. Then I opened my eyes and winked quietly at one of the doctors. They laughed then, but they told me after I got down that they were afraid I had fainted and would fall over and break my neck or my back.

Like most difficult bending, getting back again in this is the hardest part. But when I get my hands safely on the pedestal I am all right to get my feet back.

When I was a boy I found I could bend well. I was 7 years old when I began to do it a great deal. Ten years ago, when I was but ten years old, I made my first appearance in public.

Winter is the hardest time for contortionists. They do not perspire so freely then and the skin stiffens a little. Consequently a contortionist has to do more practice work in winter than in summer.

### Did Not Want to be Knighted.

Sir James Porter Corry, who died, last year, was made a baronet against his will. He entered parliament in 1874 as member for Belfast, and from 1886 till his death represented mid-Armagh. When a baronetcy was first offered to him he declined it. His friends, official and personal, pressed it on his acceptance, but he still persisted in refusing. The matter was then settled without his consent, for, having gone abroad for a short time, he was, before his return, gazetted a baronet. Sir Nicholas Throckmorton against his will was knighted by Edward VI., to whom he was page and whipping-boy. In this latter office a boy was educated with a prince and had to bear his chastisements for him. Edward used to tell Throckmorton that he really felt the whippings as much as if he had to bear them in his own person, and promised to reward him when he escaped. Knowing that if Edward succeeded, the Duke of Northumberland, the uncle of the king and protector of the realm, would be angry. But the king managed to strike him on the shoulder, and he rose Sir Nicholas Throckmorton.

## THE DANCE OF THE DAY.

Some of the Features of the Evening's Entertainment.

The girl of the period has grown recklessly independent. Now the independent young dandy has all at once taken it into her head to take a very big step again in the direction of what she is pleased to call equality. What until quite recently was a ball or a dance without dancing men? A failure, and a thing of which a hostess stood in greater dread than of failure of the piece de resistance at the dinner or supper table. The dancing man knew his value, and tried to augment it by giving himself the air of a martyr when entering a ball room; the girl suffered him for awhile in this character, and then—since she has grown so very energetic and independent—determined to do without him.

Now she gives a skirt dance or a minuet with a beautiful impartiality that deserves admiration, and the men may admire or stay away as they please; it is immaterial to the girls. Girls dance after a dinner party as formerly they gave a song. You see, the style of dress that is required for these dances is almost identical with the ordinary dinner dress. A dress with a train does beautifully for a minuet, and the umbrella shaped skirt of this season is just the right thing for skirt dancing. It must be twelve yards wide, so that it can be gracefully taken up by the dancer, but as fashions go that is no extraordinary width.

It is not only the daring few who have the heart to perform singly before a drawing room of spectators. Skirt dancing will be very general indeed at this season's dancing. Step dancing will, indeed, be "all the rage" and the fashion will not end with the season.

One thing which is greatly in favor of skirt dancing is the fact that it is so much more artistic and beautiful than the ordinary round dances. But this is not the chief reason of its popularity. Men are very lazy. They won't dance, and it gets more and more difficult to get them to learn and practice dancing. Girls, on the other hand, are extremely fond of it. Of course two girls can dance a round dance together, and I have often seen it done, but it does not look well. With step dancing and skirt dancing it is quite different. It looks very charming if two girls dance a minuet or a national dance, or if one girl alone does skirt dancing. It makes them entirely independent of men as partners in a dance, and that, of course, is of the greatest importance.—N. Y. Press.

### What He Was Wondering.

Mr. L., a clergyman, had accepted an invitation to talk to the patients of a lunatic asylum. In his address he said he tried to talk on subjects they could grasp readily, using language that was simple. One of the subjects treated was that of the mothers who threw their children into the Ganges, thinking they were appeasing the wrath of the gods. During his talk about this Mr. L. noticed one of his congregation, a man, who had his eyes riveted upon him. The man's face was a study. His attitude was so direct and so fiendish that it annoyed the speaker.

After the discourse Mr. L. went among the patients. He met the man with the glaring eyes and took his hand. The minister told him he had noticed his close attention to some portions of the sermon. "I noticed," said Mr. L., "that you were particularly interested when I spoke about the mothers throwing their babies into the River Ganges. I would like to know, my good fellow, what was passing through your mind while I was talking on this subject?"

The man glared again at the preacher and replied, "I was wondering why your mother didn't throw you in."

### He Slept Under the Bed.

An English resident of Russia describes the merchant of that country as knowing the pecuniary value of what is called "a good position in society." He has a fine house and gorgeous furniture, and gives sumptuous feasts; but he really sighs for the simple life which he formerly led as a peasant. The corporation of a country town honored me, says the writer, with a dinner, and I slept at the house of a rich merchant of the place. The old gentleman took me, according to custom, into every room of his house, and showed me all the expensive property he had stuffed it with—pictures, furniture, ornaments, clocks, carpets, silver, and gold. I was called on to exhaust my vocabulary of admiration. Among the rest he showed me his own bedroom, furnished with a very fine bed, and he asked me the invariable question—"What did I think of that?" I admired it properly. I thought it magnificent. It was covered with blue silk and lace. "Yes," he said, "that cost a good deal of money, but," with a wink such as nobody but a Russian knows how to give, "I don't sleep a-top of that bed. I sleep under it."

### Austrian Hospitality.

Austrian station hospitality keeps the latch-string always out and says: "Come when you wish, do what you like, and stay as long as you can." A writer says that the Australian host places himself, his family, and all that is his at the service of the guest—fishing-tackle, breech-loaders, horses and servants. Such hospitality is rarely abused, though the writer mentions one exceptional case, where the guest prolonged his visit until it wore out his welcome. To one station came a visitor, whose original intention of staying a month was reconsidered, and he remained two.

Six months passed, and he was still there. He enjoyed himself hugely with horses, dogs and guns, developed an insatiable appetite, and his host did not complain. After about nine months the host's manner became less warm, and at the end of the year he spoke no more to his guest. The latter was not sensitive, but lingered on for the space of a second year, when he departed, and went to visit somebody else. During these two years he was never told that he had stayed long enough and would do well to go away.—Manchester Times.

## Girls Reefers.

Black, Navy Blue AND Greys — IN — SERGE CLOTH.

Sizes—3 to 15 Years.

Prices—\$2.10 to \$5.00.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

### AT THE GATES OF DEATH.

The Experiences of a Soldier Left to Die on the Field.

Baron de Marbot, late Lieut. General in the French army, wounded many times, but at the battle of Eylau he was very "nearly done for." His horse had fallen and rolled over him. His memoirs say: Stretched on the snow, among the piles of dead and dying, unable to move in any way, I gradually and without pain lost consciousness. I felt as if I was being gently rocked to sleep. At last I fainted quite away, without being revived by the mighty clatter which Murat's ninety squadrons advancing to the charge must have made in passing me. I judge that my swoon lasted four hours, and when I came to my senses I found myself in this horrible position. I was completely naked, having nothing on but my hat and my right boot. A man of the transport corps, thinking me dead, had stripped me in the usual fashion, and wishing to pull off the only boot that remained was dragging me by one leg with his foot against my body. The jerks which the man gave me no doubt had restored me to my senses. I succeeded in sitting up and spitting out the clots of blood from my throat. The shock caused by the wind of the ball had produced such an extravasation of blood that my face, shoulders, and chest were black, while the rest of my body was stained black from my wound. My hat and my hair were full of blood-stained snow, and as I rolled my haggard eyes I must have been horrible to see. Anyhow, the transport man looked the other way and went off with my property without my being able to say a single word to him, so utterly prostrate was I. But I had recovered my mental faculties, and my thoughts turned towards God and my mother. Marbot made up his mind that he had to die, but deliverance came in a singular manner. He had some time before done a kindness to Marshal Augereau's valet, Dannel, who, when the transport man made his display, recognized Marbot's pelisse. The valet went to have a last look at Marbot's body, found that death had not taken place, and had him carried where he was duly attended to and finally recovered.

### Some Self-Made Women.

We hear a great deal about self-made men, and a self-made woman has compiled some interesting facts concerning some women who are well known at the present time, from which it appears that some of the most noted began life very humbly.

Sarah Bernhardt was a dressmaker's apprentice. Adelaide Neilson began life as a child's nurse. Miss Braddon, the novelist, played small parts in the provinces. Charlotte Cushman was the daughter of poor people. Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of a country parson of small means, but the old story of a face being a fortune proved true in her case.

The great French actress Rachel had as hard a childhood as ever fell to the lot of a genius. Ragged, barefooted, and hungry, she played the tambourine in the streets, and sang and begged for a dole. Naturally she was illiterate and vulgar.

Christine Nilsson was a poor Swedish peasant, and ran barefooted in childhood. Jenny Lind, also a Swede, was the daughter of a principal of a young ladies' boarding school.

Minnie Hauk's father was a German, and a shoemaker, in the most straitened circumstances. Her voice early attracted the attention of one of New York's richest men, who had it cultivated.

The most renowned woman who sprang from the lowliest state was Jeanne d'Arc, who fed swine.

### Some Pretty Tall People.

Turner, the naturalist, declared that he once saw, upon the coast of Brazil, a race of gigantic savages, one of whom was 12ft. in height. M. Thevet, of France, in his description of America, published at Paris in 1575, asserted that he saw and measured the skeleton of a South American which was 11ft. 5in. in length. The Chinese are said to claim that in the last century there were men in their country who measured 15ft. in height. Josephus mentioned the case of a Jew who was 10ft. 2in. in height. Pliny tells of an Arabian giant, Gabara, 9ft. 9in., the tallest man in the days of Claudius. John Middleton, born at Hale, in Lancashire, in the time of James I., was 9ft. 3in. in height; his hand was 17in. long and 8½in. broad, says Dr. Plott in his "History of Staffordshire." The Irish giant Murphy, contemporary with O'Brien, was 8ft. 10in. A skeleton in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin, is 8ft. 6in. in height, and that of Charles Byrne in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, London, is 8ft. 4in. The tallest living man is Chan-tu-Sing, the Chinese giant. His height is 8ft. 3in.

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## A GRAND STORE FRONT.

BUT NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT IS SEEN INSIDE.

What Oak Hall is Like Since the Fence Was Taken Down—A Great Big Clothing House With Mountains of Ready-Made Suits, Behind Forty Feet of Plate Glass.

Forty feet of plate glass front has been one of the attractions on King street ever since the carpenters took down the high fence that surrounded it while they were at work. Now everything is beginning to get into shape and it is becoming more attractive every day. Oak Hall is becoming better known than ever. When Messrs. Scovill, Fraser & Co. began business a little over three years ago, it was their idea to make Oak Hall one of the best known houses in the provinces. They have succeeded. "Well and favorably known," is an old way of expressing it, but it covers the ground.

From Market Square to the corner of King and Germain streets, was one of the first moves of the firm, which had already worked up a phenomenal trade in ready

Germain looks all that one would wish. They shade the goods behind the 40 feet of plate glass, goods that will become as well known for the part they are taking in making a handsome window as those of the big dry goods firms of the city. For, although the windows have not yet been dressed as the firm intend they shall, enough has been done to show that the form of a clothing store can look as well as that of a dry goods establishment.

Inside the store is even more interesting. Large, bright and well lighted, by forty feet of plate glass front in the day time, and both are and incandescent lights at night, there is every opportunity to examine the goods and know just what one is buying.

To the right of the store on entering is the children's clothing department, where everything that can make a father "proud of his young son" is displayed, from a sailor suit to kilts, or a coat that will make him look for all the world like a little man. Past the children's counters and one comes to the shirt department at the rear of the store, and Scovill, Fraser & Co. claim to have one of the finest assortments in the provinces. Something that will probably



made clothing. They sold goods that were well made and of good material, at the lowest paying prices; and people went there the next time. They also told their friends. They have been doing the same thing ever since, and the business has been growing every year. "More room," has been the cry all the time; and now, anyone who walks around behind the 40 feet of plate glass front on King street cannot help wondering where the firm would store another consignment of goods if it came along.

Mountains of ready-made clothing! That expresses it. Long tables piled up so high with clothing that buyers in one part of the store can just see the heads of those on the other side. All sizes and makes from a pair of knee breeches for the smallest kind of a boy to a coat that would look well and feel comfortable on the largest man in town. And spring overcoats! The man who has been paying big prices for the custom made article has a surprise in store for him. The very latest, made to fit like a glove, lay on the counters all ready to put on.

It was not the intention to talk about the stock, but when one sees anything that strikes him as out of the ordinary he always wants to tell everybody about it—especially if the sight-seeer is a newspaper man.

The new store is something that interests everyone who delights in seeing the streets of St. John becoming more metropolitan every year. Here is a firm that has worked up a business in three years, and finds it necessary to have a store that would attract attention in one of the largest cities on the continent. Just now everything is new. On a fine day when the awnings are down, the corner of King and

be all the rage this summer, was shown to a customer while the writer was in the store a few days ago. It was a colored linen shirt with collar and cuffs attached, and the combinations of colors were pretty, not gaudy, but pretty. Walking along you pass the office, up in its old corner, only made brighter by a coat of white paint; then coming toward King street again is the gentlemen's furnishing department. It contains everything. What more can be said? except that the stock of four-in-hand ties is something fine or that the Rigby Waterproofs are guaranteed "Sanitary, porous and economical."

The centre of the floor is taken up with the "mountains of ready-made clothing," before referred to—men's, young men's, and youths', made in the latest styles and latest shades, with the idea of making it impossible to tell them from a custom made suit. But something that must strike everyone who examines the goods is the little ticket that tells the price. There it is in plain figures—no need to ask. A child could buy his own clothing at Oak hall just the same as if his parents were with him.

Go up stairs and you find more long tables, and everyone of them groaning under huge stacks of coats, vests, and trousers, until one comes to the conclusion that there is enough clothing in Oak Hall to give every man and boy in St. John a full suit. On the second story is a special line of men's trousers that the firm feel free to talk about, as they are something out of the ordinary in the way of value. In the front part of this room is Mr. Hogen, the head of custom department. He is always busy, and on the third story has thirty-five hands at work on custom-made clothing.

A description of such a house as Oak Hall could not possibly leave the impression that one would receive from a walk through the building, but Messrs. Scovill, Fraser & Co. never object to visitors even if they have no intention of buying. People who visit St. John from outside places, miss something if they do not go through Oak Hall.