

IT WASN'T GRIP THEN.

THE DAYS WHEN COLDS HAD NO SIGNIFIED NAMES.

The way in which people of other years broke up a cold—grip was then a cold in the head and pneumonia was lung fever—doctors not in demand.

"So the grip is raging down your way just now I see" said an up river man the other day. "It's funny how time changes everything even the names and treatment of certain diseases, for of course the prevailing winter diseases of recent years are identical with those known forty years ago under different names."

When I was a boy at home we used to have epidemics of "influenza colds" every few years. I've had a pretty good case this winter of what is now called grip and I don't see that it differs in any way from one of those old time colds. There were the same pains in the head, back and legs. The same loss of strength and appetite with great mental depression. Our grand mothers had a good old way of their own of doctoring all the ills their children and grandchildren were subject to. Call in a doctor for a cold! Well I guess not. The people of that day—the people in the country districts I mean—would seriously contemplate sending a man to the asylum who spent money on a doctor for anything short of typhoid fever or a dangerous physical injury. It was well for the patient this sentiment prevailed. The old time doctor was a serious proposition as you would know if you had ever been subjected to his treatment. The only thing one heard about colds was that they must run their course. Every properly regulated family had its stock of herbs hanging in great bunches from the garret rafters and if there wasn't something among them that could cure you then you were a hopeless case—I might say morally and physically. The stock was replenished every summer; and the freshness of the supply was thus assured. For every ill there was a corresponding panacea in the attic, and most diseases met their Waterloo in that old herbarium.

Nothing in the line of colds short of whooping cough or influenza was considered worthy of "treatment." Be careful and not get your feet wet, would be the warning "and keep your chest and throat warm" and the cold was supposed to wear itself out. For whooping-cough the remedy was flaxseed tea a compound popularly supposed to "ease the cough"; an influenza cold merited the distinction of a course of treatment. The patient was kept indoors and in severe cases in bed. Warm drinks were administered and the victim was fed enormous quantities of food in season and out. You know the old saying "stuff a cold and starve fever." If the cough was "tight" a sweat was the loosening agency. Extract of skullcap and lady slipper quieted the nerves and a small handful of poppy leaves added to the dose, induced sleep.

"The idea of influenza proving fatal was unheard of but there are of course lots of instances where consumption originated in an influenza cold. While I admit the wonderful strides of medical science yet I question whether these homely old methods of treating colds and all the minor ills has ever been improved upon. Even severe attacks of pneumonia have yielded to them—but they used to call it lung fever twenty or thirty years ago. Pneumonia under that name was unheard of. I wish I had time to tell you how they broke up a fever those days. I often think the cure was nearly as bad as the disease, but still the fever always had to take a back seat. Then it was considered almost a disgrace for a grown woman to be ignorant of the use of the different herbs and a good housewife would as soon think of neglecting to lay in the winter's provisions as not to provide the annual gathering of herbs."

HEROIC STAGE PROBLE.

How some Actors and Actresses Suffer and Yet Play Bravely on.

The courage with which the injured members of the "Cyrano de Bergerac" company insisted upon playing their roles after the Brooklyn accident is only another proof of the nerve with which actors endure physical suffering rather than disappoint the public and the manager. One bears a great deal about stagefolk and their eccentricities; but their heroism isn't often exploited, and they themselves have a fashion of making light of it.

Mrs. Brown Potter was recently obliged to give up her work in Dumas' "Three Musketeers" on the first night of the play; but she fought hard against the illness, and, even in the acute stage of pleurisy, with her temperature at 104°, and her breath an agony, she insisted upon acting, and entirely concealed her suffering. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, who took up the part of Miladi on twelve hours' notice, has a reputation for stoicism and has appeared on the stage when so racked by

rheumatic fever that every step was torture, and she could not walk from one side of the stage to the other. Beerbohm Tree herself, not to be downed by his wife, has a fine record with managers, and is warranted to keep engagements unless dead and buried. An attack of congestion of the lungs almost got the better of him several seasons ago; but he took a room next door to the theatre, and every night, in spite of physicians' orders and warnings, he was wrapped up like a mummy and carried from his bed to the stage, where he played his role in "The Dancing Girl."

Ellen Terry's martyrdom is chronic, for she suffers very frequently from the most violent form of neuralgia and night after night will play, with the utmost ease and grace, while enduring pain that would make the average man groan. Duse is another of neuralgia's victims, and Rejane with an abscess in her side, never missed a night's performance. Clara Morris acted regularly during years when, on account of serious spinal trouble, every movement of her body caused her excruciating pain. She often said, jestingly, that scenes of agony came easily for her, for all she needed to do was to drop the mask and show her own suffering.

One of Sothern's plays came near fizzling out on its first night, because of Virginia Harned's illness. She was seriously ill. The physicians said it would be impossible for her to leave her bed, and that an attempt to do so might be fatal. The manager was wild. Sothern was worried. Explanations were prepared for the public; but Miss Harned announced that she would play on the opening night. When she says she will do a thing, she does it. Commands, entreaties had no effect on her. When the night came she had a temperature and pulse that made the doctor's hair stand on end, but she dressed, was carried to the wings, and went on, while two doctors watched her from the wings and poured restoratives down her throat each time she left the stage. Half the time she had no definite knowledge of what she was doing, but went through her part mechanically. At the end of the evening she was completely delirious; but the play had scored a hit, and the audience knew nothing of the cost.

Painful accidents often occur on the stage and are borne with such sang froid by the sufferer that the audience has no idea anything has happened. Both one night, in falling, ran a nail into his side, but so completely ignored the accident that even his fellow actors did not know anything had happened until after the act had ended. The great Talma broke his arm in the second act of a play, finished the act, had his arm pulled into place

and went on with the play as though nothing had happened.

It was not long ago that Mantell dashed his hand down upon a table and ran a spindle clear through his palm and out the back of his hand. Without even faltering in his lines he held the spindle with his left hand, pulled his right hand free, wound his kerchief around it and went on with his part as though his nerve had never been tried. Evidently some members of the profession are more convincingly heroic roles, and probably all of them count more or less martyrdom in the year's work.

MOST NOVEL OF BRIDGES.

Tall Tale of a Solemn-Faced Man About a Kiskey Western Journey.

"Speaking of bridges," said the solemn faced man, "I think the most novel and original, and for that matter, the most quickly constructed bridge I ever heard of was one designed on the spur of the occasion by a friend with whom I was travelling to connect the sides of a chasm which we desired to cross."

"When we came to the place where the bridge should have been we found that the bridge that had spanned this chasm had been carried away by some of the terrible gusts that swept down the treeless adjacent mountains. It seemed hard to me that there was nothing to do but go back and go around another way, about fourteen miles further, but my friend was quite equal to the emergency. We were packing with us a piece of brown cotton cloth—forty-four and a half yards. The chasm was thirty-foot wide.

"We took that piece of cotton cloth and doubled it into four folds, which, you see, folded it up into a length of 34 feet 1½ inches. When we arrived there the wind was blowing a gale square across the chasm. The weather was the coldest I ever knew.

"My friend took that piece of cotton cloth doubled it as I have told you, and then loosely folded over on itself for convenience in carrying to a warm spring near by, with the situation of which it seems he was acquainted, and dipped it in the water. He kept it there until it was thoroughly saturated, meanwhile explaining to me his plan of operations.

"When it was all soaked we took the cloth to the edge of the chasm and stood facing each other, he with his right arm extended toward me and I with my left arm extended toward him, our hands meeting and the two arms bowed slightly, with the bowed side upward, like a flattened arch. Then we took that soaking wet bundle of cloth and drew one end of it across that arch, each of us holding a corner down with his free hand, and then we cast the rest of the cloth

**BIAS VELVETEEN S.H. & M. SKIRT BINDING Quality Beauty.. and Wear**

"S. H. & M. Rodgers" is the richest, softest, and handsomest of all bindings, at the very top of dressy elegance, the elegance that fairly dresses the dress in beautiful richness, and it wears—it is of the strength of surpassing durability, the economical combination of quality, beauty, and wear, and costs but a few cents more than does the commonest, poorest of short-life bindings.

S. H. & M. stamped on back of every yard. If your dealer will not supply you, we will. THE S. H. & M. CO., 21 Front Street W., Toronto, Ont.



**The Work In Our Departments**

Is characterized by a greater degree of variety, has more interesting features and less monotony and school-room drudgery, than ordinary courses of study and those qualities invariably inspire interest and often enthusiasm in young men and women who have become completely discouraged in regard to their education. It is useless to continue a boy or girl in a school that seems more to him or her like prison life than a course of preparation for the future.

Send for Catalogue.

**The Currie Business University.**  
Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets, St. John, N. B.  
Telephone 991. P. O. Box 90.

loose The gale blew the cloth out straight across the chasm and it froze stiff as a board as it went. The other end fell on the opposite edge of the chasm and we set our end down on this. It had shrunk a little of course, in freezing, and was now thirty-four feet scant, thus giving a trifle less than two feet at each end, a pretty narrow margin; but my friend hadn't dared fold the cotton into three lengths for fear that that would not make the bridge stout enough to bear our weight.

"So there we had over this thirty-foot chasm a bridge that was in shape like an enlarged telescopic coal chute, such as they use on coal wagons in the city, turned with the curving side upward; a bridge planned, constructed and put up in about thirty minutes. It was slippery, and we put the wrong side up for safety; but we each had dew arctics with very much corrugated poles, and by using great care we managed to get across all right.

"Then we pulled the bridge over and carried it along with us on our shoulders the way you would a canoe, to the house of the man where we are going. We stood it up on end against the side of that man's

house, and left it there. We didn't need the cloth right away and we left it there to thaw out and get our friend to fold it up then and send it along by a man that was coming our way."

A DRUGGIST'S FAITH.

What's Most Called for Must be the Best Remedy.

A druggist's testimony of the popularity of a remedy is the strongest kind of a proof that it will do what it promises. Paul Livingood, druggist, of Allentown, Pa., says: "Dr. Agnew's remedies have sold away beyond my expectations. You can quote me for saying that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the best seller for catarrh I have in the store. Many of my customers praise it highly." It is a great remedy and has a continental reputation.

One Cause of Trouble.

She: "I wish Christmas really was a season of general peace and goodwill."  
He: "Well, it might be if somebody hadn't introduced the custom of giving Christmas presents."

"George," she said, "if you must go" (the hour was one in the morning), "promise me one thing."  
"I will, dearest," he replied; "what is it?"  
"Stop and tell the butcher to send us up some lamb chops for breakfast." And so they parted.

De Ganche (who had just broken a plate): "Oh, I am sorry!"  
Mrs. Flash: "It's of no consequence; don't apologize."  
Flash, junior (age five): "No, don't matter; it's only a borrowed one! Ain't it, ma?"

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 24 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

**AGENTS AND OTHERS** EITHER "Dew of Eden" something new—just out. Do you want money to burn? Send 20 cents in silver for sample. "Dew of Eden" THE EDEN PERFUMERY CO., Box 79, Farrisboro, N. S.

**\$3.50 SHOES** FOR 15c. Send 15c. for a book of five tickets. Sell the five tickets at 15c. each, to five people who will return each ticket to us with 15c. for a book of five tickets as you have done. When the tickets are so returned to us we will send a pair of Ladies' or Gents' \$3.50 shoes. THE CO-OPERATIVE MERCHANTS CO., 121 Union Street, St. John, N. B. N.B. 3-7-9.

**AN HONEST** or woman wanted in every locality in Canada to represent us; our line of goods sell in every house; we give larger commission than any other firm; particulars and sample free. THE F. B. KERN COMPANY, 128 Wellington Street, Toronto.

**BE YOUR OWN BOSS** WE will start you in business in your own home at once. You can make \$25 a week. Money will be coming in every day. First answer will get this fine start. EDWIN FARRIS CO., Box 79, Farrisboro, N. S.

**STAMPS** COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 222 St. John, N. B.

**RESIDENCE** at Rothesay for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Times property abounds and a half miles from Rothesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kombeocastle. Rent reasonable. Apply to E. G. Funnely, Barrister-at-Law, Fagley Building. 24-6-1

**Our System**

OF BUSINESS PRACTICE is the latest development in scientific methods, and gives the student the actual handling of almost every conceivable kind of business paper.

Our students make their entries directly from these papers, and observe in all respects just the same routine as is practiced in an up-to-date business office.

Send for samples of these papers, also for our Business and Shorthand Catalogues.

**S. KERR & SON.**

We Will Make You This Offer for a Short Time Only.

Munsey, McClure .....AND THE..... Cosmopolitan Magazines

TOGETHER WITH PROGRESS

All for one year at the low price of \$4.00—There is one condition only, viz—the three magazines must be sent to one address.

"Progress" Printing and Publishing Co., Limited.

P. S. This privilege is extended to old subscribers also on the payment of 50 cents extra.