

**DR. A. W. HORTON**  
DENTIST.  
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**MEDICAL.**  
**DR. AGAR**—Physician and  
Surgeon, successors to Dr. Tye,  
100 West Chatham, Ont.  
Dr. Mary Agar.

**EDGES.**  
**WELLINGTON LODGE**, No. 267, A. F.  
O. E. S. R. C. West Wednesday.  
Temple, King St.

**WELLINGTON LODGE**, No. 267, A. F.  
O. E. S. R. C. meets on the  
first Monday of every  
month, in the Masonic  
Hall, 100 West Chatham, Ont.  
at 7:30 P. M. Vis-  
iters are warmly welcomed.  
**ALAN GREGORY**, Sec'y,  
100 WEST CHATHAM, W. M.

**LEGAL.**  
**ALAN GREGORY**, D. B. Barrister, etc., Chatham, Ont. Money to loan at low interest on any terms.

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**W. M. JONES**—Barrister, Solicitor,  
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## ON PLAYING FOOTBALL

RUGBY GAME IS A MATCH BETWEEN TWO TEAMS OF 11 MEN.

Arrangement of the Field and the Goals—How the Teams Line Up at the Kick-Off and in the Scrimmage—Relation of the Forwards and the Backs—When a Scrimmage Occurs.

A Rugby football game is a match between two teams of eleven men each. Both teams are restricted to specified territory during play.

The object of each team is to advance a ball by ruable means across a stated boundary line or to project it over a goal, or both.

The ball may be either kicked or carried (but not thrown or passed) in the direction of a team's objective goal, and men engaged in advancing

the ball may, while in actual possession of it, be tackled and thrown to the ground, or forced backward, by their opponents.

The skill used in advancing men carrying the ball is evident to even the casual spectators. Feints and flank movements, dashes and criss-crosses follow each other with bewildering rapidity. Now and then a startling trick play or a sudden sidestepping kick adds still more variety.

The field is 130 feet long and 150 feet wide and inclosed by heavy lime lines. At the end boundaries are the goals, placed in the middle of the line. A goal consists of two upright posts eighteen feet six inches apart connected by a crossbar ten feet from the ground. In scoring the ball must be either carried beyond the goal line by a team or else kicked, under ruable circumstances, between the goal posts and over the crossbar. A touchdown occurs when the ball is downed behind the goal line by a member of an opposing team, and it counts 5 points for the side so scoring. A try at goal is allowed after a touchdown, which, if successfully kicked, adds 1 point to the 5 already obtained. Goals from the field count 4 points.

When teams line up for the kick-off, which puts the ball into play, the men of the side kicking arrange themselves along the line crossing the middle of the field, as shown in diagram No. 1, and from which the ball is kicked. When the ball is sent whirling down among their opponents the side kicking rushes forward to tackle and down the man catching the ball before he has an opportunity to advance it.

The side receiving the kick-off scatters over the playing field, as also shown in diagram No. 2, to cover every possible point where the ball may chance to fall.

A scrimmage occurs when two teams line up directly opposite each other, the side holding the ball intending to advance by means of rushes around or through the opposing eleven.

When lined up for a scrimmage the team in possession of the ball is arranged as shown in diagram No. 2.

The seven men in a straight line are the forwards. The middle one is the centre rush who snaps back the ball to the quarterback (at his rear), thus putting the ball into play.

The two halfbacks and the fullback stand from two to four yards to the rear of the quarter. They are the men who most frequently advance the ball. The forwards, consisting of the right and left ends, right and left tackles, right and left guards and centre, are primarily men of defence.

The backs and forwards (or rush line) must be trained to work together, to avoid confusion and to develop that most important of all factors, heady, unselfish team work. The interests and aspirations of the individual must be secondary to the welfare of the team as a whole.

**Arizona Cave Dwellings.**  
In Arizona there are many cave dwellings of peculiar interest. About thirty miles east of Flagstaff, as well as nearer, are a number of volcanic cones, the whole region being the scene of vast plutonic energy. As the flowing lava cooled, gases were generated, which caused gigantic bubbles to form in the slowly solidifying molten rock. Many of these bubbles still remain in the form of natural caves, and in these caves the Indians of early days found shelter. Many of them have been explored and antique pottery, of the earliest known form, and decoration, together with metals, stone axes, hammers, arrow and spear points, corncobs and various small needs have been found in large quantities.—Craftsman.

## WHY DOCTORS FAIL

AND MRS. PINKHAM SUCCEEDS

Plain Reasons Are Here Given to Explain Why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures When Doctors Are Powerless

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctors fail to cure the disease? Still we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician.

It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of Canada to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and being a woman, it was easy for her to give every detail of their suffering.

In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from her advice years ago a great army of her fellow-beings are today constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that many thousands of them have been cured by following the advice of Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequalled experience and training.

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills, from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated womb diseases.

This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham, in her laboratory at Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the family physician of Canada than the family physician himself.

Therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women of all ages, and of all ranks, the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

One of the oldest Railways in the West London Extension, which owns considerable trackage but possesses no engine nor cars, although hundreds of trains pass over the road daily.

The trains are owned by various roads running into London from the west, and they use the tracks of the West London Extension by paying that company an established rental, but the company owning the tracks has never even owned a president's car, or anything of the equipment used in everyday service.

Borrowed tracks are not uncommon in America, but it is customary for a terminal company to at least have some small equipment of rolling stock for repair purposes. The English roads do not possess even a hand car, and in this respect is unique.

**Hogs in Winter.**  
There is no use in trying to economize in the feed of hogs during the winter. The man who only cares to get them through alive wastes all his feeds and has only stunted pigs in the fall.

**MAKES MEN SOUND AND STRONG**  
Detroit Specialist Making Men's Diseases a Specialty for Years, Will Answer Your Case, Giving Individual Treatment. You may Use it in the Privacy of Your Own Home.

**You May Pay When You are Cured.**  
A Detroit Specialist who has 14 diplomas, "certificates from medical colleges and state boards of medical education, and who has a vast experience in doctoring diseases of men, a positive cure for a great many so-called incurable cases;

in order to convince patients that he has the ability to do as he says, Dr. Goldberg will accept your case for treatment, and will not charge you a penny until a complete cure has been made; he will not charge you a penny until you are cured, and he guarantees a positive cure for all chronic, nervous, blood and skin diseases, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney troubles, blood-poison, physical and nervous debility, lack of vitality, stomach trouble, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make a man feel better, and quite another to cure him. He has made it a rule not to ask for money unless he is sure that the patient is cured, and he feels sure, therefore, that it is in the best interests of everyone who suffers to write the doctor confidentially and let him know what the trouble is, and he will make a correct diagnosis of your case, and if you are cured, he will not charge you a penny, and if you are not cured, he will not charge you a penny.

Dr. Goldberg, 111 West Chatham, Chatham, Ont. Address him for a booklet on "Diseases of Men," and he will send it to you free of charge. He will also send you a list of the names of the doctors who have cured him, and a list of the names of the doctors who have cured him.

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## OUTSIDE THE WARD

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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Nurse Humphreys was hardly what would be termed popular. Tall, handsome, in a dark, cold type of beauty, she was much admired, and the doctors all respected her clear, keen intelligence and executive ability. But the patients regarded her with evident awe. No one urged her to come and sit for a moment by his bedside.

Nurse Humphreys herself regarded the patients as so many human machines to be tended and cared for. It was her work to superintend the doing of this. What more could be required of her? And then one day a tender, helpless little morsel of a child was carried into the ward, and Miss Humphreys experienced a strange sensation. The blue eyes looked appealingly into hers; the thin little arms were extended. "Molly lonesome," murmured a baby voice. And Miss Humphreys, rather shamefacedly, bent and kissed the tiny face.

From that day a new life began for the nurse. All the pent up tenderness of years, all the starved affection of the woman's heart, sternly repressed for so long, were unstintingly lavished upon the child. It was a bad case. Miss Humphreys flung herself with tireless energy into the battle with death. Molly could not die; she must not die. And love won. The fatal crisis was passed; the little life began to tighten its hold on existence. Miss Humphreys rejoiced until one day came a sudden, most unwelcome thought. Molly was out of danger; Molly was growing well; Molly would soon leave the hospital and go home. Miss Humphreys started and tried to banish the thought. But it would not go. It pursued her, obsessed her, became a nightmare.

Outside the big ward was a small room where Miss Humphreys sometimes sat. Late one afternoon she was there, still haunted by the thought of Molly's departure. It seemed terribly near. How could she let Molly go back to that aunt—that narrow faced, hard eyed woman—from whom the child palpably shrank upon the occasions of her rare visits? Was she unkind to the little thing? Miss Humphreys wondered.

A sudden sense of discouragement possessed the nurse. Molly was nearly convalescent, yet to the doctor Miss Humphreys had dilated at length upon unfavorable symptoms, inherent weaknesses, and this morning, this very morning, she had deliberately altered the temperature line on the patient's chart. That was unpardonable. She had fancied that the doctor had looked at her rather oddly as he returned the chart. Did he suspect anything? Must she let her go—this child with Tom's name and with Tom's own blue eyes? Where had Molly found them? The aunt, a dry, uncommunicative person, only said that the child's mother was dead. Molly babbled of a daddy ad most always from home. The idea had once flashed across Miss Humphreys' mind that Tom himself might be this daddy, but she had dismissed the suggestion as too improbable. There were doubtless thousands of Brennans.

It brought the man to her mind, however. Tom! Where could he be? He had loved her once. Why had she let him go? Miss Humphreys looked about the plain little room, the thought of the ward beyond. She had sent Tom away, had left her home, come to New York and entered the training school, worked, denied herself, suffered, inspired, sustained by no ignoble ambition.

Well, she had succeeded. She had achieved her goal. Was she not head nurse in this busy hospital ward? Again her eyes traveled around the dreary little room. Was this then what her ambition meant, a solitary woman growing old alone? Miss Humphreys, tired and depressed, knew that she was morbid; sought to shake it off, but the feeling was too strong for her. The reaction from the years of effort had set in, and all at once a wave of heartiness seemed to submerge her in its depths, forcing the unaccustomed tears to her dark eyes. Miss Humphreys uttered a little sob. Was what she had won worth the sacrifices demanded? Did life hold no more than this?

The sound of voices outside the door roused her. The doctor was speaking. "So I thought it best to send for you yourself and explain matters," he was saying. "She is one of our best nurses and has worked night and day to save your child. Indeed, that the child lived at all is largely due to her untiring vigilance. But there is no reason now why Molly should not leave the hospital. It sometimes happens, however, that a nurse takes a fancy to a patient and tries to keep him overlong. Therefore I preferred that you yourself should come and remove Molly. I would not wish to hurt Miss Humphreys' feelings," he added kindly, for he was a humane man and could sympathize with the dullness of the nurse's life. "We all think so much of Miss Humphreys."

"Miss Humphreys," repeated the man. And at the voice the woman started and clasped her hands over her heart. "Miss Humphreys, you say? Could—could I see her?"

The doctor considered a moment. "I hardly think that she is on duty now," he said slowly. "Oh," with a sudden recollection, "she often sits in that little room. Possibly she may be there now."

As Brennan entered she sprang up, facing him, and for a moment they

both stared in silence, the woman struggling to control her uncertain breathing. The man started forward. "Margaret!" he cried. Miss Humphreys nodded.

"Yes, it is I," she answered, trying to speak in a commonplace manner. "I belong to this hospital." But he did not seem to hear her.

"Margaret, oh, Margaret!" he repeated below his breath. She was far more lovely than he had ever seen her, with that new, softened expression, the tears still clinging to her long black lashes. She lifted her head.

"So you have come to take Molly away," she said simply. The man started. He had quite forgotten the child.

"Why—she cannot stay here—the doctor says that she is well," he stammered confusedly. "He said—"

"Yes, I know," responded Miss Humphreys. "She is quite well." She was staring straight ahead, her dark eyes filled with a blank, unseeing look. He would go away again. Molly would go away. What was there left for her? The doctor knew what she had done. She might have to leave the hospital. But she did not care about that. Brennan took a step forward.

"Margaret," he cried; "oh, Margaret, why did you send me from you?" There was a whole lifetime of pain and yearning in the man's voice and Miss Humphreys' heart gave a sudden throb. He had not entirely forgotten her then. The image of that other woman had not entirely obliterated her own.

"I—I don't know," she faltered, feeling like a silly schoolgirl. Her usual calm self-possession was gone. The doctors would not have recognized their cool, capable nurse.

"You—don't—know?" echoed Brennan. A sudden well known gleam sprang to the blue eyes. "You—don't—know," he repeated. "Then—might there be a chance for me after all?" he asked squarely. Miss Humphreys, sobbing, had sunk into a chair. The man bent over and with soft fingers reverently touched the shivering hair.

"I—I loved my wife," he said loyally. "She was a dear, sweet soul. But you were my first love and I could never quite forget you. You have saved Molly for me," he added unsteadily, "but she needs you still—we both need you. Won't you come and make us happy, sweetheart?" a sudden intensity deepening the strong voice. "Won't you, dear?"

And Miss Humphreys whispered "Yes."

**Not Quite the Same.**  
A country clergyman vouches for the truth of this story. Having arrived at that point in the baptismal service where the infant's name is conferred, he said:

"Name this child."  
"Original Story," said the sponsor-nurse.

"What do you say?" he asked in surprise.

"Original Story," she repeated in clear, deliberate tones.

"It's a very odd name, isn't it? Are you sure you want him called by the name of Original Story?"

"Original Story—that's right," she declared.

"Is it a family name?" the minister persisted.

"Named after his uncle, sir," explained the nurse, getting red in the face.

And so as Original Story the unfending little fellow was christened. It was some weeks after this event that the minister made the acquaintance of the said uncle—a farm laborer in another village—whose name was Reginald Story.—Liverpool Mercury.

**The Rift in the Lute.**  
There was never a time when Mrs. Austin did not attempt to put the best foot forward not only for herself, but for all her friends.

"How's Mary Ellen getting on?" asked one of the neighbors when Mrs. Austin returned from a visit to the house of a former resident of Bushby.

She fixed a keen gaze on Mrs. Austin, for rumors of Mary Ellen's domestic troubles had reached Bushby some time before.

"Why, she's got everything fixed up real nice," said Mrs. Austin slowly. "She has a good house and yard and a garden and a most excellent cow and some of the likeliest hens and a couple of pigs and—"

"Is it true that her husband has regular temper tantrums every little while?" persisted the neighbor, who had small patience with Mrs. Austin's point of view.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Austin, with some discomposure, "I don't see any need of dwelling on that. When folks have a good deal of live stock some of the critters is liable to be ailing now and then."

**Unfortunate.**  
How often our most innocent speeches "gang agley," leaving us with no resource but that of making the best of a bad matter!

A certain Scotch minister is wont to relate how, having been out all day visiting, he called on an old dame well known for her kindness and hospitality.

After some conversation she began getting out her best china and whatever delicacies were at hand to honor her unexpected guest. As he sat watching the preparations his eye suddenly fell on four or five cats devouring some cold porridge under the table.

"Dear me, Miss Black," he observed, "what a number of cats! Do they all belong to you?"

"Na, na, sir," was the innocent reply, "but many a time I say that 'a' hungry brutes in the parish come tae me, seeking a meal o' meat."

Then the good woman, blushing, and in her embarrassment nearly dropped a teacup.



**SURPRISE SOAP**  
A PURE HARD SOAP  
You Can Use "SURPRISE" Soap in any and every way, but we recommend a trial the "SURPRISE" way, without boiling or scalding the clothes.  
READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE WRAPPER.  
ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

## District Doings.

## GLENWOOD.

Mrs. Fred Barton, of Staples, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. Scott. Robert Moore, Blenheim, spent Saturday and Sunday in the village.

Mrs. Geo. Laggart and children, of Windsor, are the guests of Mrs. Geo. Ketts.

Glenwood Methodist Church was re-opened Sunday, Oct. 15th. Rev. H. J. Wren, of Harrow, spoke to the children at the afternoon service. The Merion choir, assisted by Miss M. Best, of Detroit, had charge of the musical part of the services. The collections for the day amounted to \$25. The proceeds of the tea-meeting Monday evening were \$70, which, with the sum of \$90 subscribed and paid that evening, and \$100 given by the Ladies' Aid, will wipe out the debt on the church and sheds. The concert was enjoyed by all. Miss Hurst, of Leamington, recited in her usual pleasing manner, while Miss Best delighted all with her sweet singing. H. S. Clements was present and made a speech. Master Clarence Halliday sang well, and will be a future rival for honors with his father, J. N. Halliday, who also assisted in the musical selections.

Mrs. Enoch Mifflin spent Sunday in Blenheim.

James Charlton spent Sunday at Geo. Coatsworth's.

Miss Margaret Estabrook spent Sunday in Chatham.

**SORE THROAT AND COUGHS.**  
A simple effective and safe remedy for all throat irritations is found in **Griffiths' Asthmatic Tablets.** They combine the germicidal values of Cresole with the soothing properties of slippery elm and licorice. 10c. All Druggists.

**ROMNEY.**  
Departed this life, at Romney, Eli, beloved son of Wm. Dawson, aged 44 years.

Mrs. Henry Dawson, of Chicago, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Ed. Suskey, of Dawson City, is visiting Romney, after an absence of over three years. Ed. says the Klondyke is O. K. and intends returning there.

Mrs. Mary Dawson, of Minneapolis, is visiting relatives in Romney.