

Doctor Tells How to Strengthen Eyesight 50 per cent. in One Week's Time in Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have
Filled and Use at Home.

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 6.—Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that, according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses, and at my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able

to strengthen their eyes so as to spare the trouble and expenses of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water, and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start, and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.

A prominent City Physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations, I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family. You can order Bon-Opto by mail from the Valmas Drug Co., Toronto, if your druggist has none in stock."

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descriptive booklet of which will be
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Repairing

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modern conveniences. Home com-
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Fulton, 618 Brunswick Street, tele-
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FARM FOR SALE—160 acres, New On-
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schools and churches. Price \$2,300.
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An excellent chance for hustlers.

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WANTED—Intelligent man or woman
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\$18.00 a week. Winston Co., Toronto.
12-6 41 wed sat

FOR RETURNED SOLDIERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that a
branch of the Provincial Returned Sol-
diers' Aid Committee has been organ-
ized for the Counties of York Sun-
bury and Queens, and the City of Fred-
ericton, as a district, with Dr. T. C.
Allen Chairman and Judge Wilson Sec-
retary.

All employers of labor in said dis-
trict willing to give preference to re-
turned disabled soldiers as employees
and all returned discharged soldiers
wanting employment residing therein
are requested to notify the secretary
JUDGE WILSON,
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—on—
FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 15th,

CHAIRMAN
His Worship Mayor Mitchell.

SPEAKERS
Capt. the Hon. Rupert Guin-
ess, C. B., C. M. G., A. D. C.
Lady Gwendolen Guinness.

Chair taken at 8 o'clock p. m.

BLACK IS WHITE

voices that came from nowhere, as
they had heard them years ago in the
mystic silences of the East.

"Sh! One comes," said Ranjab,
softly. "It will be the master's son."
An instant later his closet door
closed noiselessly behind him and the
old men were alone, blinking at each
other. There was no sound from the
hall. They waited, watching the cur-
tained door. At last they heard foot-
steps on the stairs, quick footsteps of
the young.

Frederick strode rapidly into the
room.

CHAPTER VIII.

"He Killed a Woman."

His face was livid with rage. For
a moment he glowered upon the two
old men, his fingers working spasmodi-
cally, his chest heaving with the volu-
cane emotions he was trying so hard
to subdue. Then he whirled about,
to glare into the hall.

"In God's name, Freddy, boy, what's
happened?" cried old Mr. Riggs, all
a-tremble.

Some minutes passed before he could
trust himself to speak. Ugly veins
stood out on his pale temples, as he
paced the floor in front of them. Even-
tually Mr. Dawes ventured the vital
question, in a somewhat hushed voice.

"Have you—quarrelled with your fa-
ther, Freddy?"

The young man threw up his arms
in a gesture of despair. There was
a wall of misery in his voice as he
grated out:

"In the name of God, why should he
hate me as he does? What have I
done? Am I not a good son to him?"

"Hush!" implored Mr. Dawes, nerv-
ously. "He'll hear you."

"Hear me!" cried Frederick, and
laughed aloud in his recklessness.
"Why shouldn't he hear me? By
God, I'll not stand it a day longer. He
wouldn't think of treating a dog as
he treats me. God, I—I, why, he is
actually forcing me to hate him. I
do hate him! I swear to heaven, it
was in my heart to kill him down
there just now. I—" He could not
go on. He choked up and the tears
rushed to his eyes. Abruptly turning
away, he threw himself upon the
couch and buried his face on his arms,
sobbing like a little child.

The old men, distressed beyond the
power of speech, mumbled incoherent
words of comfort as they slowly edged
out toward the door. They tiptoed
into the hall and neither spoke until
their bedroom door was closed behind
them. Mr. Dawes even tried it to see
that it was safely latched.

The curtains parted and Yvonne
looked in upon the wretched Frederic.
There was a look of mingled pain and
commiseration in her wide open eyes.
For a moment she stood there regard-
ing him in silence. Then she swiftly
crossed the room to the couch in the
corner where he sat huddled up, his
shoulders still shaking with the mis-
ery that racked him. Her hand went
out to touch the tousled hair, but
stopped before contact. Slowly she
drew back, with a glance of appren-
sion toward the door of the Hindu's
closet. An odd expression of alarm
crept into her eyes.

"Frederic," she said, softly, almost
timorously.

He lifted his head quickly, and then
sprang to his feet. His eyes were wet
and his lips were drawn. Shame pos-
sessed him. He tried to smile, but it
was a pitiful failure.

"Oh, I'm so ashamed of—of—" he
began, in a choked voice.

"Ashamed because you have cried?"
she said quickly. "But no! It is good
to cry—it is good for women to cry.
But when a strong man breaks down
and sheds tears, I am—oh, I am heart-
broken. But come! You must go to
your room and bathe your face. Go at
once. Your father must not know that
you have cried. He—"

"D—n him!" came from between
Frederic's clinched teeth.

"Hush!" she cried, with another
glance at Ranjab's door. She would
have given much to know whether
the Hindu was there or still below
stairs. "You must not say such—"

"I suppose you're trying to smooth
it over so that they won't consider
him a brute. Is that it?"

"Hush! Please, please! You know
that my heart aches for you, mon
ami. It was cruel of him, it was cow-
ardly, yes, cowardly! Now I have
said it!" She drew herself up and
turned deliberately toward the little
door across the room.

His eyes brightened. The crooked
sneer turned into an imploring smile.
"Forgive me, Yvonne! You must
see that I'm beside myself. I—I—"

"But you must be sensible. Re-
member he is your father. He is a
strange man. There has been a great
deal of bitterness in his life. He—"

"But I can't go on the way things
are now. He's getting to be worse
than ever. I never have had a kind
word from him, seldom a word of any
description. Never a kind look. Can't
you understand how it goads me to—"

"I am your friend," she said slowly.
"Is this the way to reward me?"

He dropped to his knees and cov-
ered her hands with kisses, mumbling
his plea for forgiveness.

"I am so terribly unhappy," he said
over and over again. "I'd leave this
house tonight if it were not that I
can't bear the thought of leaving you,
Yvonne. I adore you. You are every-
thing in the world to me. I—"

"Get up!" she cried out sharply. He
lifted his eyes in dumb wonder and

adoration, but not in time to catch
the look of triumph that swept across
her face.

"You will forgive me?" he cried,
coming to his feet. "I—I couldn't help
saying it. It was wrong—wrong! But
you will forgive me, Yvonne?"

She turned away, walking slowly
toward the door. He remained rooted
to the spot, blushing with shame and
dismay.

"Where are you going? To tell
him?" he gasped.

She waited an instant, and then
came toward him. He never could
have explained the unaccountable im-
pulse that forced him to fall back a
few steps as she approached. Her eyes
were gazing steadily into his, and her
red lips were parted.

"That is as it should be," she was
saying, but he was never sure that he
heard the words. His knees grew
weak. He was in the toils! "Now,
you must pull yourself together," she
went on in such a matter-of-fact tone
that he straightened up involuntarily.
"Come! Wipe the tear stains from
your cheeks."

He obeyed, but his lips still quiv-
ered with the rage that had been
checked by the ascendancy of another
and even more devastating emotion.
He was standing quite close to him
(To be continued.)

THE APPEAL

Lieut. Colonel Guthrie and Officers of the 236th Overseas Bat-
talion (New Brunswick Kilties—Sir Sam's Own) appeal to every man
who is physically fit to put on the Tartan of Clan MacLean.

THE TARTAN OF GOOD CLAN MACLEAN.

(By Major C. G. Geggie.)

Oh, men of the Thistle, the Shamrock, the Rose,
You men of a land where true Liberty grows,
Come fight for the women and bairnies at home,
And put on the Tartan of good Clan MacLean.

Come, follow the leaders who gave of their blood,
That the flag of their country be never down trod.
Come, fight ye with might, and come fight ye with main,
Come, put on the Tartan of good Clan MacLean!

We want you, we need you, oh, men of the Gael,
And you of the Green Isle, we know you'll not fail.
Come out, lusty Saxon, and strike for your ain,
Come, put on the Tartan of good Clan MacLean!

It isn't love that causes so much of
trouble in this world, it is all its little
imitations, variations and combina-
tions.

"Hose Shorter; Price Up." Still, it's
an embarrassing subject.

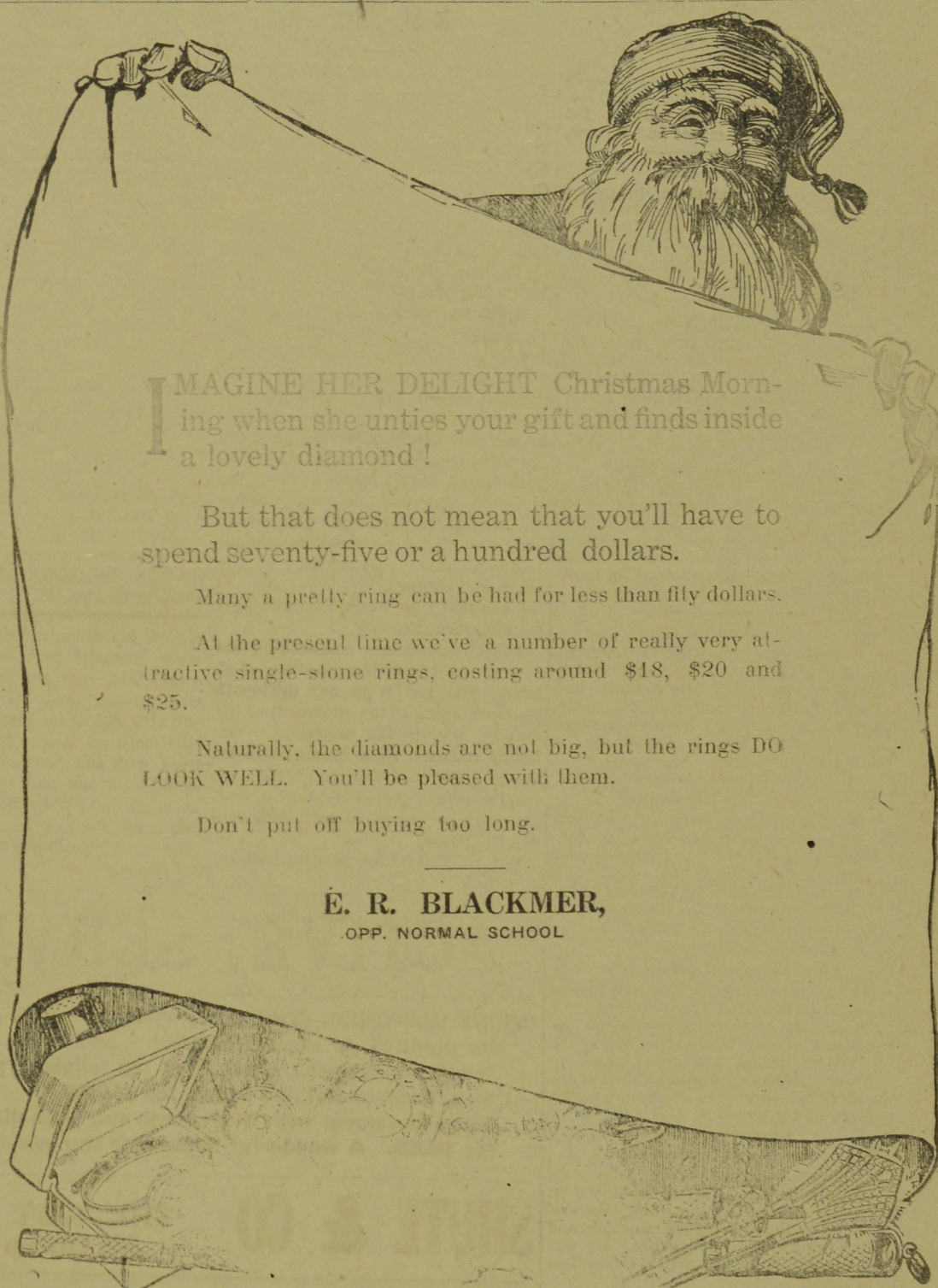
And from countless British throats
goes up the cry: "Good Lloyd deliver
us!"

Honestly, if yuh can't give her a seal-
skin coat give her a dozen eggs and say
nothin' about it.

Even with the high cost of living no
one seems to have the nerve to revive
that old time recitation, "Over the
Hills to the Poorhouse."

If, as Col. Conden says in the Man-
chester Union, "golf is a disease," it
must be ranked among the chronic and
incurable varieties.

As the Christmas season approaches,
let us hope some of the Russian gen-
erals are preparing to surprise Macken-
sen with a god big check.



IMAGINE HER DELIGHT Christmas Morn-
ing when she unties your gift and finds inside
a lovely diamond!

But that does not mean that you'll have to
spend seventy-five or a hundred dollars.

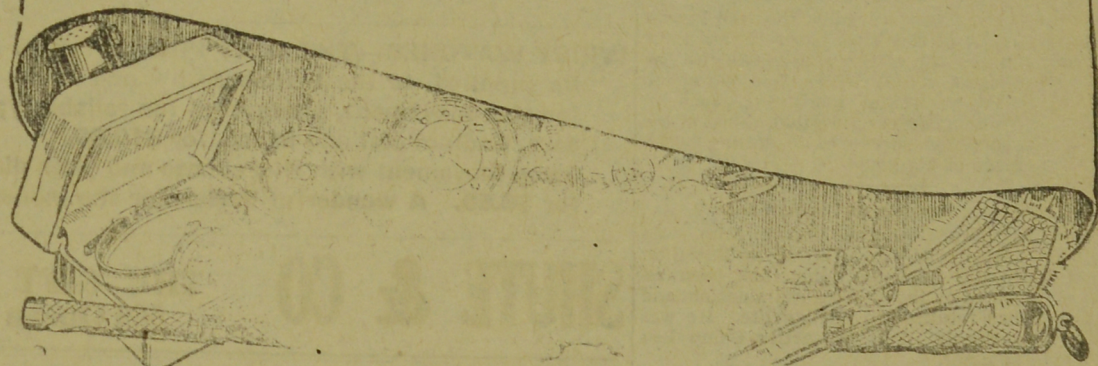
Many a pretty ring can be had for less than fifty dollars.

At the present time we've a number of really very at-
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