

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 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 be spared 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 a 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 of its kind that 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.

BLACK IS WHITE

CHAPTER VII—Ranjab performs feats of magic for Dawes and Riggs.

CHAPTER VIII—Frederic's father, jealous, unjustly orders his son from the dinner table as drunk. Yvonne follows Frederic to the larder-room and influences him to apologize to his father and the guests for his alleged lapse, which puzzles the father. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a woman" who was unfaithful to him.

CHAPTER IX—Yvonne plays with Frederic's infatuation for her, and when her husband warns her that the thing must not go on tells him that he still loves his dead wife, whom he drove from his home, through her, Yvonne. He calls her a sorceress.

CHAPTER X—Yvonne plays with Brood, Frederic and Lydia as with figures on a chess board. Brood, madly jealous, tells Lydia that Frederic is not his son, and that he has brought him up to kill his husband at the proper time with this knowledge.

CHAPTER XI—Frederic takes Lydia home through a heavy storm and spends the night at her mother's house.

CHAPTER XII—Frederic's wavering allegiance to Lydia is strengthened by a day spent with her.

being the case, the least they could do was to "dress up." Moreover, they dressed with great care and deliberation. There was always the chance that they might be asked to come down, or what was even more important, Mrs. Brood might happen to encounter them in the upper hall, and in that event it was imperative that she should be made to realize how stupid she had been.

Usually at nine o'clock they strolled into the study and smoked one of Brood's cigars with the gusto of real guests. It was their habit to saunter about the room, inspecting the treasures with critical, appraising eyes, very much as if they had never seen them before. They even handled some of the familiar objects with an air of bewilderment that would have done credit to a Cook's tourist. It was also a habit of theirs to try the doors of a large teakwood cabinet in one corner of the room. The doors always were locked, and they sighed with patient doggedness. Some day, however, Ranjab would forget to lock those doors, and then—

"Joe," Mr. Dawes, after he had tried the doors on this particular occasion, "I made a terrible mistake in letting poor Jim get married again. I'll never forgive myself." He had said this at least a hundred times during the past three months. Sometimes he cried over it, but never until he had found that the cabinet doors were locked.

"I wish Jack Desmond had lived," mused the other, paying no attention to the egotism. "He would have put a stop to this fool marriage."

They sat down and pondered. "Jim's getting mighty cranky of late," ruminated Dawes, puffing away at his unlighted cigar. "It's a caution the way he snaps Freddy off these days. He—he hates that boy, Joe."

"Sh! Not so loud!"

"Confound you, don't you know a whisper when you hear it?" demanded Dawes, who, in truth, had whispered.

Another potential silence. "Freddy goes about with her a good deal more than he ought to," said Riggs at last. "They're together two-thirds of the time. Why—why, he heels her like a trained dog. Playing the planner morning, noon and night, and out driving, and going to the theater, and—"

"I've a notion to tell Jim he ought to put a stop to it," said the other. "It makes me sick."

"Jim'll do it without being told one of these days, so you keep out of it. Say, have you noticed how peaked Lydia's looking these days? She's not the same girl, Dan, not the same girl. Something's wrong." He shook his head gloomily.

"It's that doggoned woman," announced Dawes explosively, and then looked over his shoulder with apprehension in his bleary eyes. A sigh of relief escaped him.

"She's got no business coming in between Lydia and Freddy," said Riggs. "Looks as though she's just set on busting it up. What can she possibly have against poor little Lydia? She's good enough for Freddy. Too good, by hokey! Specially when you stop to think."

Dawes glared at him. "Now don't begin gossiping. You're as bad as an old woman."

"Thinking ain't gossiping, confound you. If I wanted to gossip I'd up and say flatly that Jim Brood knows down in his soul that Freddy is no son of his. He—"

"You've never heard him say so, Joe."

"No, but I can put two and two together. I'm no fool."

"I'd advise you to shut up."

"Oh, you would, would you?" with vast scorn. "I'd like to know who it was that talked to Mrs. Desmond about it. Who put it into her head that Jim doubts—"

"Well, didn't she say I was a lying old busybody?" snapped Danbury triumphantly. "Didn't she call me down, eh? I'd like to know what more you could expect than that. Didn't she make me take back everything I said?"

"She did," said Riggs, with conviction. "And I believe she would have thrashed you if she'd been a man, just as she said she would. And didn't I advise her to do it anyway, on the ground that you're an old woman and—"

"That's got nothing to do with the present case," interrupted Dawes hastily. "What we ought to be thinking about now is how to get rid of this woman that's come in here to wreck our home. She's an interloper. She's a foreigner. She—"

Mr. Dawes leaned a little closer. "I

wonder how Mrs. Desmond likes having her over there playing the piano every afternoon with Freddy while Lydia's over here copying things for Jim, and working her poor little head off. Ever stop to think about that?"

"I think about it all the time. And, by thunder, I'm not the only one who does, either. Jim thinks a good deal and so does Lydia. It's a darned—"

Mr. Riggs happened to look up at that instant. Ranjab was standing in front of him, his arms folded across his breast, in the habitual pose of the Hindu who waits. The man was dressed in the costume of a high-caste Brahmin; the commonplace garments of the Occident had been laid aside, and in their place were the vivid, dazzling colors of Ind, from the bejeweled sandals to the turban which crowned his swarthy brow and gleamed with rubies and sapphires uncounted. Mr. Riggs' mouth remained open as he stared blankly at this ghost of another day. Not since the old days in India had he seen Ranjab in native garb, and even then he was far from being the resplendent creature of tonight, or Ranjab in his home land was a poor man and without distinction.

(To be continued.)

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TRIAL OF PLOTTERS AT SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco, Dec. 8.—Specific admissions by the defence yesterday were said to have paved the way for the appearance today on the witness stand of Louis J. Smith, confessed bomb planter, by whose testimony the government expects to connect consul general Franz Bopp and six others of the personnel or employees of the San Francisco German consulate, indicted for violations of American neutrality with exploits alleged to have been directed at property and ships of the Entente Allies.

Besides Consul General Bopp, Baron E. H. Von Schack, Baron Lieut. Geo. Von Brincken, C. C. Cowley, a detective; Mrs. Margaret Cornell, his secretary, and Smith, are on trial in the Federal court.

The seventh person indicted is Johannes Van Koolbergen, who is beyond extradition in Canada.

Smith is said to have been promised

immunity in return for his revelations to the prosecution.

Yesterday's session was occupied principally by witnesses whose testimony apparently was intended to preface that of Smith and his wife, who accompanied him to Seattle and Tacoma, Washington, when he was in the employ of the consulate.

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All employers of labor in said district willing to give preference to returned 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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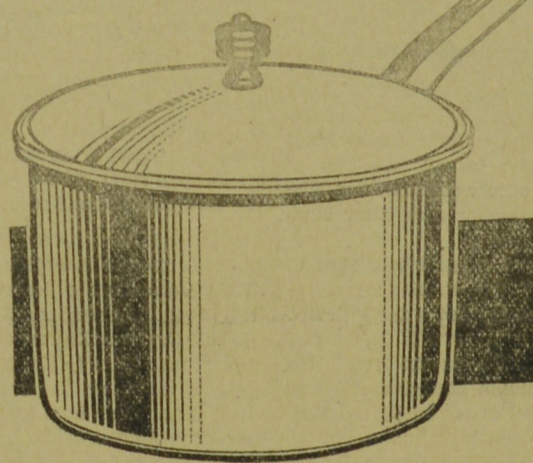
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