

## 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 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.

## 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 happiness 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.

"Am I awake?" exclaimed Mr. Riggs in such an awful voice that Mr. Dawes gave over staring at the cabinet and favored him with an impatient kick on the ankle.

"I guess that'll wake you up if—" and then he saw the Hindu. "Ranjab!" oozed from his lips.

Ranjab was smiling, and when he smiled his dark face was a joy to behold. His white teeth gleamed and his sometime unfeeling eyes sparkled with delight. He liked the two old men. They had stood, with Brood between him and grave peril far back in the old days when even the faintest gleam of hope apparently had been blotted out.

"Behold," he cried, magnificently spreading his arms. "I am made glorious! See before you the prince of magic! See!" With a swift, deft movement he snatched the half-smoked cigar from the limp fingers of Mr. Riggs and, first holding it before their blinking eyes, tossed it into the air. It disappeared!

"Well, of all the—" began Mr. Riggs, sitting up very straight. His eyes were following the rapid actions of the Hindu. Unlocking a drawer in the big table, the latter peered into it and then beckoned the old men to his side. There lay the clear and beside it a much-needed match!

"I don't want to smoke it," said Mr. Riggs, vigorously declining his property. "The darned thing's bewitched." Whereupon Ranjab took it out of the drawer and again threw it into the air. Then he calmly reached above his head and plucked a fresh cigar out of space, obsequiously tendering it to the amazed old man, who accepted it with the sheepish grin of a be-addled schoolboy.

"You haven't lost any of your old skill," said Mr. Dawes, involuntarily glancing at his own cigar to make sure that he had it firmly gripped in his stubby fingers. "You ought to be in a sideshow, Ranjab."

Ranjab paused, before responding, to extract a couple of billiard balls and a small paper knife from the lapel of Mr. Dawes' coat.

"I am to perform tonight, sahib, for the mistress' guests. It is to be—what you call him? A sideshow? Ranjab is to do his tricks for her, as the dog performs for his master." The smile had disappeared. His face was an impenetrable mask once more. Had their eyes been young and keen, however, they might have caught the flash of anger in his.

"Going to do all the old tricks?" cried Mr. Riggs eagerly. "By George, I'd like to see 'em again, wouldn't you, Dan? I'm glad we've got our good clothes on. Now you see what comes of always being prepared for—"

"Sorry, sahib, but the master has request me to entertain you before the guests come up. Coffee is to be serve here."

"That means we'll have to clear out?" said Riggs, slowly.

"But see!" cried Ranjab, genuinely sorry for them. He became enthusiastic once more. "See! I shall do them all—and better, too, for you."

For ten minutes he astonished the old men with the mysterious feats of the Indian fakir. They waxed enthu-

incomprehensible sword-swallowing act followed.

"You see Ranjab has not forgot," he cried in triumph. "He have not lost the touch of the wizard, ah?"

"You'll lose your gizzard some day, doing that," said Dawes, grimly. "It gives me the shivers."

Then, before their startled, horror-struck eyes, the Hindu coolly plunged the glittering blade into his breast, driving it in to the hilt!

"Good Lord!" shouted the two old men.

Ranjab serenely replaced the sword in its scabbard.

"It is not always the knife that finds the heart," said he, so slowly, so full of meaning, that even the old men grasped the significance of the cryptic remark.

"A feller can be fooled, no matter how closely he watches," said Mr. Dawes, and he was not referring to the amazing sword trick.

"No, sir," said Mr. Riggs, with gloomy irrelevance, "I don't like that woman."

The old spell of the Orient had fallen upon the ancients. They were bearing the vague whisperings of

(To be continued.)

## THE APPEAL

Lieut. Colonel Guthrie and Officers of the 236th Overseas Battalion (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 hame,  
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!

## SAYS THE ZEBROKE SHOWED NO LIGHTS

Berlin, via London, Dec. 9.—The German answer to the American inquiry regarding the sinking of the Zebroke has been dispatched to Washington. The steamer Zebroke, according to German information, was steam-

ing without lights or any indication of its nationality in the vicinity of a hostile naval port, and there were no means of distinguishing it from an enemy warship.

No details in regard to the sinking of the Zebroke have been received, and available shipping records do not list the vessel.

After making a strenuous effort to get out of a rut a man generally finds himself in a hole.

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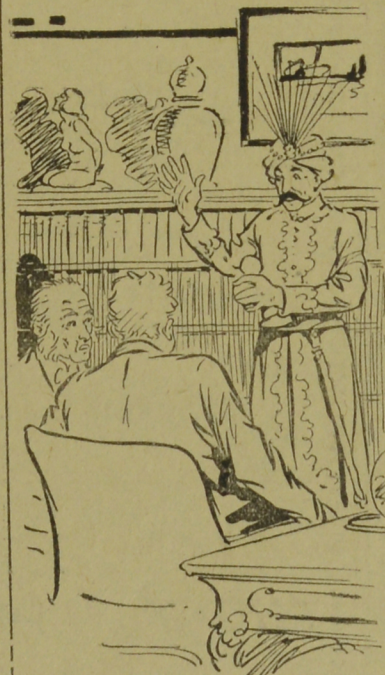
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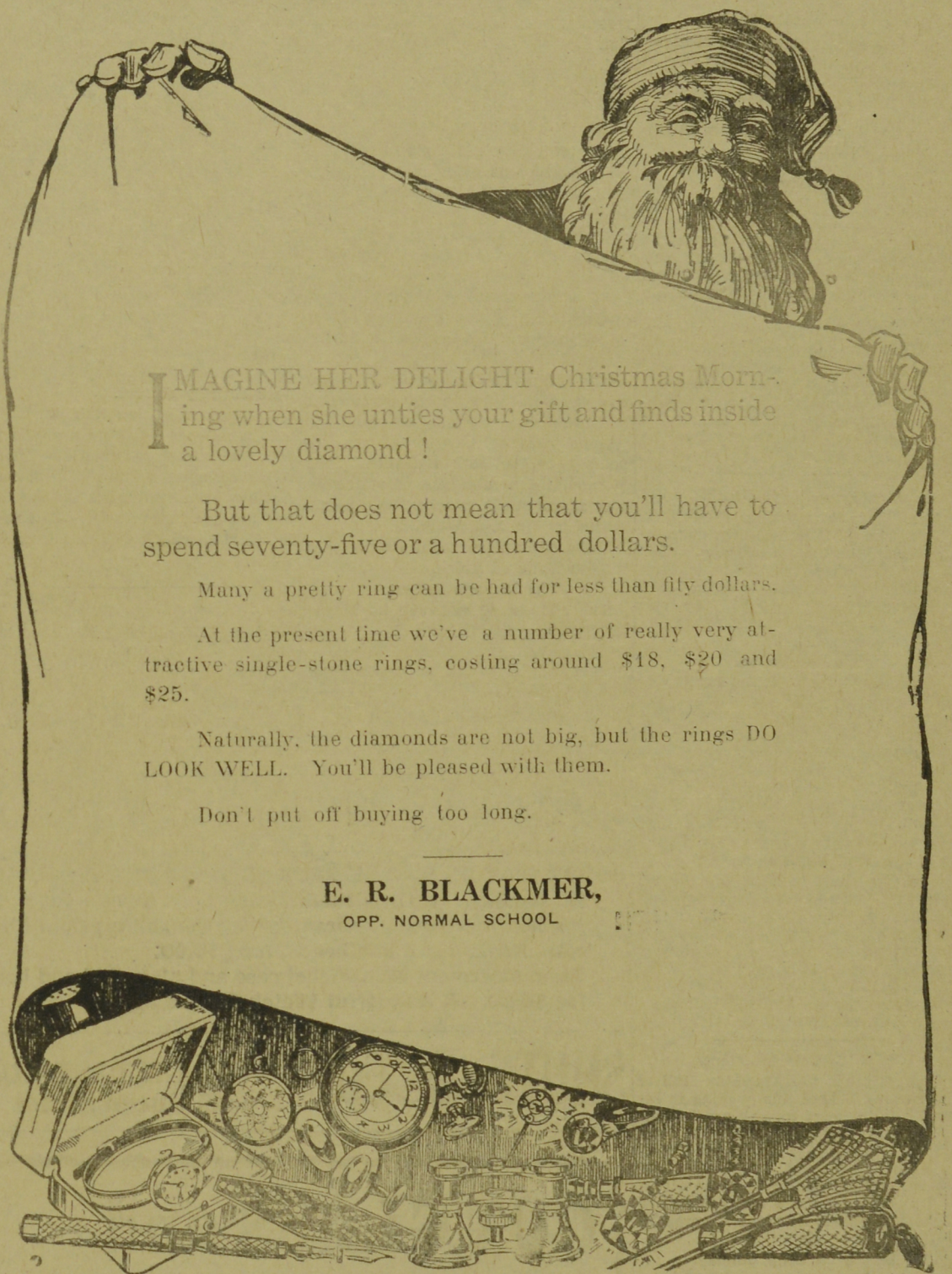
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