

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."

DR. J. B. CROCKER, DENTIST,

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Opposite Post Office.
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Office—419-11. House—57-41

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W. J. IRVINE, DENTAL SURGEON,

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to Bank of N. S. Building.
Queen Street.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a. m. to 1 p. m.;
2 p. m. to 5 p. m.
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JOHN G. ADAMS
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THE WINTER TERM OF THE FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

Will Open on MONDAY, January 8,
1917. Begin today to prepare for a
good paying position by getting infor-
mation regarding our courses of study,
descriptive booklet of which will be
sent on application. Address:

W. J. OSBORNE, Principal,
Fredericton, N. B.

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SEND THEM TO

H. L. ROGERS

And Have Them done in First Class
Style—"THE OLD MADE NEW."
83 REGENT STREET.

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Boarders can be accommodated
with large pleasant rooms with
modern conveniences. Home com-
forts, also special rates to table
boarders.

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Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

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6 insertions60
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FOR SALE—Old growth yellow birch
dry hard mill wood, \$5.50 per load. Also
dry split 16-inch hard stove wood,
\$2.75 per load. Dry lath edgings. Thos.
Fulton, 618 Brunswick Street, tele-
phone 308-32.

FARM FOR SALE—160 acres, New On-
tario, four miles to Earlton; 70 acres
cleared; on government roads, near
schools and churches. Price \$2,300.
Apply L. A. Lamour, Ottaville, Ont.
11-30 d-w 2wks

FOR SALE—My property on Brun-
swick street, Fredericton. It includes
dwelling house, barn and sausage fa-
ctory. The latter has steam power and
is equipped with modern machinery.
Great opportunity for an enterprising
young man to start business. Reason
for selling, advancing years. Apply
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Brunswick street. 8-22 d-w tf

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TO LET—Dwelling house, 621 King St.,
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King street. 12-6 6i

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WANTED—Boys to sell the Daily Mail.
An excellent chance for hustlers.

WANTED—Two canvassers. A good
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WANTED—Intelligent man or woman
to travel and appoint local representa-
tives for leading house. Nine months'
contract, guaranteeing expenses and
\$18.00 a week. Winston Co., Toronto.
12-6 4i 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,
DR. T. C. ALLEN, Secretary.
Chairman.

FOR SALE

LUMBER LAND—50 Acres
at Burton, N. B.

Price \$200.00.

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REAL ESTATE. INSURANCE.
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RECITAL!

—AT THE—

Normal School Assembly Hall

MONDAY EVEG., DEC. 11

The Programme Will Consist of Read-
ings, Music and Physical
Drill.

BLACK IS WHITE

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

CHAPTER VIII—Frederic's father, jeal-
ous, unjustly orders his son from the
dinner table as drunk. Yvonne follows
Frederic to the lade-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 al-
legiance to Lydia is strengthened by a
day spent with her.

For remote, not, however, without
first convincing themselves that the
shadowy Ranjab was nowhere within
range of their croaking undertones.
From the prescribed regions down-
stairs came the faint sounds of a piano
and the intermittent chatter of many
voices. Someone was playing "La
Paloma."

These new days were not like the
old ones. Once they had enjoyed,
even commanded, the full freedom of
the house. It had been their privi-
lege, their prerogative, to enter into
every social undertaking that was
planned; in fact, they had come to
regard themselves as hosts, or, at the
very least, guests of honor on such
occasions. They had a joyous way of
lifting the responsibility of conversa-
tion from everyone else; and, be it
said to their credit, there was no sub-
ject on which they couldn't talk with
decision and fluency, whether they
knew anything about it or not.

And nowadays it was different. They
were not permitted to appear when
guests were in the house. The sum-
ptuous dinners—of which they heard
something from the servants—were no
longer graced by their presence. They
were amazed and not a little irritated
to observe, by listening at the head of
the stairs, that the unfortunate
guests, whoever they were, always



Crushed Her Against His Breast.

seemed to be enjoying themselves.
They couldn't, for the life of them, un-
derstand how such a condition was
possible.

Brood had been working rather
steadily at his journal during the past
two or three weeks. He had reached a
point in the history where his own
memory was somewhat vague, and
had been obliged to call upon his old
comrades to supply the facts. For
several nights they had sat with him,
going over the scenes connected with
their earliest acquaintance—those
black days in Calcutta. Lydia had
brought over her father's notes and
certain transcripts of letters he had
written to her mother before their
marriage. The four of them were put-
ting those notes and narratives into
chronological order. Brood, after
three months of married life and fri-
volity, suddenly had decided to devote
himself almost entirely to the comple-
tion of the journal.

He denied himself the theater, the
opera and kindred features of the
passing show, and as he preferred to
entertain rather than to be entertain-
ed, seldom found it necessary to
go into the homes of other people.
Yvonne made no protest. She merely
pressed Frederic into service as an
escort when she desired to go about,
and thought nothing of it. Whether
this arrangement pleased James Brood
time will show. He, too, appeared to
think nothing of it.

The lines had returned to the cor-
ners of his mouth, however, and the
old, hard look to his eyes. And there
were times when he spoke harshly to
his son, times when he purposely
humbled him in the presence of others
without apparent reason.

On this particular night, Yvonne
had asked a few people in for dinner.
They were people whom Brood liked
especially well, but who did not appeal
to her at all. As a matter of fact, they
bored her. She appeared to be happy

in pressing them, however. When a

man told him that they were coming, he
favored her with a dry, rather in-
personal smile, and said, with whim-
sical good humor, why she chose to
punish herself for the sins of his
youth. She laid her cheek against his
and purred! For a moment he held
his breath. Then the fire in his blood
leaped into flame. He clasped the
slim, adorable body in his strong arms
and crushed her against his breast.
She kissed him and he was again the
fierce, eager, unsated lover. It was
one of their wonderful imperishable
moments, moments that brought ob-
livion. Then, as he frequently did of
late he held her off at arm's length and
searched her velvety eyes with a gaze
that seemed to drag the very secrets
out of her soul. She went deathly
white and shivered. He took his hands
from her shoulders and smiled. She
came back into his arms like a dumb
thing seeking protection, and contin-
ued to tremble as if frightened.

When company was being enter-
tained downstairs Mr. Dawes and Mr.
Riggs, with a fidelity to convention
that was almost pitiful, invariably
donned their evening clothes. They
considered themselves remotely con-
nected with the festivities, and, that

He stopped as she began to hum
lightly the strains of one of Ziehrer's
jaunty waltzes.

"By jove, how did you guess? Why,
it's my favorite. I love it, Yvonne."
As they descended in the elevator,
Frederic, unable to contain himself,
burst out rapturously:

"By jove, Yvonne, it will be fun,
coming over here every day or so for
a little music, won't it? I can't tell
you how happy I shall be."

"It is time you were happy," said
she, looking straight ahead, and many
days passed before he had an inkling
of all that lay behind her remark.

As they entered the house, Jones
met them in the hall.

"Mr. Brood telephoned that he will
be late, madam. He is at the cus-
toms office about the boxes."

"There will be five or six in for
tea, Jones. You may serve it in Mr.
Brood's study."

A look of surprise flitted across the
butler's impassive face. "Yes, mad-
am." For a moment he had doubted
his hearing.

"And ask Ranjab to put away Mr.
Brood's writing material and reference
books."

"I shall attend to it myself, madam.
Ranjab went out with Mr. Brood."

"Went out?" exclaimed Yvonne,
rigid.

Frederic turned upon the butler in
a flash. "You must be mistaken,
Jones," he said sharply.

"I think not, sir. They went away
together in the automobile. He has
not returned."

A long look of wonder and perplex-
ity passed between young Brood and
his stepmother.

She laughed suddenly and unnatu-
rally. Without a word she started up
the stairs. He followed more slowly,
his puzzled eyes fixed on the graceful
figure ahead. At the upper landing
she stopped. Her hand grasped the
railing with rigid intensity.

Ranjab emerged from the shadows
at the end of the hall. He bowed
very deeply.

"The master's books and papers have
been removed, sahibah. The study is
in order."

CHAPTER VII.

Ranjab the Hindu.

The two old men, long since rele-
gated to a somewhat self-imposed ob-
livion, on a certain night discussed, as
usual, the affairs of the household in
the privacy of their room on the third

(continued on p. 6)

Absence may make the heart grow
fonder—but propinquity makes the
head grow dizzier.

A man never knows how much he
values an umbrella or a woman until
he sees some other man calmly walk-
ing off with one or the other.

Funny, but a woman may loathe bald
heads, until she chances to fall in love
with a man whose hair is getting
sparse on top; then she will suddenly
begin to think of them as "nice and
clean, and intellectual looking."

The modern girl's idea of a "regular
fellow" is one who is clever enough to
make a lot of money and foolish enough
to throw it away on her.

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

BREAKS A BAD COLD IN A JIFFY! TRY IT

You can end grippe and break up a severe
cold either in head, chest, body or limbs, by
taking a dose of "Pape's Cold Compound,"
every two hours until three doses are taken.
It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and
air passages in the head, stops nasty discharge
or nose running, relieves sick headache, dull-
ness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, sore-
ness and stiffness.
Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and
sniffing! Ease your throbbing head—nothing
else in the world gives such prompt relief as
"Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only 25
cents at any drug store.

There are many kinds of music. One
kind is when a joy rider almost runs
you down and you hear one of his
tires blow out after he passes you.
made citizen a harder jolt than a bill
of fare in French.

No. 46

A BY-LAW TO AMEND No. 16. A BY-LAW RELATING TO DOGS AND TO IMPOSE A TAX UPON THE OWNERS THEREOF.

[City of Fredericton BE IT ENACTED by the City Council of the City of
Seal.] Fredericton, as follows:

(Sgd.) Moses Mitchell 1. Sections one, two, three, four and twenty,
Mayor. entitled "No. 16. A By-Law relating to Dogs and
to impose a Tax upon the Owners thereof," are
hereby repealed and substituted in lieu thereof the sections of this by-law, as
follows:

2. In this By-law, the expression "Dog" except where otherwise expressed,
includes bitch.

3. In this By-law the expression "Owners" shall mean any person in
possession of, or who shall harbor or suffer any dog to remain about his house
or premises.

4. Every owner of a dog shall register such dog at the office of the City
Treasurer on or before the first day of June in each and every year, the tax
or fee for such registration shall be one dollar for the male dog and two dol-
lars for a bitch, which must be paid to the City Treasurer before registration.

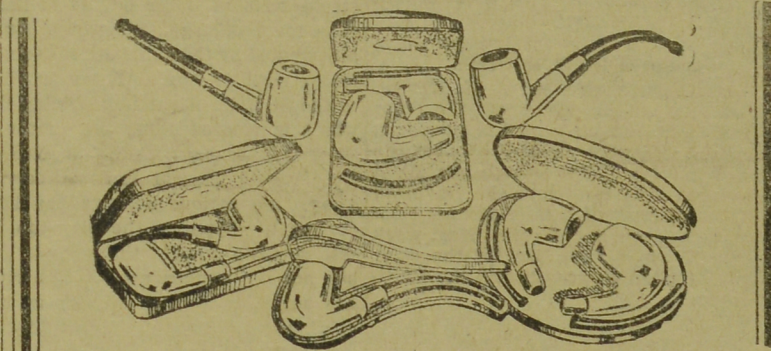
5. The owner of any dog who has not registered the same on or before
the first day of June, as aforesaid, may register such dog at any time up to
the first day of August next succeeding, for the sum of two dollars for the male
dog and four dollars for the bitch.

6. No owner of any bitch shall suffer or permit the same to be upon any
street while in heat.

7. Any person convicted of a breach of any of the provisions of this By-
law, shall be liable to a penalty of not exceeding fifty dollars.
Passed and enacted this fifth day of December, A. D. 1916.

J. W. MCCREADY, City Clerk.

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There is nothing your gentlemen friends will
appreciate more during the Christmas season
than

A Nice Pipe

We have lots of them, and can suit all purses.

We also carry a nice stock of

CIGARS, TOBACCOS AND CIGARETTES

Let us fill your orders this season.

D. H. Crowley

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See Our Down Town Window FOR SOME OF THE BEST BOOK VALUES EVER SHOWN IN THIS CITY.

The big sellers of course are "Big Tremaine" by Marie Van
Vorst, and "North of Fifty Three" by Bertrand W. Sinclair.

Other good ones are "Contrary Mary" by Bailey, "Penrod" by Tarkington,
"Miss Billy" by Porter, "It Happened in Egypt" by Williamson, "The Eyes of the
World" by Wright, "The Man and the Moment" by Glyn, "The Iron Woman"
by Deland, "Riley Songs of Cheer" and "Riley Songs of Friendship" by Riley,
"You Never Know Your Luck" Parker, "The Fourth Watch" Cody.

Price . 75 cents each.

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