

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 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

Frederic, white-faced and scowling, remained at the window, glaring out into the rain-swept night. A steady sheet of raindrops thrashed against the window panes.

"Hear the wind!" cried Yvonne, after a single sharp glance at his tall, motionless figure. "One can almost imagine that ghosts from every graveyard in the world are whistling past our windows. Should we not rejoice? We have them safely locked outside—at least! There are no ghosts in here to make us shiver—and—shake."

The sentence that began so glibly trailed off in a slow crescendo, ending abruptly. Ranjab was holding the lighted taper for her cigarette. As she spoke her eyes were lifted to his dark, saturnine face. She was saying there were no ghosts, when his eyes suddenly fastened on hers. In spite of herself her voice rose in response to the curious dread that chilled her heart as she looked into the shining mirrors above her. She shivered as if in the presence of death! For an incalculably brief period their gaze remained fixed and steady, each reading a mystery. Then the Hindu lowered his heavy lashes and moved away. The little by-scene did not go unnoticed by the others, although its meaning was lost.

"There's nothing to be afraid of, Yvonne," said Brood, pressing the hand, which trembled in his. "Your imagination carries you a long way. Are you really afraid of ghosts?"

She answered in a deep, solemn voice that carried conviction. "I believe in ghosts. I believe the dead come back to us, not to flit about, as we are told by superstition, but to lodge—actually to dwell—inside these warm, living bodies of ours. They come and go at will. Sometimes we feel that they are there, but—ah, who knows? Their souls may conquer ours and go on inhabiting—"

"Never!" he exclaimed quickly, but his eyes were full of the wonder that he felt.

"Frederic!" she called imperatively. "Come away from that window."

The young man joined the group. The sullen look in his face had given way to one of acute inquiry. The new note in her voice produced a strange effect upon him. It seemed like a call for help, a cry out of the darkness.

They were all playing for time. Not one of them but who realized that something sinister was attending their little conclave, unseen but vital. Each one knew that united they were safe, each against the other! Lydia was afraid because of Brood's revelations. Yvonne had sensed peril with the message delivered by Ranjab to Frederic. Frederic had come upstairs prepared for rebellion against the caustic remarks that were almost certain to come from his father. Brood was afraid of himself! He was holding himself in check with the greatest difficulty. He knew that the smallest spark would create the explosion he dreaded and yet courted. Restraint lay heavily yet shiftily upon all of them.

A long, reverberating roll of thunder ending in an ear-splitting crash that seemed no farther away than the window casement behind them brought sharp exclamations of terror from the lips of the two women. The men, appalled, started to their feet.

"Good Lord, that was close," cried Frederic. "There was no sign of a storm when we came in—just a steady, gentle spring rain."

"I am frightened," shuddered Yvonne, wide-eyed with fear. "Do you think—"

There came another deafening crash. The glare filled the room with a brilliant, greenish hue. Ranjab was standing at the window, holding the curtains apart while he peered upward across the space that separated them from the apartment building beyond the court.

"Take me home, Frederic!" cried Lydia, frantically. She ran toward the door.

"I will come," he exclaimed, as they raced down the stairs. "Don't be

She was sobbing convulsively when they came to the lower hall.

In great distress, he clasped her in his arms, mumbling incoherent words of love, encouragement—even ridicule for the fear she betrayed. Far from his mind was the real cause of her unhappy plight.

He held her close to his breast and there she sobbed and trembled as with a mighty, racking chill. Her fingers clutched his arm with the grip of one who clings to the edge of a precipice with death below. Her face was buried against his shoulder.

"You will come with me, Freddy?" she was whispering, clinging to him as one in panic.

"Yes, yes. Don't be frightened, Lydia. I—I know everything is all right now. I'm sure of it."

"Oh, I'm sure too, dear. I have always been sure," she cried, and he understood, as she had understood.

Despite the protests of Jones, they dashed out into the blighting thunderstorm. The rain beat down in torrents, the din was infernal. As the door closed behind them Lydia, in the ecstasy of freedom from restraint bitterly imposed, gave vent to a shrill cry of relief. Words, the meaning of which he could not grasp, babbled from her lips as they descended the steps. One sentence fell vaguely clear from the others, and it puzzled him. He was sure that she said: "Oh, I am so glad, so happy we are out of that house—you and I together."

Close together, holding tightly to each other, they breasted the whirling sheets of rain. The big umbrella was of little protection to them, although held manfully to break the force of the cold flood of waters. They bent their strong young bodies against the wind, and a sort of wild, impish hilarity took possession of them. It was freedom, after all. They were fighting a force in nature that they understood and the sharp, staccato cries that came from their lips were born of an exultant glee which neither of them could have suppressed nor controlled. Their hearts were as wild as the tempest about them.

Mrs. Desmond threw open the door as their wet, soggy feet came sloshing down the hall. Frederic's arm was about Lydia as they approached, and both of their drenched faces were wreathed in smiles—gay, exalted smiles. The mother, white-faced and fearful, stared for a second at the amazing pair, and then held out her arms to them.

She was drenched in their embrace. No one thought of the havoc that was being created in that swift, impulsive contact.

"I must run back home," exclaimed Frederic. Lydia placed herself between him and the door.

"No! I want you to stay," she cried. He stared. "What a funny idea!" "Wait until the rain is over," added Mrs. Desmond.

"No, no," cried Lydia. "I mean for him to stay here the rest of the night. We can put you up, Freddy. I—I don't want you to go back there until—until tomorrow."

A glad light broke in his face. "By jove, I—do you know, I'd like to stay. I—I really would, Mrs. Desmond. Can you find a place for me?" His voice was eager, his eyes sparkling.

"Yes," said the mother, quietly, almost serenely. "You shall have Lydia's bed, Frederic. She can come in with me. Yes, you must stay. Are you not our Frederic?"

"Thank you," he stammered, and his eyes fell.

"I will telephone to Jones when the storm abates," said Mrs. Desmond. "Now get out of those coats, and—oh, dear, how wet you are! A hot drink for both of you."

"Would you mind asking Jones to send over something for me to wear in the morning?" said Frederic, grinning as he stood forth in his evening clothes.

(To be continued.)

THE VICTROLA AND THE COMMUNITY—NO. 3

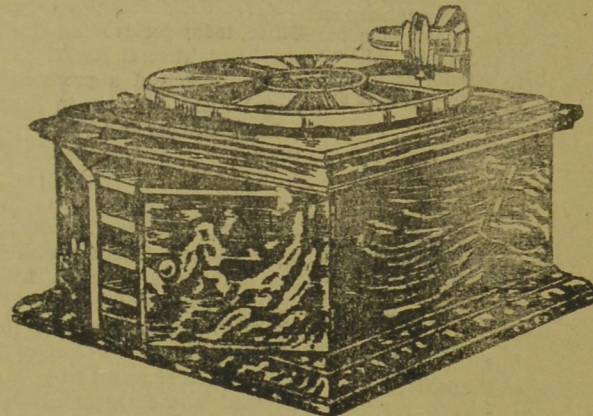


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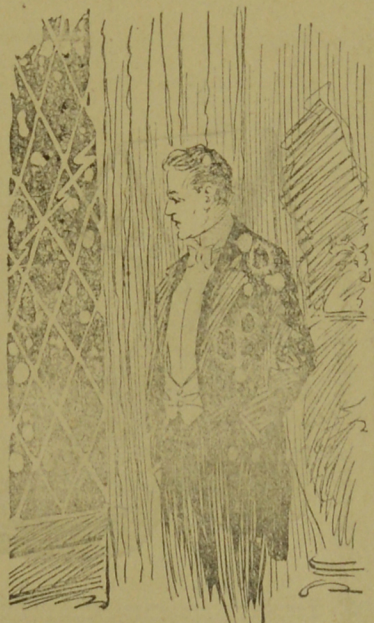
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Frederic, White Faced and Scowling,
Remained at the Window.

frightened, darling. It's all right.
Listen to me! Mrs. Desmond is as
safe as—"

"Oh, Freddy, Freddy," she wailed,
breaking under a strain that he was
not by way of comprehending. "Oh,
Freddy, dear!" Her nerves gave way

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