

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 ophthalmologists 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

"But I choose to discuss it," she said firmly. "The truth, please. You drove her out?"

"She made her bed, Yvonne," said he hurriedly.

"Did she leave you cheerfully, gladly, as I would go if I loved another, or did she plead with you—oh, I know it hurts! Did she plead with you to give her a chance to explain? Did she?"

"She was on her knees to me," he grated, the veins standing out on his temples.

Yvonne arose. She stood over him like an accusing angel.

"And to this day, James Brood—to this very hour, you are not certain that you did right in casting her off!"

"I tell you, I was certain—I was sure of—"

"Then why do you still love her?"

"Are you mad?" he gasped. "Good God, woman, how can you ask that question of me, knowing that I love you with all my heart and soul? How?"

"With all your heart, yes! But with your soul? No! That other woman has your soul. I have heard your soul speak and it speaks of her—yes, to her! Night after night, in your sleep, James Brood, you have cried out to 'Matilde.' You have sobbed out your love for her, as you have been doing for twenty years or more. In your sleep, your soul has been with her. With me at your side, you have cried to 'Matilde!' You have passed your hand over my face and murmured 'Matilde!' Not once have you uttered the word 'Yvonne!' And now, you come to me and say: 'We will come straight to the point!' Well, now you may come straight to the point. But do not forget, in blaming me, that you love another woman!"

He was petrified. Not a drop of blood remained in his face.

"It is some horrible, ghastly delusion. It cannot be true. Her name has not passed my lips in twenty years. It is not mentioned in my presence. I have not uttered that woman's name—"

"Then how should I know her name? Her own son does not know it, I firmly believe. No one appears to know it except the man who says he despises it."

"Dreams! Dreams!" he cried scornfully. "Shall I be held responsible for the unthinkable things that happen in dreams?"

"No," she replied significantly; "you should not be held accountable. She must be held accountable. You drove out her body, James, but not her spirit. It stands beside you every instant of the day and night. By day you do not see her, by night—ah, you tremble! Well, she is dead, they say. If she were still alive, I myself might tremble, and with cause."

"Before God, I love you, Yvonne. I implore you to think nothing of my wanderings in my sleep. They—they may come from a disordered brain. God knows, there was a time when I felt that I was mad, raving mad. These dreams are—"

To his surprise, she laid her hand gently on his arm.

"I pity you sometimes, James. My heart aches for you. You are a man—a strong, brave man, and yet you shrink and cringe when a voice whispers to you in the night. You sleep with your doubts awake. I am Matilde, not Yvonne, to you. I am the flesh on which that starved love of yours feeds; I represent the memory of all that you have lost."

"This is—madness!" he exclaimed, and it was not only wonder that filled his eyes. There was a strange fear in them too.

"I am quite myself, James," she said coolly. "Can you deny that you think of her when you hold me in your arms; can you—"

"Yes!" he almost shouted. "I can and do deny!"

"Then you are lying to yourself, my husband," she said quietly. He fairly gasped.

"Good God, what manner of woman are you?" he cried hoarsely. "A sorceress? A—but no, it is not true!"

She smiled. "All women are sorceresses. They feel. Men only think. Poor Frederic! You try to hate him, James, but I have watched you when you were not aware. You search his face intently, almost in agony—for what? For the look that was his mother's—for the expression you loved in—"

He burst out violently. "No! By heaven, you are wrong there, my sorceress! I am not looking for Matilde in Frederic's face."

"For his father, then?" she inquired slowly.

The perspiration stood out on his brow. He made no response. His lips were compressed.

"You have uttered her name at last," she said wonderingly, after a long wait.

Brood started. "I—I—Oh, this is torture!"

"We must mend our ways, James. It may please you to know that I shall overlook your mental faithlessness to me. You may go on loving Matilde. She is dead. I am alive. I have the better of her, there, ai—e? The day will come when she is dead in every sense of the word. In the meantime, I am content to enjoy life. Frederic is quite safe with me, James; safer than he is with you. And now let us have peace. Will you ring for tea?"

He sat down abruptly, staring at her with heavy eyes. She waited for a moment, and then crossed over to pull the old-fashioned bell-cord.

"We will ask Lydia and Frederic to join us, too," she said. "It shall be a family party, the five of us."

"Five?" he muttered.

"Yes," she said, without a smile. "Are you forgetting Matilde?"

CHAPTER X.

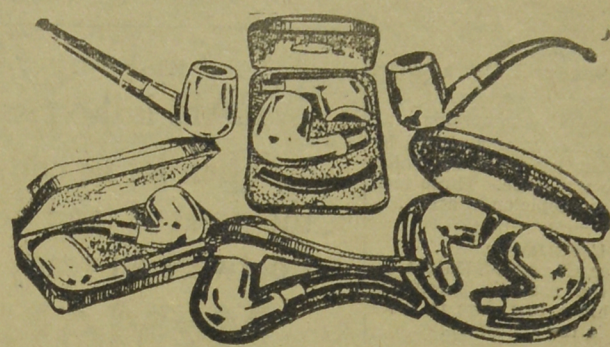
Of a Music-Master.

A month passed. Yvonne held the destiny of three persons in her hand. They were like figures on a chess board and she moved them with the sureness, the unerring instinct of any skilled disciple of the philosopher's game. They were puppets; she ranged them about her stage in swift-changing pictures and applauded her own effectiveness. There were no rehearsals. The play was going on all the time, whether tragedy, comedy or—chess.

Of the three, Lydia alone faced the situation with courage. She was young, she was good, she was inexperienced, but she saw what was going on beneath the surface with a clarity of vision that would have surprised an older and more practiced person; and, seeing, was favored with the strength to endure pain that otherwise would have been unsupportable. She knew that Frederic was infatuated. She did

(To be continued.)

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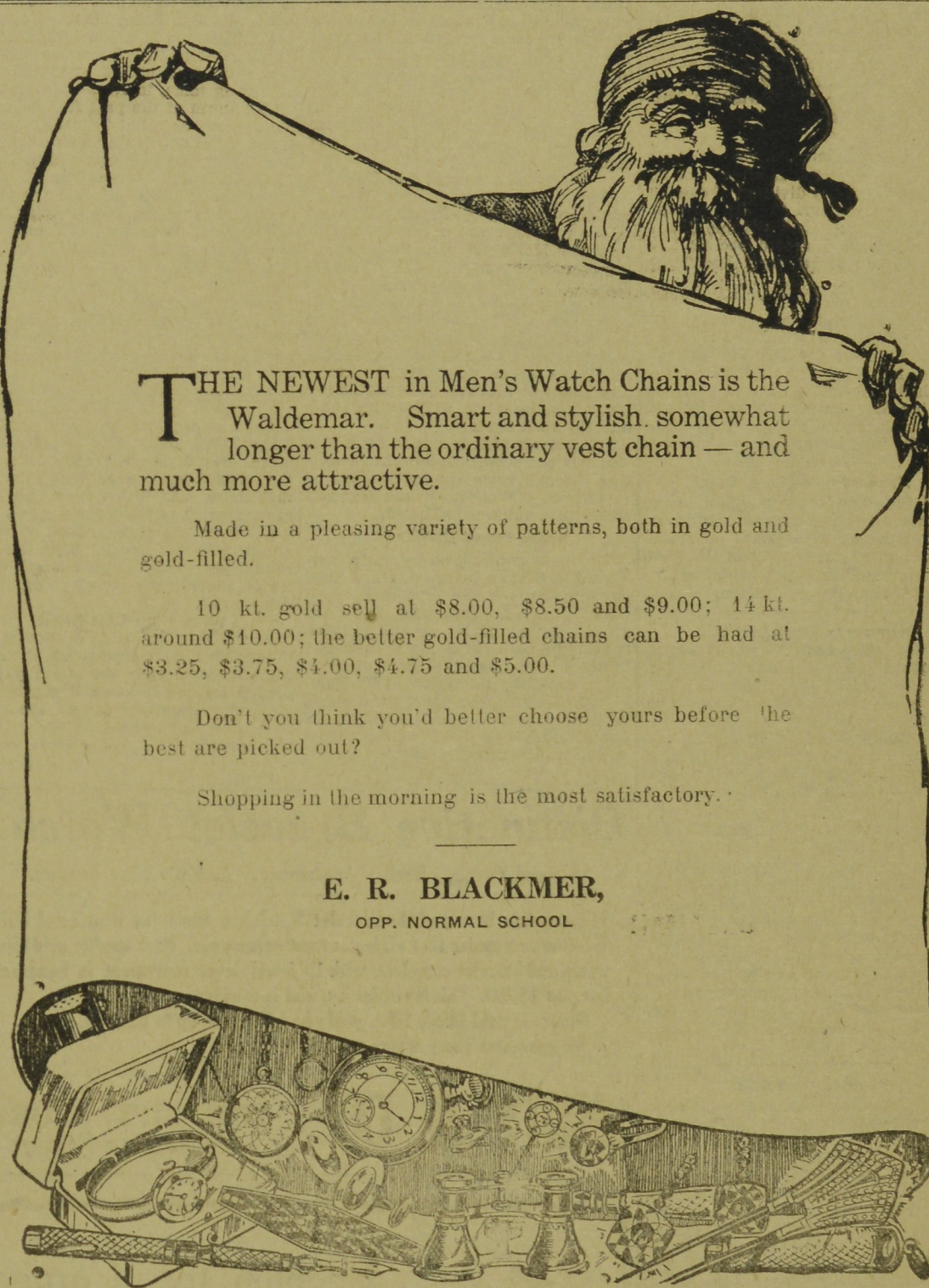
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