

## 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 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

CHAPTER XV—Mrs. Desmond in her own tries to get to Brood to intercede with him for Frederic, but is prevented by Yvonne, who tells her that she is too late, as the two men are now together and Brood is telling Frederic.

CHAPTER XVI—Brood tells Frederic the story of his dead wife and the music master. Yvonne tells Brood he has struck a man sleeping, and that his own heart needs breaking.

CHAPTER XVII—Yvonne goes to Frederic in the study and asks him to go away with her. He refuses. She taunts, then tempts him. Brood comes through the doorway. Ranjab behind him.

"I came to see Mr. Brood on a very important—"

"Have you been sent over here by someone else?" demanded Mrs. Brood. "I have not seen Frederic," told from her lips before she thought.

"I dare say you haven't," said the other with ominous clearness. "He has been here since seven this morning, waiting for a chance to speak to his father in private."

She was descending the stairs slowly, almost lazily, as she uttered the remark.

"They are together now?" gasped Mrs. Desmond.

"Will you come into the library? Good morning, gentlemen. I trust you may enjoy your long walk."

Mrs. Desmond followed her into the library. Yvonne closed the door almost in the face of Mr. Riggs, who had opened his mouth to accept the invitation to tea, but who said he'd "be d—d" instead, so narrow was his escape from having his nose banded. He emphasized the declaration by shaking his fist at the door.

The two women faced each other. For the first time since she had known Yvonne Brood Mrs. Desmond observed a high touch of color in her cheeks. Her beautiful eyes were alive with an excitement she could not conceal. Neither spoke for a moment.

"You are accountable for this, Mrs. Brood," said Lydia Desmond's mother, sternly, accusingly. She expected a storm of indignant protest. Instead, Yvonne smiled slightly.

"It will not hurt my husband to discover that Frederic is a man and not a milkop," she said, but despite her coolness there was a perceptible note of anxiety in her voice.

"You know, then, that they are—that they will quarrel?"

"I fancy it was in Frederic's mind to do so when he came here this morning. He was still in his evening clothes, Mrs. Desmond."

"Where are they now?"

"I think he has them on," said Yvonne, lightly.

Mrs. Desmond regarded her for a moment in perplexity. Then her eyes flashed dangerously. "I do not think you misunderstood me, Mrs. Brood. Where are Frederic and his father?"

"I am not accustomed to that tone of voice, Mrs. Desmond."

"I am no longer your housekeeper," said the other, succinctly. "You do not realize what this quarrel may mean. I insist on going up to them before it has gone too far."

"Will you be so good, Mrs. Desmond, as to leave this house instantly?" cried Yvonne, angrily.

"No," said the other quietly. "I suppose I am too late to prevent trouble between those two men, but I shall at least remain here to assure Frederic of my sympathy, to help him if I can, to offer him the shelter of my home."

A spasm of alarm crossed Yvonne's face. "Do you really believe it will come to that?" she demanded, nervously.

"If what I fear should come to pass, he will not stay in this house another hour. He will go forth from it, cursing James Brood with all the hatred that his soul can possess. And now, Mrs. Brood, shall I tell you what I think of you?"

"No, it isn't at all necessary, besides, I've changed my mind. I'd like you to remain. I do not want to mystify you any further, Mrs. Desmond, but I now confess to you that I am losing my courage. Don't ask me to tell you why, but—"

"I suppose it is the custom with those who play with fire. They shrink when it burns them."

Mrs. Brood looked at her steadily for a long time without speaking. The rebellious, sullen expression died out of her eyes. She sighed deeply, almost despairingly.

"I am sorry you think ill of me, yet I cannot blame you for considering me to be a—a—I'll not say it. Mrs. Desmond, I—I wish I had never come to this house."

"Permit me to echo your words."

"You will never be able to understand me. And, after all, why should I care? You are nothing to me. You are merely a good woman who has no real object in life. You—"

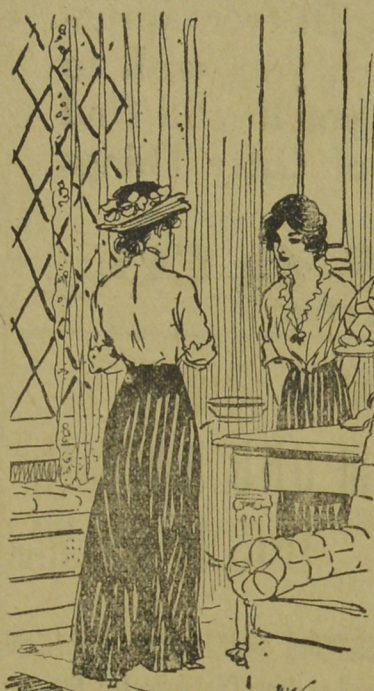
"No real object in life?"

"Precisely. Sit down. We will wait here together, if you please. I—I am worried. I think I rather like to feel that you are here with me. You see, the crisis has come."

"You know, of course, that he turned one wife out of this house, Mrs. Brood," said Mrs. Desmond, deliberately.

Something like terror leaped into the other's eyes. The watcher experienced an incomprehensible feeling of pity for her—she who had been despising her so fiercely the instant before.

"He—he will not turn me out," murmured Yvonne, and suddenly began pacing the floor, her hands clinched.



"I'd Like You to Remain."

Stopping abruptly in front of the other woman, she exclaimed. "He made a great mistake in driving that other woman out. He is not likely to repeat it, Mrs. Desmond."

"Yes—I think he did make a mistake," said Mrs. Desmond, calmly. "But he does not think so. He is a man of iron. He is unbending."

"He is a wonderful man—a great, splendid man," cried Yvonne, fiercely. "It is I—Yvonne LeStrange—who proclaim it to the world. I cannot bear to see him suffer. I—"

"Then why do you—"

Mrs. Brood flushed to the roots of her hair. "I do not want to appear unfair to my husband, but I declare to you, Mrs. Desmond, that Frederic is fully justified in the attitude he has taken this morning. His father humiliated him last night in a manner that made forbearance impossible. That much I must say for Frederic. And permit me to add, from my soul, that he is vastly more sinned against than sinning."

"I can readily believe that, Mrs. Brood."

"This morning Frederic came into the breakfast room while we were having coffee. You look surprised. Yes, I was having breakfast with my husband. I knew that Frederic would come. That was my reason. When I heard him in the hall I sent the servants out of the dining-room. He had spent the night with a friend. His first words on entering the room were these—I shall never forget them: 'Last night I thought I loved you, father, but I have come home just to tell you that I hate you. I can't stay in this house another day. I'm going to get out. But I just wanted you to know that I thought I loved you last night, as a son should love a father. I just wanted you to know it.' He did not even look at me, Mrs. Desmond. I don't believe he knew I was there. I shall never forget the look in James Brood's face. It was as if he saw a ghost or some horrible thing that fascinated him. He didn't even speak."

(To be continued.)

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THE VICTROLA AND THE COMMUNITY—NO. 1

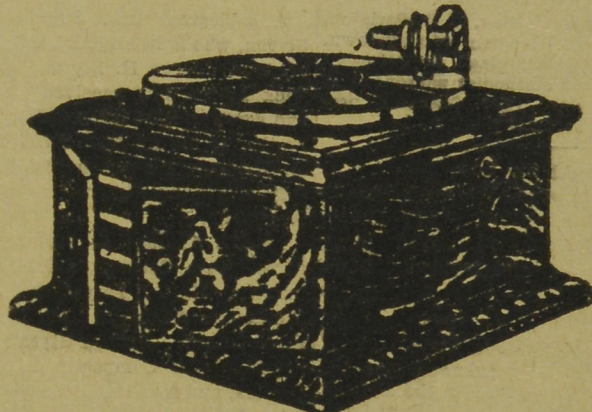


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bury and Queens, and the City of Fred-  
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retary.

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