

## 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 expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple prescription. Here is the prescription: Go to an active drug store and get a box 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 becoming perceptibly right from the first. Inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you 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 drug store 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.

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diers' Aid Committee has been organ-  
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retary.

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## BLACK IS WHITE

CHAPTER XV.—Mrs. Desmond in her  
turn 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 Fred-  
eric in the jade-room and asks him to go  
away with her. He refuses. She taunts  
then tempts him. Brood comes through  
the doorway. Ranjab behind him.

back of it is written: "To my own  
sweetheart"—in Hungarian, Yvonne  
says. There! Look at her. She was  
like that when you married her. God,  
how adorable she must have been. "To  
my own sweetheart!" Ho ho!

A hoarse cry of rage and pain burst  
from Brood's lips. The world went red  
before his eyes.

"To my own sweetheart!" he cried  
out. He sprang forward and struck the  
photograph from Frederic's hand. It  
fell to the floor at his feet. Before  
the young man could recover from his  
surprise, Brood's foot was upon the  
bit of cardboard. "Don't raise your  
hand to me! Don't you dare to strike  
me! Now I shall tell you who that  
sweetheart was!"

Half an hour later James Brood de-  
scended the stairs alone. He went  
straight to the library where he knew  
that he could find Yvonne. Ranjab,  
standing in the hall, peered into his  
white, drawn face as he passed, and  
started forward as if to speak to him.  
But Brood did not see him. He did  
not lift his gaze from the floor. The  
Hindu went swiftly up the stairs, a  
deep dread in his soul.

The shades were down. Brood  
stopped inside the door and looked  
dully about the library. He was on  
the point of retiring when Yvonne  
spoke to him out of the shadowy cor-  
ner beyond the fireplace.

"Close the door," she said huskily.  
Then she emerged slowly, almost like  
a specter, from the dark background  
formed by the huge mahogany book-  
cases that lined the walls, from floor  
to ceiling. "You were a long time  
up there," she went on.

"Why is it so dark in here, Yvonne?"  
he asked lifelessly.

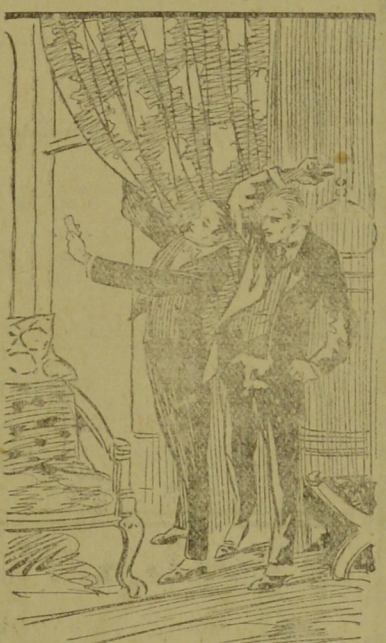
"So that it would not be possible for  
me to see the shame in your eyes,  
James."

He leaned heavily against the long  
table. She came up and stood across  
the table from him, and he felt that  
her eyes were searching his very soul.

"I have hurt him beyond all chance  
for recovery," he said hoarsely.

"Oh, you coward!" she cried, lean-  
ing over the table, her eyes blazing.  
"I can understand it in you. You have  
no soul of your own. What have you  
done to your son, James Brood?"

He drew back as if from the impact  
of a blow. "Coward? If I have crushed



He Sprang Forward and Struck the  
Photograph From Frederic's Hand.

his soul, it was done in time, Yvonne,  
to deprive you of the glory of doing it."

"What did he say to you about me?"

"You have had your fears for noth-  
ing. He did not put you in jeopardy,"  
he said scornfully.

"I know. He is not a coward," she  
said calmly.

"In your heart you are reviling me.  
You judge me as one guilty soul  
judges another. Suppose that I were  
to confess to you that I left him up  
there with all the hope, all the life  
blasted out of his eyes—with a wound  
in his heart that will never stop bleed-  
ing—that I left him because I was  
sorry for what I had done and could  
not stand by and look upon the wreck  
I had created. Suppose—"

"I am still thinking of you as a cow-  
ard. What is it to me that you are  
sorry now? What have you done to  
that wretched, unhappy boy?"

"He will tell you soon enough. Then  
you will despise me even more than I  
despise myself. God! He—ne  
looked at me with his mother's eyes  
when I kept on striking blows at his  
very soul. Her eyes—eyes that were  
always pleading with me! But, curse  
them—always scoffing at me! For a  
moment I faltered. There was a wave  
of love—yes, love, not pity, for him—  
as I saw him go down before the  
words I hurled at him. It was as if I  
had hurt the only thing in all the  
world that I love. Then it passed. He  
was not meant for me to love. He was  
born for me to despise. He was born  
to torture me as I have tortured him."

"You poor fool!" she cried, her eyes

glittering.

"Sometimes I have doubted my own  
reason," he went on as if he had not  
heard her scathing remark. "Some-  
times I have felt a queer gripping of  
the heart when I was harshest toward  
him. Sometimes his eyes—her eyes—  
have melted the steel that was driven  
into my heart long ago, his voice and  
the touch of his hand gently have  
checked my bitterest thoughts. Are  
you listening?"

"Yes."

"You ask what I have done to him.  
It is nothing in comparison to what  
he would have done to me. It isn't  
necessary to explain. You know the  
thing he has had in his heart to do. I  
have known it from the beginning. It  
is the treacherous heart of his mother  
that propels that boy's blood along its  
craven way. She was an evil thing—  
as evil as God ever put life into."

"Go on."

"I loved her as no woman ever was  
loved before—or since. I thought she  
loved me—God, I believe she did. He—  
Frederic had her portrait up there to

flash in my face. She was beautiful—  
she was as lovely as— But no more!  
I was not the man. She loved another.  
Her lover was that boy's father."

Dead silence reigned in the room.  
save for the heavy breathing of the  
man. Yvonne was as still as death  
itself. Her hands were clenched  
against her breast.

"That was years ago," resumed the  
man, hoarsely.

"You—you told him this?" she cried,  
aghast.

"He said she must have loathed me  
as no man was ever loathed before.  
Then I told him."

"You told him because you knew she  
did not loathe you! And you loved  
Matilde—God pity your poor soul! For  
no more than I have done you drove  
her out of your house. You accuse me  
in your heart when you vent your rage  
on that poor boy. Oh, I know! You  
suspect me! And you suspected the  
other one. Before God, I swear to  
you that you have more cause to sus-  
pect me than Matilde. She was not  
untrue to you. She could not have  
loved anyone else but you. I know—  
God help me, I know! Don't come  
near me! Not now! I tell you that  
Frederic is your son. I tell you that  
Matilde loved no one but you. You  
drove her out. You drove Frederic  
out. And you will drive me out."

She stood over him like an accusing  
angel, her arms extended. He shrank  
back, glaring.

"Why do you say these things to  
me? You cannot know—you have no  
right to say—"

"I am sorry for you, James Brood,"  
she murmured, suddenly relaxing. Her  
body swayed against the table, and  
then she sank limply into the chair  
alongside. "You will never forget that  
you struck a man who was asleep,  
absolutely asleep. That's why I am  
sorry for you."

"Asleep!" he murmured, putting his  
hand to his eyes. "Yes, yes—he was  
asleep! Yvonne, I—I have never been  
so near to loving him as I am now.  
I—I—"

"I am going up to him. Don't try  
to stop me. But first let me ask you  
a question. What did Frederic say  
when you told him his mother was—  
was what you claim?"

Brood lowered his head. "He said  
that I was a cowardly liar."

"And it was then that you began  
to feel that you loved him. Ah, I see  
You are a great, strong man—a won-  
derful man in spite of all this. You  
have a heart—a heart that still needs  
breaking before you can ever hope to  
be happy."

(To be continued.)



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THE VICTROLA AND THE COMMUNITY—NO. 3

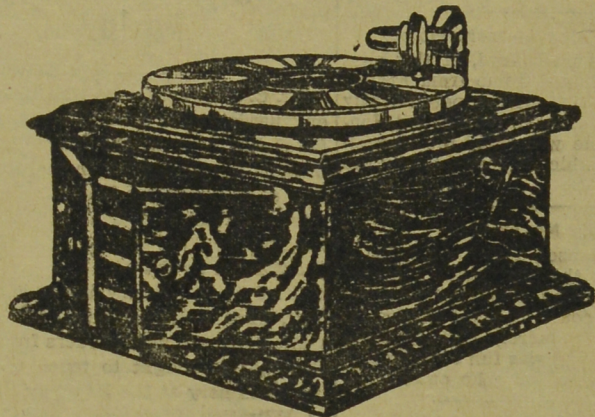


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