

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 may be described as follows: Go to an 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 in perceptibly right from the start. If inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you even a little, take steps to save them before it is too late. Many a person's 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 in hand for regular use in almost every family. You can order Bon-Opto by mail from the Valinas Drug Co., Toronto, if your druggist has none in stock."

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 Frederic 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.

He gasped. "As if my heart hasn't already been broken," he groaned. "Your head has been hurt, that's all. There is a vast difference. Are you going out?"

He looked at her in dull amazement. Slowly he began to pull himself together.

"Yes. I think you should go to him. I gave him an hour to—"

"To get out?"

"Yes. He must go, you see. See him, if you will. I shall not oppose you. Find out what he expects to do."

She passed swiftly by him as he started toward the door. In the hall, which was bright with the sunlight from the upper windows, she turned to face him. To his astonishment, her cheeks were aglow and her eyes bright with eagerness. She seemed almost radiant.

"Yes; it needs breaking, James," she said, and went up the stairs, leaving him standing there dumfounded. Near the top she began to hum a blithe tune. It came down to him distinctly—the weird little air that had haunted him for years—Feverelli's!

CHAPTER XVII.

Foul Weather

To Brood's surprise, she came halfway down the steps again, and, leaning over the railing, spoke to him with a voice full of irony.

"Will you be good enough to call off your spy, James?"

"What do you mean?" He had started to put on his light overcoat.

"I think you know," she said, briefly. "Do you consider me so mean, so infamous as—" he began hotly.

"Nevertheless, I feel happier when I know he is out of the house. Call off your dog, James."

He smothered an execration and then called out harshly to Jones. "Ask Ranjab to attend me here, Jones. He is to go out with me," he said to the butler a moment later. Yvonne was still leaning over the banister, a scornful smile on her lips.

"I shall wait until you are gone. I intend to see Frederic alone," he said, with marked emphasis on the final word.

"As you like," said he, coldly.

She crossed the upper hall and disappeared from view down the corridor leading to her own room. Her lips were set with decision; a wild, reckless light filled her eyes, and the smile of scorn had given way to one of exaltation. Her breath came fast and tremulously through quivering nostrils as she closed her door and hurried across to the little vine-covered balcony.

"The time has come—the time has come, thank God," she was saying to herself, over and over again.

She turned her attention to the window across the court and two floors above her—the heavily curtained window in Brood's "retreat." There was no sign of life there, so she hurried to the front of the house to wait for the departure of James Brood and his man.

The two were going down the front steps. At the bottom Brood spoke to Ranjab and the latter, as imperturbable as a rock, bowed low and moved off in an opposite direction to that taken by his master. She watched until both were out of sight. Then she rapidly mounted the stairs to the top floor.

Frederic was lying on the couch near the jade-room door. She was able to distinguish his long, dark figure after peering intently about the shadowy interior in what seemed at first to be a vain search for him. She shrank back, her eyes fixed in horror upon the prostrate shadow. Suddenly he stirred and then half raised himself on one elbow to stare at the figure in the doorway.

"Is it you?" he whispered, hoarsely, and dropped back with a great sigh on his lips.

Her heart leaped. The blood rushed back to her face. Quickly closing the door, she advanced into the room, her tread as swift and as soft as a cat's.

"He has gone out. We are quite alone," she said, stopping to lean against the table, suddenly faint with excitement.

He laughed, a bitter, mirthless, snarling laugh.

"Get up, Frederic. Be a man! I know what has happened. Get up! I want to talk it over with you. We must plan. We must decide now—at once—before he returns." The words broke from her lips with sharp, staccato-like emphasis.

He came to a sitting posture slowly, all the while staring at her with a dull wonder in his heavy eyes.

"Pull yourself together," she cried, hurriedly. "We cannot talk here. I am afraid in this room. It has ears, I know. That awful Hindu is always here, even though he may seem to be elsewhere. We will go down to my boudoir."

He slowly shook his head and then allowed his chin to sink dejectedly into his hands. With his elbows on his knees he watched her movements in a



She Watched Until Both Were Out of Sight.

state of increasing interest and bewilderment. She turned abruptly to the Buddha, whose placid, smirking countenance seemed to be alive to the situation in all of its aspects. Standing close, her hands behind her back, her figure very erect and theatric, she proceeded to address the image in a voice full of mockery.

"Well, my chatterbox friend, I have pierced his armor, haven't I? He will creep up here and ask you, his wonderful god, to tell him what to do about it, all—e? His wits are tangled. He doubts his senses. And when he comes to you, my friend, and whines his secret doubts into your excellent and trustworthy ear, do me the kindness to keep the secret I shall now whisper to you, for I trust you, too, you amiable fraud." Standing on tip-toe, she put her lips to the idol's ear and whispered. Frederic, across the room, roused from his lethargy by the strange words and still stranger action, rose to his feet and took several steps toward her. "There! Now you know everything. You know more than James Brood knows, for you know what his charming wife is about to do next." She drew back and regarded the image through half-closed, smoldering eyes. "But he will know before long—before long."

"What are you doing, Yvonne?" demanded Frederic, unsteadily.

She whirled about and came toward him, her hands still clasped behind her back.

"Come with me," she said, ignoring his question.

"He—he thinks I am in love with you," said he, shaking his head.

"And are you not in love with me?" He was startled. "Good Lord, Yvonne!"

She came quite close to him. He could feel the warmth that traveled from her body across the short space that separated them. The intoxicating perfume filled his nostrils; he drew a deep breath, his eyes closing slowly as his senses prepared to succumb to the delicious spell that came over him. When he opened them an instant later, she was still facing him, as straight and fearless as a soldier, and the light of victory was in her dark, compelling eyes.

(To be continued.)

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THE VICTROLA AND THE COMMUNITY—NO. 3

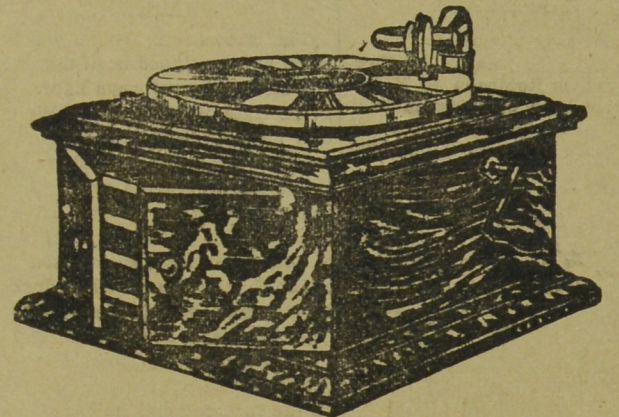


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