

### 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. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye-strain or other eye weakness? 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 do so.

To strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense 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 a time.

Notes: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients will help to combat eye-sufferings and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturer guarantees it to strengthen eyesight in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very best eye-remedies I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family."

### WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER VII.

A Simple Bit of Charity.

"No," assented the squire, impatiently; "that is what puzzles me. I never saw a more gentleman-like man, or one with a more prepossessing face. But his manners and conduct—" He pulled up. "However," he continued, "if he prefers to live a secluded and isolated life, why that is his business, not mine. I shall not call again, of course."

"No," said Olivia; "yet Bertie likes him."

"Likes him? How do you know that? Oh, because he spoke up for him yesterday. I don't know why you should say that he 'likes' him."

"I watched Bertie's face," said Olivia, quietly.

The squire knitted his brows. "It was very unfortunate, his turning up as he did yesterday. And those gypsies, too. It was very annoying for Mr. Bradstone. Did you enjoy the picnic, Olivia?"

"Yes," she replied, indifferently, and turned to the books again.

"It was an admirable luncheon," he said, watching her, with the deep lines graving themselves in his forehead; "admirable. Mr. Bradstone must have spared no expense or trouble. He did his very best to make it a success."

"Oh, yes," she answered, coldly; "I think it was a success. Annie and Mary enjoyed themselves."

"Yes," he said, leaning his head on his hand, and watching her with the same troubled, anxious, wistful gaze. "Yes. Was he very attentive to them? I didn't notice. It would be a very good match for one of them. He is a very rich man, Olivia."

"Is he?" she said, with supreme indifference. "I think this will do for Bessie; I remember reading it. It is full of incident, and yet the characters talk naturally."

"Bartley Bradstone is very rich," said the squire, ignoring her criticism of the novel. "He would be a good match for most girls. If he were in London he would be snapped up at once."

"I dare say," said Olivia, turning the leaves of the book carelessly.

"Yes," said the squire, thoughtfully. "Money is everything nowadays. It is all that any one thinks of, and Bartley Bradstone has it in abundance."

"Is it all any one thinks of?" said Olivia. "We don't think of it much, dear; but I suppose that's because we have enough of it," and she smiled with blissful serenity.

### Tonsillitis, Sore Throat, Chest Colds, Can be Cured Over Night

They Vanish Quickly if Nerviline is Well Rubbed In.

When the throat tickles, when it hurts to draw a long breath, when you feel as if a knife were stuck in your side, it's time to draw out the congestion that will soon become pneumonia.

An ordinary cough syrup has no chance at all—you require a powerful penetrating liniment.

Nothing is known that possesses more merit in such cases than Nerviline.

Rub it liberally over the sides and chest—rub it in hard.

The warm, soothing effect of Nerviline will be apparent in five minutes. Nothing like it for quick relief—

takes soreness out of the throat in one rubbing—breaks up the chest cold, draws out the inflammation, stops the cough quickly.

Rub it on for rheumatism—it destroys the pain—drives it right away. Try it for stiff muscles—it works miracles in just such cases.

Give Nerviline a chance on your neuralgia, prove it out for lumbago, see what it can do for sciatica.

No pain-relieving remedy compares in power to cure with Nerviline. Largest sale in Canada of any liniment for nearly forty years. The reason is plain. It satisfies every time.

The large 50 cent family size bottle is more economical than the 25 cent trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere.

"And I think you're right," said Olivia, with a sudden warmth which astonished Alford, and made her blush a moment afterward. "I mean that of course it is absurd to suppose that because Mr. Faradeane is a stranger he must necessarily be disreputable—and—and—unworthy. Why, Alford, a wicked man would never have risked his limbs for Bessie, as Mr. Faradeane did."

"Do not be too sure of that, Miss Vanley," said a voice, and Olivia, starting, turned and saw the man she had been defending. He had come round the bend by the thick garden hedge, unperceived by either Alford or herself.

Olivia stood with her hands on the gate, white and red by turns, and Alford coughed and shuffled in awkward confusion.

Mr. Faradeane regarded them with a faint smile that was more sad than mirthful.

"As a rule, listeners hear anything but good of themselves, Miss Vanley," he said, raising his hat. "This is the exception. Thank you for your defence, but I fear that it is not, as the lawyers would say, a sound one."

Olivia fought down her strange shyness—strange because it had never until now attacked her in the presence of any man.

"Was it not?" she said, in a low voice. "I thought it was a very reasonable proposition."

He shook his head, still with the same grave smile.

"Some of the worst men have been conspicuous for their courage as well as their crimes. There was a convict the other day who stood up on behalf of a warder who had been attacked by the rest of the gang, some fifteen in number. When they came to inquire into the man's antecedents they found that he, who had defended his keeper at the risk of his own life, had been sentenced to penal servitude for a particular bad case of manslaughter. That's a modern instance. Ancient history is full of examples of bad men who have exhibited, not once, but many times, extraordinary courage—have even done braver things than stopping a small pony," and he smiled.

"Ah!" grunted Alford. "I thought it was coming to that. Mr. Faradeane always tries to make out as it was nothing at all; and look at his forehead," and he pointed to the scar.

Olivia raised her eyes to it, and met his grave, sad, half-smiling gaze, beneath which her own drooped instantly.

"I am afraid you won't succeed in persuading me that I am even a second-hand hero, Alford," he said. "How is Bessie this morning?"

Alford told him that she was much better, and Mr. Faradeane turned as if to go, when a sudden impulse seized Olivia, and, falteringly, she said: "I—I am so sorry for what occurred yesterday at the picnic, Mr. Faradeane."

He stopped and looked at her absently for a moment, as if the incident had escaped his memory; then he said: "Pray don't give it a moment's thought or regret. Mr. Bradstone's indignation was very natural. Trespassers are a nuisance at any time; but at a picnic they are intolerable. I have written to Mr. Bradstone apologizing for my intrusion, and assuring him that 'it shan't occur again.' I hope you had a pleasant day."

"Very," said Olivia; and he turned to go again, when she said: "My father called on you this morning. He was sorry to find you were out."

He looked down at the path in grave silence for a moment; then he said, as he raised his eyes to hers: "Will you please thank Mr. Vanley for his courtesy. I live a very solitary and secluded life, Miss Vanley."

"Does that mean that you decline his acquaintance?" asked Olivia, in her straightforward way.

"His brow furrowed with a wistful, troubled frown.

"I am afraid it does," he said. "I am what is called a recluse, a misanthrope."

"What is called," said Olivia, quietly; "a misanthrope who stops runaway ponies, and takes the trouble to inquire daily after a sick girl; isn't that a little too inconsistent?"

He smiled.

"You are rather hard upon me," he

### MOTHER OF FOUR CHILDREN

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Expectant mothers should profit by Mrs. Cloyd's experience and trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Free confidential advice had by addressing Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

said, in a low voice. He paused. "I am sorry I did not see Mr. Vanley this morning; but consider—what sympathy, what friendship could exist between Harold Faradeane of The Dell and the Squire of Hawkwood?" Olivia flushed.

"Do you think my father values a man by the size of the house he inhabits, Mr. Faradeane?"

"I think him a high-minded English gentleman," he responded, with grave earnestness, "but between a man in his position and a man in mine there is a vast difference."

Olivia bit her lip, and turned aside with a slight bow.

"Will you give these to Bessie, Alford?" she said, as if she had finished with Mr. Faradeane.

He stood with his dark, sad eyes fixed on the ground; then he approached her.

"I have offended you," in a low, almost an appealing voice.

Olivia turned to him with lowered lids.

"Oh, no?"

"Your words say 'No,' but your 'one says 'Yes,'" he said.

"Well, you must admit that one may be rather displeased at having one's overtures of friendship declined, however politely," she said.

He dug a stone out of the path with his stick; then he looked up at her.

"You have put the case candidly; but think, Miss Vanley—your father knows nothing of me. He has paid me the attention of a call, because I was so fortunate as to be of slight service to one of his servants. Am I to take advantage of such an accident? He knows nothing of me, remember."

"My father is perfectly free to choose his friends," she retorted. "He would have called on you, even if this accident of Bessie's had not occurred."

He struck the pebble he had dug out, and sighed.

"Do not tempt me," he murmured, in so low a voice that Olivia did not hear him.

"What did you say?" she asked. He fixed his dark eyes on her.

(To be Continued.)

### Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SMART ONE-PIECE MODEL.



1768—Girls' Dress with Strapped Plaits and with Sleeve in either of Two Styles. Linen, lawn, batiste, corduroy, pique, gingham or percale, all these are suitable, and nice for this style. The plaits could be omitted. They are stitched to position over back and front. The body and sleeve portions are cut in one. In wrist length the sleeve has a band cuff. In short length it is finished with a shaped facing. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

BOYS' MIDDY SUIT.



1764—This design is a popular style, good for wash and woolen goods. It makes a very comfortable school and play suit. Blue serge with soutache braid, or white linen with simple stitching for a finish would be very suitable. The blouse is provided with an adjustable shield. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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### LONDON

LONDON, July 24th, 1916.

### THE DUC DE ROHAN.

The Duc de Rohan, who has been killed in action, had been at the request transferred to the infantry whose duties at present are more dangerous than those of any other arm. He was head of one branch of a family that gave Brittany its dukes and kings. Henry L. Duc de Rohan was leader of the Calvinist party in the days of Louis XIII. The Chevalier de Rohan, Grand Veneur of France, was beheaded for conspiracy in 1774. Cardinal de Rohan was deprived of all his honors as Grand Aumonier of France for being implicated in Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace affair. Another Rohan, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, gave the "Code Rohan" to Malta, where it is still in force. The Duc de Rohan exists nowhere else than in the name of a family which has had to have law that greatly resembles Roman-Dutch, which is very like Code Napoleon. The family, despite its name, is a party of the right, being that of Gue, another of the names of the family, being that of Soubise, whose name is associated with a rich onion soup. The late Duke was a prominent member of the French Jockey Club, he hunted in Leicestershire, England. The family motto means "Cannot be overthrown." Will not be a member of the Am Rohan.

### WOUNDED IN CLOVER.

The hospital trains still roll on London twice or thrice a day, but it is told that there still is not enough wounded to "go round" among the people who wish to entertain them, or, as I am afraid I must in truth say, to obtain the presence of the wounded to justify their own entertainments. Recently I met a lady who told me that she had tired herself out telephoning to the hospitals to see whether they could send a party wounded out to tea. Everywhere the reply was "All our wounded are booked up. If you give us a week's notice we might probably be able to arrange a party." My acquaintance had arranged a garden party for seventy people, and had been told at the last minute that only forty could be coming. To telephone for a party of wounded seemed a happy thought, kindly inspiration till she tried to do it. "What did you do?" I asked. She said, "I turned out all my friends. The forty women who came had their selling flags all day, and they were ravenous."

### LONDON VOLUNTEER CAMPS.

Some of the suburban Volunteer camps (attended by men over thirty years of age acting as spare time soldiers) projected for the first week in August have been abandoned in the sequence of the postponement of Bank Holidays; but it is understood they will be held as soon as the substituted holidays are announced by Proclamation. Under the new arrangement the preparation of the London defences is in active progress, and evidenced every Sunday and Saturday afternoon by the bodies of men engaged in trench-digging under the prevailing weather conditions. The trenches that are being made at some instances educational, being designed to allow of a rapid completion of various types that have been developed in practical warfare on the Western front. It may be expected that in the event of the rather remote prospect of an invasion in any part of Great Britain, the completion and extension of these entrenchments would be carried out with the aid of civilians and not by Volunteer soldiers alone.

### YACHTS FOR CARGO CARRYING.

A number of sailing and auxiliary yachts are being employed for the transport of some kinds of cargo. Craft of the type are at first sight very suitable for work of the character. They must be, however, more suitable than they appear to be. I hear that the use of them under the Red Ensign is spreading. Several well-known steam yachts—one of them of more than average dimensions—are understood to be the subject of negotiations which are well forward. The conversion of vessels of the type involves the fitting of a good deal of elegant accommodation, but it does not cost long or cost a great deal to make necessary alterations. That the converted vessels would not pay their way under ordinary conditions of course certain, but the state of shipping is so far from normal that the profit is not for the time being the least degree doubtful. "It really looks," said a well-known shipping man, "as if almost anything in the shape of a surface ship were a paying proposal to-day." Most of the trades for which yachts are being