

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 a real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes tested 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 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 have them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.

Note: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was quoted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very reasonable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturer guarantees it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances on the average. It can be obtained through any good drug store at the end of the very best prescription in the world should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family."

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER X. In The Moonlight.

The two Penstone girls, of course, drew back, and declined, with distinct emphasis, the mere idea of riding. "All right, then, said Bertie. "Come on!" and the young people set out. Annie and Mary, in their eagerness to vent their amazement and pent-up enthusiasm, caught him timidly, but effectually, by either arm, and began at once:

"Oh, Lord Granville, did you—now, did you ever hear anything like it? Wasn't it simply wonderful?" etc., and poor Bertie, closely arrested, saw his goddess walk on with Faradeane.

He did not offer his arm, and they went on in silence for some minutes. An attempt to describe the varied emotions which swept through Olivia's sensitive heart would be impossible.

The spell of his voice was on her still; the fascination of his dark, handsome face still held her in thrall. Women admire men for many qualities: their strength, their good looks, their courage, their art, sometimes—but not often, alas!—their wisdom. And to-night, under the moonlight, Olivia was full of admiration for this man whom the gods had dowered with so many gifts. He had proved his courage in risking his life for Bessie, his face was handsome enough to haunt the dreams of a sculptor, and to-night he had exercised a power of imagination and voice and influence that had moved a crowded audience.

Think of it! An impressionable girl, full of poetry, and ready as wax to receive an impression, and wonder not that as she walked beside him she felt magnetized, attracted, fascinated. She was pale still, still slightly tremulous, and her breath came slowly and heavily. Lines of the exquisite poem into which he had breathed life and reality still rang in her ears. She could find nothing to say that would not have sounded to her ears hideously commonplace.

And it was he who first spoke. "Miss Vanley," he said, "I have an uncomfortable feeling of guilt." She looked up at him instantly, with that look which a woman turns upon the man on whom her mind is fixed. "Guilt!" she echoed.

He smiled at the almost tragic tones of her voice. "Yes, I have an uneasy feeling that I have made you uncomfortable with my uncanny performance."

"No," she said, slowly, "not uncomfortable." "It was a stupid thing to do," he went on. "Stupid and unsuitable to the bulk of the audience; but my ex-

use—well, my only excuse is that I knew no other piece, and was too well, too lazy to learn any other. I will never recite it again."

"No?" she breathed. "Don't say that. It would be a waste. It was beautiful—beautiful—and yet so sad. I—"

She paused. "I have read the poem—everybody has; but I did not know it was so dreadful until to-night."

"Because I give it with all the usual tricks," he said, half-contemptuously. "That is why. But it is a great piece of verse—and dreadful."

"My sympathies are all with Eugene Aram," she said, dreamily. "It is wrong, I know."

He looked at her for a moment in silence. "Yes, it is wrong," he said. "One should not sympathize with the man who commits a crime; but I understand. His sufferings were almost an expiation."

She shuddered slightly. "Yes, and he was sorely tempted. But do you think that it is—natural? That an educated man should commit such a crime—"

"Education!" he said, slowly; and in the aftertime which cast such an awful shadow over her life, she recalled his words. "Has that anything to do with it? Education teaches us to conceal our passions; it does not, cannot destroy them! No, under the thin veneer which civilization plasters over us, lie the old savage instincts, and if you scratch your man of refinement deep enough, you will find the passions of the barbarian still existing. Given a temptation fiery enough, and your man of rank, position, education will fall."

"That is terrible," she breathed; "and you think that any one—any one—could be tempted to commit—murder?"

"His dark eyes rested on her. "It depends on the temptation," he said, as if rather communing with himself than answering her. "Some men could not be induced to commit even an indiscretion for the sake of all the mines in Peru, but for another motive—the one motive—lust of power, ambition, revenge, love—"

he paused, and the word rang in her brain—"he would descend to any crime—aye, even murder."

The faint shudder ran through her again, and he seemed to know it, for he said, in a lighter tone:

"But this kind of morbid talk is shamed by such a night. What a lovely moon! It reminds me of those lines of Heine:

"Goddess of our sleeping hours When silver tints the drooping flowers,"

and he repeated in a low, musical voice, that seemed to sing the words, the whole of the short poem; surely one of the sweetest in the German tongue.

Olivia unconsciously drew nearer to him, and the words, the voice, dis-

pelled the faint terror that had throbbled through her.

"I don't know it," she said, almost piteously. "I seem to know nothing. All my life has been spent half asleep—"

"Ah, don't regret it!" he said, gravely, with a touch of sadness in his voice. "Your life has been a beautiful dream! May the awakening never come! Don't speak of it remorsefully! To me it seems so precious—"

He paused. "It is a perfect life for one like yourself. Do you see that star?" He stopped, and pointed upward. "Would you drag it from its place and its calm serenity to flicker in an oily lamp? Keep your pure and beautiful life as long as you can! Some day—"

He stopped. "Some day?" she murmured, gently. "Some day," he continued, "the temptation will come to you, the star of my thoughts, to descend and become a part of the hard and cruel world. Stay in the heaven of your present serenity, Miss Vanley!"

It was strange talk in this prosaic, practical nineteenth century; but it did not seem strange or forced to Olivia. She drank in every word, and, if she did not at once feel its meaning, mentally stretched out her hands and sought for it.

Just to keep him talking, to hear the deep, musical voice again, she said:

"Is the world so wicked, then?" "Wicked and foolish," he said; "and its folly is worse than its wickedness. I have made one discovery as I passed through it. Do you know what it is?"

"No," she murmured, drawing nearer to him.

He laughed softly, and pushed his hat from his brow with a half weary gesture. "It is this: That though wickedness may go unpunished, folly never does. A man may commit a crime—many—and pass through the world undetected and unpunished, but if he commit a folly, Nemesis follows and closes upon him at once. And the moral of this is—"

He stopped. "That it is wiser to be wicked than foolish," she said.

"Exactly!" he assented, with a strange smile.

Bertie and the two Penstones had passed them, and reached the turning to The Dell, and here Olivia and Faradeane overtook them. "I don't think I ought to go any farther," he said, half-stopping; "your father has had enough of us to-night."

"No?" she said. "Why?" She paused, half timidly. "Why should you go; it must be lonely at home."

"It is lonely," he said, with a smile half sad. "No one but I can tell how lonely."

"Why do you—?" she began, and then stopped again.

"Why do I live like a hermit and a recluse?" he said, gently. "We have some of us ceased to be masters of our own actions, Miss Vanley; I am so unlucky as to be one of those unfortunate."

She looked up at him with the timid, shrinking glance of a woman whose heart aches with sympathy, and yet who has not power to give it.

"If I—I if my father—could do anything," she murmured.

He held out his hand and took hers, and he held it, not pressing it, but enfolding it in his strong, shapely one.

"You have done much already," he said, in a low voice, "more than you can guess; yes, much more. Good-night, Miss Vanley."

Obedient an impulse, one of those impulses which were rare with her, she raised her beautiful eyes to his.

"That is my aunt's title," she said, with a faint, flickering smile. "My name is Olivia."

He looked at her for a moment gravely, and yet with a sort of troubled wistfulness; then he said, in a low tone as hers:

"Olivia! Good-night, Miss Olivia!" Then he called to Bertie, waving his hand toward Olivia, and turning aside, strode into the dark lane that led to The Dell.

"Oh! isn't he coming to the Grange?" exclaimed Annie Penstone, as Bertie brought Olivia to them.

"Isn't he really coming? It's too bad! I wanted to talk to him, to ask him all sorts of things! And you have had

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him all the way to yourself! Now, that isn't fair, is it, Mary? What did he talk about, Olivia?"

"I don't know," said Olivia, dreamily.

"They found Aunt Amelia and Bartley Bradstone waiting for them in the hall, the former still shimmering with excitement over the success of her concert, and the latter glaring sullenly, with suppressed rage and jealousy.

All through the meal, which was a kind of "scratch" supper, while Annie and Mary and Bertie, all speaking very fast and at the same time, were giving the squire an account of the sensation Mr. Faradeane had created, Bartley Bradstone and Olivia sat in silence. Now and again he glanced at her thoughtful, dreamy face in a half watchful, half suspicious manner; but she seemed to be quite unconscious of his presence, and presently got up and went to the piano in the adjoining room and began to play softly.

"That's a sign that we can take ourselves off to the smoking-room; come and have a cigar," said the squire, and as he passed Olivia, he gently patted her cheek. She put up her hand and took his and laid her face against it, but said nothing, and the two men left the room.

"I shan't smoke," said Bertie, as he reached the door. "I shall stay and talk to these children," nodding at Annie and Mary, but he glanced at Olivia as he spoke.

Bartley Bradstone dropped into the chair the squire motioned him to, but he seemed uneasy and restless, and after a moment or two, he got up, and clearing his throat, nervously said:

"I am glad we are alone, squire, for I wanted to speak to you on a private matter."

The squire glanced at him with a return of the apprehensive, hunted look in his eyes.

"Yes! What is it? Wait a moment till I have lit my cigar. Now," and he seemed to pull himself together, like a man prepared to receive bad news, or an unwelcome shock.

Bartley Bradstone grew pale; he was evidently as ill at ease as the squire.

"I—I want to speak to you about Miss Vanley—Miss Olivia," he said.

A tremor passed over the squire's face, and he lowered his eyes.

"About Olivia?" and his voice sounded dry and husky.

"Yes," said Bartley Bradstone. "I don't suppose you have been blind to the fact that I sincerely admire, and—indeed, that I—well—he stammered—"I love her, and I want you to give her to me for my wife."

As he spoke the last word, his voice suddenly dropped and grew hoarse and indistinct. So much so that the squire, who had not expected such deep emotion, started and looked up at him. Bartley Bradstone's face was perfectly white, and his eyes were fixed on the floor.

(To be Continued.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DAN-DRUFF.

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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 BREAKFAST COSTUME.

Blouse and Cap—1780. Petticoat—1728.

Comprising Pattern 1780, which consists of a blouse and cap, and Pattern 1728, which may serve as a morning skirt or a petticoat. Silk, crepe, gingham, percale, challie or washable satin could be used for these models. The skirt has full gathered portion joined to a hip yoke section. The blouse or sack could be of contrasting material. The Pattern of the blouse, which includes the cap, is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the cap, for a Medium size. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A JAUNTY SPORT COSTUME.

Blouse—1761. Skirt—1756.

Striped taffeta in green and blue was used for the smock, and green Jersey cloth for the skirt. Tub silk, linen and washable satin is also nice for this style. The skirt is a three-gore model with lap tuck at the front seam. The smock has front yoke portions and big pockets. Pattern 1761 furnishes the model for the smock. It is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 44 inches bust measure, and requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 26-inch size, which measures 3 1/2 yards at the foot.

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of Acres.

By WYTHE WILLIAMS.

Paris, Aug. 5.—All this week I have been with the French Army on the Somme as a guest of the Grand

Staff. The second anniversary of the war I passed on the battle near the centre of the great offensive. It was the first time during the war that a correspondent accredited to the French has been officially permitted to witness an action so intense on so gigantic a scale.

At the battle of the Labyrinth a year ago I was the first to see the special correspondent to the Somme, and with extraordinary facilities combined with good luck I was able to get a better view of the operations than any civilian up to the present moment. It was by far the greatest experience of war I have ever had. It was superb, overwhelming. If any American has the opportunity to see the battle of the Somme and must now depend on the Allies to win, it should be forgotten, for what I saw on the Somme is the greatest human effort in all history. The French army day is better, stronger, and more than ever it was. I necessarily confine all my remarks to the French army only.

GREATER THAN VERDUN.

It is not necessary to go back to this war to compare human effort. This French effort on the Somme will become bigger than the biggest than Artois and Champagne greater than Verdun. And, viewing it from all sides, studying from every angle of understanding, am certain that it is only just beginning. Why I say it will prove greater than anything that has happened in all history. The French army day is better, stronger, and more than ever it was. I necessarily confine all my remarks to the French army only.

What impressed me most about it is its steady grinding, its awful precision. Verdun, with all its horror and its grandeur, had at-

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