



"Thrice is he armed who takes a box of Moir's."

The skilful general avails himself of every possible advantage. Likewise, the careful suitor remembers that one of his best aids is "sweets to the sweet."

Let a box of Moir's be your ally—the finest chocolate delicacies that ever delighted the heart of a girl.

MADE IN CANADA

# MOIR'S CHOCOLATES

## Stella Mordaunt:

—OR—

## The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER XXII

"I intended calling Mr. Green, the officer in charge of the case, your worship, but he's not here. He went to London on business connected with the case and has not returned yet. I have produced all the evidence I have in my possession, your worships, and I ask for a remand."

Mr. Bulpit got up, snuff-box in hand. Whatever disappointment or discouragement he may have received during his interview with the prisoner, he showed nothing of it in face or voice or manner. He was just as calm and grim and self-contained as usual. The court waited for his opening words with close attention. Workley, seated in his former place beneath the witness-box, eyed him with moody impatience. Rath alone had no eyes or attention for him, but looked at Stella as if his mind were concentrated on her.

"I have had an opportunity of conferring with my client, your worships," said the old lawyer, in the dry way which was so familiar to most of his audience, "and I have only a few words to address to you before I call my witnesses for the defence. And first I would desire to refer to the dramatic incident which has taken all of us by surprise. It is not often that a witness called by the prosecution bears such formidable testimony for the defence. You have heard Miss Mordaunt's remarkable story, gentlemen. Incredible as it may seem, it is true. It is true that the prisoner has spent his childhood, boyhood, and the opening years of his manhood—in deed, one may say all his life—on an almost unknown part of an island. I find that it is the western part of Vancouver. You will expect to hear from me something of his parentage, his connections. I can tell you nothing respecting them. The prisoner himself is in complete ignorance of his antecedents, of all the facts of his birth and upbringing. For him his life and his life's history date from

the earliest remembrances of his life on the island."

There was a murmur of astonishment, of doubt. Ralph moved in his chair, and a sneer of incredulity sat upon his face, plain enough for all to see.

"He and his father lived alone until that father's death, when the prisoner became a solitary in solitude as intense as that of the man in the famous history with which we are all acquainted. Then the two women, Miss Mordaunt and her mother, appeared on the scene—waifs from the wreck of the 'Andromeda.' You have heard how he rescued and sheltered and provided for those two helpless women, and of how, soon after the death of her mother, Miss Mordaunt was carried away from the island."

All eyes were turned on Stella; but the fixed gaze did not embarrass her. She was unconscious of the crowd of everything and everyone, but of Rath standing there, with that light shining in his eyes as they rested on her.

"I now come to another phase of this singular romance of life. The advent of another character, another actor, on this strange scene—Mr. Edward Bryan."

"As you are aware, he is connected with this mystery by his friendship with the prisoner. I will call him; he shall tell you the story in his own words. Is there anyone in court who doubts his veracity, his credibility? Is there anyone on the bench who would refuse to accept the word, the sworn testimony of a Bryan?"

The old man's voice rose with an almost youthful ring. "No? Let him tell his story, then, let him prove that it was impossible for the prisoner to have known, met, the unfortunate woman who was done to death, until the night on which the cruel murder was committed. Edward Bryan!"

Edward stepped to the witness-box. "Mr. Bryan, I ask no questions. You will place the court in possession of your knowledge of the prisoner and the facts which have a bearing on the case."

As Edward told the story, the court listened with well-nigh breathless attention. He reserved, concealed nothing. It was now nothing to him or Rath if others learnt of the discovery

of the gold, and as he gave an account of it, the court stared and gaped. The prisoner with his partner were millionaires, then! The crowd moved restlessly and pushed forward to get a better, closer sight of the young and handsome man who possessed untold riches—and stood charged with wilful murder!

"Until you parted with Mr. Rayne, your friend and close companion for all those months, he was scarcely out of your sight?" asked Mr. Bulpit.

"No. Excepting for a few hours on the Monday night—"

"For which I can account," said Lord Lisle, involuntarily.

"Silence! silence!" cried the clerk, sternly.

"You left him at the station, you found him struggling with Mr. Workley and the gamekeepers. During the time of your friendship, partnership with him, have you ever heard him mention the name of the deceased?"

"No, sir."

"And, living alone in this desert island with the prisoner, you were in his entire confidence?"

"Yes."

"In all your knowledge of him, is there anything in his conduct which would lead you to consider him capable of such a crime?"

The clerk rose, but Edward was too quick.

"With all my acquaintance with him I have found him the truest, the noblest, the bravest of men, one quite incapable of any meanness or cruelty; and I am sure of his innocence as I am of my own."

A murmur rose that was instantly suppressed.

"We will take that as evidence of character," said Lord Hatherley, gravely. As he spoke, the superintendent looked towards the door, and rose with an air of relief.

"Mr. Green is here, your worships. Before I call him, I will hand to the court an article found on the prisoner."

"Why was it not produced before?" asked Lord Hatherley.

"I had entrusted it to Mr. Green, your worships," said the superintendent, "and by accident he failed to return it, and carried it with him to London."

He took the tin case from the detective and handed it up to Lord Hatherley, and went into the box and swore that he had found it on the prisoner.

The case was passed from one magistrate to another, and Mr. Bulpit frowned up at them.

"What is this?" he asked, testily. "These surprises are intensely trying. Mr. Superintendent, and extremely irregular."

"Mr. Green is my superior, sir," said the superintendent, apologetically. "I have to obey orders, and had to give the case to him."

"Well, what is it?" demanded Mr. Bulpit.

Rath leant forward, his eyes fixed on the tin box as it passed from hand to hand; then he turned to Stella.

"It is yours. I found it—"

"Silence!" cried the usher.

Lord Hatherley passed the case to the clerk, for Mr. Bulpit.

"It is tied and sealed," he said.

Mr. Bulpit turned it over, with irritable impatience.

"It must be opened, of course," he said. "I have no objection, and can offer none. It is the first time I have heard of its existence."

He looked at Rath, and from him to Stella.

"Shall they open it, Stella?" asked Rath, simply.

She rose.

"It is mine—it was my mother's," she said, as simply as Rath had spoken. "I left it on the island."

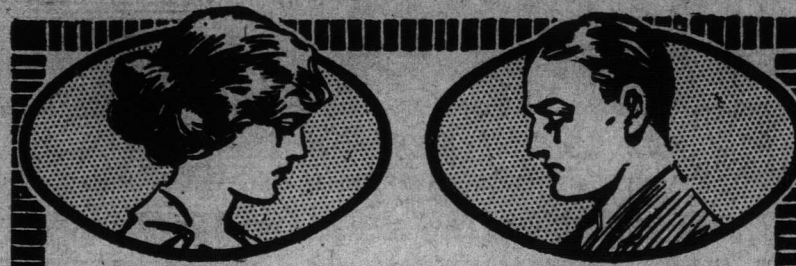
"Your worship must open it, of course," said Mr. Bulpit, slowly; and he handed the case back to the bench.

CHAPTER XXIII

As Lord Hatherley took the small tin case in his hands, the clerk rose from his seat just beneath the bench and whispered to him.

"The witness, Miss Mordaunt, swears this is her property. We really have no right to open it, my lord; at least, that is my opinion. I think it would be the opinion of counsel if there were one here."

Lord Hatherley hesitated, and looked from one fellow-magistrate to another. The "Great Unpaid," as the county and borough Bench are often derisively and contemptuously called,



## Are you Anaemic?

Our blood is composed of red and white corpuscles—the red to nourish the body, the white to fight disease. In Anaemia, the red corpuscles are more or less deficient. Thus the blood cannot properly sustain and nourish the body. The eyes become dull, the face white, and a feeling of intense weariness pervades the whole system. There is nothing so effective in Anaemia as "Wingarnis." Because, "Wingarnis" floods the body with new, rich, red blood, which gives a sparkle to the eyes, brings the roses into the cheeks, and gives new vigour, new vitality and new life to the whole body.

Begin to get well FREE.

"Wingarnis" is made in England and you can obtain a liberal free trial bottle—not a mere sample, but enough to do you good by sending 6 cents stamps (to pay postage) to COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wingarnis Works, Northwich, England. Reimburse supplies can be obtained from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

# WINGARNIS

Agents for Newfoundland—Messrs. MARSHALL BROS., Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

are really conscientiously desirous of doing their duty, and of administering the law justly and legally, and these county gentlemen confronted with this difficulty paused and considered gravely. They knew that both public and press would be only too ready to censure them if they made a mistake.

"Hand the case to Miss Mordaunt," said Lord Parodel, and there was an echo of assent from most of the magistrates; but Ralph alone leant forward and said, half sullenly:

"It was found on the fellow—the prisoner; we've a right to open it, and I vote we do so."

"I doubt it, Lord Ratton," said the clerk, gravely; but Ralph eyed him with the contempt which men of his temperament consider the proper manner with which to treat inferiors.

"We have to decide that," he said, haughtily. "This thing may contain evidence which would convict the man—though, to my mind there is quite enough."

Lord Hatherley interposed quickly. "I will ask her," he said. Ralph shrugged his shoulders, and leant back with a smile and an air of resignation.

Meanwhile, the crowd, growing impatient in their curiosity, began to murmur among themselves, and the usher had to call "Silence!" sternly.

"WHY you step into the box, Miss Mordaunt?" said Lord Hatherley. Lord Lisle took her hand and led her to the witness-box, and Stella stood as she had stood before, her hands gripping the edge of the box, her eyes, not downcast, but fixed, after a glance at Rath, on Lord Hatherley.

"You state, you swear, that this box is your property?" asked Lord Hatherley.

"Yes," she answered in a low but perfectly clear voice.

"When did you see it last?"

"On the morning of the day I was carried away from the island; I left it under my pillow. It was my mother's, my lord," she went on, with a tremor in her clear tones. My mother brought it with her from the ship in which we were wrecked. She carried it with her always."

"How did the prisoner come in possession—"

The clerk shook his head at the inadmissibility of the question; but

Stella answered by turning to Rath.

"You found it, Rath, after—after I had gone?"

"Yes," he said, amidst the usher's cry for silence.

"Don't address the prisoner; answer his lordship, please."

"He found it, my lord, and he has kept it so carefully because—the tears filled her eyes—"it belonged to me!"

Ralph nodded, as if this statement covered all the ground.

"Are you aware of its contents?" asked Lord Hatherley.

"No, my lord." The people in the body of the court moved excitedly. "I do not know; my mother did not tell me. I saw it only by accident, when she was alive—"

Lord Hatherley nodded.

"Miss Mordaunt, this box belongs to you; it is your private property. I do not think the court has any right to open it; and I shall take the responsibility of handing it to you after the examination has closed—"

The crowd expressed its disappointment by a low murmur.

"I should advise you to place it in the hands of your nearest relation or guardian."

Stella shook her head.

"I have no one—but Rath," she said simply. "He was my guardian."

"No relation?" said Lord Hatherley, gravely and pityingly. "Surely, there must be someone!"

Stella shook her head again.

"I know of no one," she said. "I am quite alone in the world—"

She glanced at Rath and stopped suddenly.

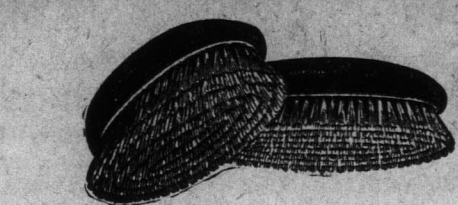
"Then let me advise you to consult my friend, Mr. Bulpit," said Lord Hatherley. "I am sure that whatever course he thinks you should follow will be the best for you. The case can in no way be connected with the charge against the prisoner, and the court will retain it intact until the examination has closed. The next witness, Mr. Bulpit."

(To be Continued.)

Salad is almost a necessity for the hot summer dinners.

To make sure that the bread pudding will be light, add a little baking powder.

Green pepper shells, stuffed with corn and baked, make a dainty luncheon dish.



No. 78  
Military Hair Brushes, Ebony finish, "Keepclean" quality. Just the brushes for travelling. A set of two.  
340 Coupons  
or 1075 Premium Tags  
540 Sickie Tags  
540 Master Workman Tags

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(Newfoundland) Ltd.

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Very Interesting Because of the Economies Possible!

These very desirable little Dresses come in Lawn and Gingham of excellent quality and style.

Each garment is as carefully made as you could make it yourself, but at the prices we are asking you could little more than buy the materials.

2 to 6 year sizes—  
35c. to \$1.00  
6 to 14 year sizes—  
70c. to \$1.15  
Women's sizes—  
95c. to \$3.00



Many mothers are buying two, three and often more in anticipation of summer needs.

## Children's Boots.

Our stock of CHILDREN'S BOOTS is well worth inspection.



Alex. Scott,  
POPULAR DRAPERY STORE,  
18 New Gower Street.  
Open to 9 p.m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday.  
10 p.m. Saturday.  
June 12, eod, tr

333rd Day of the War

## LATEST

From the Front

Messages Received Previous to 9 a.m.

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, July 2.—The Governor, Newfoundland:

The destroyer Lightning was damaged off the East Coast by a mine torpedo, but returned to harbor. Fifteen of the crew are missing.

Details were published to-day, operations successfully undertaken on June 28th by the Australian, New Zealand contingents in support of an offensive in the Southern part of the Gallipoli Peninsula.

The French Government publishes further details of the German attack in Argonne. At least 30,000 troops were engaged, the object being to pierce the French defensive line. The enemy only reached the French trenches, where these were wrecked by shell fire.

The Russian Government reports the failure of German attempts to bombard Windau, an enemy torpedo boat being blown up. In Galicia, enemy attacks were repulsed.

BONAR LAW

MUNITIONS BILL.

LONDON, July 2.—Introducing the Munitions Bill the House of Lords to-day, Lord

zou announced that the first week of the campaign made to speed up manufacture of arms and ammunition resulted in the enrollment of 40 volunteer munition workers. He

confident, he added, that before the end of the year, the advantage in men and material would be on the side of Britain and the Allies.

IRELAND'S CONTRIBUTION.

LONDON, July 2.—John Redmond, leader of the

Nationalist Party, speaking at Dublin on Thursday night, said that up to the 16th of June, 120,741 Irishmen from Ireland had joined the

army, according to the report of his speech made by the Freeman's Journal, which reached London late to-day.

Mr. Redmond stated that of those who have enlisted, upwards of 70,000 are Catholics, and some 24,000 were rolled members of the Irish National Volunteers. Redmond is quoted as saying that he still did not believe the coalition Government, but that it existed only from day to day, and were, it could not, in any event, vent Home Rule from coming into force automatically at the end of the war.

CAPTURE OF TRENCHES.

LONDON, July 2.—An official statement this eve announces the capture of certain trenches in the Dardanelles operations, which completes the capture of that part of the Turkish line gained by the French on June 21st.

HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELLS.

GENEVA, July 2.—The Tribune of Innsbruck states the Russians have received a new supply of high explosive shells. The Austro-German despatch adds, have begun a

eral offensive between the south of Lemberg and Przemyśl.

HIS NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY.

LONDON, July 2.—Sir Charles Tupper is spending his nineteenth birthday quietly to

## BIG, HEARTY BABY BO

Mrs. Beck's Fondest Hope Realized—Health, Happiness and Baby.

Upper Lahave, N.S., Can.,—"I

to thank you for the baby I received by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound female trouble from which I was suffering, that I was completely run down health. Other medicine did not

me, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

me well and strong. I now have a hearty baby boy, and praise your name for the wonderful lot of good it done me."

—Mrs. ISRAEL BECK, Upper Lahave, Lunenburg Co., N. Canada.

The darkest days of husband and are when they come to look forward a childless and lonely old age.

Many a wife has found herself a public of motherhood owing to some arrangement of the feminine system often curable by the proper remedy.

In many homes once childless are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for vice. Your letter will be opened and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.