The Diamond Coterie.

(Continued from 1st page.)

Over the face of Constance Wardour crept a look of horror indescribable. In an instant her mind is illuminated, and all the fearful meaning of Mrs. Lamotte's strange words is grasped and mastered. She reels as if struck by a heavy hand, and a low moan breaks from her lips. So long she stands thus, mute and awestricken, that Mrs. Lamotte can bear the strain of suspense no longer.

"For God's sake, speak," she gasps; "there have been those of your race who could not abandon a fallen friend." Over the cheek, and neck, and brow, the hot, proud, loyal Wardour blood comes surging. The gray eyes lift them-selves with a proud flash; low and firm

comes the answer:-"The Wardours were never Summer friends. Sybil has been a sister in prosperity; I shall be no less than a sister now. You may trust me as you would yourself; and—I am very glad you sent

for me, and trusted no other.' "God bless you, Constance! No one else can be trusted. With your help I must do this work alone.' Then comes a cry from the sick room;

they go back, and Constance enters at once upon her new, strange task. Her heart heavy; her hand firm; her ears, - smitten by the babbling recitation of that awful secret; and her lips sealed with the seal of the Wardour honor. All that day she is at her post. Mrs. Lamotte, who is resolved to retain her strength for Sybil's sake, lies down in the dressing room and sleeps from sheer

exhaustion.

As the day wears on there is movement and bustle down stairs, they are bringing in the body of the murdered man. The undertaker goes about his work with pompous air and solemn visage; and when darkness falls John Burrill's lifeless form lies in state in the drawing room of Mapleton, that room over the splendors of which his plebian soul has gloated, his covetous eyes feasted and his ambitious bosom swelled with a sense of proprietorship. He is clothed in finest broadcloth, surrounded with costly trappings; but not one tear falls over him; not one heart grieves for him; not one tongue utters a word of sorrow or regret; he has schemed and sinned, to become a member of the aristocracy, to ally himself to the proud Lamottes; and to-night one and all of the Lamottes breathe the freer because his breathing has forever ceased. Even Constance Wardour has no pitying thought for the dead man; she keeps aloof from the drawing room, shuddering when compelled to pass its closed doors; living, John Burrill was odious to her; dead, he is loathsome. The day passes, and Doctor Heath does not visit his patient. At intervals during the long afternoon they have dis-cussed the question, "What shall we do

It is Constance who solves the problem "We must send for Doctor Benoit, Mr. Lamotte; Doctor Heath's tardiness will furnish sufficient excuse, and Doctor Benoit's partial deafness will render him

to keep the patient quiet when the doctor

our safest physician."

It is a happy thought; Doctor Benoit is old, and partially deaf, but he is a thoroughly good and reliable physician. Late that night Jasper Lamotte applies for admittance at the door of his daughter's sick room. Constance opens the door softly, and as his eyes fall upon her she fancies that a look of fierce hatred gleams at her for a moment from those sunken orbs and darkens his haggard countenance. Of course it is only a fancy. In another moment he is asking after his daughter, with grave solicitude "She is quiet; she must not be dis-

he glides away softly, murmuring his gratitude to his daughter's friend as he It is midnight at Mapleton; in Sybil Lamotte's room the light burn dimly,

and Mrs. Lamotte and Constance sit near the bed, listening with sad, set faces, to the ravings of the delirious girl. "Ha! ha!" she cries, tossing her bare arms aloof. "How well you planned that, Constance! the Wardour diamonds; ah, they are worth keeping, they are worth plotting to keep—and it's often done— it's easy to do. Hush! Mr. Belknap, I need your help—meet me, meet me to-night, at the boat house. If a man were to disappear, never to come back, mind -what would I give? One thousand dollars! two! three! It shall be done! I shall be free! free! free! Ha! ha! Constance, your diamonds are safer than mine—but what are diamonds—I shall

live a lie-let me adorn myself with lies. Why not? Why care? I will be free. You have been the tool of others, Mr. Belknap, why hesitate to serve me—you want money—here it is, half of it—when it is done, when I know it is done, I will come here again-at night-and the rest is yours. With a stifled moan, Mrs. Lamotte leans forward, and lays a hand upon her

companion's arm. "Constance-do you know what she Slowly and shudderingly, the girl an-

"I fear-that I know too well."

"And-that boat-house appointment?" "Must be kept, Mrs. Lamotte; for Sybil's sake, it must be kept, by you or

It is midnight. In Evan Lamotte's room lamps are burning brightly, and the fumes of strong liquor fill the air. On the bed lies Evan, with flushed face, and mud bespattered clothing; he is in a sleep that is broken and feverish, that borders in fact, upon delirium; beside him, pale as a corpse, with nerves un-strung, and trembling, sits Frank Lamotte, fearing to leave him, and loath to stay. At intervals, the sleeper grows more restless, and then starts up with wild ejaculations, or bursts of demonaic laughter. At such times, Frank Lamotte pours, from a bottle at his side, a powerful draught of burning brandy, and holds it to the frenzied lips. They drain off the liquor, and presently relapse into quiet. It is midnight. In the library of Mapleton Jasper Lamotte sits at his desk, por-ing over a pile of papers. The curtains are closely drawn, the door securely locked. Now and then he rises, and paces nervously up and down the room, gesticulating fiercely, and wearing such a look as has never been seen upon the countenance

of the Jasper Lamotte of society.

It is midnight. In the Mapleton drawing room, all that remains of John Burrill, lies in solemn solitary state; and, down in his cell, face downward upon his pallet, lies Clifford Heath, broad awake, and bitterly reviewing the wrongs heaped upon him by fate; realizing, to the full, his own helplessness, and the peril before him, and doggedly resolving to die, and make no sign.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Doctor Benoit was old and deaf; he was also very talkative. One of those physicians who invariably leave a titbit of news alongside of their powders and pellets. A constant talker is apt to be an indiscreet talker, and, very often, wanting in tact. Doctor Benoit was not so much deficient in tact, as in memory. In growing old, he had grown forgetful, and not being a society man, social gossip was less dear to his heart than the news of political outbreaks, business strivings, and about-town sensations. Doubtless he had heard, like all the world of W-, that Doctor Clifford Heath, had at one time, been an aspirant for the favor of the proud heiress of Wardour, and that suddenly he had fallen from grace, and was no more seen within the walls of Wardour, or at the side of its mistress on social occasions. If so, he had entirely forgotten these facts. Accordingly, during his second call, made on the morning after the inquest, he began to drop soft remarks concerning the recent horror.

Mrs. Lamotte was lying down, and Constance had decided not to arouse her when the doctor arrived, inasmuch as the patient was in one of her stupors, and not likely to rouse from it.

The arrest of a brother practitioner on such a charge as was preferred against Clifford Heath, had created no little commotion in the mind of Dr. Benoit, and he found it difficult to keep the subject off his tongue, so, after he had given Constance full instructions concerning

the patient, he said, standing hat in hand near the dressing room door:-"This is a terrible state of affairs for

W-, Miss Wardour. Do you know.' drawing a step nearer, and lowering his voice, "Do you know if Mr. Lamotte has been informed that O'Meara, as Heath's lawyer, demands a surgical examina-

"As Heath's lawyer!" The room seemed to swim about her. She turned instinctively toward the door of the chamber, closed it softly, and came very close to the old doctor, lifting her pale

"I don't understand you, doctor. What has Mr. O'Meara to do with the murder?" "Hey? What's that? What is O'Meara going to do? He's going to defend young Heath." Then, seeing the startled, per-

plexed look upon her face, "Is it possible

you have not heard about Heath's arrest?"

She shook her head, and again lifted

her mouth to his ear. "I have heard nothing; tell me all." "It seems that there was an old feud between Heath and Burrill," began the doctor, beginning to feel that somehow he had made a blunder. "They have hunted up some pretty strong evidence against Heath, and the coroner's jury brought in a verdict against him. You know the body was found in an old cellar, close by Heath's cottage."

At this moment there came a soft tap on the outer door, which Constance at once recognized. Mechanically she moved forward and opened the door. Mrs. Lamotte stood on the threshold. Seeing the doctor and Constance, she at once inferred that Sybil was the subject under discussion, and to insure the patient again being disturbed, beckoned

the doctor to come outside. As he stepped out into the hall, Constance, hoping to get a little information from him, came forward, and standing in the doorway, partially closed the door

behind her. "Doctor," said Mrs. Lamotte, anxiously, "do you see any change in Sybil?"
He shook his head gravely. "There is no marked change, madam;

but I see a possibility that she may return to consciousness within the next forty-eight hours, in which case I must warn you against letting her know or guess at the calamity that has befallen

The two women exchanged glances o "If she receives no shock until her mental balance is fully restored, her re-

covery may be hoped for; otherwise-" "Otherwise, doctor?" "Otherwise, if she retains her life, it will be at the cost of her reason." "Oh!" moaned the mother, "death would be better than that."

There was the sound of a door opening softly down the hall. They all turned their eyes that way to see Frank Lamotte emerging from Evan's room. He came hurriedly toward them, and Constance noticed the nervous unsteadiness of his gait, the pinched and pallid look of his dent. face, the feverish fire of his sunken eyes.

"Mother," he said, in a constrained voice, and without glancing toward Constance, "I think you had better have Doctor Benoit see Evan. I have been with him all night, and am thoroughly "What ails Evan, Frank?"

"Too much liquor," with a shrug of the shoulders. "He is on the verge of the 'brandy madness,' he sometimes sings of. He must have powerful narcotics, and no cessation of his stimulants, or we will have him raving about the house like a veritable madman; and-I have not told him about Burrill." A look of contrition came into the mother's face. Evan had kept his room for days, but, in her anxiety for her dear-

est child, she had quite forgotten him.
"Come, doctor," she said, quickly; "let us go to Evan at once." They passed on to the lower room, leaving Constance and Frank face to

Constance moved back a pace as if to re-enter the dressing-room; burning with anxiety as she was, to hear more concerning Clifford Heath, her womanly instincts were too true to permit her to ask information of her discarded suitor. But Frank's voice stayed her movements. "Constance, only one moment," he said, appealingly. "Have a little patience with me now. Have a little pity for my

His misery! The words sounded hypocritical; he had never loved John turbed;" so Constance tells him. And Burrill over much, she knew. "I bestow my pity whenever it is truly needed, Frank," she said, coldly, her face whitening with the anguish of her inward thought. "Do you think you are the only sufferer in this miserable affair?" "I am the only one who can not enlist your sympathies. I must live without your love; I must bear a name disgraced, yet those who have brought about this family disgrace, even Clifford Heath, in a felon's cell, no doubt you will aid and pity; he is a martyr perhaps, while I—"
"While you—go on, sir;" flerce scorn
shining from the gray eyes; bitter sar-

"While I," coming closer and fairly hissing the words, "am set aside for him, a felon. Oh! you are a proud woman, and you keep your secrets well, but you can not hide from me the fact that ever since the accursed day that brought you and Clifford Heath together, he has been the man preferred by you. If I have lost you, you have none the less lost him;

Before she is aware of his purpose, he has her two wrists in a vice-like grip; and bending down until his lips almost touch the glossy locks on her averted head, he is pouring out, in swift cutting sentences, the story of the inquest; all the damning evidence is swiftly rehearsed; nothing that can weigh against his rival,

Feeling instinctively that he utters the truth; paralyzed by the weight of his words; she stands with head drooping more and more, with cheeks growing

paler, with hands that tremble and grow cold in his clasp He sees her terror, a sudden thought possesses his brain; grasping her hands still tighter, he goes madly on:-"Constance Wardour, in spite of the coldness between you, you love Clifford

Heath. What will you do to save him?" "This is too much! This is horrible!" She makes a mad effort to free herself from his grasp. The question comes like a taunt, a declaration of her helplessness, Coming from him, it is maddening. It restores her courage; it makes her mistress of

"Don't repeat that question," she says, flashing upon him a look of defiance. "I do repeat it!" he goes on wildly. "Go to O'Meara; to whom you please; satisfy yourself that Clifford Heath has a halter about his neck; then come to me, and tell me if you will give yourself as his ransom, I can save him if I will.

will save him, only on one condition. You know what that is," With a sudden fierce effort she frees To herself from his clasp, and stands erect before him, fairly panting with the fierceness of her anger.

"Traitor! monster! Cain! Not to save all the lives of my friends; not to save the world from perdition, would 1 be your wife! You would denounce the destroyer of that worthless clay before us. You! Before that should happen, to save the world the knowledge that such a monster exists, I will tell the world our Work IS FINISHED IN THE VERY LATEST where the guilt lies, for I know." Before he can realize the full meaning

of her words, the dressing-room door is closed between them, and Frank Lamotte stands gnashing his teeth, beating the air with his hands in a frenzy of rage and despair. While he stands thus, a step comes slowly up the stairs; he turns to meet

the gaze of his father. "Frank," says Jasper Lamotte, in low. guarded accents, "Come down to the library at once. It is time you knew the

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Like a man in a dream, Frank Lamotte obeys his father's call, never once thinks that the summons is strangely worded. Over and over in his mind th question is repeating itself-What did she mean? Was he going mad? Was h dreaming? Had Constance Wardour really said a word that rendered himself an. all that household unsafe? If she knew who should stand in Clifford Heath' stead, would she really spare the culprit No; it was impossible. Was her tall bravado? was she seeking to deceive

"Impossible," he reasons. "If she knew who struck that blow, then I am utterly

ruined. But she does not know-she can Jasper Lamotte leads the way to the Jasper Lamotte leads the way to the library. It seems natural that he should Roger Flanagan's move softly, cautiously. A supernatural stillness pervades the lower floor. Frank Lamotte shudders and keeps his eyes turned away from the closed-up drawing room with its silent tenant.

When they are seated face to face, with locked door and closely drawn curtains, Frank looks across at his father, and notes for the first time that day the lines of care settling about the sallow mouth. and underneath the dark, brooding eyes. A moment of silence rests between them while each reads the signs of disaster in the face of the other. Finally the elder says, with something very like a sneer in

"One would think you a model mourner, your visage is sufficiently woful.'

Then leaning across the table, and elevat ing one long forefinger; "Something more than the simple fact of Burrill's death has shaken you, Frank. What is

Frank Lamotte utters a low mirthless "I might say the same of you, sir; your present pallor can scarcely be attributed to grief." "True;" a darker shadow falling across his countenance. "Nor is it grief. It is bitter disappointment. Have you seen

"Yes;" averting his head. "And your case in that quarter?" "Hopeless." "What!" sharply. "Hopeless, I tell you, sir; do I look like a prosperous wooer? she will not

Miss Wardour?"

look at me. She will not touch me at any price.' Jasper Lamotte mutters a curse. "Then you have been playing the poltroon," he says savagely. The countenance of the younger man grows livid. He starts up from his chair, then sinks weakly back again.

"Drop the subject," he says hoarsely. 'That card is played, and lost. Is this all you have to say?" "All! I wish it were. What took me to the city?" "What took you, true enough. The need of a few thousands, ready cash."

"Yes. Well! I have not got the cash." "But-good heavens! you had amplesecurities. "Ample securities, yes," with a low grating laugh. "Look, I don't know who has interposed thus in our favor, but-if John Burrill were alive to-night you and

I would be-beggars." "Impossible, while you hold the valu-"Bah! valuable indeed! you and I have been fooled, duped, deluded. Our treasured securities are-'

"Well, are what?" "Shams." "Shams!" incredulously. "But that is impossible." "Is it? cynically. "Then the impossible has come to pass. There's nothing genuthe in the whole lot." A long silence falls between them

Frank Lamotte sits staring straight before him; sudden conviction seems to have overtaken his panic-stricken senses. Jasper Lamotte drums upon the table impatiently, looking moody and despon-"A variety of queer things may seem dain to you now," he says finally "Perhaps you realize the necessity for in-

stant action of some sort." Frank stirs restlessly, and passes his hand across his brows. "I can't realize anything fully," he says, slowly. "It's as well that Burrill did not live to know this." "Well! It's providential! We should not have a chance; as it is, we have one. Do you know where Burrill kept his

"Who removed his personal effects? Were you present?" 'Asuredly. There were no papers of value to us upon the body." "Well, those papers must be found. Once in our hands, we are safe enough for the present; but until we find them we are not so secure. However, I have no doubt but that they are secreted somewhere about his room. Have you seen Belknap to-day?" "Only at the inquest. Curse that fel-

it must be paid somehow. "Somehow!" echoing the word, mock-"That is the word I used. I must borrow the money."
"Indeed! Of whom?"

low; I wish we were rid of him entirely.'

"I wish we were rid of his claim; but

"Of Constance Wardour." "Why not, pray? Am I to withdraw because you have been discarded? Why should I not borrow from this tricky young lady? Curse her!"
"Well!" rising slowly, "she is under your roof at this moment. Strike while the iron is hot. Have you anything more to say to-night?"

"No. You are too idiotic. Get some of the cobwebs out of your brain, and that scared look out of your face. One would think that you, and not Heath, were the murderer of Burrill." A strange look darts from the eyes of

"It won't be so decided by a jury," he says, between his shut teeth, "Curse Heath, he is the man who, all along, has stood in my way." "Well, there's a strong likelihood that he will be removed from your path, There, go, and don't look so abjectly hereless. We have nothing to do at present but to quiet Belknap. Good night.' (To be continued.)

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NOTICE.

All parties indebted to John McDonald are requested to call and arrange the amounts of their than 14th August. All accounts not settled on or before that date will be placed in other hands for Chatham, June 17th, 1897. While thanking the public generally for their liberal patronage bestowed on me in the past, I respectfully s licit a continuance of the same for JOHN McDONALD & CO.

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Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays being excursion days, the fare for the round trip will be 50 cents; children under fourteen years, 25 cents; parties of from 5 to 10 persons, 40 cents each, and of 10 persons and over, 35 cents each. The steamer, returning, will leave Neguac at 1 p.m., Church Point at 1,45 p.m., Bay du Vin, 3 p.m.

CAPTAIN BULLICK. On and after Monday, Sept. 13, and until further WILL LEAVE CHATHAM AT 4.15 " 7.15 "

All freights must be prepaid. J. ARCH HAVILAND, Chatham, N. B., Sept. 1, 1897.

the New Photos NOTICE OF SALE.

described as follows:—
All and singular that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the parish of Alnwick, in the County of Northumberland and bounded as follows :- Commencing on the bank or shore of Neguac Bay at the southwesterry corner of the road leading from Lower Neguac to Stymiest's Mill Brook at the distance of forty-eight chains and fifty. seven links southerly from the Queens Highway; thence southerly along the westerly side of the said Road leading to Stymiest's Mill Brook at the distance of two hundred and sixty feet to a stake thence westerly two hundred and thirty-one feet to the centre of the road leading from Alexander Martin's barn to the Bay shore; thence along the centre of the said road leading to Stymiest's Mill Brook two hundred and forty-seven feet to the Bay shore; thence easterly along the Bay shore to the place of beginning.

Also all that other piece or parcel of land commencing at a stake, at the Northerly side line of Alexander Martin's land touching on the said

Alexander Martin's land touching on the said Stymiest road, thence running Northerly along the westerly side of said road two hundred and eight feet to a stake or the southerly side line of lands owned and occupied by Alexander Goodfellow, thence along the southerly side line of Alexander Goodfellow's land, westerly one hundred and fortynine feet to a stake; thence southerly two hundred and thirty-four feet to the northerly side line of Alexander Martin's land , thence easterly along the northerly side line of said Alexander Martin's lands one hundred and forty-nine feet to a stake or place of beginning, on the westerly side of the said Stymiest road being part of the lands conveyed by Alexander Loggie and James Anderson to James O. Fish and the said Anthony Adams by indenture dated the second day of January A.D. 1880 and of which the said James O, Fish conveyed all his interest therein to the said John Adams by indenture dated February 16th A.D. 1882. Together with all and singular the buildings improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the

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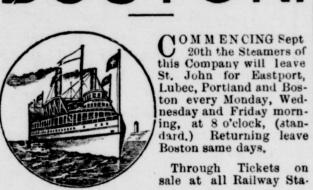
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To John Adams formerly of the Parish of Alnwick in the County of Northumberland, New Brunswick merchant, (but at present residing in the City of Quebec, in the province of Quebec;—Anthony Adams of the same place merchant, and Annie Adams his wife, of the Parish of Alnwick, in the said County of Northumberland, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of mortgage bearing date the thirtieth day of September A.D 1889, made between the said John Adams, Anthony Adams and Annie Adams of the one part and Ernest Hutchison of Douglastown, in the said County of Northumberland millman of the other part, and duly recorded the Thirtieth day of January A.D. 1890, in volume 67 of the Northumberland County Records on pages 266, 267, 268 and 269 and is numbered 199 in said volume. which said mortgage was on the twenty-fourth day of February A D. 1897, duly assigned by the said Ernest Hutchison to me the undersigned Margaret Snowball, which assignment was registered on the twenty-fifth day of February A.D. 1897, in volume 72 of the Northumberland County Records, on pages 592 and 593, and is numbered 427 in said There will for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by and due on the said mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at public auction in front of the post office in the Town of Chatham, on Monday the fifteenth day of November next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, have been preprieted. the lands and premises in the said mortgage

said premises belonging or in anywise appertaining, Dated at Chatham, N. B., this tenth day of R. A. LAWLOR, MARGARET SNOWBALL.

Assignee of Mortgagee.

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EXPRESS (read (up) EXPRESS MIXED EXPRESS. MIXED 6 20 a m lv 2 50 pm . Fredericton, ... 12 15 ar. 3 30 pm lv Chatham. 3.10 a.m. 3.30 " 1.05 p. m 1.25 " ...Gibson, 12 12 ...Marysville, ... 12 00 3 10 ..Cross Creek, ... 10 47 1 20 ...Boiestown, ... 9 35 11 45 3.50 " 4.15 " 1.45 " 2.30 " Ar. Chatham June. (5 50 ar ...Doaktown, ... 8 50 \ \ \frac{10 45}{10 40} 4.55 " Ar. Chatham, 1 6 05 ly 10 45 lv (...Blackville,... 7 40 9 10 7 10 .. Chatham Jet . 6 45 { 7 50 ar7 30 GOING SOUTH, 1 50 lv 5 Nelson ... 7 10 Chatham ... 6 12 6 50 EXPRESS. MIXED 10.10 a. m .. Loggieville Lv 6 00 am 6 30 a m Nelson 10.30 ' FOR IND'TON INDIANTOWN BRANCH. FOR BLK'VLE Ly. " " 10.50 " 11.25 "

The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time, The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Stations—Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapids, Upper Blackville, Blissfield Carrol's, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac. Express Trains on I. C. R. run through to destinations on Sunday. Express trains run Sunday mornings

lv 8.00 a m... Blackville ar 5 00 p m Nelson ar 8 50 '.... Indiantown lv 4.15 " Ar. Chatham

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	White and Blue St	arch,	 4 "	Dunlap, McKim & Downs,	
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