

SIR JASPER'S ADVENTURE

Florence Warden, in Black and White.

Sir Jasper Peters was the fortunate son of a man who had made a large fortune in trade, and who had then devoted himself to one of the great political parties with so much doggedness that he had been rewarded with a baronetcy without having had to expose the defects of his early education by making a long speech in the house.

Whatever his party did was right; that was his motto, and he had lived up to it with a sublime simplicity which had brought him his inevitable reward. The consequence was that his only son was able to give up any active share in the business and to play at being a country gentleman on a small estate, while his wife could assume the airs of a Lady Bountiful on the one hand, and outshine all the great ladies of the neighborhood by her diamonds on the other.

Peterscourt, the country seat of the distinguished pair, was, of course, an old place where many generations of ancestors—of somebody else—had lived their little day.

It was a large, rambling, two-storied building, dating from some far-away period, and altered in the style of the early years of Victoria's reign.

Beautifully situated in the southern part of the county of Dorsetshire, it was a little too far away from London to be quite to the taste of Lady Peters, who was ambitious of playing a great part in society, and would often run up to town for a few days at a time, while her husband was enjoying his dignified seclusion within the well-wooded grounds and park of Peterscourt.

It was on one of these occasions, when the baronet was sitting in solitary state in his great library after dinner, his little electric lamp on the table behind him, and a pile of literature suitable to a country gentleman by his side, that he was disturbed in his leisurely perusal of his paper by the sound of a footstep on the gravel outside.

He had scarcely raised his head when, to his surprise and alarm, a man, in the unmistakable dress of a convict, panting, breathless, with starting eyes and hanging jaw, leaped from the window ledge from outside, and then fell exhausted upon the carpet.

"By Jove!" cried Sir Jasper, as he sprang up and made for the bell. But the man was too quick for him. Panting still, indeed, but recovering himself sufficiently to stagger to his feet and cross the floor, the unwelcome visitor threw himself upon the terrified baronet, and, seizing him by the neck, held him fast, while he growled out between his set teeth a word which Sir Jasper never forgot.

"You're a C—convict!" stammered Sir Jasper, half timorous, half angry. "You've escaped from Portland!" The man frowned uneasily. "Well, so's a many more than me been convicts, and a many as deserve it, a precious sight more nor what I do," said the man, and as he spoke he threw from him a long, thin, silver pipe, which he had been holding in his hand, and which he had been smoking with a look of intense enjoyment.

"What?" cried Sir Jasper, with something so like relief in his face that his guest scowled him promptly into silence. "Surely, guv'nor, you wouldn't go for to betray a unit of man, a noble gentleman like you, with everything 'and some comfortable about him? You wouldn't go for to give up a poor wretch that begs you to give him a change of clothes, would you? Ah-hi!"

Hand on the window sill and sprang into the room. Sir Jasper pointed to the door. "He got away through there the moment he heard you coming."

The warden looked at him in consternation as he crossed the room. "Then I'll be bound he's rifling your strong room, sir," said he. "The man's one of the cleverest safe thieves in England, and he's got some sort of tools with him that he's managed to make; and, as you have got plenty of stuff to steal, I'll be sworn he's having a shot at it."

"W—w—w—h—h—h!" stammered the startled baronet. "How can he know?" Already he was leading the warden out of the room and across the hall in the direction of the strong room. "These chaps know 'most everything. Goodness only knows how. Else why should he have come straight here? It's miles from the prison, your home is, and there's many a place he might have looked on his way, instead of making straight for here. It's my guess he came this way, the only one of the lot to believe he'd get so far."

The baronet was hunting for his keys. They were standing together at the door which led into the basement, and as Sir Jasper turned the handle he said: "We'd better have the butler with us, had we not?"

The warden smiled and raised his cane. "I think this will be protection enough for us both, Sir Jasper, and I wouldn't call the butler if I was you. You're never quite sure, with men servants, whether they'll be a help or a hindrance."

So the two descended together into the basement, looking and listening but without coming upon any trace of the escaped convict until they reached the strong room door.

"Will you listen at that door, sir, and tell me if you hear anything?" he asked. Trembling and sick with alarm, Sir Jasper took his place at the keyhole. "I fancy I hear a kind of scratching," whispered he at last. The warden nodded. "That's it, sir. That's our man at work!"

Sir Jasper stood up. "But how did he get in?" said he with white lips. The warden shook his head. "The baronet took his little key from his watch chain and proceeded to fit it into the lock."

"Have a care, sir," warned, opened the door most cautiously and flung it wide. Then, hastily pressing the button just inside the door, he stepped into the room with one light. He drew a long sigh of relief—there was no one there. And the Jewellery—this at last right, Sir Jasper.

The baronet advanced into the room, and on a safe at the further end of the room he found a small, round, black, velvet-covered box, and a sudden momentary doubt flashed through the baronet's mind as to the wisdom of letting even the prison warden know the exact place where they were kept when his ladyship had them for use in the country.

But a glance at the warden reassured him. The stalwart guardian had his watchful eye, not on the safe where the baronet was busy, but at the dark corners inside and outside the room and even as he looked about him he saw the convict's eyes peering at him from the shadows of the door.

91 Charlotte St.

Furniture

FOR
Home, Office
AND
Store.

If you think of making a Useful Wedding Gift, you should see our Stock Before Deciding.

We are showing a Nice Lot of Odd Pieces for the Parlor. For Dining Room Furniture we have some nice

Buffetts, Sideboards, Dining Tables.

And we think the best lot of Dining Chairs To be Seen in the City.

EVERETT

AND S.M.E.

We give Special Care to the new beginners who are just starting to furnish their homes. We place our Expression at their disposal and can save them Cash if they will Consult Us.

OUR BABY CARRIAGES

AND GO CARTS,

Are all new in design and finish, being fresh from the Most Reliable Makers Both in Canada and the United States. Prices from

\$2.25 to \$35.00

91 Charlotte St.

BAD HABIT AT PRACTICE.

The habit of being two or three balls around the field at the same time is as senseless as it is dangerous, but it is a habit which many players persist in doing it. There is hardly a game where some fellow doesn't have a narrow escape during the practice. About the oddest accident yet recorded is the one which disabled Bob Barr, the pitcher, when he twisted his first doing good work and was getting along finely. He came in at the close of an inning and sat down on the bench. A ball was fouled back over the stand, and a strong boy on the outside, wishing to return it in a hurry, whistled over the whole works. The ball descended inside the inclosure and it squarely on Barr's head, putting Bob down and out for half an hour.

NEWS FROM THE DIAMOND.

"Tip" O'Neil Has Pleased the Critics.

It is a Pleasure to See the St. John Boy, One Writes—Other Players Known Here.

Now that the baseball season has started the interest in the sport is on the boom. While as yet only the two leagues have settled down to regular work the minor leagues are rapidly rounding into shape and from all indications this is going to be one of the best seasons in the history of the game perhaps not as far as this city is concerned. One thing is certain and that is that the local boys will do their best to give the patrons of the game here good clean sport.

As far as the big leagues are concerned, the principal interest in St. John centers in the champion Boston Americans. O'Neil is a member. "Tip" was signed as a utility man, and seems to be making good. The following extracts from the Sporting Life concerning "Tip" will be read with interest:

A GOOD ONE.

A lively boy is Jack O'Neil, the utility player who was secured from Milwaukee. It seems that Seale once had O'Neil on his staff and turned him over to his friend, Pat Hurley, in Worcester. Neither Boston nor Worcester reserved O'Neil, and the next season that he was put in at his home, St. John. Then Hugh Duffy met him during a visit to Boston and offered him a place on the Milwaukee team. The offer was accepted, and O'Neil went West and made a name for himself. Now the man who was not good enough for the Boston Nationals is with the world's champions.

In the absence of Buck Freeman Jack O'Neil went to right and left yeoman service there, handling himself splendidly without the least trace of green. He is very fast, that boy—one of the swiftest sprinters in the business—and it is a treat to see him get over the ground. He played his field with excellent judgment and is a good thrower. He can hunt well and is in the game at every juncture. No mistake certainly was made to annex him to the team. He is a valuable adjunct.

A KIND DAD'S REQUEST.

By request of Captain John Moran, the coal operator, Captain Fred Clark, of the *Frederick*, has been asked to take a fatherly eye on Lewis Moran, son of the father. Lewis is the young pitcher who goes for a try-out. The boy works a local team, and though but a stripling, has earned a superb record. He is a right-handed pitcher, and I want you to keep him in the club," said the riverman of a lifetime. "I will give you an idea of his backwardness. I have just come home after an absence of six weeks, and he has merely bowed to me, smiled and said, 'How do you do?' He may get his ginseng some day, but just now he is a retiring disposition and may need a little bolstering up." Captain Clark assured the anxious dad that he would take care of the boy, and that he would see that he was properly looked after.

IS NOT AFRAID OF STORMS.

British Captain Alex Crossed the English Channel 20,000 Times.

Our Dover correspondent had an interview with Captain P. Dane, who has just returned from the position of commodore of the fleet of mail steamers plying between Dover and Calais after having been connected with the cross-channel service for a period of about half a century.

Capt. Dane carries the St. John's Light and has years to add considerably to the number of times he has crossed the "channel ferry," which is computed to be about 20,000 voyages. The veteran captain, after serving an apprenticeship in vessels of the mercantile marine, joined the Southwestern company's cross-channel service as a young man, being engaged on the old *Thames*, which ran between Folkestone and Boulogne and Folkestone and Ostend. On the London and Chatham company's service he has been connected with the Dover-Calais mail and passenger route continuously since that time until New Year's day, when he retired on a well-earned pension.

In reply to a question by our representative Capt. Dane states that he has commanded every steamer at present in the Southwestern and Chatham company's Dover-Calais service, with the exception of the turbine steamer *Queen*, which was put on the route while he was doing duty as assistant superintendent. When he entered the service at Dover steamers of the *Wave* and *Breeze* class, which will be remembered by old cross-channel voyagers, had just been built and were first run in the year 1862, being considered very fine and fast vessels. The record time in which these steamers crossed from Dover to Calais was 1 hour and 35 minutes, while the last vessel which Capt. Dane handled made the voyage under similar conditions in an hour, and the turbine steamer has cut this by nearly ten minutes, so that Capt. Dane has seen the journey reduced in time by a third.

Manager Seale claims to have an agreement with the father of Walter Clarkson, the Harvard pitcher, that if the young man ever goes into professional ball Seale will get the first chance to sign him for the Chicago club.

Infelder Unslung, of the New York, is something of a character. He never avers, chafes, smokes or Trunk in his life, and though he is very aggressive his strongest expletive is "Sugar." Yall plays with Nashua this season, that is, he has signed. The whole outfield of the Nashua team are left hand bats.

Hans Wagner, champion batter of the National League, has refused to permit his picture to appear in President Pullman's "Hall of Fame," asserting that he was responsible for the loss of the championship series to the Boston American League club.

A Sporting Life correspondent writes: One feature of the Winnipeg games which may seem strange to the ball cranks to the south of us is that on Tuesdays and Fridays the home contests will be called for 6.45. Even when the games are begun at this hour, the long days which are to be found in the Prairie City enable the patrons to see the regular nine innings played, to make fifteen-minute trips down town and still reach their homes in any part of the city before sunset.

Speaking of the Brooklyn catchers the Sporting Life correspondent says: Jacklitch is much lighter than he was last year, and it is a good thing for him. There is a young player who should make more headway in fast company than he does. His worst fault seems to be a disposition to take on weight and not exercise much as to when or how he puts it on. If he would be as sincere in his training and during the winter vacation as he is when he gets into a game of baseball he should be able to make a record each season that would put him up with the good catchers of the country, even if he did not land at the very top.

Jacklitch caught for the Montreal team when they visited St. John a few years ago.

SNEEZING STOPS A PLAY.

LONDON, April 15.—In the course of a dramatic performance at Radoli, in Poland, in aid of the Russian Red Cross Society, several hundred people in all parts of the house began to sneeze violently. Roars of laughter followed which mingled with the continuous sneezing and many people began to bleed at the nose. Ultimately, the play had to be brought to a conclusion and the house was cleared out. It has since been found that a lady who had been afflicted from the dramatic society had taken her revenge by sneezing the floor with an extremely loud and irritating insect powder.