

Two Hundred Dollars

\$200.00--GIVEN TO OUR FRIENDS--\$200.00

Wonderful Offer Is Made to Members of THE STANDARD TRAVEL CLUB

Our Prize List

1st Prize	\$50.00
2nd Prize	40.00
3rd Prize	30.00
4th Prize	20.00
5th Prize	10.00
6th Prize	10.00
7th Prize	10.00
8th Prize	5.00
9th Prize	5.00
10th Prize	5.00
11th Prize	5.00
12th Prize	5.00
13th Prize	5.00
Total Prize List	\$200.00

The prizes announced herewith will be awarded in the order stated, to members of **The Standard Travel Club** sending in the largest amounts of money from Monday, May 15th, till Saturday, May 27th. No payments mailed on Saturday, May 13th, will be credited on this special prize offer.

No payments will be accepted on this offer, either handed in or mailed, unless received at The Standard Office by six o'clock, St. John time, on the afternoon of Saturday, May 27th.

Remittances reaching St. John later than the hour mentioned will not be considered under any circumstances.

How To Win

The Prizes announced herewith will be awarded and paid on May 29th to the persons who send in the largest amounts of money in The Travel Club Contest. Both new and renewal subscriptions will count in this.

Collect as soon as you possibly can, all payments which have been promised to you. Gather in the cash, for it is only cash that will count to win these prizes. All the promises in the world will not avail unless the money comes along with them.

You have no doubt spoken to many friends. Have them give you their payments now, and send in your remittances as soon as you receive them.

It means that to win these prizes you will have to hustle. We are not giving away this money for the fun of the thing, but to get results, and we expect that everyone entered in this Travel Club will make an attempt to secure one or other of the special prizes offered.

The winning of any of these prizes does not debar you from receiving ten per. cent cash commission on all business done should you fail eventually to win one of the Trips.

No prizes of greater value than those now offered will be awarded during the remaining weeks of the Club for the highest totals in money.

Do not hold back. Send in your payments at once.

REMEMBER

Ends 6 p.m. May 27

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The Br

(Continued from Saturday.)
And thus, in much haste, I saw a flight of worn stone steps the churchyard, and so-by a way tombs and graves-came at last the great square church-tower, which I was incontinently thrust, there very securely locked up.

CHAPTER XLIV

The Bow Street Runners.
It was toward evening of the day that the door of my prison opened, and two men entered. First was a tall, cadaverous-looking individual of a melancholy cast of face, who, despite the season, was wrapped in a long frieze coat reaching almost to his heels, from the top of which projected a short or truncheon. He came forward, his hands in his pockets, and his chin on his breast, looking at me under the brim of a somewhat weather-beaten hat—that is to say, he looked at my feet and my hands and throat and my chin, but never seemed to get any higher.

His companion, on the contrary, tied forward, and, tapping me fairly on the shoulder, looked me in the face with a bright, appraising eye.

"Help me, Jeremy!" said he, addressing his saturnine friend, "help if I ever see a pore misfortunate cove more to my mind an' fancy—alike tall an' straight-legged—twelve stone if a pound—a five-foot drop now—say five foot six, an' 'e'll go off sweet as a bird; ah! you'll never see my cove—not a twinge; a leech-fish round the windpipe, p'haps, but, Lord, it's soon over. You're lovin' a bit pale round the gills, you cove, but, Lord! that's only nature." Here he produced from the depths of a capacious pocket something that glittered beneath his fingers. "And 'ow might be your ernal 'ealth, young cove?" he went on, "fobbish, I 'ope—fair an' 'e bish!" As he spoke, with a sudden dexterous motion, he snatched something upon my wrist, so quick that, at the contact of the cold steel, I started, and as I did so, something fell faintly.

"There!" he exclaimed, clapping on the shoulder again, but at the same time casting a sharp glance at my shackled wrists—"there—now we've all 'appy an' comfortable! I see you're a cove as takes things nice quiet, an'—so long as you do—I'm your friend—Bob's my name, an' 'obblish my natur'. Lord!—the way I've seen misfortunate coves take on at sight them 'bracelets' is something out-ooze! But you—why, you're a different kidney—you're my kind, you are—what do you say, Jeremy?"

"Don't like 'is eye!" growled the individual.

"Don't mind Jeremy," winked the other; "as just 'is per-worsement, Lord! 'e is the per-worsest coveger I ever see! Why, 'e finds fault wi' the Pope o' Rome, jest because 'e's in the habit o' lettin' coves kiss 'is toe—I 'eard Jeremy work 'isself up over the Pope an' a pint o' porter, till you 'ave thought —"

"Ain't we never a-goin' to start inquired Jeremy, staring out of the window, with his back to us.

"And where?" said I, "where might you be taking me?"

"Why, since you ax, my cove, we a-takin' you where you'll be took on, where you'll feel well, and a justice done on you—trust us for that. Though, to be sure, I'm sorry to tal you from such proper quarters as these 'ere—nice and airy—er, Jeremy?"

"Ah!—an' wi' a fine view o' the graves!" growled Jeremy, leading the way out.

In the street stood a chaise at four, surrounded by a pushing, jostling throng of men, women, and children who, catching sight of me between the Bow Street Runners, forgot to push and jostle, and stared at me with every eye and tooth they possessed, until I was hidden in the chaise.

"Right away!" growled Jeremy, shutting the door with a bang.

"Whoa!" roared a voice, and a greasy golden head was thrust in at the window, and a hand reached down and grasped mine.

"A pipe an' 'baccy, Peter—from me; a flask o' rum—Simon's best, from Simon; an' chicken-sang-widges, from my Prue." This as he passed in each article through the window. "An' were to say, Peter, as we are all w you—ever an' ever, an' I were like wise to tell 'ee as 'ow Prue 'll pray for 'ee oftener than before, an'—good!" he broke off, the tears running down his face, "there were a lot more but I've forgot it all, only, Peter, an' an' Simon be goin' to get a lawyer chap for 'ee, an'—oh, man, Peter, say the word, an' I'll have 'ee out o' this in a twinklin'—an' we'll run for it—"

But, even as I shook my head, the postboy's whip cracked, and the horse plunged forward.

"Good-by, George!" I cried, "good-by, dear fellow!" and the last I saw of him was as he stood rubbing his tears away with one fist and shaking the other after the chaise.

CHAPTER XLV

Which Concerns Itself, Among Other Matters, With the Boots of the Saturnine Jeremy.

"A Bottle o' rum!" said the man Bob and taking it up, very abstracted of eye, he removed the cork, sniffed at it, took a gulp, and handed it over to the companion, who also looked at, sniffed at, and tasted it. "And what d'ye make o' that, Jeremy?"

"Tasted better afore now!" growled Jeremy, and immediately took another gulp.

"Sang-widges, too!" pursued the man Bob, in a rummating tone. "an' I always was partial to chicken!" and, forthwith, opening the dainty parcel,