

Advertising is essentially one of the best means for the swindler to use for his purpose, and no matter how vigilant the newspapers may be it is impossible to check the different schemes they invent.

Wanted—Treasurer for dramatic company, long engagement to the right party, must have \$200 cash security. Apply box 204 Telegram.

Such was the advertisement that met the gaze of Mr. Fred Barrow, a young Englishman who has been a short time in Toronto, and has been anxious to obtain some employment. Straightway he hied himself to the Telegram office and answered the advertisement. In reply he received a note asking him to call upon Mr. M. J. Marshall, at the Arlington hotel. He was received by a stoutish man of forty-five or fifty years, standing, perhaps, five feet eight. This was Mr. Marshall the gentleman who had inserted the advertisement. Mr. Marshall plunged into business. He had organized, he averred, the Zoe Gayton variety troupe which was to begin an extended United States tour. Everything was in readiness, but alas, he had been disappointed in getting a treasurer. He was, however, delighted to find that his wandering advertisement had struck so promising a young gentleman as Mr. Barrow, and hoped they would come to an understanding. The scheme was talked over and finally an agreement was drafted on a sheet of paper by Mr. Marshall. By its terms Barrow was engaged as treasurer at a salary of \$18.50 per week, with board and travelling expenses. He was to give two weeks' notice of his intention to leave, and was to be given the same time to prepare to relinquish his post should he not prove satisfactory. If both parties were suited, Mr. Barrow was to hold the job for six months. As an earnest of good faith he was to put up \$100 security in Mr. Marshall's hands.

"But," said Mr. Barrow "I shouldn't like to put up that much."

"How much can you deposit?" asked Marshall.

"Well, I'll put up fifty dollars," was the answer.

The complaisant Mr. Marshall agreed to this—it was only a matter of form, Mr. Barrow knew. The sheet of foolscap was signed without witnesses though, and Mr. Barrow put it in his pocket. Then he handed over to Mr. Marshall the fifty dollars. Arrangements were then made for the pair's departure for Buffalo on Sunday at 1.10. Mr. Barrow packed his trunks, and at the time appointed was at the station. Mr. Marshall was not there. He was not on the train when it pulled out of the station, and he was not at the Arlington when the excited "treasurer" drove there. He had gone, and accompanying him were Mr. Barrow's fifty bills.

A correspondent from Montreal says:

Montreal has had her lottery plague, and as the promoters of these illegitimate concerns are throwing up the sponge in every direction and asking permission to close up quietly without further expense, our citizens are now turning their eyes westward and rightly ask protection from the faking prize institutions which infest the city of Toronto. As far as this city is concerned, it is safe to say that more hard cash has been filched out of Montreal's capacious pocket by