

HOW A B. C. PAPER WAS TAKEN IN.

Old Timer Recalls the Hoax Played on the "British Columbian" in 1865.

Mr. W. F. Archibald, one of the oldest employees in the C. P. R. telegraph, at present stationed in Nanaimo, where he is superintendent of the local office, has a file of the "British Columbian," published at New Westminster in 1865. This file Mr. Archibald bought as waste paper many years ago. It is now of great value as being possibly the only one in existence and on being therefore, a unique record of the history of the then capital of the mainland in its early days.

The copies in Mr. Archibald's possession contain, among other matters of great interest, the celebrated despatches which told of the "trial and execution" of Jefferson Davis for the assassination of President Lincoln, one of the cleverest and most unscrupulous newspaper hoaxes ever perpetrated in the history of the province.

The British Columbian in those days was a tri-weekly and was edited by the late John Robson, afterwards premier of the province. For its despatches it depended on a rather uncertain wire connecting New Westminster with Seattle. Such as it was, however, it was the only means of getting early information of the progress of events in the United States where the civil war had just closed and where Lincoln had just been assassinated.

As is well known, unfounded suspicion fell upon Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States, and upon some of the members of his cabinet, among whom was John C. Breckinridge who just before the war had been with Bull, one of the Southern candidates, in the presidential election against Lincoln, and who had later been appointed a senator, but resigned and after rising to the post of Major General in the war against the North, had become in the closing year of the struggle, secretary of state for war.

After Lincoln's assassination rewards were offered for Mr. Davis' apprehension and he was captured in Georgia and confined in fortress Monroe.

Things were at this point when a special despatch appeared in the British Columbian, June 13, 1865, which caused a tremendous sensation. It was as follows:

"Washington, June 8.—The trial of Jeff Davis and John C. Breckinridge which has been progressing for the past week before a military tribunal, has been brought to a termination. The court has found them guilty of high treason and accessory before the fact to the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Although the result of the trial was almost a foregone conclusion, yet the most intense excitement prevailed in Washington when the decision was made known. Excited crowds rushed towards the prison, which was strongly guarded. The execution was fixed for 11 o'clock on Friday the 9th in front of the old capital prison.

"Washington, June 9.—At an early hour this morning vast multitudes of people began to collect in the streets, in the neighborhood of the old capital prison. At 8 o'clock an excursion train arrived from Baltimore, consisting of 47 cars thronged with a large and excited crowd intent upon witnessing the execution of those infamous traitors, Jeff Davis and John C. Breckinridge. A strong force of troops under General Williams were distributed throughout the city to prevent any danger which might arise from the pressure of the disloyal element as well as to keep within bounds the intensely excited loyal citizens. The news was immediately telegraphed to all parts of the United States, producing the most intense excitement, the people in some places indulging their feelings even to the extent of cannon, bonfires, etc. As the hour approached the crowd and excitement in the neighborhood of the prison were intense. The place was strongly guarded and the most rigid regulations were enforced.

"At eleven o'clock Jeff Davis and John C. Breckinridge emerged from the prison and under a strong guard marched across the yard to the place of execution. The gallows was one which had been used upon several similar occasions, except the cross beam.

"Here the telegraph line which had been working very imperfectly, completely gave out.—Ed. B. C."

In the same issue appears an editorial based on the telegram expressing the hope that in the next issue full particulars of the trial and execution would appear—a wish that, needless to say, was never gratified.

It appears that the "wires" were down on the day in question and that some one had managed to cut in and send the carefully prepared story which the operator took in all in good faith. The supposition was that someone among the many operators then waiting for the building of the expected line to the north had gone into the battery room of the telegraph office and sent the message over the wires to the operator in the next room. As a hoax, the bogus telegram was certainly a success and although a strict investigation was made it never could be brought home to the perpetrator. Those who remember John Robson can well imagine the disgust he must have felt at being so imposed upon.

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And a sound of murmuring, long and loud.

Came ever up from the mobbing crowd. "You're in the old way and I'm in the new."

That is the false and this is the true."

Oh, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new."

That is the false and this is the true."

But the brethren only seemed to speak.

Modest the sisters walked and meek, And if ever one of them chanced to say

What trouble she met with on the way,

How she longed to pass on the other side,

Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide.

A voice arose from the brethren then: Let no one speak but the holy men. For have ye not heard the words of Paul,

O let the women keep silence all?

I watched them long in my curious dream,

Till they stood by the borders of the stream,

Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,

But all the brethren were talking yet,

And would talk on till the heaving tide

Carried them over side by side: Side by side, for the way was one. The toilsome journey of life was done,

And all who in Christ the Saviour died

Came out alike on the other side; No gowns of white, or suite of gray, No forms, or crosses, or books had they,

No creeds to guide them, or Miss. For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

THE MAN THAT WORKS HARD

Perseverance and will-power he must have, but whether he has strength and vigor is another consideration. Hard working men usually have irritable nerves and should fortify their systems with a course of Ferrozone, a tonic that rebuilds and revitalizes beyond all telling. It is just wonderful the strength that Ferrozone imparts to broken down men. It forms new blood, supplies the system with abundant nourishment, and where formerly there was tiredness and lassitude Ferrozone establishes a reserve of energy and vim. Try Ferrozone,—price 50c. per box.

BOY SAVES CHILD.

James Hoy, 13, Seizes Young McNulty When Sinking for Third Time.

Boston, June 21.—Anthony McNulty, 8 years old, while playing along the shore of Strawberry Brook Lynn, which runs through the yard where he lives, fell into the stream yesterday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, and narrowly escaped drowning. Owing to the heavy rain of yesterday, the brook was running high, and young McNulty was carried to the bottom almost as quickly as he fell in.

Several of his playmates saw him fall in, but they were unable to help him. The little victim had sunk a second time and was being carried down the stream in the swift current when James Hoy, 13 years old, happened along, and seeing the little fellow's predicament jumped in the brook after him, without even stopping to remove his cap.

Young Hoy caught McNulty just as he was going down for the third time, and managed to hold his head above water until Officer T. L. McKenney came along and took both boys out of the water. Scores of women witnessed the accident and the brave rescue from their windows and they cheered and applauded the little hero as he modestly ran home to get a change of clothing.

Yesterday the heavy run of water, coupled with inattention upon the part of city officials, overflowed the factory of Hoffman & Co., and threw 100 or more men out of employment for the day.

U. S. COLONEL CURED OF RHEUMATISM. So Crippled He Couldn't Walk—Absolutely Helpless Till He Took the One Sure Cure. FERROZONE

Relieved at Once—Cured Permanently—Well Ever Since.

Colonel H. M. Russ, of Edwards, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., is one of the fine old heroes of the Civil war.

After being permanently cured by Ferrozone, the Colonel wrote: "I couldn't get around without a cane, and then only with difficulty."

"Rheumatism took complete control of my limbs. The suffering was more intense than hardships on the battlefield."

"When my doctor had done his best I got Ferrozone. Then came a quick change. Ferrozone gave me comfort at once, eased the pain and took the stiffness out of my muscles."

"I am well today. Ferrozone cured me completely. I can jump and run like I did forty years ago."

No matter how long you have suffered Ferrozone will bring you prompt relief. It will increase your strength, renew your vitality, drive out every trace of rheumatic pain. Never known to fail; 50c. per box, or 6 for \$2.50, at all medicine dealers, or Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

In battle the only shots that count are the shots that hit the mark.

It's natural for a girl who knows how to make an angel cake to believe that she'll make a good wife.

Our worst misfortunes are those that never overtake us.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

A Well

Known Fact!

THAT

E. G. Hoben's

YORK STREET

Is the best place to buy choice

Family Groceries

AND

Provisions.

Goods delivered to any part of the city.

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

Sole agent for delicious Maza-wattee Tea.

E. G. HOBEN

27 York street.

NOTICE

TO

Water Consumers.

Consumers of City Water who have not yet taken out their Permits for the present term, are hereby reminded that the rate on all Water Rents is increased twenty per cent.

That Consumers who take out Permits before the first of July and January in each year, will be allowed a rebate equal to the increase.

It is desirable that you take out Permits at once, as if postponed until the last of the month, it will be impossible then to attend to all.

ALEX. BURCHILL, Superintendent.

Fredericton, June 15, 1905—dtf

LINDSAY

Wishes to inform the public that the

Ice Cream Parlor

In his new Restaurant has been opened for the season. It is located up stairs and is reached by a separate entrance. Lunches of all kinds will be served here in addition to the most delicious Ice Cream and temperance drinks.

Lindsay's Restaurant is located on King street, and is the largest and best in the city. Anything you can't get at LINDSAY'S in the eatable line must be out of season.

Home-made Cooking fresh every day.

Boston Baked Beans and Brown Bread always on hand.

Hot dinners served daily at eleven o'clock, a. m. Lunches at all hours day and night.

Cold Meats always on hand, sliced to order.

All kinds of Fruit in season. Parties forgetting to secure their groceries or meats from the regular dealer can always buy them at Lindsay's. Lindsay serves breakfast at six o'clock every morning.

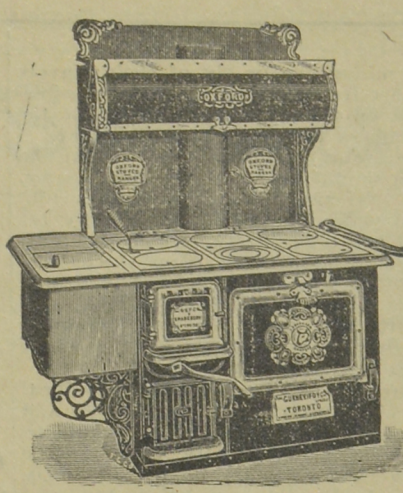
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Wood's Phospholine,

The Great English Remedy.

A positive cure for all forms of Sexual Weakness, Mental and Brain Worry, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, Effects of Abuse or Excess, all of which lead to Consumption, Infertility, Insanity and an early grave. Price \$1 per pkg., six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain cure.

Wood's Phospholine is sold in Fredericton by all Druggists.



The Woman Who Cooks

Knows a good Stove, and is satisfied with none but the best. She deserves the best. An

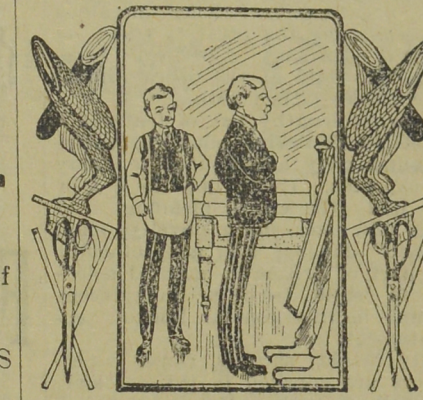
Oxford Chancellor Steel Range

Will fill the bill, and is as far ahead of an ordinary cooking stove as an electric light is superior to a tallow candle. Sold only by

JAMES S. NEILL,

THE BIG HARDWARE STORE.

Hot Weather This



Why not call and see about a nice light

SUMMER SUIT

The kind that keeps you cool these warm days.

We would like to talk this matter over with you at once, and can quote you prices that will astonish you.

JAS. R. HOWIE, 150 Queen St.

FOR A NEW SUIT TO SUIT YOU

CALL ON

SHERY.

I have in stock all the latest in checks and stripes to choose from. Also a very fine line of Serges.

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

By Mrs. Cleveland.

Talking of sects till late one eve, Of the various doctrines the saints believe, That night I stood in a troubled dream By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came, When I heard a strange voice call his name, "Good father, stop; when you cross this tide, You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind, And his long gown floated out behind, As down to the stream his way he took, His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for Heaven, and when I'm there, I shall want my book of Commoo Prayer; And though I put on a starry crown, I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track, But his gown was heavy and held him back; And the poor old father tried in vain A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side, But his white gown floated on the tide. And no one asked in that blissful spot Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not.

When down to the river a Quaker strayed, His dress of a sombre hue was made; My coat and hat must all be gray, I cannot go any other way.

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin, And steadily, solemnly, waded in, Trimmed hat he pulled down tight, Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat, A moment he silently sighed over that, And then as he gazed on the farther shore, The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered Heaven, his suit of gray Went quietly sailing away, away. And none of the angels questioned him About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms Tied nicely up in his aged arms, And hymns as many, a very wise thing, That the people in Heaven "all round" might sing.

But I thought he heaved an anxious sigh, As he saw that the river ran broad and high, And looked rather surprised as one by one The Psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS., Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness, But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do? The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide Away they went down the swollen tide, And the Saint, astonished, passed through alone Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two Saints by name, Down to the stream together came; But as they stopped at the river's brink I saw one Saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend, How you attained to life's great end?" "Thus with a few drops on my brow."

"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now."

"And I really think it will hardly do As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you; You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss, But you must go that way and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might, Away to the left—his friend to the right, Apart they went from the world of sin, But at last together they entered in.

And now when the river is rolling on A Presbyterian Church went down; Of women there seemed an innumerable throng, But the men I could count as I passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree. The old or the new way, which it would be, Nor even a moment paused to think That both would lead to the river's brink.