

A FIRST OF APRIL HOAX IN OTTAWA

The Ottawa Citizen tells of two practical jokes played in the city on Saturday last. One was a printer's joke, of a great bustle that was never fought.

The other joke, (says the Citizen) was perpetrated upon a well-known, portly, good-natured, rising young barrister, who is himself fond of a little fun, and enjoyed the trick played upon him, when he discovered it, with just as much zest as did those who played it.

In the course of the morning some person who happened to have in his possession a few blank telegraphic forms, and also some of the envelopes used by the Telegraph Co., left him a pretended despatch from a gentleman in Kingston—a gentleman in high official position, and supposed to be a powerful influence in the city.

The barrister, who thought that the said friend would be in Ottawa by the train that evening, and desiring him to engage rooms at the Russell House, and to invite two distinguished barristers, whom he named residing in the city, to dine with him, highly elated at the prospect of a visit from his friends, and a little troubled with visions of Crown baronies, the Acadie, and other good things of the future in the shape of fat fees, the young barrister at once placed himself in communication with the proprietor of the Russell House, and engaged rooms. With equal alacrity he despatched notes to the two distinguished barristers, requesting the honor of their company. Everything being thus satisfactorily arranged, our young friend awaited the arrival of the evening train with becoming patience, in the meantime furnishing himself with a fine glass, new "plugs" in order that he might present an appearance befitting the important occasion. In due course the train arrived—no one was there, however, but the young friend thought it strange, and was annoyed what excuse to make to the gentlemen who must shortly arrive to partake of the Kingston gentleman's hospitality.

Leaving the despatch with the clerk at the telegraph office, to show to the gentleman as evidence of his good faith, our young friend, who was waiting for the train, and who was now alone, resigned to the reverse of his own

him, retired to the recesses of his own

of life. Presently he was aroused from his reverie by the receipt of another telegraphic dispatch, which informed him that his friend Lewis had been detained at Prescott, by a storm which had been blowing, threatening him with a long and arduous journey. In order to order supper and wine for five persons, and to meet him at the train with a car of his own.

Our young friend accordingly gave the required orders, and engaged a carriage to take him to the post office at the appointed time. The carriage was in waiting, and, being still unexpecting of being thwarted, left his comfortable quarters at the Russell House to encounter the darkness and meet the "special." Arrived at the station, he inquired of the ticket-taker where he was to find them, the hour at which the said "special" was expected. The watchman looked at him somewhat suspiciously, apparently doubtful whether his interrogator was of sound mind, or whether he was not a lunatic.

"An'rit' low," of him. After saying the

Blank of Holburn has been the same.

DETAINING A WITNESS.—In all the many sump cases tried at the recent Kingston Assizes, the whole of the defendants have one, get clear off, guilty or not guilty. The single conviction was caused by the detention of the witness. The simple truth is, that long before the trial came on, the witnesses were tampered with; and a failure of justice was the result.—*Kingspan* *Wing*, 1st.

