

## Good Stories by Clever Writers.

### TRY TO DECEIVE LAWYERS.

Some Clients Who Can't or Won't Tell the Truth.

'One would imagine,' said a lawyer, 'that a sane man who hired a lawyer to conduct a suit for him would tell his adviser the exact truth about his case. Long experience has taught me that the truth-telling client is almost exceptional and that the average human being is incapable of stating the exact truth in a matter that involves his personal interest. Usually he favors himself, though I have known instances where in trying to be fair he overdid it and favored his opponent.'

'Some of these clients practice wilful deception, others are self-deceived. A case in point was that of a very respectable business man, who was a church member. He was on a trolley car that was rammed by another car, and was injured. His was an absolutely good case and any jury in the land would have given him two or three thousand dollars if he held to the truth. But he told us that all the physical ills that he had were due to that collision, and we knew better.'

'Why Mr J—,' we said, 'you fell from a load of hay and injured your hips in 1858 and you were hurt in a car accident in 1894.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'but I had got all over those hurts.'

'You were lame, you walked with a cane at the time of this last accident your neighbors will all testify to that.'

'No, no. I did have a cane for a time, but before this last accident happened all the lameness was gone and I was as supple and as smart as a man of 20 years.'

'Now look here, Mr J—, that won't do. If you try that story on a jury they'll give a verdict against you. They'll believe your whole case is wrong. We'll retire from this matter unless you agree to tell what we know is the truth—that some of your injuries remained from the old accidents, but this new one aggravated them.'

'He argued and fought but finally promised to testify as we told him and on the day of trial we put him on the witness stand. To our disgust he went right back to his old story, which was so manifestly false that the jury found against him. Yet to this very day, he will argue that his absurd fiction was true.'

'Another case which had some similar features was that of a spinster who had a valid claim for injuries against a railroad company. She was getting on a car which suddenly started, throwing her to the street. There were honest injuries and she should have won the suit, but she could not tell the truth. She was of a hysterical tendency and the accident increased this to such an extent that she developed a hysterical knee—that is a knee which hysteria made her say and believe was impaired. She walked lame and favored the knee even unconsciously. She insisted that there was a lack of sensation and partial paralysis. We had experts examine her, but they found no injury, no inflammation or swelling and were convinced that the injury was purely imaginary.'

'She also had imaginary trouble with her eyes, limiting the field of vision and weakening them to such an extent that she was compelled to wear glasses. We had two experts examine her eyes with instruments and they found them to be absolutely normal. We were afraid that she would kill her case with imaginary injuries. So we told her that we were convinced that her eyes were all right and her knee also.'

'At the trial she made matters worse by reverting to her injuries in answering each question that was asked her after this fashion.'

'What part of the car were you in?'

'I was in the last seat on the left hand side, and since that time I have not been able to see to read without glasses.'

'We expected to be beaten, but a settlement was offered and so we got out of the matter better than we hoped.'

'A very pretty girl came to us one time with a claim against the elevated road. She was angry.'

'I wear glasses now, she said; 'I never had to wear them before the accident.'

'I pointed out that anybody could wear glasses, but she insisted that no matter what the doctors said she did have the great injury she alleged.'

As she was getting on a train it started and she was thrown between two cars. It

is a great wonder she was not killed. She alleged she had received serious injuries and we investigated and found that the accident had occurred as she stated. So we began suit.

'After a little time we discovered that she had been deceiving us and calling her to my office I accused her of it.'

'You have had suits against railroad companies before,' I said.

'Only twice before,' she answered.

'And you have not given us your real name.'

That's the name I go by.'

'Well, I shall discontinue the case.'

'Don't you believe I had the accident?'

'Yes, but not the injuries.'

'Well, wouldn't they give a little something?'

'No.'

'All right,' she concluded and walked away apparently quite contented.

'Clients like these are likely to get a lawyer into very serious trouble because no one believes him when he says that he has been deceived.'

'A barber came to me one time and persuaded me to begin suit against a railroad company alleging very serious and probably permanent injuries including paralysis which, of course, did not extend to his tongue but interfered with his business so far as the work of his hands was concerned.'

'It would have been an amusing case if it had gone to trial, but I doubt that I would have enjoyed it. The communications of our friend, the barber, were not distinguished by exact accuracy. In fact so far as his injuries were concerned he had been indulging in one of those flights of fancy for which the race is celebrated.'

'While he was pretending to us to be paralyzed the railroad company had been sending him claim agents to shave and he had ministered to them with a deftness and discursive to them with a fluency that left little doubt as to his being in fine feather. We discovered the truth of the matter in time and discontinued, much to the disgust of the barber who had hoped to exhibit the graces of his conversation in court.'

### Imitative Tots at Play.

Wordsworth's lines of a child at play, 'as if his whole vocation were endless imitation,' were recently recalled by a conversation overheard in the children's ward at a provincial hospital.

A little girl, whose role was that of a nurse, rang an imaginary telephone on the wall to talk to her companion at the farther end of the room, who played the part of doctor.

'Hello!' said the nurse. 'Is that the doctor?'

'Yes,' answered her companion in a deep voice; 'this is the doctor.'

'This lady is very ill,' he was informed.

'Well, what seems to be the matter?'

'She has swallowed a whole bottle of ink,' said the nurse.

The doctor, not flustered, inquired what had been done for the patient: but the nurse, too, was ready in emergencies.

She answered: 'I gave her two pads of blotting paper!'

### Tea On The Terrace.

Stand any afternoon of the session at the entrance of the lobby of the house of commons, which is, incidentally, the route to the ever alluring Terrace, and you will realize that members who are disgusted with the present 'faminizing' of parliament are not tilting windmills.

The scene in rotunda and lobbies resembles much more a crowded afternoon reception than the outskirts of a solemn legislative body.

Smart women in the most fetching of summer toilets outnumber the silk-battered and frock-coated M. P.'s three or four to one, and at the police-guarded entrance to the house itself there is a large crowd of waiting women, who have sent in their cards to such members as they fancy may be cajoled into doing the honors of the Terrace.

The famous Terrace is really a most delightful place. Handsomely tiled in small flags, and pleasantly shaded, it commands a splendid view of the Thames, with Westminster Bridge, St. Thomas' Hospital and Lambeth palace all in the picture, and no matter how outside London may be perspiring, on the Terrace there is always a breeze.

Nowadays the crush is greatest at 5 p. m., when every table is occupied and more are wanted, and the neat waitresses have a much difficulty in fighting their way in through the press with tea and scones and strawberries and cream as members find in forcing their way out in answer to the imperative summons of the division bell.

The domestic conveniences of the house of commons, to whose completeness is largely due the frequent reference to that department of state as 'the finest club in the world,' and to the patronage of which Mr. Burns declares that members are much too prone, include dining, smoking, reading, and bath rooms, to say nothing of a barber shop, for the introduction of which members have to thank Herbert Gladstone.

Members of the house who prefer to dine out are not altogether without justification.

### Grasshopper Pie in the Philippines.

'One thing I have found out since coming to the Philippines,' writes a Kansas boy, 'and that is how to catch grasshoppers and prepare them for food. The Filipinos not only make grasshopper pies and cakes but they pound them into powder and steeping them in water, drink it.'

'There are several methods used by the natives for catching grasshoppers. The most effective is the net. This is a large butterfly net, arranged with netting placed over a loop and to the latter is fixed a piece of flat wood about 10 inches in diameter. If the grasshoppers pass over one's own property this method is used, for then all the grasshoppers killed by swinging this instrument throughout the clouds of grasshoppers as they pass over are dropped to the ground and can be picked up at leisure.'

Another method consists of exploding cartridges in the midst of the swarm. After an effective explosion the ground is covered with them. But this is very expensive and is seldom used. Grasshopper catching is a profitable business in the Philippines. They sell at \$2 a sack.

'I never saw a native eat a green grasshopper, but I have seen them eat the dried ones by pocketful. The housewife in the Philippines takes considerable delight in placing a nice grasshopper pie before you. Great care is taken in preparing them, so that they do not lose any of their form.'

### Base Ball As A Rest-Cure.

Plausibly defended by a Western paper which suggests that the enthusiasts who support it do not do so because, as they affirm, they 'like the game.' If they liked the game they would want to play it, just as a fisherman wants to fish and not to watch some other fellow. What they really enjoy is the opportunity to relax—to yell, gesticulate talk nonsense and act in a way that, if they duplicated the performance on the street, would expose them to suspicion of insanity. Of course. To get away from conventionality and honesty to act out his emotions does a man good, sometimes. Better for him to do it at the expense of a 'professional,' who is paid to be yelled at, than to stretch his lungs against the peace of his friends or his family.

Assistant—Is the meaning of this poem absolutely incomprehensible to you?

Magazine Editor—Absolutely! You're going to accept it, aren't you?

Assistant—Oh yes. But I wasn't willing to trust my own judgement.

The man I marry must—

I know all about it dear, interrupted her dearest friend. You have it all planned out in your mind, and you'll never, never, never marry a man who isn't foolish enough to ask you.

Judge—We are now going to read you a list of your former convictions. Prisoner—In that case, perhaps your lordship will allow me to sit down.

Some girls love company so much, observed the monarch of the cracker barrel, that it is a wonder they are not called Misery.

Russell—The people out in Englewood used to annoy me by tethering their billy goats to posts in my lots.

Ven Hooke—How did you put a stop to it?

Russell—I simply put up a sign:—Post No Bills on This Property.

'Poor Emersonia has a very severe cold,' said Mrs. Backbay to Mrs. Bosting.

'Yes, the poor child took off her heavy-weight spectacles and put on her summer eyeglasses too soon replied the latter.—

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## Piles

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## Sunday Reading.

### Your Father Knoweth.

God is not ignorant concerning what we want or what is good for us. It was Jesus who said: 'And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind?' Then He gave the reason: 'Your father knoweth that ye have need of these things.'

The way some good people keep on worrying about how they will make out in the future, what they will get to eat and how they will be clothed and sheltered is something that shows a sad lack of belief in God. What kind of a Father do such people imagine they have? Can it be that they have an idea that they have a heavenly Father who does not care whether they are provided for or not? Can it be that they believe that God takes no interest in their welfare? Or, do they have an idea that God goes on long journeys to some out-of-the-way place where He is all alone and beyond the call of His children?

God is everywhere. He never slumbers nor sleeps, but is on the watch to attend to the wants of those of his children who feel the need of his assistance and who ask for it in faith in the name of Jesus.

Readers, you have not an ignorant God who knows naught about you. You have such a careful God that even the hairs of your head are numbered. Yes, you have a God who cares for the smallest matters that interests you. A God who even careth for the sparrows will not forget to look out for those who are fashioned after his own image.

God is good and kind to us every day in the week. He cared for you last Sunday, and was just as careful concerning you last Monday. He is so good that he even showers His blessings down upon his bad children as well as His good children. What a good Father He is to all!

And He is a good and faithful Father because in the future He will in His own just way, reward His good children and suitably punish those who rebel against Him.

Your Father knoweth exactly how to deal you. In the days of prosperity He is your friend and in the hours of adversity He is your best friend. What is good for you He will give you under proper conditions, and what is bad for you he will withhold from you. How fortunate it is or us that we have a God who knoweth the things we need; for it is a fact that we do not know much concerning our needs. We think we know, but thinking is not knowing.

If we could obtain all the things we think we want how badly we would be like the man who placed a belt containing gold upon his person and then jumped from the sinking vessel, only to be drowned by the weight of his riches.

Last week the daily newspapers gave an account of a man, who made no claim to be a child of God, being taken to an insane asylum, where he died. He had been suddenly made rich and had spent his wealth in riotous living. He carried his load of wealth less than two years. It is no wonder that the load was his ruin, for he had not the experience necessary to carry successfully such a burden.

Put implicit trust in your Father, for He is the only one who knows you thoroughly. He has looked into your heart, under stands your weaknesses, reads your thoughts and knows you through and through.

You may think you are abundantly able to take care of yourself but there is a day coming when you will sicken and die and that will be a time when you will want your soul to be taken care of by Him who gave it to you.

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all other necessary things will be given you.

There are in Europe, 384,500,000 Christians, 6,600,000 Jews. In all America there are 126,400,000 Christians; the Jews and heathen are not given. In Asia, there are 12,600,000 Christians, 109,500,000 Mohammedans, 200,000 Jews, and 667,800,000 pagans. In Africa are 4,400,000 Christians, 36,000,000 Moslem 400,000 Jews, 91,000,000 heathen. And in Oceania there are 9,700,000 Christians, 24,700,000 Moslem and 4,400,000 heathen. There are in Great Britain 5,400,000 Catholics and 3,700,000 Protestants; in France the Catholics are 37,700,000 and Protestants only 700,000; in Germany there are 18,600,000 Catholics and 32,700,000 Protestants; in Russia are 8,300,000 Catholics, 3,100,000 Protestants, and 78,800,000 Greeks; in Austria are 33,800,000 Catholics, 4,100,000 Protestants and 3,800,000 Greeks; of 31,160,000 in Italy, only 60,000 are Protestants; of 22,700,000 in Spain and Portugal only 10,000 are Pro-

testants; in Scandinavia are 9,290,000 Protestants and only 10,000 Catholics; in Belgium and Holland are 7,990,000 Catholics and 2,710,000 Protestants; in the Balkan States, 1,900,000 Catholics, 4,130,000 Protestants, and 42,400,000 Greeks. Europe all told has 167,500,000 Catholics, 31,900,000 Protestants, and Greeks.

In the United States are 62,300,000 Protestants and 9,900,000 Catholics. The Philippine and adjacent islands have 5,700,000 Catholics and 200,000 Protestants. In the whole world there are 240,000,000 Catholics, 163,300,000 Protestants, and 98,300,000 Greeks, or a total of 501,600,000 Christians in a population of 1,544,509,000. It is a striking fact that Protestants are increasing in numbers much faster than Catholics; the family lands are Protestant. Between 1892 and 1897, Catholics increased by 2,360,000, while the Protestant increase was 2,380,900.

'He never amounted to much did he?'

'No; but then the poor fellow never had half a chance.'

'How was that?'

'He was considered a prodigy when he was young, and was treated accordingly.'

'Was it a love match?'

'I guess so. Anyhow, it was a match all right enough. There's evidence of that.'

'What evidence?'

'You wouldn't ask if you could hear her sputter when she's refused a new gown?'

Mrs. Bridgerly—If you really, loved me you never would have taken a flat on the top floor.

Bridgerly—Why not?

Mrs. Bridgerly—Only think, when you come home from the office how much longer it takes—

He wrote her of his love and begged she would not spurn it.

(Ah he was poor in everything gall.)

The daughter of the editor, alas! did not return it.

Because he hadn't any stamps at all.

'Did—did you ever shoot a man?' questioned the tenderfoot of Pepperhole Pete.

'See here, young feller!' bawled Pepperhole Pete in a voice that shook Pike's Peak, 'don't you never reflect on my marksmanship again! I never miss'd one, y' dern gallo!'

Mrs. Cobwigger—Poor thing, she tried to reform her husband and failed.

Mrs. Dorcas—What is she trying to do now?

Mrs. Cobwigger—To reform the world.

She—So this is the end of our engagement?

He—It may be for you, but it will take me a year yet to pay the bills.—

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