### Of Course Not.

During the early days of the Metropolitan Elevated railroad in New York the trains did not run on Sunday. One the trains did not run on Sunday. One Sunday morring, ignorant of this fact, a twoller rushed up to the atairway only to find the gates closed. Noticling the lead in disgusted tones, "I might know a Methodist Episcopal railroad wouldn't run Sundars". run Sundays !

#### Too Much Cheek.

A pompous bishop was having his por-trait painted, and, after sitting for an hour in silence he thought he would break the monotony. "How are you getting along?" he inquired. To his astonish-ment the artist, absorbed in his work, rement the artist, absorbed in his work, re-plied, "More your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth." Not being accustomed to such form of address, his lordship asked, "May I ask why you ad-dress me in that manner ?" The artist, still absorbed in his work, "I want to take off a little of your check."---Tit-Bits,

### A Boy's Composition.

Here is a Georgia boy's composition on the trouble in China : "China is a land of heathens that would rather worship a wooden god that grins at you than go to been any the provide the second wooden gou that grins at you than go to church an' pay pew rent. My pa wus a missionary in China. When the Boxers commenced to box, they knocked him out in the first round, an' he lost three fingers in the first round, an he lost three nugers an' a brand new hymn-book with a book-mark in it. Then he comed home. He has still got 2 legs and 2 arms left, though the Mission Board told him that he lost his head. He says home missions takes the cake."

## Never Suited.

The traditional attitude of the pessimist The traditional attitude of the pessimist éoward all things is represented thus in a dialogue with a Georgia farmer, re-ported by the Atlanta Constitution : "How do you like this weather ?" "Not much; I'm 'feared it's goin' to rain."

Well, how's times with you ?" Sorter so-so-but they won't last." Folks all well ?" rain

Yes; but the measles is in the neighborhood.

Well, you ought to be thankful you're a-livin'.

"I reckon so; but we've all got to die, sometime !

# How the Governor Was Received.

When the Governor of Newfoundland, When the Governor of Newformation Sir Henry McCallum, K.C.M.G. went ashore to a small harbor of the east coast, he was met at the landing-place by a grizzled old fisherman, who sought to make the stranger welcome, whoever

he might be. Be you comin' ashore, sir? " he asked.

"Yes," said the Governor, "Be you here about the ile (seal oil)?"

the fisherman pursued. "No," said the Governor.

"Be you one o' Sam Lewis' men from Red Bay, sir, come about the timber?" "I am the Governor of Newfoundland," Sir Henry announced, with some show of

dignity.

dignity. "Be you now ?" said the fisherman, with a friendly shake of his hand, "Well, 'tis a mighty good job—if you can hold it. An' I hopes you will. Would you like a cup o' tea, sir ?"/

-" I am not quite satisfied with your references." Applicant-" Nayther am I, mum; but they's the best I could get."

