



PORT HURON AGENCY STAFF.

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The big touring-car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust.

"Thim chug wagons must cost a heap av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money."

"An' be the smell av it," sniffed Pat, "it must be thot tainted money we do be hearin' so much about."  
—Success.



A certain young man who, according to all the accepted notions, should be very happy at this time was found by a friend, the other day, with a somewhat troubled look upon his face.

"What's the matter, old man? Haven't

had a tilt, have you?" the friend inquired.

"No—no," was the reply, accompanied by a sigh. "Fact is," he continued in a burst of confidence, "I've been thinking over a little remark Alice made last night."

"Oh, perhaps you misunderstood," the friend suggested, encouragingly.

"I hope so," was the reply. "You see, we were talking of—well, how things would be, you know, and Alice said:

"And won't it be just too sweet; you will come home all tired out from your hard day's work, and hold me on your lap for hours, and read to me, and drive all my cares away, and dry my tears, and rub my head—and it will be just like a novel!"