

out Europe to find material for his essay, whereas in our very midst we have Kings, Dwarfs and Mummies among the small fry of our own small yard. Those who have risen from a state of nonentity to greatness, fame and glory by the sheer force of their own premature genius and laziness are all between the age of one and ten.

There is that agricultural representative from up the Creek, of pumpkin fame, with winning smile and brawn and might, once one of the lowest in this democratic mob, now the foremost idol and king in football circles. This in the short space of three months! *Floan* to heights untold!

Again, where does there exist a mate for Mike from Gutineau Point—Irish as any son of Erin's Isle, accused of stealthily kissing the Blarney Stone and still closely allied to *Pepin*, king of the Francs.

Here's another *Cas-ch? Marc-an* that other. Fitzsimmons and Jeffries have not reached the height of pugilistic fame. After years of perseverance and downfalls they cannot be compared to our Nick, the would-be vanquisher of Belingquette with about ten minutes' practice. One word only was to be heard

among the extraordinary mid-gets after this combat for championship honors—He's a *Peach-ch? A Peach ch?*

And then our singers. Did any one ever hear the like of the boy wonder from Marquette? *Tout le monde* (translated, all the world) declared his rendering of *En roulant ma boule, ma boule*, before the audience assembled to hear him, equally comparable to Patti at her best. Jim never practised either, before the night of the performance.

As for Lapointe, there is no one like him for lifting a *dumb-bell*.

Then there's that member of the Cantley contingent. Such eyes! Good eye Flem! Where is the astronomer can talk angles and angle-worms with him? Four years old! But Clout...er! He after one performance made such a reputation for himself that he has been engaged for the next circus that strikes the town.

Now there are men who have excited the admiration of the world in acrobatic feats when awake, but where is the country that can point with pride to a wonderful babe who can make a leap for life when asleep?

Behold S. C. Himmel, the boy orator! He professes him-