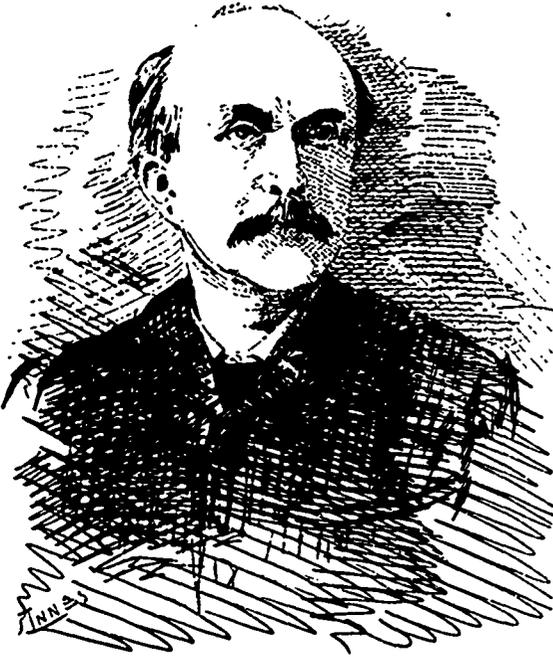


MEN OF THE DAY



MR. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, M. P.

THE subject of our present sketch is descended from an Irish family, settled in Tipperary for some generations, and was born at Kilfinane, 13th January, 1843. He was educated at the Common school, by private tuition, at a college affiliated to London University, and afterwards at Queen's College, Cork. He was called to the English Bar by the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple, Hilary Term, 1868. He is a journalist and litterateur of no mean order. He was sent by the Canadian Government to Washington, U. S., in 1879, to enquire into the system of management of Indian Industrial Schools. Was secretary to the Royal Commission respecting the Canadian Pacific Railway, 1880-81, and secretary to the Commission appointed in 1884 to enquire into the Chinese Immigration question. Was a delegate to Ottawa in 1884 to represent the requirements of the Northwest before the Dominion Government. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Haldimand in the Commons at the general election of 1878, and was first returned to the Commons at the last general election. Mr. Davin is a Conservative and favors a broad and generous policy for developing and peopling the Northwest.

Mr. Davin went through the Franco-Germanic war as a special correspondent for the Irish Times,

and as correspondent for the Standard, of London, England. After the war in which he acted as correspondent, he wrote "France and Germany," which appeared in the Westminster Review, of January, 1871. He has published the following works in Canada:— "The Fair Grits," "British *versus* American Civilization," "The Earl of Beaconsfield," "The Irishman in Canada," "Eos: an Epic of the Dawn," "Ireland and the Empire," "Reflections on the Death of Garfield," "Culture and Practical Power," &c., &c. He established the *Leader* at Regina in March, 1883.

CADS!

We take the following article from an English sporting paper:

The first time I ever heard the word in the singular number was on the first day of my school life. It was hissed across a neighboring desk, and the immediate response was a summons to single combat in the play-hour. Naturally, a monosyllable whose consequences were a couple of black eyes, a cut lip, and a swollen nose excited my youthful curiosity, and I looked it up in Webster. This is what I found:—"CAD, a boy at the door of an omnibus." Now the young gentleman to whom the epithet had been applied, and whose blood had subsequently bedewed the asphalt of the play ground, was not "at the door of an omnibus," and my faith in lexicographers was gone for ever. I pursued my inquiries in other and more authoritative quarters, and discovered that in one school, at any rate, a cad was a boy who had less than 2s. 6d. a week pocket-money, and whose father's income was suspected of being under one thousand a year.

Time has widened the definition for me, but he has dimmed the outlines. I have a less simple outline by which to discover the cad, but I know him better when I see him. He travels a good deal by railway, and this is strange, for he has a dislike to fresh air. He shows it generally by sitting with his back to the engine, and flinging up the window, callous to the desire of the traveller in the opposite corner. This indifference to the feelings of others is one of the "notes" of him. He never hesitates to introduce the subject of ropes as a topic of conversation with persons whose fathers have been hanged. And the worst of him is that he doesn't do it of malice aforethought—he has no deliberate intention to wound. I say "the worst" because one can never have the satisfaction of hitting him back on the raw. He has no raw. His thick hide blunts the edge of your keenest satire, and irony falls harmless off it like duck