

shot from the ribs of a hippopotamus. One has simply to sit still and endure him, making him a subject of prayer the while—supposing always that the mere fact of his being doesn't shake one's faith in the existence of anything to pray to, for I.e. does seem incompatible with Omnipotence, somehow.

Of course, the above is only one variety of a large genus, a genus too large to be exhaustively dealt with in a one-column article. The cad must not be confused with the snob; the two are quite distinct, though the distinction is not always discernable. The cad is, as I have said, pachydermatoris; but the snob is oftentimes a fellow of sentiment. He has a prompt recognition of social superiority, whereas the cad claims equality, though he often disallows it. The snob, in the presence of a title, is humility itself; the cad would be self-assertive in heaven. The genuine snob, too, is confined to practically one class. The aristocracy, with all its faults, is fairly free of him, and the proletariat know him not; he is to be found only in that infinite number of social hierarchies whom Socialists call the "bourgeoisie," and other people the "middle class"; but the cad is common to all.

There was once upon a time a great African Explorer. He had courage, determination, the spirit of command, quite unctuous piety, and a double dose of the commercial instinct. After a successful expedition he came back to dinner and made a speech. In this speech he talked much of himself, and not at all of the men who had aided him. Then up and spoke a certain royal personage, who was in the chair, and he talked much and pointedly of the other men, and little of the great African explorer. And the most ardent Republicans among us gave three silent cheers for H. R. H., for he had given a lesson to a "Cad."

Once upon another time there was a great Patriot. I won't say what his country was, but it was a country where patriots are as plentiful as potatoes—where revolutions end in cabbage gardens, and where leaders slide down fire-escapes. The great patriot did something said to be illegal, and had to be conveyed some where in a train, and in custody. The patriot complained bitterly because he was taken in a third class carriage, just for all the world as though I.e. had been a common English workingman. And then for the first time it was borne in upon some who sympathized with his cause, that the great patriot was a Cad.

There is no feminine form of the word, but the thing is plentiful enough. Sometimes she wears real diamonds and sometimes only paste, but there are always just one or two too many of them. She is more difficult for one of us to spot at first sight than the male bird of her feather, as she is mostly amiable enough. But note her behavior to her children's governess or to the young person who waits upon her at Whitley's, say, and she at once is obvious. Now I see an opportunity of wandering away from my subject, and once more putting to the test the exact limit to the patience of our long-suffering editor. Why is it that women (cads and others) are so awfully rude to each other? So much more so than men are! Is it because among men the tradition that the duel still survives, and that even now sometimes the insult is followed by the nose-ender—I think that's it. A big man may feel quite capable of thrashing a smaller man, but then he knows that he is pretty certain to get some damage in the course of the combat: and so, on the whole, he keeps a civil tongue in his head. But a woman knows that words will end what words began, and that words break no bones.

Exceptions do occur sometimes though—and one of these it was my happy lot to witness. The *dramatis personae* were a "lady" and a strapping young parlor maid. In a room full of guests the latter broke a tea-cup, or let fall the milk jug—I forget which—and the former "bully-damned" her, as Rudyard Kipling would say, after the manner of a drill sergeant to a raw recruit. The girl's rosy cheeks got rosier—"peonies" would be a more correct expression—and her fine eyes flashed like those of Mrs. Siddons when she asked if the stockings would wash. We all saw that something was going to happen, but for what did happen we were *not* prepared. The girl walked quietly up to her mistress, boxed her soundly on both ears, and withdrew with all the dignity of Lady Vere de Vere from the royal presence. Presently we heard the front door bang. If I had not been already married I would have hurried after and proposed to Mary Jane, then and there. She, like H. R. H., above mentioned, had taught a lesson to a Cad.

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