

MEN OF TO-DAY

PASSING GLIMPSES OF PUBLIC MEN AT HOME AND ABROAD

OLD-MAN-JUST-ABOUT-TO-DO-IT

PEOPLE had come to think of Walter Wellman as a four-flusher, which being interpreted means a United States yellow journalist in an advertising condition. However, his trip out into the ocean with five companions and a kitten, was an airship venture which few of us would care to take. Of course, the airship or gas-bag, was chained to the water by an equilibrator and there was a lifeboat attached, but even then there was some risk. Nevertheless the country printer from Canton, Ohio, the Chicago feature writer, and promoter of daily newspaper advertising stunts might have achieved fame had he been more courageous. He tied his old gas-bag so tight to the waters of the Atlantic that he couldn't make any headway. He failed because he was not daring—as many of us have done before him, and many of us will do afterwards. He would have failed anyway, no doubt, but he might have failed more gloriously. Next!

IS HE A PROCRASTINATOR?

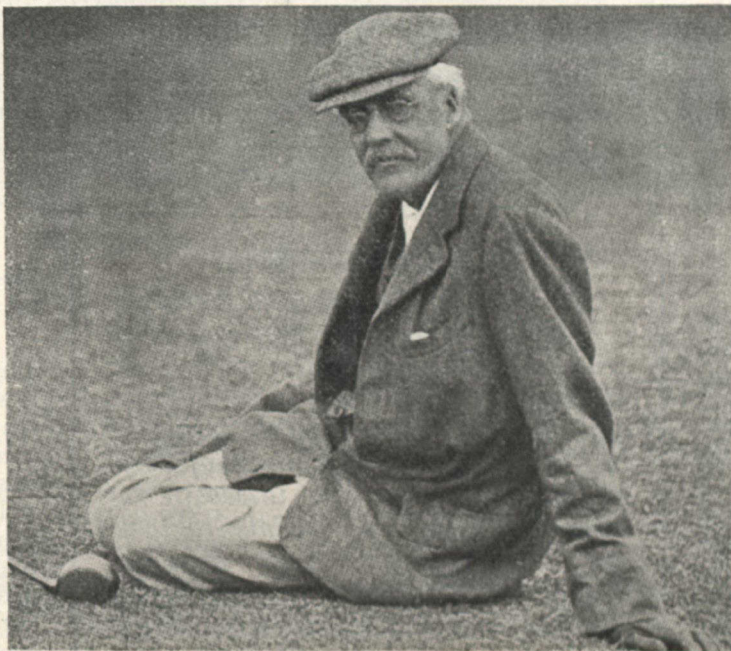
ONE of the greatest problems of the age is the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour. He plays golf like a dilettante and plays politics in the same way. When he was premier of Great Britain he did not seem to be worried by the cares of offices, nor anxious to retain them. He paid enough attention to his work to make him respectable in the eyes of his neighbours, but the air with which he did this was at least entertaining.

Now Mr. Balfour is leader of his Majesty's Opposition, otherwise known as the Unionist party—that is, when he is not playing golf. He retains that leadership probably because of a sense of public service, a quality more common in Britain than in America. He evidently is not enamoured of politics and statecraft; he is not an enthusiast. Moreover, while his party has been steadily drifting to tariff reform, he has been steadily putting his back against the wall. He has yielded somewhat to the tariff reform element in his party, but has never taken the one step which would land him on that side. He is leaving that question pretty much to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, his probable successor.

Curious indeed are the speeches of this Premier. Wonderfully woven of the finest literary warp and woof; delivered with the greatest ease; impressive because of their political importance—yet his speeches never set England on fire. Every person desired to read them—no one feels that any solution for any great problem has been offered. Like conduct, like speech—Mr. Balfour is the great enigma of British politics.

Mr. Balfour has the mind of an expert theologian.

His book "The Foundations of Belief," was the work of a man who had as much concern in the intellectual side of life as he had in the political. He is a Gladstonian; and for that matter so is Viscount Morley, master of literature; and so in a manner was the Marquis of Salisbury, who had a chemical laboratory at Hatfield, supremely interested in the kind of thing that made Tyndall and Huxley. These intellectual Englishmen! The university made them. Classics nurtured them. They look at politics through an eyeglass and study it



Hon. Mr. Balfour at Golf, may be thinking about Tariff Reform, and then again—

by the intellectual method. Which is one reason why Roosevelt was able to do as much plain talking as he did. Mr. Balfour has plenty of intellect; but it's hard to hitch some of it up to the plain needs of modern England.

LOVERS OF THE "HUNTER"

HUNT Clubs which bring together men who own horses that can jump a fence, are an importation. They come from England, but they are rapidly being acclimatised. Riding to hounds is a national sport in the United Kingdom, but it may fall off in popularity when Lloyd-George gets his land taxes working properly. Riding to hounds in Canada is a novelty, as we have very few packs. We cannot afford them. Besides we have other kinds of hunting, the varieties that the Red Indian loved, and the people indulge in them to a very considerable extent. Wild ducks, prairie chicken, red deer, caribou, moose and bear are much more interesting than a captured fox, temporarily restored to freedom. Only you cannot ride a thoroughbred when you hunt *a la* Red Indian.

Earl Grey has been encouraging point-to-point hunting races. The other day a team of Ottawa gentlemen competed with a team of Toronto gentlemen over a three-mile course on the Toronto Hunt Club grounds for a cup given by His Excellency. It doesn't matter that Toronto won, but it does matter that the race was held under auspicious circumstances. Clifford Sifton, Jr., and Lord Percy did well for Ottawa, but not quite well enough.

By the way, the entrance of Hon. Clifford Sifton and Mr. Sifton, Jr., into hunting races and horse show competitions has created quite a stir. The ex-Minister of the Interior supplies the capital, and the son supplies the ability to ride, and the love of the sport. Lieut. Sifton rode at London last year, where several of the horses now in the Sifton stable were entered. These horses were from Toronto, and their success at Olympia induced Hon. Mr. Sifton to purchase them. They have gone the round of the Canadian horse shows this year with their usual success. There are some people who predict several results from the entrance of the Sifton stable into the Canadian fancy horse world, because people will gossip you know. Lieut. Sifton certainly rides well, has plenty of courage and ambition, and so far as the outsider may judge, is a

first-rate sportsman in every sense of the word.

THE KING AND THE HUNTER

OF course, Royalty must needs patronise all these high-class sports, and King Edward never neglected fox hunting until he got too portly to shine at the game. With regard to King George, the latest issue of the London *Bystander* has this to say:

"The king's seat on a horse is rather better than most sailors whose life on the rolling wave was never conducive to steadiness, but it is not sufficiently good nevertheless, to warrant him following hounds, and Queen Mary is not, and never was, a horsewoman. King George's interest in matters of the stable is now, however, as everyone knows, very nearly as keen as his father's, and the fact that he has been shooting over dogs, and has agreed to extend his patronage to the Kennel Club, as did his father before him, has given rise to the hope that His Majesty may get together a kennel at Windsor, where Queen Victoria kept a large establishment for many years."

A HERO PASSES AWAY

MAJOR BRUCE CARRUTHERS, of Kingston, graduate of the Royal Military College, ex-officer of the 21st Hussars (England), and hero of Harts River, passed away last week at Kingston. On March 31st, 1902, the Second Canadian Mounted Rifles were engaged in a battle with the Boers. A rear guard of twenty-one Canadians, under Lieutenant Carruthers, was surrounded, but refused to surrender. Seventeen out of the twenty-one were killed or wounded, and the rest were captured. It was an heroic episode, and did much to raise the reputation of Canadians among the British troops. Carruthers was mentioned in despatches, and Lord Kitchener spoke very highly of the conduct of him and his men.

A CURLING HONOUR

OUT in Winnipeg they are preparing for their twenty-third annual bonspiel, which begins on February 8th. President Lyall retires after a successful term of office, and he is succeeded by Mr. Isaac Pitblado. The new president of the Manitoba Curling Association is a prominent lawyer, and a jolly good fellow in every respect. He will make an admirable host when Winnipeg throws open its hospitable doors to welcome curlers from all over the West, from St. Paul and Minneapolis, from Lindsay and Toronto, and from any other cities in the world where there are devotees of the roarin' game.

NOVA SCOTIA'S NEW HEAD

HON. JAMES DRUMMOND MCGREGOR, the new governor of Nova Scotia, will find little difference between the atmosphere of the Senate chamber at Ottawa and that of Government House in Halifax. He is not likely to be plunged suddenly into a whirl of unaccustomed activity. Governor McGregor was born in New Glasgow, and now moves his permanent residence for the first time in seventy-two years.



Clifford Sifton, Jr., riding for the Earl Grey Cup, at Toronto Hunt Club.



Hon. Clifford Sifton and Lord Percy at last week's Point-to-Point Races in Toronto.