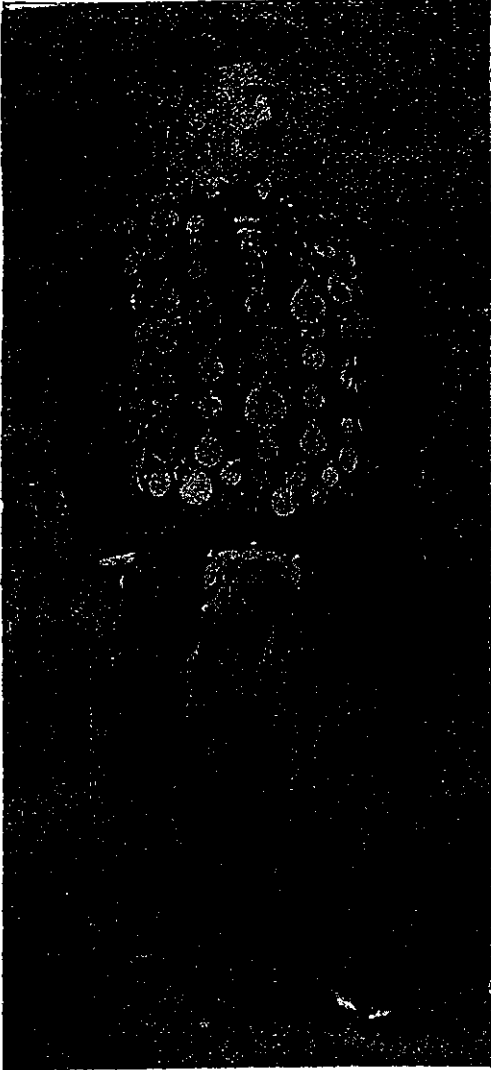


## A Maoriland Veteran.



**Donald Dinnie.**

Donald Dinnie, who in his zenith was perhaps the best all-round athlete in the world, is just now touring New Zealand with a variety company. Donald is on the shady side of three score years, and even now his hand has not altogether lost its cunning for the performance of those feats of strength which used to astonish the world. The illustration published above is a reproduction of a photograph taken some ten years ago. Before he came to New Zealand in June last year, Dinnie was the winner of 8,862 contests, and the holder of over 100 champion medals which, according to Scottish rules, must be won three times in succession. Unless "business" pans out better in the North Island than it did in the South, he contemplates a journey Home. "I can make a lot of money at athletics in England yet," said Donald the other day to a FAIR PLAY representative.

CARAFONT'S  
THREE STAR BRANDY.—Unequaled as a choice spirit.—Advt.

A visit to Dan O'Brien's beautiful little freehold homestead at Botany street, Randwick, is an unqualified pleasure, and one it was the writer's privilege to enjoy one day last week. Mr. O'Brien, who though a native of Melbourne, and learning his first rudiments and more under Australian skies, is by adoption a thorough "Maori," and is about to set an object lesson to some, at least, of our N.S.W. trainers. He is building eight roomy loose boxes at "Mount Vernon," with saddle, feed, and other rooms attached. The main building is surmounted by a large dome with moveable "lights," so arranged as to draw off all foul airs and noxious vapours, so common to our climate in confined quarters in hot weather. The south-east wall (the weather side) has been built with an eye to the "dirty sou'easters." There is a nine-inch outer wall, four inches of space, and then another four-inch wall. This is calculated to totally arrest the damp. The yard and surroundings are fixed as only those who have seen the drawing-room-like training quarters of Maoriland can appreciate.

The house is snugness itself, beautifully furnished, and the walls of the dining-room are covered with the counterfeit presentment of many an equine hero of the dear dead days of the past. Glorious days many of them were for Dan O'Brien. There is grand old Tambourini, the horse that laid the foundation of Mr. O'Brien's fortune. What a long vista in the misty past does the sight of this horse's portrait evoke! Tambourini was by Towton from Opera, and he carried the rose and black stripes in no less than 57 races, of which he won 30, ran second in 11, and third five times. It was a great old-time record, and when a Maoriland versifier wrote a long poem in his praise, he wrote never a word that was overstrained. The last verse wound up

Noble, faithful Tambourini, too long you've been away;  
Dan's love for Tambourini in his heart will ever stay!

And one has only got to say "Tambourini" to Dan O'Brien, even now, to prove that sentiment to be cold truth.

Then we come to Tasman, the Roman-nosed son of Zillah, a Tasmanian purchase by the owner of snug Mount Vernon. This gentleman is the sire of grand old Rubina's daughter Florrie, and while on the turf he took part in 61 races, winning 31, and being often placed besides. Tasman was poor little George William's first mount in Maoriland, and he won the President's Handicap at the Dunedin meeting by sheer good riding and the pluck of his horse. 'Twas a great race, won by a half head. Rubina, by Kingsborough-Etiquette, was another grand investment for O'Brien, for after winning a lot of sprint races, the gallant mare put the seal on her fame by winning the Great Autumn Handicap, two miles, much to the surprise of all the Maoriland tipsters, bar one, a northerner, who placed them 1st and 2nd—Rubina and Captain Webster.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the collection, however, is a photograph of Mr. O'Brien's stables at Riccarton, Christchurch, with all the then occupants in front, conspicuous among them being the mighty Carbine as a yearling. Anyone who knew this equine wonder as a king and conqueror on the turf would recognise the foal to be really young Carbine. The writer never knew a man with any knowledge or admiration of horses who had seen the youngster in the field or in the ring who failed to recognise him as an invincible racehorse. There is also an oil painting of this wonderful horse. A most interesting collection, a bonny home, and a kindly host—make a call on Mr. Dan O'Brien, once jockey, now trainer and owner of such as Loyalty and Launceston, a real pleasure, and one which we hope will be repeated ere long.—*Sydney Truth.*

Young Scattercash: "Oh, I tell you I am getting thoroughly disgusted with everything. There's my wealthy aunt, who has thousands to her credit at the unreconstructed banks, positively refuses to give me any assistance whatever."

Elderly Friend: "Well, I am antonished to hear that. Why, it was only the other day I was told she had paid all your debts."

Young Scattercash: "Paid all my debts! Of course she did. The old fool squandered a heap of money in paying my reditors, and now she refuses to give me a red cent."