

unaccountable, and probably when the question has been thought out by those interested in something definite will be arrived at. Both the local clubs, the Auckland Trotting Club and the Otahuhu Trotting Club, hold a special meeting to consider the proposition and their views will be forwarded to the Association in due course.

For some time past complaints have been made regarding the angle of the five-furlong starting post in the Auckland Jockey Club's course, and it has always been contended that the horse fortunate enough to draw the inside position had a big advantage over the other competitors. The committee of the club have been at a loss to remedy the evil, but at last have decided to extend the course, by taking in the paddock at the other side of the water jump, and making the race 5 1/2 furlongs, instead of five, as formerly, while in all probability they will run a four and a half furlong race and a 5 1/2 furlong, instead of five and six furlong events. The trees along the bottom stretch have been cut down, and the work of extending the course is well in hand, and their committee in hopes of having everything ready for their Winter Meeting.

The many friends of F. Macnamara, the well known Ellerslie trainer, will regret to hear of his loss he recently sustained by the death of the mother, which occurred at Otahuhu on Monday last. I am sure all sportsmen will join with me in extending the sincerest sympathy to him in his sad bereavement.

The pony race at the Thames meeting on Saturday proved altogether an unsatisfactory event. Frederick was made a very warm favourite, while Mataura had few supporters, and they were well when the barrier lifted. Mataura was in charge the whole way, winning easily at the finish from Frederick, which did not appear to have been ridden so vigorously as he might have done. The chief judge and steward was very dissatisfied with Frederick's showing, but the horses' owner produced indubitable proof that he had backed his horse, so the matter was allowed to drop. In the last part of the day the Elms Handicap, Mataura, and Frederick met again, the latter meeting his conqueror on 17th worse terms than in the pony race, and although Mataura was again quickest to begin, Frederick, which had a different rider than in the pony race, quickly headed her, and never left the issue in doubt, winning anyhow. There may be numerous reasons to advance for Frederick's running in the pony race, and probably the cause mentioned in his connections as much as he did the general public. Mataura's owner had, I believe, only a couple of pounds on his mare in the pony event.

An English exchange says: With one exception—that dealing with the water-works—of the Manchester Corporation Bill, on the various sections of which the citizens voted recently, has been defeated, the voting against the defeated clauses being in the proportion of no less than four to one. Thus, with one exception, the Bill is dead. Groups in sections classed "Miscellaneous" were two clauses to which general objection was urged. Section 1 provided that any person who had taken into custody without warrant any person found betting in the street, the police to have power to seize all books, papers, etc., relating to betting, which may be found in his possession, while the second proposed to make any person found with any paper devoted wholly or mainly to racing information liable to a £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second, and £20 for the third and every subsequent offence.

It should be patent to the Manchester city authorities now, that to attempt to further extend the street betting powers of the Corporation, which are already sufficiently extensive, and to do so by being carried on to create annoyance or obstruction will meet with keen opposition. This is but natural to expect, for the right to interfere with the liberty of the subject in this respect has surely reached its limit.

Some years ago a rather early old professional jockey in England, named Bob Barker, was of a moderate animal in a cross-country country, and had a horse called Isher, his mount that when the horse had 20, about two and a half miles, and was a mile from home, he fell over a fence into a ploughed field.

The animal was not much hurt, but old Bob lay on the ground apparently severely injured. He appeared to be speechless, and some farm labourers, with the aid of the usual tools, at a steep-chase of this description, fetched Barker from the poor, injured fellow up, put him on it, and with great difficulty and much labour carried him over some heavy ploughed fields towards a cottage near the winning-post.

A doctor was called, and the animal was very queer when the horse arrived, and many of the gentry present got round to see, when he suddenly got up, after being gently lowered to the ground, and walked off with pushing whatever the matter with him.

Someone asked him how it was that after his severe fall and apparently inert condition at the time of the occurrence he did not seem much affected, and he answered: "Well," he said, "when I can find a set of tools to carry me a mile over a heavy country I'm not such a blonchy idiot as to walk!"

A good story concerning the late R. H. Fry, the English bookmaker, is told in connection with Lewes races, the very year that Stall won the Lewes Handicap. The last day of the Saturday was reduced to a match.

Mr Fry was at that time residing in Liverpool, and was just folding his rug to get into his cab, as there was no betting on the race, for the odds were 20 to 1 on the favourite. However, a gentlemanly farmer-looking

sort of individual approached Mr Fry, and asked him to bet with him. Mr Fry said, "I am just about leaving for my cab to get to the station."

The farmer replied, "Well, Mr Fry, I will pay you £40 to £2, just to get my day's racing."

The bookmaker said, "Well, as you have been betting with me all the week at Brighton, I will see the race and oblige you."

The horses started on a two-mile race, and the farmer, not favouring either, and they ran unchanged till reaching the distance, when the favourite drew up, and a neck-and-neck race ensued till the winning post was reached, and most thought the favourite was beaten.

Mr Fry was quietly eyeing the farmer, who was fairly ghied to the ground, for a few moments, but, luckily for him, the favourite's number went up, and he took his breath.

Mr Fry paid him the £2, and dryly remarked, "There are your two sovereigns, sir, and thank you; but it was scarcely the odds."

I was checked a few years (writes a telegraph clerk in London suburban office. Like most youths, I devoted not a little of my spare time and attention to turf matters, and on two or three occasions was most fortunate in spotting a winner at long odds.

Major E. . . who lived in the locality, received the most reliable information in fact, was almost always "in the know"—and as I had for some time past consistently followed his tips, had succeeded in netting a considerable amount.

"Was on the eve of the . . . Stakes, and as I had some short time previously won £100, I had made up my mind to risk all my money on it. I wanted to know any thing reliable, and was seated in the office consulting the sporting prophets in the morning editions, when from the instrument came the familiar "olée—olée—olée."

"Another wire!" I exclaimed, "This may bring me some intelligence," and my hand trembled perceptibly as I wrote down the name. Major E. . . while writing of future prospects, had stated that my present accomplishment may be imagined when I read: "Back each way. Don't invest gold—Oliver."

"What could it mean? Perhaps it had no connection with the race of the morning. Still, I felt there was something in it if I could only make it out, and the words kept ringing in my ears the whole evening. The day's work over, I retired to my room, and seated myself at my desk to read, and could make nothing of it, and thrusting the paper in my pocket, I sought solace in the arms of Morpheus.

All through the following morning I awaited the news, and at the time for the race drew near I resolved to throw in my lot with the favourite and back . . . for a win, and I was about to send off the wire when, in pulling out my pocket, I discovered the paper I had written on the night before dropped on the desk. I picked it up—opened it—and exclaimed "Benzeloid Benzeloid!" I had unconsciously written each word with capital letters.

"Back Each Way. Don't Invest Gold—Oliver."—and a hasty glance now revealed these words.

Purely sporting wagers are few and far between nowadays. In *Ball's Magazine* for August, Mr F. G. Allsop has an article dealing with contests in which men have wagered money on their own performances in amateur sports and horse riding. Distances between courses and between short distances were not uncommon in the old days, but a long journey over hurdles is rare to discover. Still, in 1841, one Coates, a famous pedestrian, backed him- self against a Liverpool sportsman, and by a professional jockey, for a six-days journey over 100 hurdles, the whole journey not to occupy more than 50 minutes. Tow- it fell, and was remounted, but at the sixth month, his rider, to save the horses, gave up the contest. Coates jumped his hundredth hurdle "fall of running," and finished his task in 42 minutes. He was so fresh at the conclusion that, as the historian records, he threw a stone at a man who had been a loser by his success. In 1806 a blind man matched himself to beat the coach running between Halifax and Bradford, over an eight-mile course. The man, receiving five minutes' start. The wager was small, but the man, who won by 12 minutes, no doubt received substantial presents. Some distance runners use their arms more than others, but few would care to run with their hands the way that Coates did, for together they formed a shield against the wind.

A blacksmith in 1818 wagered five guineas that he would run a mile so soundly, the distance he carefully measured, mile-in-ten he was more than a pretty useful performer. The feature of these tests of endurance was the small amount of the wager. For instance, one William (titles of) bounding when 50 years of age, bet 2/ that he could enter a sack of flour weighing 26½ lb for a mile, without resting. He got through his contract very comfortably; indeed, he was so little discomposed that no one could be found to take up his challenge, and he accordingly secured a pecuniary success in the hour. — Eton College once challenged Westminster School to row from Maidenhead Bridge to Monkey Island and back for a "comparable" wager." Oxford in 1821 however refused to row a London crew for money. "The match," says a writer in the *New Sporting Magazine*, "is off in the Oxonian not choosing to row for money, the Londoners adopting the rule of 'nothing but natural'—and 'no one'." Three men of Indiana once walked barefoot three miles through snow, the wager being that he who suffered most should buy 1 lb of tobacco for him who suffered least. All three had to have their toes amputated, so no one had the tobacco! Another American backed himself to swim

a river holding two small fish in his teeth. Half way across one fish got released, and, striking fast in the man's throat, choked him, and he drifted down stream as dead as the fish that choked him. In 1865, a curious wager was decided, & Mr Reed of West Dean, near Chichester, bet £50 that he would determine the lamb belonging to each of 200 ewes. "The lambs were, for the purpose, penned in a separate enclosure, but aided in all respects by the ewes themselves. Mr Reed successfully assigned to each her own offspring. Other considerable bets," writes the chronicler, "were depending on the event of this curious undertaking."

One of the heaviest betting matches ever run in the Old Country was that in 1819, at Newmarket, between Fillo du Puta and Sir Joshua, in recounting the story of that famous match that entertaining writer, "The Druid," tells us that Lord George Cavendish, the greatest sportsman of the present, a pupil of Harrington, was 62 years of age when this great match was run. A man of the most aristocratic and dignified appearance, of unblemished honour and unshaken courage, he was accordingly composed of the name of "Royal George." He was a great patron of Broyce's stable, in which his horses were trained, and it was his practice to put up at his trainer's house when he called on Newmarket, and on his arrival at Broyce's house on the eve of this great match Lord George was informed that both horses were well; and that the North Country sportsmen, friends of Fillo du Puta, had looked in great numbers to Newmarket to back the favourite. "I am glad to hear it," I have brought my strong box with me," he quietly remarked. When dinner was over, Lord George entered the betting rooms, in company with Mr Neville, the owner of Sir Joshua, and was received by the backers of Fillo with loud shouts of "Three times three for Royal George." The scene which followed was often described by the late Lord Sturtevant as the most exciting he had ever witnessed at Newmarket. The first bet offered was 500 to 400 on Fillo, which was readily booked by Lord George, immediately cries of "5 to 4 on Fillo," in 20's and 10's in "monkeys," and in 1000's echoed round the room. "Softly, gentlemen," observed the unflinching bookmaker, "I will try and accommodate you all if you will give me time." The bets were slowly entered into the seeming inexhaustible betting book, and brief success succeeded. "As care seem to be no more gentlemen willing to lay odds on Fillo du Puta," a quiet voice was heard to say, "I shall be happy to back Sir Joshua as they are, and it is at this moment that Sir Joshua beats him to-morrow." Again there was a sharp party among Fillo's backers, and again their funds were exhausted at their price. Finally Lord George carried the war into the enemy's country, and at odds of 5 to 4 on Sir Joshua, tired out the supporters of the northern horse. As "Royal George" issued from the room he turned round on the threshold, and showed in a loud voice, "I lay 500 to 400 once more on Sir Joshua," to which no response was made. "It was the belief of the late Lord Stanley Osborne—a great friend of Mr Neville and of "Royal George," that the latter staked £20,000 that memorable night on the horse of his choice. The issue of the match the next day is well known, won on the bag fell. Fillo du Puta, by half the length, beat Sir Joshua, and the air and lost three or four lengths. Sir Joshua, admirably ridden by Arundel, made the best of a goal start, and was never caught by Fillo, who was defeated by a neck. No smaller one of the most famous matches handed up in the history of the turf.

Auckland Racing Club's Autumn Meeting.

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EASTER HANDICAP OF 875SOVS. One mile.

	st. lb.		st. lb.
Landlock	9 3	Neryne	7 5
Scotling	8 11	Lyons	7 0
Putty	8 6	Ironmould	7 5
Gladstone	8 4	Apologue	7 5
Houtrasque	8 0	Notorialy	7 4
Lady Annie	8 0	Albion	7 4
Ghorka	7 13	Certainty	7 4
Strathavon	7 13	Delana	7 2
Annette	7 12	Cyano	7 0
Scotling	7 8	Lyons	7 0
Steuilinn	7 8	Igby	6 12
Jewellery	7 7	Bully	6 10
Te Araha	7 6	Mobility	6 7
Marguerite	7 5		

BRIGHTON HURDLE RACE OF 1000SOVS. Two miles.

	st. lb.		st. lb.
Aka Aka	11 5	Tahne	10 9
Princess Thule	11 2	Lady Hunc	10 9
Haukapu	11 2	Seabird	10 9
Hakaria	11 1	Vexation	9 6
Kiama	11 0	Colragno	9 0

Avondale Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting.

The opening day's racing in connection with the Avondale Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting took place on Saturday on the club's course at Avondale. The weather was bright but the course was a little heavy, although it improved considerably as the day wore on. The attendance was fully up to the average of former gatherings, and speculation during the afternoon was fairly brisk. The meeting was under the management of Mr James Cooke, handling the sum of £3402, an increase of £247 as compared with the investments on the opening day last year. Mr John Holland, M.H.H., officiated as judge and Mr E. H. Hooker, M.P., as starter. The latter gentleman being in good form, and giving probably the best display he has yet shown in Auckland. The afternoon's sport was admirably conducted by the secretary, Mr H. H. Dove, and the various officials, each event being got off well to the advertised time. The Garrison Hand, under Handmaster Hunter, enticed proceedings during the afternoon with a choice selection of music, and as usual Mr J. King attended to the wants of the inner man in his well-known style.

Particulars of the racing are as follows:— Maiden Plate Handicap of 800sovs, second 200sovs, 8 furlongs. Mr W. Handley's 80 (Southland, aged, by Sault-Merry, Maid, 80 (Ryan), 31 88, Mr C. Dawson's by B. Ben, 8yrs, 7 8 (Scaats), 2; 40, Mr J. Lynch's in Viavandel, 8yrs, 6 10 (Bradley), 3. Also ran: 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70 (Olson), 16; Intomb, 8yrs, 6 10 (Chaffie). The barrier lifted to a splendid start, from which Centre was the first to show in front half a length clear of Southland, with Ben and Viavandel close up. Passing the four-furlong post Southland was in the lead, followed by Ben, Centre, Viavandel, and Trephine in that order. Southland was first to turn for home, and although Ben and Viavandel both threw out strong challenges, they could not reach the leader, which won comfortably by a length and a half from Ben, with Viavandel a similar distance away third. Trephine was fourth, and Hercules last. Time, 3 15 4-5. Dividends: Inside, £2 1/2 and £1; outside, £1 0/6 and 10/.

Handicap Hurdle Race of 750sovs, second horse to receive 150sovs out of the stake; over 8 furlongs of hurdles, 2 miles.—33, Mr J. Johnson's by King Paul, 5yrs, by St. Paul—Cauls—the 03 (Wilson), 31; 32, Messrs Kidd and Parker's by G. Tabae, 8yrs, 10 10 (Phillips), 2; 29, Mr C. Thede's by G. Loch 8yrs, 8yrs (Dewers), 3. Also ran: 37, Kiama, aged, 11 1 (Kaly), 34; Rosepot, aged, 10 10 (Denks); 83, Lady Hunc, 8yrs, 10 7 (Howard). Kiama was quickest on his feet, and joined by Lady Hunc the pair went together to the first fence, when Kiama jumped into the lead, with Lady Hunc and Loch Fyne following in that order. As they passed the stand King Paul (which had been racing last) moved up, and he took charge as they went out of the straight, followed by Tabae and Loch Fyne. King Paul continued to show the way as they raced along the back, and was first to turn for home. At the last fence King Paul hit hard and came down on his head, his

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