

gan of Postans was refused after the last Melbourne Cup, it is safe to assume that the figure at which he changed hands was a considerable advance on that. Though a 24-year-old Mooltan has only started eight times in all (says the "Bydney Referee"), so that he should be good for at least two or three more seasons on the Turf.

Colonial bookmakers, who are in a fairly large way, really are not so good as those on the turf light on the extent of their transactions, but Americans are better advertisers, and in an exchange it mentions that one who has been doing business on the Eastern tracks had gone into figures as to the money he had handled since the commencement of the season. He was betting 180 days, and during that period he turned over £21,000.

The Australian horse folk condemned Waiapu as a National horse on account of the lack of size (says a Southern writer). However, valuable goods frequently go in small parcels. The writer can call to mind that Ruby, who won the V.R.C. Steeple in 1888, was dubbed a pony; and Ahua, one of our cracks over hurdles and country, was only a small "in height."

At the Broken Hill J.C. meeting, one of the amateur bookmakers paid away a £20 note in mistake for a £5 note. The following day, while the bookmaker was inquiring at the Bank of Australasia about the numbers of notes, a young man came in and endeavoured to cash a £20 note. The police afterwards interrogated the young man, and the identity of the note having been established, he agreed, after some demur, to repay the amount of £45 which had been overpaid.

In mentioning that the two-year-old Fayette 8.3, won the Tremont Stakes as being extended. The stable declared to win Gravesend, a New York writer says he cut out the 4 furlongs in 1.9.3.5, without with Sir Martin Ogden, but Miller, who had been mounted by Fayette, but for the negro, J. Lee, who was on Sir Martin Ogden, had a "go" on his own account, and beat the stable elect by two lengths. Miller was reprimanded by the stewards. This sounds funny to New Zealanders.

The Trenton horse Torpoint, who is one of the best stayers in England, was, says a London scribe, sold as a yearling by his breeder for about 100 guineas. He was resold privately to Mr. Singer for about 150 guineas, not being by Fayette, but for the negro, J. Lee, who was on Sir Martin Ogden, had a "go" on his own account, and beat the stable elect by two lengths. Miller was reprimanded by the stewards. This sounds funny to New Zealanders.

When driving out to witness Balgonie run in the "Wren Thousand," says an exchange, the owner purchased a couple of pounds of the meat by Fayette, but for the negro, J. Lee, who was on Sir Martin Ogden, had a "go" on his own account, and beat the stable elect by two lengths. Miller was reprimanded by the stewards. This sounds funny to New Zealanders.

A study of the training notes published prior to the running of either of the long distance handicaps (the New Zealand and Auckland Cups), invariably discovers the fact that no candidate is galloped over the distance of the race. In recent years fast work is generally put up over 12 furlongs, and then any further. Signoretta, the Derby and Oaks heroine, "frequently worked fast over the distance of her races." In the old days trainers always galloped their horses over the full distance, but nowadays it is considered unnecessary.

The totalisator is likely to become a popular medium of turf speculation in America. A Chicago paper mentions that the New Louisville Jockey Club has done well out of it. That club used to charge bookmakers £20 a day, and for the first eleven days of their last year's meeting received £3700 in fees. This year speculation was limited to auction pools and the totalisator, and on the first eleven days the percentage from the latter totalled £3985. A further sum of £145 was received in percentage from the auction pools, so that for eleven days the club was £1700 better off than when it sold its betting privileges to bookmakers.

After an absence of five months, the well known Yaldhurst mentor, H. J. Mason, returned from England on Friday last, looking in the best of health and spirits (says the "Weekly Press"). Concerning his opinion, Mr. Mason holds a rather optimistic opinion. He found the son of Multiform looking in the very best of health, fully recovered, but rather on the cross side. While at a loss to account for his poor displays, Mr. Mason is confident that it is only a matter of getting him really fit for No. 2, agree with those who put the New Zealand down as a "bad" horse. The New Zealand's recent win did not impress the horse's previous on the improve.

There have been strikes and rumours of strikes in plenty in New Zealand and Australia of late. The latest in that line comes from Broken Hill, where the bookmakers wanted their best men from £3 7/ to £3 3/ for the grandstand, and sought a corresponding reduction for the Derby stand. As the club would not grant this reduction, the bookmakers held a meeting which was attended by the best men of the night preceding the meeting, and decided to form a combine, to be represented by six men in each stand. When the members of the combine came forward to register they were told they would be paid for each. This they would not agree to pay.

The absence of betting certainly failed to affect the excellence of the racing (says an exchange).

Under the heading of "Supine Stewardship," a writer in the "Otago Witness" has the following: "During the progress of the Wellington Racing Cup races, Messrs. Trentham was the rendezvous of a large number of some of the most prominent racing men in the Dominion. The Racing Conference was responsible for the presence of a number of gentlemen who have been prominent as law-makers and leaders of our turf world for several seasons past. The Wellington Racing Club officials were also there. Still, despite this great and unusual collection of official representatives and law-makers, the water was not entirely alone in seeing a horse having its head pulled off in one of the races. It was a most palpable thing, but the official eyes apparently saw not. Of course, the visiting eyes even if they noticed anything, were hardly likely to criticise, but still were really astonishing to find that the stewards of the club passed over the matter without landing somebody on the carpet. It is quite possible that a feasible explanation would have been forthcoming had the horse been slipping about in the mud, hanging on the 'off,' laughing at the joke, or any old thing. Faery the collective wisdom of our racing world being present, and looking, but seeing not. The writer has long since learnt to look at racing with the not-too-suspicious eye, at the same time having a feeling of admiration for the impudent horsemanship of the rider whose display in the saddle caused this note to be written." When are we going to have those paid stewards?

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Wednesday.

The St. Leger stallion Saint Harlo has been sold to Mr. J. Reid to Mr. W. Thompson, of Widdley, New South Wales. Nigel, who won the Australian Steeple at Caulfield on Saturday, is the property of Mr. A. Skirving, who at one time worked with E. Cutts at the Chokobee training establishment. He is at present on a visit to Christchurch, who had put several gratulated by his fellow visitors on Nigel's success in the big cross-country event.

When being schooled over the big jumps at Riccarton on Saturday Mr. Acton Adams' well-known hunter Ca' Cannie cut his stifle so badly as to require the services of a veterinary surgeon, who had to put several stitches in the wound. The mishap will prevent Ca' Cannie fulfilling his engagements at the Grand National meeting.

The winter racing carnival commenced on Saturday, with the opening of the New Zealand Metropolitan Trotting Club's meeting at Addington. The day was bright and light, and the attendance large, but the track, through recent rain and frost, was somewhat on the slow side. No less than 26 bookmakers paid a fee of 15 guineas each, but the competition was there was an increase of £400 in the machine turnover.

Effie Wood, the greatly-improved daughter of Wildwood and Effie Hilding, from M. Edwards' stable, had a comfortable win in the Stewards' Handicap for Fillies and Fillings being the only others to give anything like a decent showing.

A high-class field of ten contested the big harness event, Prince Alert and Wildwood Junior being in particularly strong demand. The pair justified the selection by clearing right at the end of the mile Prince Alert drew right away, and won comfortably. Considering the holding state of the track, the performance of Prince Alert in covering the mile in 2.24.25 is a remarkably fine one, and stamps him as being one of the best young horses seen out for a long time. Wildwood, Junr., bettered any of his previous essays, but none of the back horses had any chance with the limit horses.

Two visiting horses, in Dr. Chutney and The Pigeon, were in strong demand for the Alexandra Handicap, but the latter spoiled his chance by losing several seconds at the start. Once under way he cut down his time in the mile, and actually got to the front when three furlongs from home. Then his effort told on him, and he faded right out of the contest. A great set-to between Lord and Scotia ended in favour of the latter by a length, the winner covering two miles in 4.35.35.

The Moorclan and Dr. Chutney both ran well for over three parts of the journey, and the former is on the improve.

Wellwood, the handsome son of Wildwood and Thelma, had a easy victory in the Introductory Handicap, in which Shanghai, a recent importation from Sydney, was amongst the starters, but gave a wretched display.

Another staunch favourite in Lord Althorp had a comfortable win in the Selwyn Handicap, but the race was robbed of much interest by Havelock setting rid of his driver and galloping with the field all through the contest.

Dr. Chutney went in greatly improved style in the Electric Handicap, which he won comfortably in 2.24.25, his nearest attendants being Bay King and Directo. Wood Nymph, the greatly-improved daughter of Wildwood and Miss Poole, was made the medium of a big plunge in the Lighting Handicap, getting away at a great pace, she cleared the field from her field, scoring decisively from Florin and Cleverton.

Final course, with Flying Scud, won through his superior pace to the quarry. The Supplementary Stake was secured by Scotland, who, after a good run-up with Southburn Boy, showed to most advantage in the close work. The winner, Marked, was a son of the Novice Stake without difficulty, and in the final course, with Jenny Lind, had matters all his own way. He is one of the most promising maiden dogs seen out for some time. The winner, Marked, was a son of the Novice Stake without difficulty, and in the final course, with Jenny Lind, had matters all his own way. He is one of the most promising maiden dogs seen out for some time.

It is reported that Mr. J. R. Reid has purchased the Grassie stud farm, and intends setting up a breeding establishment there. John Beale, the jockey, who was the victim of a distressing accident when out shooting at Mosgiel on the 2nd instant, has so far recovered from his injuries that he was able to be discharged from the hospital on Saturday. It was his remount, the "Beale," while crossing the line of fire, received a portion of a charge of a shotgun in his face and eyes, and a pellet penetrated the left eyeball and lodged behind it. The eye had been ruined, but the sight of the other, however, fortunately, seem to be unimpaired.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

Formula, the dam of Formative, gave birth to a colt foal by Gold Reef on Monday last at Hawke's Bay. This is the first foal of the season so far noticed, and it is Formula's first foal since Formative was foaled.

At the Stread dispersal sale the sum of £73 was taken at the gates, and, as usual, the amount will be devoted to various charities.

D. Greenwood, of Amberley, who was an extensive buyer at the Stread dispersal sale, has engaged E. J. Mason as his private trainer. Mr. Greenwood's horses, which include Ferie O'or, the two-year-old gelding, and Golden Snipper, will be trained at Yaldhurst.

R. O'Donnell, who was formerly head lad at Yaldhurst, will train for Messrs. W. G. and G. L. Stread for the future.

The South Canterbury J.C. have decided to increase the stakes to be given at their spring meeting from £85 to £1100. The meeting of the New Zealand Metropolitan Trotting Club was continued on Wednesday, and brought to a conclusion on Friday. From the opening of the meeting, which was one of the most successful ever held in Canterbury, the weather being delightfully fine, the track in first-class order, and the attendance decidedly above the average. The Auckland-owned gelding, which was put up for a good performance by winning the Midwinter Handicap from the 4s mark in 4.44. All through the first mile, Derridgeotte appeared to have an excellent winning chance, but two furlongs from home, he faded, and the winner, Alabaster, won on him, and in a great finish Alabaster outstayed the lot, winning a splendid race by a couple of lengths.

Wildwood gave a taste of his quality by running round a big field in the Progress Handicap, in which he won in great style in 4.5.46. This young stallion is destined to take a place amongst the very best of the local candidates, for he is yet susceptible to much improvement. The King Edward Handicap produced a splendid race, in which half the ten starters appearing to have winning chances in the last half-mile. Then Ledl put in a marvellous run, and cutting down Scotia and Vitella, ran home a bare winner in 4.47.5. The performance stamps the diminutive daughter of Rothchild as one of the best two-mile saddle horses seen out at the meeting.

A Dunedin representative, Wilkie, was made a pronounced favourite in the Daily Telegraph Handicap, but though he ran a good race, he was not met his match in Patrick G., who got to the end of a mile in 2.20.1.5. The winner is a recent importation from Sydney, and for his inches (13.2) he is undoubtedly the best ever seen on a Canterbury course.

A particularly smart field of 12 contested the Telegraph Handicap, which went to a little fancied candidate in Whittagton, who led the race all the way, and covering the mile in 2.22. On the concluding day the track was at its very best, and a large number of competitors improved their times considerably, many of them without winning. The big race of the day, the National Cup, of 200sovs, for horses capable of going two miles in 4.48 or better, brought out a select field of 10 competitors. The American stallion Wallace L. was in most demand, but there was also plenty of money forthcoming for Lord Elmo, Durbar, and Poole. Starting off at a great pace, Durbar had the race won at the mile, and put up a performance second only to Ribbonwood's by winning comfortably in 4.39.25. Alabaster's greatly bettered any of his previous essays by getting second place in 4.40, while Lord Elmo, who finished third, left two miles behind in 4.30, after having a bad passage.

After Success and Miss Florrie C. had run the most to a standstill in the Canterbury Handicap, Ludervale outstayed the pair, and ran home a comfortable winner in 4.50.25. Durbar, though penalised three seconds, had no difficulty in accounting for the two previous winners, Success and Florrie, which was not to be wondered at, seeing that he left the mile behind in 2.16. The performance of the Van Cleave gelding stamps him as the fastest pacer at present in commission. The International Handicap was a very close one, the first contest witnessed on the Addington track. Elector, Florin, and Verax fought out a great finish over the last furlong, when Lord Elmo put in his claim, and the quartet finished in a very close race, but with a lead separating them. Victory rested with Florin by a head from his stable mate Elector, who was a similar distance in front of Lord Elmo, with Verax a neck away, fourth.

FLEET RACE MEETING.

A round of festivities in Auckland would never be complete without a race meeting, and the double excuse of such a beautiful setting for racing festivities as is the fortune of the Auckland Racing Club to offer visitors to their course, ensures at all times pleasure of full quantity to all and sundry whose decision inclines towards it. It matters not essentially whether the one who goes is a racehorse enthusiast or whether his knowledge of the sport of kings begins and ends with the card held for careless and infrequent reference—Ellerslie always promises its hours of pleasant spending alike to the man who knows, or wants to know, or doesn't particularly care either way, and to the woman whose feminine heart delights in a little excitement and promenade of dainty finery. Ellerslie at all times calls with no uncertain sound to worshippers of King Engine and to the devotees of Madame Fashion, but even Ellerslie's opportunity to woo America may come but once, and to-day that once arrived. And she took full advantage of her privilege. Never, declared those who are qualified to tell, never in the whole 25 years of her history, has this beautiful racecourse of suburban Auckland presented so fair a complexion in this season of so-called winter, as when the officers and boys of the great American battleship fleet journeyed there on Wednesday for entertainment at the hands of the English thoroughbred.

The weather, anxiously scanned alike by those responsible for the prime success of the gathering and the thousands of Auckland's enthusiastic accessories, was all the heart of man could desire under the extraordinary circumstances attending matters atmospheric during the American week, and as to the scene of operations, Aucklanders could well swell with pride at the natural favours of their beautifully endowed antipodes home. Auckland is no miggard host, and every one connected with the racing committee made it his especial business to be an active part of the machinery for the provision of complete enjoyment for the sailor boys of America as could be accomplished.

As early as half-past eight the sailor boys in blue began to assemble near the Supreme Court, from which a special service of cars was arranged to convey the men-of-warship of both fleets to the racecourse. The first to assemble were a stalwart company of Jack Tars from the British vessels, and to beguile the tedium of waiting an impromptu game of football was indulged in upon the comparatively clear expanse of Lower Symonds-street. The boys were out holiday-making and knew it, for never could a merrier, care-free crowd of well-contented sailor Jacks have well been discovered. But presently the concourse grew and grew, till several hundreds of American and British Jacks were on the wait. At nine o'clock the string of cars provided began to load, upwards of 1,000 sailors of Uncle Sam's feet and two or three hundred Britishers being in the gala procession of decorated ensigns. The route to Ellerslie was like a triumph, cheers and lively banter being exchanged en route in stentorian tones with anyone and all who chose to participate in the day's abandon from sordid care.

Long before the time for racing the blue-coated crowd well on the scene, and the effervescent spirits of Jack ashore on holiday bent must find some outlet. The en-ammament of mounted country volunteers lay nicely ready, and in the interval of waiting for the business-pleasure of the day the tars probably found more genuine enjoyment than in the following pageant of galloping horses. The volunteers placed horses at their disposal, and merrily the time passed in every manner of regular and otherwise of horsemanship that sailors can devise. Some of the Americans had clearly learnt their riding lessons in practical school before joining their country's navy, but the diversions of the uninitiated were diverting as his on-looking brother Jack could well desire.

But the time for the race approaches; the crowd is thronging to the arena of the horse, and ever must Jack be where the throng is thickest. So to the course they haste, and curiously gaze about them at the unaccustomed surroundings. The velvet green and soft arborescence clad beauty of the course and its environs they can understand right well and properly appreciate, but for the rest our American Jack tar cousins feel no little bit astray. Particularly do they wonder at the weird-looking apparatus