

the little 'uns are not to be despised. Paris and Portsea defend the small racehorse in eloquent fashion. This first foal of Bellona's has a big touch of her sire's look about the body, but the head-piece speaks the dam all over. Her shoulders are nicely sloped, she has good bone and a well-developed forearm, and her loin and quarters give promise of future strength. Bellona being by Nelson from Muskerina, this filly has Doncaster, Musket, and Yattendon in her pedigree. Lot 3 is a brown colt by Cuirassier out of La Dauphine, who is the baby of the yearling lot, his foaling date being November 10th. This colt has a very taking outline as a prospective weight-carrier. He is thick set with a finely-shaped middlepiece and has quarters peaking strength all over. His dam is by The Dauphin, by Traducer, and the mixture of Musket and Traducer in the union that produced this colt is a nick of blood beyond unfavourable comment. St. Leger on Lady Whitford is the mating that gave Lot 4, a compact sturdy-looking chestnut colt that will no doubt develop into a strong low sort of a racer, for his quarters denote great future power. His dam runs back to Sylvia's dam, Juliet, on both sides of her pedigree, and can boast three direct strains of Fisherman. Lot 5 is a brown colt by Cuirassier out of Sybil, whose second foal it is. Lavinia was her maiden effort in the producing line, and we know the filly named to be a galloper, so with the aid of a horse like Cuirassier, Sybil should give something decent. The youngster to be offered is a well-grown, racy-looking fellow with a neat head, well-turned middle piece, and good solid-looking quarters. Out of a half sister to the dam of last year's Victoria Racing Club's Newmarket hero, and by a sire like Cuirassier this colt's breeding should not fail him, and his appearance is well worthy of his blood. We now come to the big gun of the Park, Lot 6, a bay colt by St. Leger from Antiniere, and as nice a yearling as mortal man or, rather, prospective buyer could wish to look at. This is the first colt the mare has thrown, and take him as you will he is a clipper in every sense of the word. If he is not a future celebrity appearances are worth nothing, and whoever buys this parcel of horse flesh may pardonably hug the belief that he possesses a youngster that will grow into the *beau ideal* of a racehorse. He is a decidedly handsome bay with black points, and not a speck of white can be seen on his body. His head is plain but very business-like, the long neck is fitted on finely sloped shoulders, and his bone right through looks good. This colt has a great middle-piece with a nice smooth back and strong loins, and stands over plenty of ground. His shoulders run well back, he is broad and very well developed across the loin, his feet and legs could hardly be improved on, and with splendid bone and good firm joints he looks a gentleman every inch. If a big, rangy, well-developed and well-muscled colt can tempt gold this youngster should fill the bill splendidly. In appearance he greatly resembles St. Hippo—not a bad model—and is far and away the pick of the Sylvia Park basket. A colt by Cuirassier from Roie forms the seventh lot on the catalogue, and I fancy Roie will never be disgraced by this first foal of hers. He is exceptionally well grown, stands over a big space of ground, and will doubtless be bigger than his father if Fate be kind to him. Early racing will not be his forte, but when he does unlimber himself his action will be to the point. His headpiece is not of the pretty order, but it is stamped with plenty character. Good flat bone is apparent in him, and his quarters denote great strength. His sire and dam could gallop to a pretty tune, and when he comes to the track he will be a worthy descendant. At present he is somewhat marked in the stifle, the result of a fall he had a few days back on the scoria-covered yard, but luckily his tumble did not result in anything serious. Scoria in a stable yard where yearling occasionally caper round is hardly an advisable ground covering. This completes the list of stock to be offered and the breeders have reason to anticipate a favourable sale. The youngsters are in the pink of health, and reflect the greatest credit upon H. Wilson, the Park studgroom, who can handle all his animals as though they were pet rabbits, a sure sign that he treats them well. I have a look at some of the brood mares before I leave the Park and find

Anna with a filly foal by St. Hippo, Bellona a colt by the same sire, Miss Letty a filly by Dreadnought, Roie a filly by Cuirassier, Rosie a filly by Brigadier, and Sybil a filly by Cuirassier. The mares and foals look in the best of health and as in the case of the yearlings, Wilson appears to be on the best of terms with the youngsters. The Messrs Nathan have done their part in breeding sound racing stock; it now remains for speculators in the thoroughbred to recognise the enterprise of the Whitford Park breeders.

## Racing Reviewed.

[By BORDERER.]

The favourable atmospheric surroundings granted the Avondale Jockey Club authorities on the 1st inst. were also vouchsafed to the Onehunga and Otahuhu Racing Club last Saturday, and a most successful meeting resulted. The course was in excellent order, and the arrangements of the management were complete in every detail. The Auckland Racing Club, in granting the permit for last Saturday's gathering, notified the Onehunga authorities that no date would be available for next season; therefore the meeting under review may be reckoned the wind-up of the O. and O. Club. The racing was most interesting, and if it did not result in any very notable addition to the racing history of Auckland, backers were given a few interesting glimpses which should prove of value in connection with the forthcoming Ellerslie campaign. In the matter of speculation the club had nothing to complain of, Mr Blomfield's staff handling the sum of £2,068 during the day. This reads £530 better than was the case at last year's meeting. The public had a fair innings, for out of the eight races contested, the favourites scored on four occasions. The secretarial duties were excellently carried out by Mr C. F. Mark, and the racing was brought off well to time, the last event being only a quarter of an hour over the advertised hour. The judging was in the hands of Mr A. B. Harris, J.P., and except in the case of the hurdle race the judge's awards admitted of no doubt. In the race referred to Magpie and Deceiver got to the judging line almost together, and when the announcement of a head in favour of Magpie was given the onlookers expressed themselves in a manner that showed they were firmly of opinion that Deceiver had won, that Mr Harris knew nothing of his business, that he had backed Mr O'Rorke's horse, and in short was an unjust judge. Now, anyone knowing Mr Harris must be aware that he never bets, that he is an upright, honourable man, and whichever horse won he undoubtedly caught sight of Magpie's head before Deceiver's head-piece came within his line of vision. And holding the belief that Magpie won (even if only by a matter of inches) Mr Harris is to be commended for his fearlessness in making an award which he must have known, from a casual glance at the angry crowd clustered around his stand, would subject him to abuse. The racegoers who jeered and insulted the judge are to be pitied for their contemptible conduct in launching the insinuations and open charges which were hurled at Mr Harris when he left his box. As to whether the judge's award was right or wrong I would not presume to say. The finish was a remarkably close thing, and although I was within six feet of the judging line I know sufficient about racing to be aware that under the circumstances of the finish, only those in the box and anyone standing directly opposite the line could be in positions from which the exact result could be observed. The judge and the timekeeper who was standing on the step of the box declared for Magpie by a head, and the holder of the fourth judging position, viz., directly opposite the line, holds a similar opinion. The party referred to is a well-known trainer and steeplechase rider, who I believe had not a shilling's worth of interest in the race, and consequently would not be swayed by interested motives in supporting the judge's decision. The winner had 43 backers; the loser had 124. Hence the disparaging remarks re Mr Harris's decision. In the matter of starting, Mr W. L. Lockhart was generally screened from observation by clumps of gorse, but in the pony race, selling race, and flying handicap large allowances of daylight could be observed between the racers as they moved off the mark.

With Decoy and Jos. Sedley out of the Maiden Plate Handicap of 20 sovs, one mile, the field was a quartette strong, and the bay mare Ladybird performed a very comfortable 1.48 solo with Cleopatra singing seconds—under heavy punishment. Edna was third and ran disappointingly, but she is a good mare for all that. The winner simply cantered over her opponents and is a very likely mare to match this season. Cleopatra got the first glimpse of the falling flag, but when the winner got fairly to the end of the back stretch Major George's representative was last. Young McPherson then got to work on the mare, and brought her up to within a length and a half of Ladybird, but the latter was comfortably leading right up the straight, while Cleopatra's ribs were being performed on right merrily by McPherson. As stated above, Deceiver was a very warm order for the Hurdle Race of 30 sovs, one mile and a half, 124 investors out of a total of 198 declaring for Mrs Clark's gelding, who had the advantage of Sam Fergus' handling. This was reckoned one of the certainties of the day, and it looked very like coming off when the field took the dip leading to the home turn, for Magpie, who was the only possible upsetter of the favourite, was lying well to the rear. However, when the question was put in earnest to Mr O'Rorke's gelding

he overhauled the field hand over fist, and obtained the glance of the judge a head before Deceiver, the clock stopping at 3min 1sec when the line was crossed. This race makes Deceiver out a very fair horse, for the way he hustled along under 10.8 was distinctly creditable. Magpie showed himself to be a nice jumper, rather prone to loaf on the road and a horse that requires hard riding. But as was subsequently proved in the steeplechase, he is game, has staying ability when a-ked vigorously, and can shoot out a very fair quantity of "toe." As the favourite was upset in the hurdle race it was only fair that the popular pick should get home in the next event, the Pony Handicap of 20 sovs, five furlongs, and Brown Mantle, who was backed down to the vicinity of an even money chance, upheld the punters selection in worthy fashion. Cupid was next best in the betting market and Kit, a chestnut mare with a miniature Nelson resemblance, was pretty well on terms with Cupid when speculation closed. Sweet Lavender was the only other contender that had anything like support accorded her. A trial by Brown Mantle in the region of "four and a half" made this five furlong event look a moral for her, but although she got home the race proved anything but the certainty imagined. Cupid was within less than half a length of her, and although the judge's attention was confined to the first two horses, Sweet Lavender was within a very nice distance of the stake-getter. The winner got home in 1min 5½sec. with 6lb more on her back than was the case at Avondale. This successful carriage of 8.8 rather explodes the contention of Brown Mantle's owner that any weight over 8.6 extinguishes her chance. The win was a popular one, the public being glad to see Mr Budge rewarded for his long string of bad luck, and what is probably more to the point, because the "pieces" of the public were on the daughter of Nordenfeldt and Antelope. Cupid ran a big mare under 9.4 and might have got home with a little more vigorous riding; Lady Thornton, with 9.4 up and only thirteen supporters on the machine, was never in it; Little Tom, looking big and muscular, ran a fairish horse and will run better before many moons; Sweet Lavender, ridden well by Davis, had one or two pieces of bad luck during the run; Rodney showed absence of heart; and whatever merit Kit may possess, it had no chance of being brought into prominence through the mare being left at the post. But her backing looked like business, and for half a mile I should take her to be a tidy bit of horseflesh. With better luck at the post she may earn a bracket later in the season. Duchess, who is an aged mare by Musket—Lady St. Clair, and the dam of Bit o' Fashion, showed nothing in the race under review, but looks a fairish performer. It is said she has only recently been taken up. Later in the season she may gain a stake despite her years.

Five horses contested the Spring Handicap of 40sovs, one and a quarter miles, viz., Annabelle 7.13, Lady Marion 7.8, Ida 7.6, Eve 6.12, and The Sharper 6.12. The top weight was favourite, but a lot of backers who seldom make mistakes were confident that the chestnut daughter of Malua and Wanda could get to the end of a mile and a quarter in big time, and so Lady Marion was only a few points behind Annabelle when the totalisators locked up. Eve and Ida were sent out at six to one, and The Sharper was backed indifferently and ran worse. The field was loosed on even terms, and when they got to the back of the course Ida's lead was looked upon as only a temporary advantage; but Quinton kept the mare at it the whole way, and Mrs Lennard's representative, proving game and in the correct state of health, got to the finishing line a fairly comfortable winner in 2min 13½sec. Morrigan tried hard to catch the wearer of the maroon and gold hoops but he was a big length the wrong side of the tape, while Lady Marion, carrying the moneys of the keenest turf speculators on the ground, and guided by that brilliant horseman J. Gallagher, was several lengths out of it. The daughter of Malua may have had hard luck during the run, but Ida's pace was undoubted. In reviewing the Avondale racing I did not appreciate Ida's run, and wrote "Ida went back on my tip, but she will have to repeat the dose next week before I relinquish her," and the race of Saturday last amply justified my disinclination to write her out. The dividend of £7 6s was decidedly good, seeing there was only a quintette of racers, and the time, 2min 13½sec, sent one's thoughts back to the mare's defeat at the Avondale Meeting. In the Avondale Cup she was second favourite, carried 7.9, and was badly beaten in a 2min 14sec run-mile and a quarter. At Otahuhu she was an outsider, carried 7.6, and won all the way, over the same distance as the Avondale Cup, in half a second better than that which landed Annabelle a victor on the previous Saturday. Ida's party point out that she knows the Otahuhu course, and that Quinton rode a better judged race than at Avondale—which pair of observations may account for her apparent reversal of form. A mile and a quarter rather easily in 2min 13½sec is worth considering in connection with Ida's chance in the coming Auckland Cup, in which contest she is weighted 6lb below her Otahuhu measurement, viz., 7.0. Now, Ida's run in last year's Cup proved her to be a stayer; last Saturday's running proved she is back to her form, to which, by the way, she has been a stranger since Pegasus won the Cup; a mile and a quarter in 2min 13½sec reads a mile and a half in 2min 40½sec, a mile and three quarters in 3min 8sec, and two miles in 3min 36sec; the Otahuhu track is hardly a place for record galloping; so what price Ida as a decent investment for the Cup at the quoted odds, viz., 20 to 1? At the same time backers must remember this. At the A.R.C. Autumn Meeting of season 1892-93 Ida was as well as she has ever been in her life. She met Impulse twice, over a mile and a half and a mile and a quarter. Result: Impulse gave her 23lbs in the mile and a half Easter Handicap, and left her a long four lengths the wrong side of the post, and the following day, in the mile and a quarter

Autumn Handicap, he gave the mare 25lbs and beat her by a neck. Backers can sum up for themselves her chance against him at Christmas time, with 20lbs in her favour over two miles. Cool consideration must make me write her out. Eve showed on Saturday that she is a good deal out of form; Annabelle's run with 7.13 proved her a better mare than she has been thought in the past; and Lady Marion put forward claims to be considered a very fair handicap horse over ten furlongs. This Otahuhu handicap preached a lesson or two that should not be forgotten.

A straggling start for the six furlong selling race gave Count La Mont a bad send off, but he was the only contestant possessing racehorse qualities. He overhauled his four opponents in easy fashion, Brigade being second and Decoy third. No time taken; dividend, £1 1s (10s tickets). The winner was bought in by the owner for £40. Malabar and Kildare declined the steeplechase, and so the field consisted of two well-backed ones, Molly Hawk and Magpie, and Kiora and Arena, a pair of rank outsiders. The Avondale meeting gave Molly Hawk no chance of proving the possession of the steeplechasing power to which her Hunt Club runs pointed as the first fence brought her down. At 9.10, with Fergus up, it was thought she had an undoubted chance of shining, and 35 backers sent her out a little ahead (in betting) of Magpie. With the exception of Kiora's fall at the back of the course all the contestants jumped admirably, Molly Hawk's fencing putting her supporters in great heart, for their only fear was that she would throw out at a fence. "Her pace is all right if she stands up" was their argument, but the result showed such reasoning to be fallacious, and Molly Hawk can now stand down as a good hunter, but no steeplechaser. Arena's jumping power and turn of foot was a bit of an astonisher, and as events turned out he would have carried her big dividend home successfully if Magpie had been out of the way, for though Molly Hawk acted as runner-up to Magpie, Arena was given second money, an allegation by the latter's owner and rider that Fergus took the mare inside a post being sustained. The time for the "about three miles"—more like about 2½ miles—was returned at 7min 18sec, and Magpie's backers obtained £2 5s. Consideration of this race points unmistakably to the advisability of leaving Molly Hawk alone in connection with our Summer Steeplechase. She falls over Otahuhu with 9.10, so what chance can she have over the half-mile longer—I should think a mile would be nearer the mark—Ellerslie route with only 11b less? To which query Echo answers "Buckley's." Magpie, on his running, must have a chance at Xmas, and if he possesses a fair prospect how about Fishmonger who buried Magpie at Avondale? Of course the last-named will only concede 4lbs to Fishmonger at Ellerslie, whereas at Avondale the latter had 9lb the advantage of Mr O'Rorke's horse. And I fancy big country will suit Magpie, while Fishmonger revels in such going as Avondale and has a decided antipathy to the Ellerslie route. In the seven furlong Pony Race Cupid was made favourite on her run earlier in the day, but although the mare got the start she failed badly, Nellie, who was not too well served at the slipping, getting home very easily in 1min 37sec, Little Tom being second, and Virgin, who was badly handicapped at the start, running a third that should be remembered. The substantial dividend of £9 11s was paid on the winner, and her owner, who at Avondale supported her to the extent of a "tenner," merely had £1 on the mare. That's the luck of racing all over. The six furlongs shown by Annabelle in the mile and a quarter race was sized up as a winning indication as regards the Flying Handicap. She accordingly went out at 2 to 1, and though Brown Mantle had a big lead at the start, Annabelle had no difficulty in beating Mr Budge's mare inside of four furlongs and running home an easy winner in 1min 20sec. Half way up the straight Ladybird shot up at a great rate, and Morrigan taking matters easily, Davis got within a length of his opponent, but Annabelle's rider shook her up in the nick of time and prevented what at one stage looked very much like a boil-over. The Sharper finished in third place. Thus ended a most enjoyable meeting, which should result in a fairish financial success. Had it not been for the counter attractions of the Ponsonby Regatta and the Rotorua railway opening excursion, the measure of success experienced would have been considerably greater. Thanks to Magpie's double victory, his sire, Betrayal, was given two scoring marks, and the other successful stallions were Carbineer, Nordenfeldt, King Cole, New Chum, Anteros, and Lionel.

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