

now that the weather has taken up he will be slipped along. Hurdle-racing may be his forte. The other horse is a six-year-old black gelding named Ebony, by Cliveden (son of Chester) from a Panic mare. Ebony is a real good sort to look at. He stands fully 16.1, powerfully built, with great oblique shoulders and a prominent wither suggestive of jumping ability. He seems to have a rather long back, but being slightly "roached" this will counterbalance the length. His hind-quarters are well put together, and strong enough, but they are not in proportion with his fore-end. It would be difficult to get a horse perfect. Ebony is a regular Daimio to look at, and although he may not have the pace of one I feel sure he could jump a house. Mr Tatham has the four-year-old Navigator—Hippomina mare and a four-year-old gelding by Cynthus from the dam of Cynthia (the latter having been a good mare on the "other side"), running out in a paddock at Palmerston North.

A cynical sort of individual writes me hoping that I will suggest that tomb-stones should be erected on the Feilding course, to the memory of all the "dead 'uns" that were found at the Spring Meeting! He says he knows of six good horses that were "dead," and in the one race alone three horses, good performers, were "dead" for another animal that failed to win, being beaten at the finish by another animal that the "push" did not think worth "squaring." He suggests that a number of the stewards should stand down at the turn, where all the "reefing" is done. This individual should retail his information out to punters, and go nap next time he hears the alleged "dead 'uns" are having a go! There's millions in it!

I was agreeably surprised when I reached Greytown to learn that Mr Walter Armstrong, the well-known Wairarapa sport, who was bed-ridden for nearly eighteen months, is now able to move about the house, and occasionally, when the weather permits, is able to go out for a drive. It will be recollected that just about the time of the last general election one side of Mr Armstrong's body suddenly became paralysed, and since that time until a few months ago he was not able to leave his bed. To one of a sporting turn of mind, especially when the annual district meetings came round, the imprisonment must have been nearly as bad as the illness. Some time ago Mr Armstrong wrote me saying that he hoped to be able to pay another visit to the Foxton races, where he was so hospitably treated by the officers of the club three years ago, and although I doubted at the time if he would be able to make the journey, there is just a probability that he may be present at the club's January 22nd meeting. Mr Armstrong has, I think, always had some interest in good old Dromedary since she started racing. The Rangitikei people can hardly understand to this day how the old mare managed to defeat Rangipuhi and Dingo in the Sandon Handicap a few years ago, but she did, Young Skeet making every post a winning post from the fall of the flag, and under the circumstances it is surprising how she managed to hang out the one and a half miles. The race often crops up when horsey matters are being discussed down Rangitikei way, but the correct solution of the problem is, I think, that the jockeys on Dingo and Rangipuhi, who were keeping a watchful eye on each other, thought that Dromedary would come back to them, but unlike the cat she didn't. It was a great day for backers of the Greytown mare, and "Walter" was not the least excited man on the course.

There has been many complaints this season about the indifferent manner in which the catering is carried out at some of the North Island race-meetings. The public do not mind a hashed up sort of luncheon, provided the tariff is arranged accordingly. Personally, I seldom have time to get lunch on a racecourse, so cannot say whether the complaints are genuine or not, but from the incessant grumbling one hears I should say that some improvement is necessary. About three years ago I felt peckish when attending a meeting north of Wanganui, and adjourned to the lunch room, which was utterly devoid of nick-nacks or decorations to relieve the bar-like appearance of the room. The fare was cold roast beef and bread, and cold blanc-mange. Ugh! Not being a fastidious sort of individual I made no noise such as a number of others were doing, but when I was bailed up at the door for 3s. I meekly asked if I was supposed to be paying for anyone else? Several others came up at the time, and hearing the "tariff rate" objected to pay, and a strike occurred, and nearly a row, as the man with the money-bag had locked us in while he "collected." However, "virtue was triumphant," and we were let off with 2s.

The Wellington Bacing Club are making special arrangements for the catering for the luncheon at the Wellington Cup Meeting. The caterer who has been entrusted with this is one of the best in the North Island, and puts on a luncheon in tip-top style at a reasonable price.

A nomination for the Ladies' Purse at the Manawatu Meeting reads:—"Mrs Wolf's Schnapps."

I have just had a glance at the Manawatu Racing Club handicaps. At first blush, Leda (7.7) in Palmerston North Cup might be the "Leda" past the winning post at the end of the mile and a half. Strong exception is taken to the lenient handicap of 7.1 awarded to Lorelei, and many think that some mistake has been made. If she fails to win the Cup what handicap will she receive for the President's Handicap of one mile a quarter on the second day? Kent is nicely handicapped in the Telegraph and Grandstand Handicaps, and Sea Breeze in the Hack Flat. Gunboat, 10.0, has started twice in hurdle races and was beaten on both occasions, yet he has to give weight to Aurora, 9.8, in the hurdle race. The latter has accounted for several jumping events in the past. Rangipai, 10.8, only requires to be in form to win. In the Hack Hurdles, Halcione, who showed good form at the Master-ton Spring Meeting, is placed amongst the maiden (9.0) division; ditto Raupo, who showed more than maiden form at Waverly last month. Tangaroa, 11.9, in this race will no doubt be

favourite at this weight, on the strength of his running in the First Handicap Hurdles at the Spring Meeting, when he should have won, but lost through Dante being allowed up on the inside.

The progeny of Mr John Cotter's mare, Caller Herrin, has been doing very well this season so far. Banner (by Escutcheon), Gold Cup (by Ascot), and Ben Varrey (by Vanguard), each claim Caller Herrin as dam.

The Baillie (by Flintlock), the three-year-old half-brother to The Miser, has been transferred from George Madison's stable at Palmerston North to Jos. Prosser's Porirua stable. The only reason that the owner of The Baillie has for removing the colt was that he was afraid that the heavy nature of the training track on the Manawatu course might crack the colt up. It seems very hard luck for Madison. I know the owner of The Baillie would have waited until the present wretched weather cleared up, but the colt has an engagement in the Egmont Sires' Hack Produce Stakes in February, and it is necessary that he should have some solid work before Christmas.

THE WELLINGTON CUP.

[By "GIPSY KING."]

I have received three communications asking me if I would be good enough to give my "fancy" for the Wellington Cup. It was not my intention to do so, as "Borderer" will, no doubt, go fully into the handicap, and having the material at hand, he will be able to grapple with the task more exhaustively than I can do. A Bohemian cannot carry all the data required for a contract such as this, in addition to his wardrobe. To try and sift out the probable winner from a well-adjusted handicap containing fifty-four names is enough to bring beads of perspiration to any man's brow, and I would rather be excused until after the acceptances. However, to comply with my friends' requests, I will pick out a few that appear to me to have a chance, but, having done that, I am just in as big a fix as before, for the reason that I have no information as to the condition of some of those I intend selecting. North Atlantic, Lady Zetland, Bessie McCarthy, Skirmisher, The Shrew, Irish Twist, Rangipuhi, Waiuku, Panoply, Chaos, Lorelei, and Brooklet, are a dozen that occur to me as fairly well handicapped. I assume that North Atlantic (8.12) will be more forward than he was at N.Z. Cup time, and in last year's Cup he occupied a prominent but unenviable position at the finish, being wedged in against the rails with a horse on the off-side and one at the back, which prevented him from being pulled out. Still, he was very well then, and it may be difficult to get him back to that form. Lady Zetland (8.9) I select on last year's form in the same race, as she was "near it," and I fancy that it was only the favourable position Mahaki obtained rounding the bend that won him last year's Cup. Bessie McCarthy (at 8.8), fit and well, I would pin my faith to before anything in the race, but, from all accounts, she is not in anything like racing trim at present, but a wonderful improvement can be effected in a light-fleshed animal in two months. Skirmisher (8.6) just now is very well, and he is not likely to be over-raced between now and January next, although I am of opinion that the Vanguards thrive on judicious racing in public. The Shrew (8.1) is not a particularly great fancy of mine for this race, but is such a handy kind of mare for the Wellington course that I am disposed to hold her in respect for that reason alone. Irish Twist (8.2), since his enforced retirement, may be better or worse, but if he only retains his form of last Christmas, he will have to be reckoned with, but the course might beat him. That stride of his—as long as a wet week—will not be too much in his favour rounding "Tattenham corner." Rangipuhi (7.12) has not made his appearance this season, but he has wintered well, and with the racing he will no doubt be given during the Christmas and New Year time, he will be well forward in his preparation, and with a good strong horseman on his back, I intend to have the Maori-owned horse on my side. His 2min 11sec for one mile and a quarter, on the Hutt course, at the Cup meeting last year, not forgetting his performance at the Wanganui Autumn Meeting afterwards, is worthy of consideration. "Jim" Rettor, a steady man, now has charge of Rangipuhi, and I see no reason why he should not get him as well as his previous trainer. Waiuku (7.12) is generally voted a non-stayer, but I am not of that opinion, as I have seen him run over a distance when nothing like fit to do so, and although I am afraid that there is hardly time enough to prepare him for a journey, still he has done a fair amount of racing this season, which will assist his mentor in getting him to run out the requisite distance. Were I sure that he would be given a genuine and solid preparation, and have the services of a first-class horseman, I would select him to be better than The Shrew and Lorelei, whom I consider have a chance on this course. Panoply (7.11) has run some fair races on the Sydney-side, and the fact that the son of Splendor has not been asked to do anything big over a distance is no reason why he should not stay. Chaos (7.8) has such a handy impost, considering his N.Z. Cup running, that, if he be the elect of the stable, I should pick him right out, as I think one mile and a half will suit him better than two miles, besides being a handy horse for the course. Lorelei (7.5) will improve a lot on her second to Leda at Feilding, in the Manchester Handicap, one mile and a quarter, and if Leda was handicapped at 7.5 I think she would receive the support of most of those who saw her run at Feilding, although I would set Leda down as a better stayer than Lorelei. My twelfth representative is Brooklet (7.3), whom I feel sure will be benefited by a good strong preparation, such as she has not had during her recent campaign, owing to the exceptionally unseasonable weather that trainers have experienced this spring. She is a great raking mare, whom her trainer (T. Quinlivan, sen.) has brought out in a

very careful manner; she is not a "boy's horse," and I think that sharp turn into the straight, at the Hutt, may prove fatal to her chance. If the race was run on the C.J.C. course, and a strong horseman could be secured for her, she would beat all those that competed at Wellington and Feilding, but a big striding mare, such as she is, will require to have all the luck on her side in securing a position before reaching that bend, which has upset the calculations of more than one trainer before to-day. I have tried as far as possible to give good reasons for selecting the twelve horses mentioned, and, to go for one, would name CHAOS, although at present there appears to be certain indications that he is an unlikely starter, but I can pretend to know the intentions of his owner and trainer, so that I will stand at this horse for the present.

Licensed Victuallers' Page.

THE SPORTING REVIEW AND LICENSED VICTUALLERS' GAZETTE has been appointed the Official Organ of the Trade.

It offers special facilities for advertising, "transfers," and other official announcements, embracing as it does the extensive circulation of an already popular New Zealand and Australian sporting journal.

Cheques, drafts, etc., and all business communications to be addressed to ARTHUR CLEAVE and Co., Vulcan Lane, Auckland. Literary communications to the EDITOR.

The EDITOR will always be pleased to receive contributed items, paragraphs, sketches, or any brief article of interest to the trade.

Communications intended for publication should be written in ink, and only on one side of the paper. Anonymous letters will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

Unsuitable contributions will not be returned unless a special request to that effect and stamps to cover the cost of postage be sent with them.

The annual subscription to the SPORTING REVIEW AND LICENSED VICTUALLERS' GAZETTE will be 12/6 payable strictly in advance.

THE HOLIDAYS.

Or all times in the year when we wish to be convivial, and the toast "here's health" is an open sesame to almost every man's heart, the "Christmas season" is the most prominent one; and yet at the present time our prohibitionist friends are redoubling their efforts to close the better class of public-houses, and urging the public to an access of strictness in the administration of the licensing laws on a principle of their own—somewhat different to the ordinary interpretation of the term. There are times when a certain amount of relaxation is necessary, when the strings having been drawn too tightly, need a relapse to fit them for future use. This our prohibitionist friends would deny, and insist upon a hypothetical tautness that neither nature nor art will stand without breaking. It is strange that the leaders of the Prohibition Party in New Zealand should be clergymen, paid to act as exponents of the Christian religion, and yet by their every act, and by their daily life, show a lack of the sentiments they are supposed to preach to the public. It is not "Peace on earth, goodwill to men" that we get from them, but "pay me so much for travelling expenses and I will do my best to prove that every idea that runs counter to mine, and the people who support me, is not only irreligious, but blasphemous in every particular." Their parishes, the flock entrusted to their care, is a matter of secondary consideration as long as these so-called shepherds can bleat before the public and receive in return the applause of a carefully drilled *claque* that simply shows an artificial appreciation when it receives its cue, and in reality does not possess either the heart or brains to thoroughly understand the question under discussion, or comprehend actually what is going on. "Peace on earth and good will to men," is it? We ask in all fairness, is it a plank in the platform of the Prohibitionists? No—emphatically no. With Pharasaic pertinacity they insist that there is only one line of conduct that may be considered right and proper, and that line they have mapped out. Their coat of arms, to speak figuratively, is surmounted by the motto of bigotry and intolerance; and when they bring to their aid the precepts of religion or philosophy, the principle upon which they act may be embodied in the sentence, "Orthodoxy is my 'doxy and heterodoxy is your 'doxy." By what right are they empowered to spoil our natural indulgences? Who has made their representatives living re-incarnations of the bigotry of John Knox? We protest, and every fair-minded man in Auckland protests—yes, we may say in New Zealand—against the attempt to resurrect a

species of Spanish Inquisition, whose attention shall be especially devoted to hounding respectable men engaged in the liquor traffic into a corner, where they must be treated as either offenders against society, or pariahs worthy of social ostracism. Our feelings to our readers, and to the world at large, are of a kindly nature tinged with merriness, and if we seem to be a bit acid in our remarks it is only that we must have our fling at those who would cast an ascetic gloom over the friends whom we wish every joy and pleasure to during the coming holidays. Good luck to all is our wish, and the toast is one that can only be healthily given when the calculating brain resigns its throne for awhile, and bows to the emotional heart.

TRADE TOPICS.

They had been having a little game of "a bob in and the winner shouts," and a disagreement having arisen over the game, the matter came before a well-known magistrate. Like most other judges occupying a position on the bench, he professed ignorance of this insinuating little game. The local constable tried to explain the *modus operandi*, stating that each of the players put in a shilling, the winner taking the pool, out of which he paid for the drinks—sixpence each. "Perfectly fair, I assure your Worship," remarked the constable. "Yes, apparently," said the magistrate, "but what becomes of the other sixpences?"

Another good story is told of a magistrate who had to adjudicate upon another little trouble that arose out of a game of "Yankee-grab." The game had to be explained to him; he didn't know, of course. One of the witnesses produced a "box and bones," and, by way of illustration, had thrown a six, five, and two, and was proceeding to pick up the five and two, when, to everyone's astonishment, the magistrate in a hurried manner called out—"Oh! Leave the five."

The leading hotel in Wanganui, the Rutland, has changed hands, Messrs. Dwan Bros., the premier hotel brokers and valuers, having sold Mr C. J. McCarthy's interest in it to Mrs Scott, late of the Masonic Hotel, Gisborne. Mrs Scott is the widow of the late Mr James Scott, who piloted the native football team through the United Kingdom some years ago.

Mr R. Fawcett, who was a general favourite as host of the Anchor Hotel, is now occupying the Naval and Family Hotel, at the corner of Pitt Street and Karangahap Road, so long associated with the name of the late Mr Brodie. A new house, equipped with the latest conveniences, has been erected, and Mr Fawcett may be relied on to give comfort to town friends and country visitors at the new house.

Mr John Hand, of the Thames Hotel, seems to be about as deep in the sea of mining speculation as any of the publicans in Auckland. If you get into conversation with him on the subject he draws a bundle of scrip from his hip pocket and flourishes it dramatically, while in mournful tones he tells you the number of calls he has had to pay, and expatiates on the scarcity of dividends he has received. Although John is a pretty heavy speculator, he doesn't let his business suffer for all that; and he is much oftener seen in his own bars than on the Exchange. In fact, he seems to have converted his private bar into a species of select mining exchange, where most of the out-of-town mining men can be met with.

The next young lady on our list is a doughty little party of the Watteau Shepherdess type of beauty. She has many admirers, as what pretty woman has not? I am one of the humble adorners in her train, and confess to feeling annoyed when she smiles on another fellow. Touch the harp gently—

Her name is suggestive,
Perhaps you have heard
Its sweet music on festive
Occasions, the word
Means beautiful; surely
A less happy term
Would picture her poorly;
She's love's own sweet germ.

The name, can't you think it?
Why Bella; the elf,
Whenever we drink it
We drink her sweet self;
A toast that is cheery
To each one whose mind
Leaves thoughts that are dreary,
With pleasure behind.

Her figure's quite pretty,
Her ankles a dream,
Her speech ever witty;
Her eyes always seem
Two twin lakes of laughter.
To tell all her charms
Would send you all after
Her, at the "King's Arms."

PROVINCIAL HOTEL

EMERSON STREET,
NAPIER.

P. T. SPILLANE, PROPRIETOR.

The Proprietor, having lately taken this Hotel over, has thoroughly renovated it, and hopes to continue to receive the patronage accorded to him in the past.

Nothing but Best Brands kept in Stock.

JUNCTION HOTEL

POLLEN AND PAHAU STS., THAMES.

Under the Management of the present Proprietor for 26 years.

Sample Rooms. Telephone No. 8.
W. BURTON - Proprietor.