

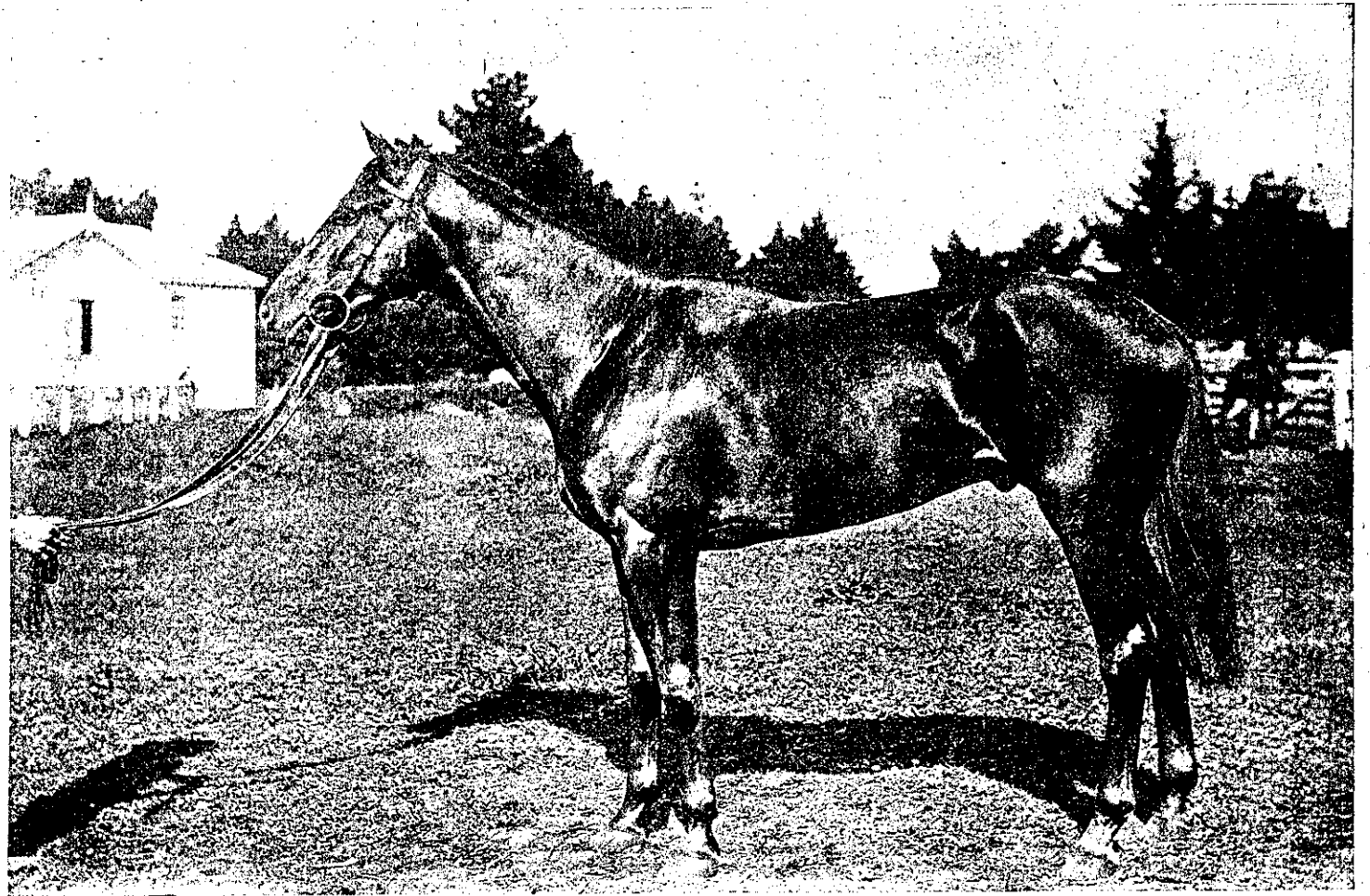
George's Handicap, in which he was opposed by fifteen others. Panoply is an in-and-out gentleman. At one time the Hon. W. A. Long, of Chipping Norton, New South Wales, thought so well of him that he refused an offer of £300. His trainer, the veteran Brown, however, tired of the well bred horse, and pronounced him a rogue, the result being that he was sold to Sam Fielder, the well-known trainer, for sixty guineas. Hopscotch was put up at the same sale, but the reserve on him was 2000 guineas. Panoply, in Sam Fielder's hands, did not do much good, and the astute Randwick trainer gave him to Mr George Wright in exchange, we believe, for the pony Golden Fleece. In Wright's hands he was a comparative failure, but unexpectedly won a race at North Shore. After that George Wright, like Tom Brown and Sam Fielder, tired of Splendour's son, and he was put up for absolute sale, with the result that Mr Harry Hayr and a friend bought him for £37. Their luck has been better than that of Panoply's previous owners, and on Saturday they scored a decided hit. They had no confidence, however, in the horse, and so far as the owners were concerned only a few sovereigns were put on him, but those few sovereigns brought grist to the mill, as Panoply, for once in a way, took it into his head to gallop (and he can gallop when he likes), and he won a very fine race, paying the handsome dividend of £55 5s. There was rejoicing in the Hotel Occidental that night.

Frank Macmanemin and Fred Davis had a lot to do with Panoply's win—the former for understanding the temper of the horse and the latter for obeying his instructions. The trainer had conceived the opinion that the uncertain son of Splendour required to be driven from the word "go," but the stable boys had formed a contrary opinion and had told Davis not to touch his mount with the spurs. However, Macmanemin gave his instructions otherwise, and warned Davis to put on the sharpest spurs he had and to drive Panoply along from the jump. These instructions so disconcerted Davis that he recalled the "quid" he intended to invest on Panoply on the machine. It was bad luck for him, but he remembered his instructions, and Panoply, bounding away from the rowels, showed how he can gallop under pressure. A waking up of this sort may do the horse good in the future.

Rumour has it that when George Wright saw his cast-off galloping home he called him a gentleman, while Mr Harry Hayr and some lady friends, who had their dollars on, used more endearing terms.

If Mr Harry Hayr's luck was in in the matter of Panoply, he also scored with Kingswood. After disappointing everybody at Avondale, Mr O'Rorke parted with Ingomar's son, and Jack Rae, with Mr Hayr and another friend, became the owner. It was a wonderfully good bargain, as Ingomar's son must have returned the purchase money twice over to his new owners, but Jack Rae, as his trainer and rider, is entitled to the lion's share of the credit. In all his three races he handled his horse with consummate judgment and skill. The finish which he put in on Saturday, when he beat Mozel, is one that will long be remembered. It was a splendid piece of horsemanship, in which the rider seemed to lift his horse home just at the critical moment. Speaking of it afterwards Jack said—"I did not know how it was going to end. I had remained a good way back in the hope of seeing something else first tackle Mozel before I had a go at him, but somehow nothing else seemed able to do it, and I had to set sail. I did not know what the result would be, and when it had ended I did not know whether I had won or not; but on the first day, when it was given a dead-heat between me and Miss Nelson, I felt certain I had won. It was that and other things that made me determined to run off."

Kingswood will go to the Hawera meeting, and with one pound less than he carried at Ellerslie on Saturday last he should have a big show.



HON. J. D. ORMOND'S OR C DEFIANT (BY DREADNOUGHT—LEGACY), WINNER OF THE ELLERSLIE HANDICAP AT THE AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

A well-known Ellerslie horse-shoer, Gough, had a narrow escape of being killed during the week. It appears that on Thursday morning last he was operating upon Dentist, and probably over-confidence caused him to incautiously take hold of the animal's hind leg. Dentist resented this, and lashing out, hit Gough with his unshod foot fair on the nose. It was a wonder the man was not killed, but since then his nasal organ has presented more the appearance of a pancake than anything else. Jack Rae, speaking of Dentist, warmly defended the animal from the charge of viciousness, saying "He is one of the quietest animals alive, but I may say that when breaking him in he knocked one of my teeth out, and that is why I called him Dentist." If Gough had his way he would probably call him John L. Sullivan.

The latest news from Victoria is to the effect that the V.R.C. Committee have, by a large majority, decided to strongly support the introduction of the totalisator, and with that view the parent body is seeking the co-operation of the country clubs.

News comes from New South Wales of the death of that splendid show horse, Fairfield. It appears that he met with an accident at Bathurst and had to be destroyed. During his career Fairfield won nearly a hundred prizes, and as his presence shows had the effect of frightening other competitors away it was found necessary to bar him at some of the country shows. His owner, who gave £450 for him, intended taking him to England.

A hack race meeting is advertised to be held on the Onehunga Racecourse on Saturday, May 15th.

That great South Australian sire, Neckersgat, is dead, news to that effect having been received by cable on Tuesday night. During his career at the stud Neckersgat sired a lot of winners, the most notable probably being Dunlop and The Nun.

At the annual yearling sale, held by Mr T. S. Clibborn in Sydney, the prices realised were very small. Many well-known buyers were not in evidence, and the drought and prospect of a grassless Winter prevented others from speculating. In fact, the drought had already affected some lots, and there was an unusual number with blemishes. Though the last to be offered, the Kirkham selection, sent up in rare trim, as usual attracted most attention, and brought the highest prices. Coil's brother, Cocos, as fine a specimen of the thoroughbred as could be produced anywhere, started at 100gs, went by leaps and bounds to 1000gs, and was secured by Coil's owner for 1150gs. All the Abercorns showed fine quality, and a half-brother to that famous horse, by Gossoon (imp.), fetched second top price, Mr Leonard (Vic.) being the purchaser at 700gs. Two others, an Abercorn and a Carbine, brought 200gs each.

Those two well-known bookmakers, Messrs Dan McLeod and Robert Cleland, have just cause to anathematise in forcible language their bad luck in owning a horse like Sabretache. There can be no doubt that he is a good animal, but surely he must have been foaled under an unlucky star. In the Spring of the year he was showing splendid work on the Randwick training track, and it was thought that he had a big chance in some of the important events at the V.R.C. Spring Carnivals. Indeed one journal, the *Sportsman*,

gave him as a good thing for the Melbourne Cup. Just when his prospects were bright he was seized with influenza, and he was a failure at the meeting. Since then he has ran well on several occasions, but has always just been beaten by a head or a neck; but his last experience in the Rous Handicap at Randwick was the unluckiest cut of all. Sabretache was the first past the post, and the genial Sydney metalician, Mr Paddy Burke, at once sent the pleasing intelligence by cable to his friend, Mr Dan McLeod, that Sabretache had won, and that he had backed him for the Auckland. No wonder, then, that champagne was spilt in Auckland, but the rejoicing was all too soon, as later advices revealed the sad fact that Sabretache had been disqualified for crossing. It is not surprising to know now that the disgraced horse is on his way home. It is to be hoped that in his own land he will be more successful than he has been across the water.

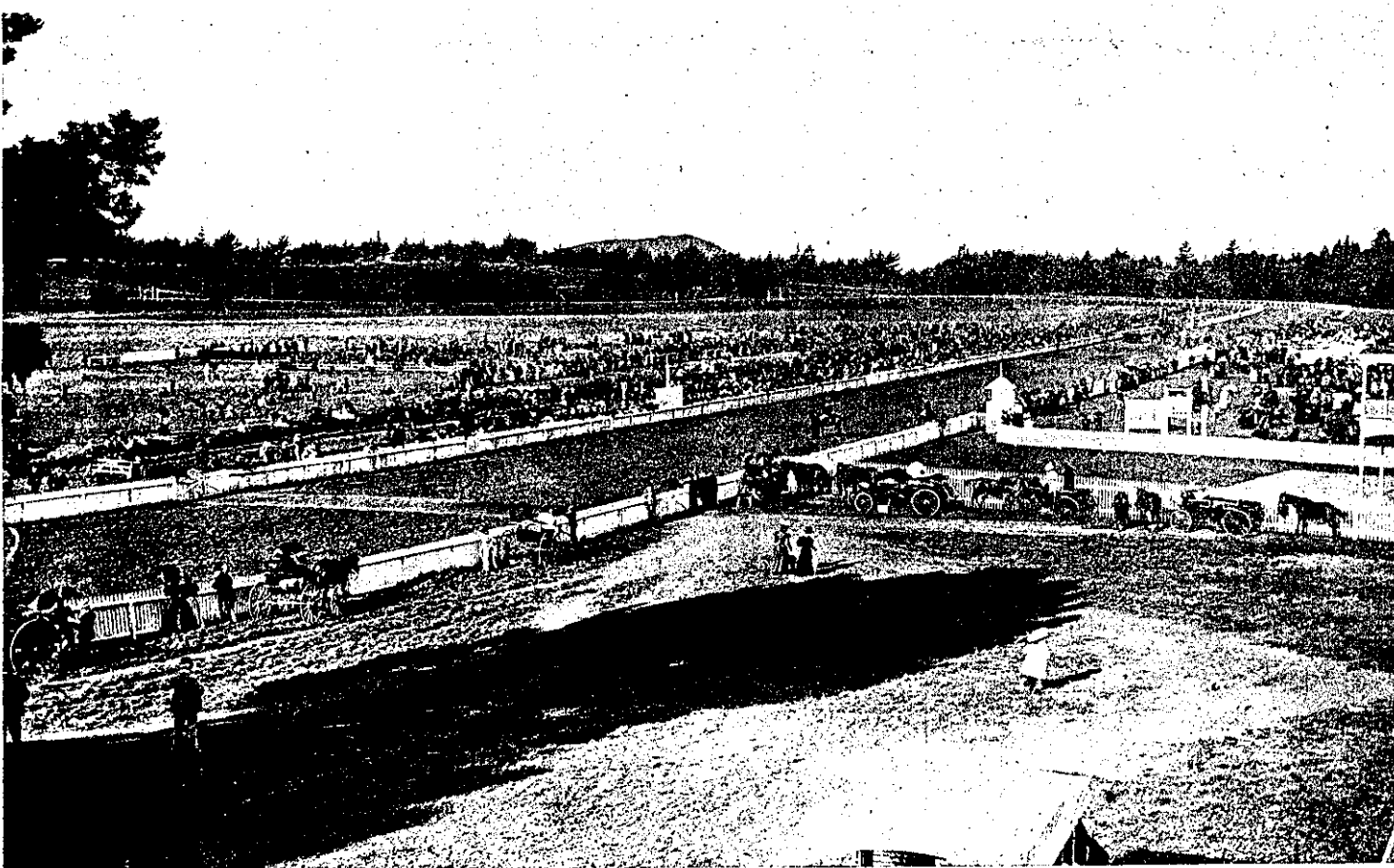
Newhaven will go to England in charge of T. Stephens, who was at one time connected with the Auckland Stud Company, and was afterwards in the employ of Mr A. Chirnside.

The high-priced New Zealand-bred Mosquetaire (Nordenfeldt—Frailty) is now at the stud in England. The fact is alluded to by a London writer as follows:—"Mr L. W. Humby, of Iwerne Minster, has arranged with Mr Gollan for that gentleman's horse Mosquetaire to stand at his stud this season. Mosquetaire is an own brother to Havoc, and there is no reason why, like Frailty's other sons, he should not get high-class stock, for he is a good-looking, beautifully-balanced horse. He never ran, owing to his having damaged his forelegs when in training, by galloping some miles on a hard road after getting rid of his boy. Mr Humby is one of the few breeders in England who has mares of Fisherman blood, and as Mosquetaire boasts two crosses of that celebrity, he will be well mated."

Writes Mr Gibson, owner of Dairio, now in England:—"Horses who jump like Dairio are no good here, they lose too much at the jumps, through trying to clear 5ft, while English horses are going quite a foot lower. . . . A really good bold hurdler could win many steeplechases here, of which there are quite a number while the season lasts."

The Victorian mare Emmalea was a starter under 11.2 in the Sandown Park (England) Grand Prize, two miles (a hurdle race), run a few weeks ago, and finished fourth to last in a field of eleven, going out unbacked, the third favourite, Knight of Rhodes (12.9), winning from the unbacked John O'Seaham. One writer said of Emmalea—"She was the merest rag to look at, and was as weak as a rat."

The general idea is that "tote" proprietors scoop in the shekels with both hands at every race-meeting they attend with the machine. But this is not always so. The betting machine man is frequently "out" at the end of a day to a very considerable extent. At the last Foxton races the tote proprietor dropped £200 as the result of mistakes and bungling. The tote clerks frequently lose their heads when "paying out," and hand people dividends on "cronk" tickets, to say nothing of paying more than the ticket-holder is entitled to. Mistakes will happen, and they are peculiarly liable to occur when a crowd of people who have "struck the winner" are howling round a totalisator like hungry wolves round a log-hut. The tote is a wonderful machine, but it is not perfect by a long way. What is really wanted is a machine fitted with automatic, lightning-calculator clerks, which will pay out directly a race is over, and will refuse to register investments within five minutes of the ringing of the starting-bell.—*Spectator*.



VIEW OF THE ELLERSLIE COURSE.

Photos. by J. A. Slack, Auckland

Rowing pants to order, for 3s 6d at Geo. Fowlds