

The weights for the Melbourne and Caulfield Cups will probably be declared on Monday, June 28th, while the New Zealand Cup adjustments will be made public on July 1st.

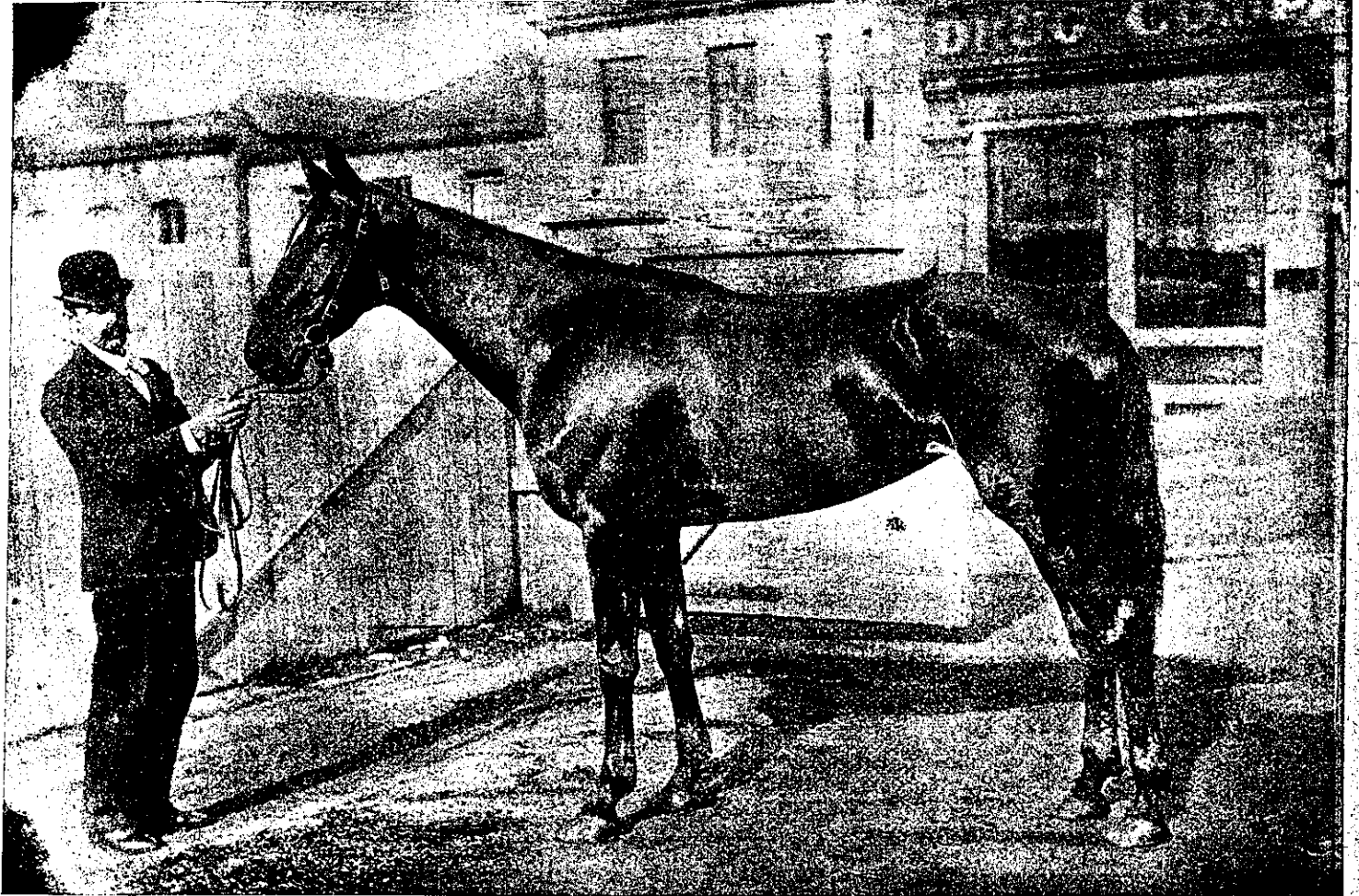
One hundred and thirty yearlings are catalogued for the Rancho del Paso sale in America this week. Of that number twenty-one are by Sir Modred, thirteen by Darebin, and four by July. Twenty stallions are represented in the year's consignment.

In the House of Commons on April 29th, the Home Secretary stated, in answer to a question, that "he was advised by the law officers of the Crown that the judgment in question (that of the judges in the Hawke v. Dunn appeal) applied to all kinds of betting—betting on credit as well as ready-money betting."

It is news to hear from a Southern exchange that the betting prosecutions in New South Wales have resulted in the influx to Auckland of several Sydney pencilers, besides numbers of ponies and horses. The statement about bookmakers is all nonsense, while, instead of importing numbers of ponies, we have been sending them away.

Mr George Wright has received a letter from Frank M'Grath, of Sydney, and according to the communication a doleful state of affairs prevails in the New South Wales sporting world, especially in pony circles. M'Grath states that if a man owned the best pony in Australia it would be impossible to back him to win £200 on any of the courses.

Concerning the running in the Two Thousand Guineas, the sporting writer in the London *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* remarks:—"The way was now cleared for the classic event, which, I venture to say, will be long remembered, not only on account of the complete shattering of a great public idol, but because, in point of time, it marks a record for this race. There were eight runners, but all form pointed to its being a two-horse race, and the betting also conveyed that as the opinion of the talent. Galtee More, after his arrival at Newmarket, compelled the admiration of everyone; and, in comparison with Lord Roseberry's crack, looked such a grand specimen of the racehorse that he ousted him from his position in the market, and at one time odds were laid on him; but at the fall of the flag, at 5 to 4 against, he was only half a point better favourite than Velasquez. Guernsey was, perhaps, next in demand, but nothing less than 20 to 1 was acceptable, and not very much business was done at that price. If the betting had two good sides to it, not so the race, which was one of the hollowest ever seen in the classic event, for Mr Gubbins' grand horse strode along in magnificent style, and at no part of the race was the result ever in doubt, and he won at the finish as he liked by four lengths. That those who doubted the stamina of Velasquez had good grounds for it was evident by the fact that it took him all his time to secure second place from Minstrel, and it is just on the cards that Berzak will beat the pair when they meet again, good judges being of opinion that it was not all out of Mr Lorillard's colt. It would be interesting to have Allsopp's private opinion on that subject. That good sportsman, Mr John Gubbins, the able trainer, Sam Darling, and Charley Wood all came in for any amount of congratulations, and a good many people who had pooh-poohed the idea of Galtee More beating the crack when the going was good were obliged to admit, after the race, that the winner was one of the best looking horses seen for many a day. Nor do I at all endorse the opinion I have since seen in print, that he is a lucky horse to be foaled in a year of bad ones."



MR R. CONNOP'S B M TALLY-HO (BY FORERUNNER), WINNER OF THE HANDICAP HURDLE RACE AT THE HAWKE'S BAY JOCKEY CLUB'S WINTER MEETING.

Jumping events in America are not popular. At a meeting at Memphis, in the latter end of April, a horse named Fugitive was disqualified, the patrol steward declaring in his evidence that the "horse had never tried a lick." A sporting writer, when referring to the case, remarked:—"I have never yet seen the time or place that these jumping races were not prolific of jobbery, and I do not wonder that for this reason they have been abolished at one of the Californian tracks."

The formation of the Wingatui course to the order of the Dunedin Jockey Club, though somewhat delayed, is at last finished, save for a few touches here and there which will be done under the supervision of the club's sub-committee—the Hon. G. M'Lean, Mr Peter Miller, and Mr J. Stephenson. These gentlemen, states "Mazeppa," went out to the course on June 11th and made a thorough inspection, with the result that it was decided to plough up the track at once in readiness for early spring sowing in grass, to trim up the row of bluegums which are regarded as valuable shelter, and likely to be useful for picnic parties, and to form the public approach to the course. These matters being attended to will carry things over the dead of winter, and soon after that we may hear something from the sub-committee about fences and buildings, and other preparations for occupation. I have an idea, however, that there is not much chance of racing at Wingatui before February next.

Sammy Loates, the well-known English jockey, was expected to arrive in America on May 22.

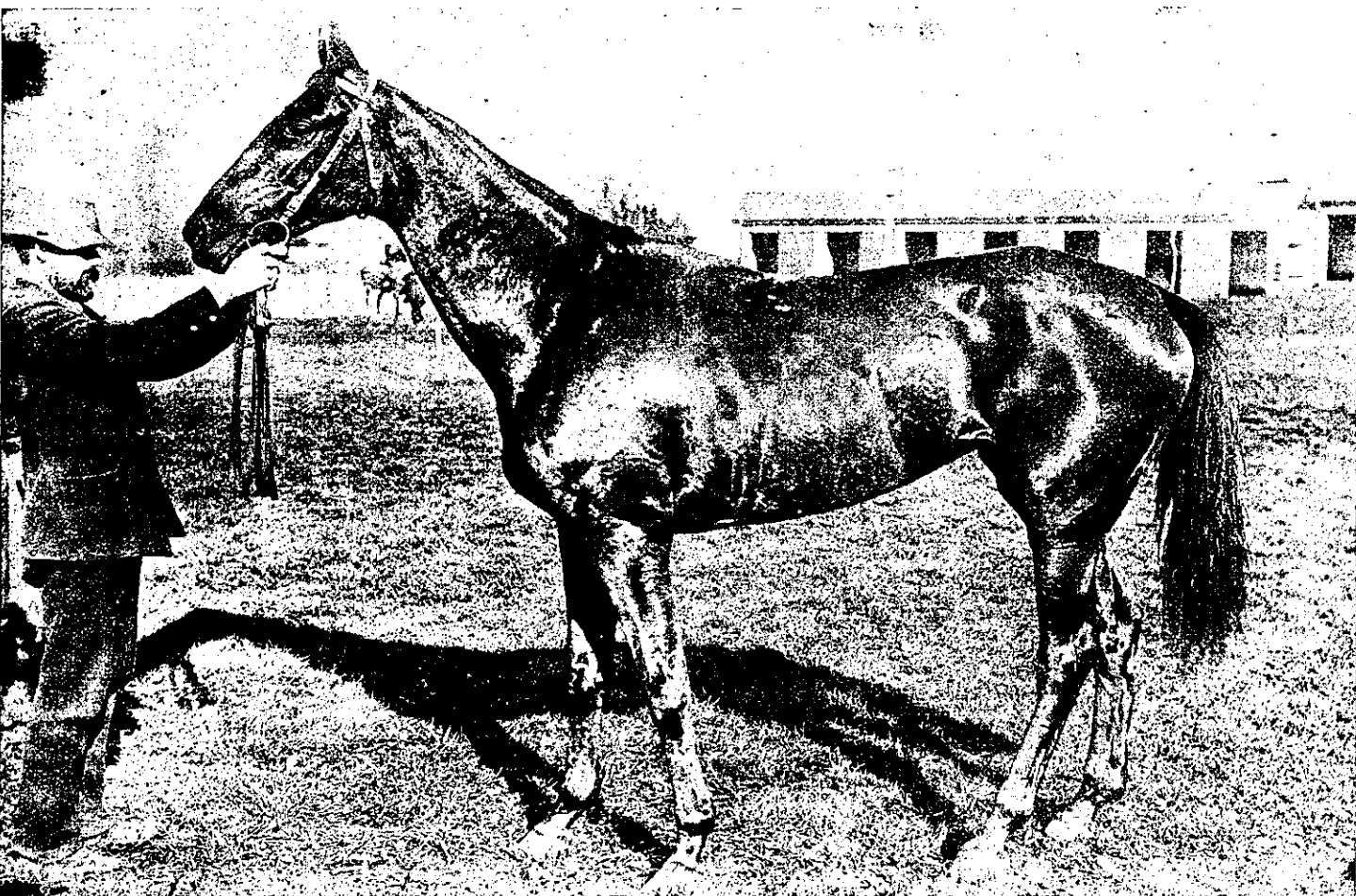
Publicans as a class, notwithstanding the wild statements of the intemperate orators of the pump party, are frequently entrus'ed after banking hours with large sums of money by business men and citizens who do not care to drag their bullion with them to the suburbs. A good story is told of a well-known licensee of a city hotel in his character as banker. On the night of the second day of the Great Northern meeting a North Shore sportsman, whose horses had scored a couple of wins, entered the hostelry, bearing with him a bag heavy with saddle lead. In reply to the friendly greeting and query as to how he had got on, Mr D— smilingly told the landlord of his success, and asked him to take care of the bag. The weight staggered the boniface, and he flushed with pride as the thought flashed through his mind that he had been honoured with the custody of untold wealth, the colossal winnings of the day. Carefully was the bag placed in a corner of the safe and just as carefully was the key of the burglar-proof casement turned in the door and removed to the custody of the landlord's own pocket. The care of even supposed wealth is calculated to make a man careful and, perhaps, suspicious, so that when a stranger came along subsequently and asked for the bag the suspicions of the landlord were fully aroused. A foul plot had evidently been concocted to get possession of wealth, and the trusted custodian demanded,

"Who are you?" "A friend of Mr D—," was the reply; whereat the usual genial host wrathfully exclaimed, "A friend! Yes, and you would need to be a good friend, too, before you would get that bag." There was no polio-man about at the time, and it is, perhaps, just as well that it was so; but Mr D— subsequently explained the mystery of the bag, and its honest custodian has since recognised that if it is true that "all that glitters is not gold," it is equally true that all that is heavy is not necessarily precious metal.

General Grant was a born horseman (states the *Spirit of the Times*). One day, when the members of Grant's class were called out for drill on horseback, there were not horses enough by one to go around. Grant was one of the shortest men in his class, consequently was on the extreme left of the company, and he was the one for whom there was no horse. The officer ordered a horse brought, which was done. The animal was a vicious brute, which had proved so unmanageable that he had been discarded. The officer in charge did not notice the horse until just as young Grant vaulted into the saddle, when, horror-stricken, he ordered him to dismount. The horse did his part to assist his rider to obey the order, but Grant drove his spurs into the sides of the infuriated, plunging, kicking, bolting brute, and guided him into an open field, where he gave such an exhibition of amateur horsemanship as no member of that class had ever before witnessed. Before the contest was ended the horse was thoroughly subdued, and from that time became a useful, obedient animal, but he was always ridden by Grant.

A recent exchange states that the anti-gamblers and Mr Hawke have made no move lately, and betting has gone on as openly and in precisely the same manner as before in all the rings at the various meetings in England. At Kempton, however, the police quietly took the names and addresses of three leading bookmakers—Mr Hibbert, of Nottingham, and Mr Fry and Mr Edge, of London. It is said that this was done by order of Sir Edward Bradford, the chief commissioner of police, and that summonses will now be taken out against these three men for illegal betting in the enclosure. Meantime, the *Sportsman's* Shilling Fund in defence of national sports is making fair headway, as 14,000 shillings have already been received. This fund will be handed in its entirety to the Sporting League, who, amongst other things, are preparing a monster petition for Parliament for legislation that may defeat the aims of the faddists. How different our authorities handle the matter here (writes "Martindale" of the *Sydney Evening News*). They summons everybody, though they state that they are solely guided by the rulings in England. If they follow the English authorities in one thing, why not in all others?

We can talk as much as we like about the horse-owners of old racing for the love of sport alone (says *The Field*), but it may be doubted whether more than a very small minority did so—after betting facilities were invented. Horse-racing apart from betting was not according to the idea of our forefathers, and it was the desire on the part of racing men of old to bet to a greater extent than they could hope to do with each other that called into existence the first professional bookmaker, and from that day to this his successors have been liberally patronised. The wants of a sort of betting exchange appears to have been felt somewhere about the latter half of the last century, and it was supplied by Mr Tattersall, who opened his "new stables near Hyde Park Turnpike" about 1760, and the establishment soon became the acknowledged resort of the sporting and betting world. Here it was that in 1791 the then "Duke of Bedford settled



MR O. R. WISE'S B G ILEX (BY LE LOUP), SECOND IN THE HANDICAP HURDLE RACE AT THE HAWKE'S BAY JOCKEY CLUB'S WINTER MEETING.

Photo. by J. A. Slack, Auckland

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