

SPORTING REVIEW.

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NOTICE TO RACING CLUBS.

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Sporting Review.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1890.

THE annual meeting of the members of the Auckland Racing Club was held at their rooms, Durham-street, on the 4th inst. There was a difficulty in getting a quorum. The accounts and balance-sheet were passed in rather a hurried manner, and the old standing Committee were re-elected, with the exception of Mr. Thompson in the place of the late Mr. A. K. Taylor. To insure fresh blood on the Committee, an improvement in the rule would be that three members should annually retire, not being eligible for re-election for that year. It is almost incredible the little interest the members take as regards the financial and general affairs of the Club. The Committee, with few exceptions, have been the same for many years. According to precedent some of the Committee should have resigned during the racing season and have been replaced by new men. The members generally appear not to be aware that they are individually responsible for the liabilities of the Club. On looking over the balance-sheet of this year it appears to us that the Club have made a profit of £818, and that the overdraft at the Bank has been considerably reduced. The omission of the entry fees for the different races in "futuro," in the one column, needs some explanation, as of course they have been paid to the Club; also the debtors £588 19s. 10d. and unpaid subscriptions £290 1s., strike a racing man as rather curious items, as Racing Clubs should have no debtors. What would people say of Messrs. Weatherly if they brought forward a balance-sheet for the Newmarket Jockey Club with a debtors' account? The balance-sheet of the Auckland Racing Club is published in another column, so people can form their own ideas.

FROM accounts to hand there are 131 horses left in the Melbourne Cup. Of these only about thirty will ever see the post. This will show the absurdity of anyone attempting to point out a winner three months before the race, even if you were on the spot and was able to learn what was going on and the intentions of the various owners. Backers who invest their money at the present time must extreme confidence in themselves, or have

plenty of spare cash, hoping perhaps to land a long shot, and in the future be able to tell their friends that they have done so, and put it down to their own cleverness. The Melbourne Cup this year is of greater interest than has ever been the case, the stakes alone being well worth winning, and betting has greatly increased in Australia, therefore making it well worth any owner's while to wait with his horse. For this reason I do not expect to see the winner come into the market until the last moment. Very likely it may fall to a rank outsider like Zulu. Under these adverse circumstances, I shall confine myself, until I get some reliable information, to horses that I consider have no chance. Carbine heads the list at 10st. 5lb. He has been backed by the public at the short price of 100 to 5. He is undoubtedly one of the best horses that has been seen for a long time, but his weight is a crusher. It would almost be a cruelty to run him, perhaps breaking him down. As there are plenty of valuable w.f.a. stakes to be run for that are at his mercy, so I expect the stable will stand another. Melos, 9st. 7lb., is a consistent performer, and from what I can learn is a sound horse. Dreadnought, 9st. 6lb., may be passed over, as there are others that can beat him at the weights. Merrie England, 9st. 3lb., must have been left in by mistake or to get money out of. The same remark applies to Manton, 9st. 2lb. Of those above 8st. Melos is the only one that looks well for a place investment, as I can never believe that any good sportsman would send a horse like Carbine to the post, risking defeat. Cuirassier, 9st., has been backed by his party to win a good stake, and they are considered clever. Cuirassier has never done anything to warrant the belief that that he has a chance with 9st for such a race as the Melbourne Cup. His best performance on paper was when he won the Great Northern Derby, beating Manton and Hilda. The former was all to pieces and not fit to run for sour apples, and the latter I consider a greatly overrated mare. As a four-year-old he won the Victorian Handicap, beating a lot of Platers. The times given are, of course, good, but any one who relies on the time test will eventually be ruined, especially over the Ellerslie course. How it is I cannot understand official time varying greatly from private individuals. Some years ago Poet, with 9st. 7lb. on his back, was made to break the record of a mile and a half. Those who know the Poet will scarcely believe that it was correct. On the other hand, it is said that Cuirassier's owners have been keeping him with the view of winning the Melbourne Cup. If such is the case, why have they rushed him into the market three months before the race, and at a time the bookmakers have no field money in their books. Backers must also take into consideration that Musket's stock, as a rule, have not the best of forelegs, being inclined to be fleshy. Cuirassier's are not the ones to give you an idea of being able to stand the preparation he will require for a race of this description, as he is a heavy-topped horse. Sir William,

8st. 11lb., I should like to know more about. At the same time I must say that I am not partial to four-year-olds in the spring of the year, as so many things go against them standing severe training. Sultan and Richelieu, 8st. 11lb., I pass at once. Cardigan, 8st. 10lb., may appear some day in the betting. Churchill and Singapore, 8st. 9lb., will require further consideration. I will, however, go through the others in sections, but if my readers have money to spare, and are desirous of investing, they might do worse than take a long shot about either The Admiral, Dunkeld, or Forty Winks, as they will afford hedging before the day. The Caulfield and New Zealand Cups I do not intend to touch until I get some reliable information, and there is plenty of time to go into them before the day. How backers can take 5 to 1 about a horse for a race like the New Zealand Cup three months before the day is more than one can understand, but such is the case with Jet d' Eau.

The following reliable pieces of interesting news are taken from "Spectator's" letter to the Press. He is at present doing Sydney and Melbourne, where he met a good many New Zealanders—some doing well, others the reverse, and desirous of returning to New Zealand; but at the same time there are hundreds of good steady young men who could not get employment of any kind. "At the Spencer-street station, on my way to Flemington the day of the Grand National Hurdle Race, I met Mr. Dick Kelly, who did at one time a lot of dealing in horses. He looks as well as ever, and gave me the idea of a man who gets three meals a day. Harry Prince, who once did a good deal of betting business before the days of the totalisator in New Zealand, and who a few weeks ago was reported to be in one of the asylums in Melbourne, was one of the throng going a-racing, but he looked far from his former self, and had evidently been laid up some time. On entering the paddock I met Bob Collins, the cross country rider, who came over to ride old Messenger, the cab horse, in the Grand National. Collins has been riding in Queensland and New South Wales, but has not had so much luck as some of his brother jockeys. From him I learned that Billy Hatfield had had the misfortune to break his leg while riding in Sydney; but for this he would have had the mount on Donald. Hatfield is unquestionably one of the best of his weight that we have sent out of New Zealand. Paddy Nolan was present, looking well, and from conversations I had with Sydneyites he is fairly idolized by sporting people there. I was much surprised to see Koss Heaton. He rode Donald in the Hurdle Race, and dropped his whip a few furlongs from home; but for that he might have squeezed his mount home a winner. Mike Carnody, who trained for Mr. P. Butler and afterwards for Lyons and Blaikie, never looked better. He is training for Mr. O'Connor, the Queensland owner. Ted Kelly has a fairish team of horses for various owners. Mr. Weekes, the Indian horse trader, has given

him Escapade, Townmoor, Helmsman, and other horses. Roddy McIvor, who has been in Victoria for the last ten years, but with the exception of a few grey hairs is not changed a great deal. He has had his share of ups and downs, the preponderance being downs. He has in hand at Caulfield three moderate horses, not likely to do him as much good as Tommy Dodd, Grey Momus, Lara, Loch Lomond, and others he had in his hands when J. Rae was his pupil. Charlie Ruddings has a large number of horses under his charge for different owners, and his name is continually cropping up in connection with winners. He says that he likes the country, as you can make money there. Mr. C. C. Murray, late of Napier, was one of the most prominent New Zealanders there; Mr. Fred Duder, late of Auckland and Dunedin, Messrs. Davis, Levy, Charles Brown, and others from the former city were also conspicuous. Mr. Joe Gallagher, the erst Auckland penciler, was on the Hill following his old calling. Mr. A. Drake, whose headquarters are in Sydney, was in the Paddock, and had a good time of it over the Hurdle Race, judging from the business he was doing and the winner being unbacked. Billy Craft, one of the old school of jockeys, was also there. He does not look a day older, and has not a grey hair. He complains that he cannot get rid of the rheumatism, and intends visiting Te Aroha. He is now a married man. Messrs. Lyons, Poole, Enko and other metalicians are, according to all accounts, doing well in Sydney. The other week young Mr. S. McGregor, of Normanby, Taranaki, had a fall while riding at the Oakleigh Hunt Meeting, but is all right again. Mr. Ross, who was some time at Ellerslie, is now bookmaking. He travels between Sydney and Melbourne, and is to be found among the coursing men. "Spectator" has also been going the rounds of trotting races, and is evidently of opinion that the best of the New Zealand trotting horses would have a poor show over there. For my own part, I must confess that I have only seen three or four horses in New Zealand that had any pretensions to trotting; then they were only natural ones, and would require a lot of training. Trotting is a sport itself, and the animals require a great deal of teaching from their earliest days. There are few men in England that can train a trotter from his youthful days; the Americans are the only ones that thoroughly understand it. I have seen an American trainer at Home take an English horse in hand that the owner thought could not be made better, and in three months make him a 25-second better horse in a mile. It is to be hoped that trotting in New Zealand will not be carried to too great an extent, as a trained American trotter is the most unpleasant horse to ride or drive. What we want here is improvement in the trotting and action of hacks and harness horses, but we do not require them like the American trotter or pacer.

OLD TURFITE.

I hear from a reliable source that an offer of £80 was recently made by a patron of W. McMinniman's stable for the hurdle racer Hopeful Kate, but the owner will not part under £100.

Messrs. L. A. Levy, J. C. Davis, and A. Carrick, well known in sporting circles, returned from Australia by the "Manapouri" on Wednesday last, after doing the V.R.C. Grand National and the usual rounds.

THE TURF.

[BY OLD TURFITE.]

RACING CALENDAR.

August 6.....	Ashburton Hunt Club Meeting.
9.....	Lancaster Trotting Club.
28.....	Amberly Steeplechase Meeting.
September 9, 10.....	Geraldine Spring Meeting.
18, 19.....	South Canterbury J. C. Meeting.
October 6, 7.....	Hawke's Bay J. C. Spring Meeting.
20, 21.....	Wellington R. C. Summer Meeting.
November 4, 5, 8.....	C. J. C. Spring Meeting.
19, 20.....	Ashburton R. C. Spring Meeting.
AUSTRALIA.	
September 4, 6.....	Hawkesbury R. C. Spring Meeting.
13, 16, 18, 20.....	A. J. C. Spring Meeting.
ACCEPTANCES AND FORFEITS.	
August 4.....	First forfeit Melbourne Cup.
26.....	Second payment Caulfield Cup.

The following are the names of the Clubs affiliated to the New Zealand Trotting Association:—

Southland Racing Club	Ohoku and Eyreton Jockey Club
Cromwell Racing Club	Tinwald Racing Club
Lower Heathcote Racing Club	Hororatu Racing Club
New Brighton Racing Club	Waimate Racing Club
Lancaster Park Trotting Club	Little River Racing Club
North Canterbury Racing Club	Ellesmere Jockey Club
Geraldine Racing Club	Greymouth Trotting Club
Canterbury Trotting Club	Nelson Trotting Club.
Timaru Trotting Club	
South Canterbury Jockey Club	

"Mazeppa," of the *Otago Witness*, informs his readers that Mr. Dowse's counsel (Sir R. Stout) has sent to Mr. Stead, asking that he send down a formal withdrawal of the statements deemed libelous, or that a solicitor be named who would accept service of a writ. Should this case continue racing men may expect some lively things brought to light.

Of late, owing to Australian sires being taken to San Francisco, the public have had their attention called to races in America, and some wonderful times have been given by different writers, but I have not noticed a single one informing their readers that the custom in America is to time from a flying start. This makes a difference of 10sec. in the mile.

After carefully reading over the different accounts of the New Zealand Grand National Steeplechase, I am of the opinion that Lunn made a mistake in the way that he rode Ahua. One other writer is of the same opinion. Ahua, though the top weight, went to the post a hot favorite. When the flag dropped, Lunn, like any good jockey, decided to make a waiting race. The pace at first was very bad, and he had to pull and haul his horse about to keep him back, thus taking more out of his mount than if he had let him stride along in front. The consequence was that Ahua got irritated, and when he came to a small fence he blundered through it and came down. Lunn is undoubtedly a fine horseman, but from what I have seen of his riding he gives me the impression of being self-taught. Lunn, like many others, think that to ride a waiting race he must be behind. This is a great mistake; it is just as easy to wait in front as behind. When the flag drops, jump off in front, get a good position, letting your horse stride along, having a firm hold of his head until he settles down—then, if the pace is good, you can remain there; if the reverse, let the others race past and make the running for you. I was not present, therefore these remarks are made from what I can glean from others. However, the certain old jumper, Daddy Longlegs, won, though he is as slow as a top. It is stated in several of the Southern papers that he was trained by swimming. The description of the race greatly reminds me of the Liverpool Grand National when Little Charlie won, ridden by Bill Archer (father of the celebrated Fred), who just before the start took £100 to a gin cocktail against his mount.

On looking through the lists of winning owner's horses and sires published in the Southern papers, I find that none of them agree. The most reliable, I think, is the list compiled by "Pentagraph," in the *New Zealand Referee*, but even he has some errors. However, it is of little consequence, as it is very doubtful if any owner who has only raced in New Zealand has made the two ends meet, as it is impossible to back a horse for any amount in a country where the totalisator is paramount.

The *Cornstalk* has a rather amusing article headed "New Zealand Three-year-olds—A Chat about them," written by Mr. A. J., one of the best informed of the New Zealand sporting scribes. The account of the different horses is really amusing. For the owners' sake it is to be trusted that the Australian handicappers pay no attention to such articles. It is often a source of wonder how horses sent from here to Sydney get imposters that their performances do not warrant. If Messrs. Barnard and Scarr pay attention to such rigmarole it is readily accounted for.

From all accounts the Oaks was run in the fastest time on record, Semolina jumping off and forcing the pace in hopes of making Signorina's lack of condition tell. The time given is 2m. 40 4-5s. The fastest time given for the Derby, 2m. 43s., was done by Kettle-drum, Blair Athol, Merry Hampton, and Ayrshire. Now not a single writer, in making comments on the time the Derby and Oaks are run in mentions the fact that since Kettle-drum and Blair Athol's day the course has been altered. Formerly the horses started in a hollow, and the first quarter of mile was up a tremendous hill. They now start at the back of Sherwood's, and have only slightly rising ground to contend with at the commencement.

All racing men in the Colonies will regret that, owing to the death of the Hon. James White, his horses engaged in the different races in England are disqualified. This is a great disappointment to many English racing men, as they wanted to see what Australian horses were like further on in the season, as no one for one moment thought that Mr. White would land the Derby at the first time of asking, especially as it happened to be a particularly good year for three-year-olds. They were expected to do something further on in the season. The rule, that has been in force for many years, that all nominations are void on the death of the nominator, falls very hard on racehorse owners, who may have given long prices for young stock. There are many of my readers who will remember that by the death of Mr. "Launde," the Marquis of Anglesey, Prince Bathany, and others, how many good horses were rendered practically useless for racing purposes. Mr. Tattersall has often urged the necessity of having the rule repealed and substituting the following:—"On the sale of any racehorse the purchaser shall have all nominations transferred to him, and, if necessary, be required to place security in Messrs. Weatherby's hands for the amount of the forfeits." This would do away with the difficulty. From what can be gleaned from Home papers some such rule will be adopted and the old one repealed before long.

A curious coincidence occurred in this year's Derby. In 1853 Mr. James Merry's Hobbie Noble, for which as a 2-year-old he gave a tremendous long figure, as prices went in those days—if my memory serves me right it was £6500—he started a great favorite, and finished nowhere to the three outsiders, Daniel O'Rorke, Barbarian, and Chief Baron Nicholson. In 1870 McGregor started a screaming favorite, with odds on him, after having won the Two Thousand Guineas. His stilty fore legs prevented him coming down the hill from Tattenham corner. This year, his son, Mr. A. J. Merry, who has taken after his father, wins the Two Thousand with Surefoot, who, like McGregor, starts even a hotter favorite, and finishes nowhere.

SPORTING ITEMS.

Antelope is now being trained by her owner, and is looked after by W. Powell.

M. Hatfield, the well-known cross-country horseman, returned to Auckland on a short visit.

Sam Fergus, after attending the Napier, Wellington, and Christchurch meetings, returned by the "Wanaka" last Wednesday.

Lady Norah was sent to the Stud Company on Saturday last, 2nd August, to be put to Nordenfeldt.

Leolantis, Hilda, and Cissy were on the racecourse at Ellerslie, and did some good useful slow work on the tan.

Mr. S. Powell has been elected starter to the Wanganui Jockey Club at a salary of £30. Mr. Hatley defeated Mr. Evitt by five votes for the post of handicapper.

Mr. R. Williams who returned from Sydney by the "Manapouri" last Wednesday, informs me that he disposed of Recruit for £205, and Seaweed for £110. He must be congratulated with the good prices they realised.

The annual general meeting of the Onehunga Racing Club was held at Wattie's Hotel on Tuesday, the 5th inst., when the balance-sheet and accounts were passed. The Club is now clear of debt, having paid off a large amount during the last two years.

The following delegates have been appointed to attend the Conference to be held this month at Wellington:—Messrs. H. D. Bell and J. S. Thompson, Wellington Racing Club; the Hon. J. A. Bonar and Mr. Greenwood for the Westland Racing Club; and Dr. Earle and Mr. F. R. Jackson for the Wanganui Racing Club.

Among the visitors to the Grand National Meeting were the Wellington metallicans, Messrs. Yuile and Nathan and the Wanganui penciller, Mr. J. Poole, of the firm of Hill and Poole. They report that during their stay, Jet d'Eau was backed for the New Zealand Cup with them to win £1000 odd, starting at 100 to 8 and finishing at 100 to 12. £500 to £50 was taken about St. Andrew for the N.Z. Cup in the paddock at the G.N. Meeting. Mariner was backed for the same event to win £500 at 100 to 7. Richlake was supported at 100 to 7, Reprisal at 100 to 6, and Merrie England at 100 to 5. Messrs. Poole and Yuile left for Wellington on Tuesday, while Mr. Nathan went on to Dunedin to bet on forthcoming events.—*N.Z. Referee.*

Harrison has Reprisal in steady work. He is looking big and healthy.

Mr. P. Campbell, the well-known sportsman, who was for years past starter to the C. J. Club, was, on Tuesday, July 28th, married to Miss Emily Robinson, the daughter of the late Hon. W. Robinson. Mr. Campbell and his bride started en route to England immediately after the ceremony.

The *Press*, August 1st, has the following betting on the New Zealand Cup:—All the money in the market has been taken about Jet d'Eau, principally for the stable; 100 to 15 is now the best offer. Crackshot and Merrie England come next at 100 to 12, and Dudu at 100 to 11. The other prices are nominal, ranging from 100 to 10 to 100 to 4.

At the Salisbury (England) Meeting in May, the Salisbury stakes of 200 sovs. fell to the two-year-old, Medmenham who is by Retreat—Lady Yardley, and is, therefore, a half-brother of Mr. T. Morrin's Castor, who is at the Stud at Wellington Park, Auckland. Medmenham carried 9st. and beat a field of seven. Castor, my readers will remember, was imported to Melbourne from England by Mr. W. R. Wilson along with Eiridspord, but was purchased by Mr. Morrin soon after his arrival there—*N.Z. Referee.*—[At one time the Salisbury Stakes was one of the most important of the early two-year-old races. The meeting was well patronised by the leading patrons of the turf, as it took place just before the Bath Reunion, which in the good old days had so much effect on the Derby betting market. Many a Derby favourite has had his quietus in the roomy at the Pump Hotel.—Ed. S.R.]

The tables (1889-90) compiled by the turf statistician "Pentagraph," and published in the columns of the *New Zealand Referee*, will be found of great interest to sporting readers. These statistics have not been prepared without a great deal of care, the conditions of each race having been carefully read, and any deductions made from winnings have also been made in the tables. As was to be expected, Mr. S. H. Gollan heads the list of winning owners with £4,030 3s., his representative Tirailleur, who has gone through the season without once tasting defeat, being responsible for no less a sum than £3,500 15s., which of course places the colt at the top of the list of winning horses. Mr. J. Stephenson comes second in the list of winning owners with £2,982 3s. opposite his name, for which he has principally to thank the Exhibition Cup winner Occident with winnings amounting to £2,076 14s., Tempest with £580 11s., and Francotte with £296 8s. Mr. G. G. Stead, who probably keeps the largest string of horses in the Colony, comes third on the list with £2,681 2s., his chief winner having been the Canterbury Derby hero Scots Grey, who appropriated £1,191 14s. Rose Argent assisted to swell the total of Mr. Stead's winnings by adding £545 6s., while Medallion is answerable for £402 13s. It is very gratifying to see such a good sportsman as "Mr. W. Somerville" so high up in the list of winning owners, and he follows Mr. Stead with £2,004 15s., and completes the list of those who have won £2,000 or over. Hilda, the winner at the Napier and Auckland Autumn Meetings, is answerable for more than half this amount, having won £1,062 2s., while Cissy assisted to swell the amount by £454 2s. Another Auckland sportsman, Mr. W. Bobbett,

is high up in the list with winnings amounting to £1,276 2s., of which sum Patchwork won £620 7s., and Lady Norah and Quadrant £327 15s. each. Amongst the other Auckland owners the most prominent in the list are J. Rae (£882 1s.), H. Harrison (£778 1s.), R. Burke (£522 10s.), D. McKinnon (£475), J. Kean (£423), B. Thompson (£327 15s.), E. James (£275 10s.), and Major F. N. George (£258 10s.). Other Auckland horses that have won £300 or over are Antelope (624 3s.), Raglan (£607 1s.), Leopold (£593 15s.), Loch Ness (£475), Orangeman (£389) Mary (£352 4s.), Recruit (£335 7s.), Donald (£308 10s.).

ATHLETICS.

AQUATIC FIXTURES.

August 16—F. Couche v. A. Roberts, for £100 a side on the Parramatta.

" 18—Kerr v. Bubeat, for £51 a side, on the Lower Yarra.

[BY NIMBLEFOOT.]

THE *Melbourne Sportsman* has an account of a great walking match that has commenced at Mr. Hillier's grounds, Leabridge-road, London on June 16th. Joe Spencer undertook to walk 2,016 miles in 1,016 consecutive hours, fair heel and toe. The conditions were, that he must walk two miles at the commencement of each hour. In years gone by this kind of feat was often attempted. Up to the time that Gale walked his 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, at Cardiff, Captain Barclay was the only man that had ever accomplished it. The difference between the two performances was very great, while the former walked under cover on a prepared track, the latter did it in the open air, and on natural ground. Gale afterwards essayed a similar feat at the Lillie Bridge grounds, but that is not an authentic performance. Spencer, if he accomplishes this task will make a wonderful record, being nearly 71 years of age; he was born at Bettly, near Ludlow, the home of Tom Spring. Joe Spencer when he was 42 years of age is accredited with doing a 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, at the Cremorne gardens, London. This performance was doubted at the time, and there is no reliable record of it. In 1887 it is stated that he walked 1,326 miles in 27 days, this performance is also doubted, as he far exceeded Weston's walk of 1,200 miles in 30 days, which is an undoubted fact. In 1883 at the Highway Skating Rink he completed 5,306 (!) miles in 100 days, this is another sensational walk that was done for the "Gate" of which there is no record. In 1885, when 66 years of age, Spencer tramped 6,000 miles in 110 days, after walking the first 120 miles at the Lillie Bridge Grounds he took to the roads, passing through the principal towns of England to Scotland and back to the Cobden Club, finishing the last 21 miles at the original starting post, the same remarks apply to this performance. According to the *Melbourne Sportsman*, Spencer appeared at the starting post on June 16th, dressed in a straw hat, porpoise boots, which he had had for five years, and a pair of tweed trousers. He commenced his walk at 6 o'clock, doing his first two miles in 23m. 8secs., at 7 o'clock he resumed, the two miles taking 24m. 30secs.; he was confident of accomplishing the task. According to the *Sportsman* the officials are—Messrs. Pictoney, Coombes, and R. D. Eade. It is not stated by whom they were appointed.

Mr. James Halyday, jun., informs me that he has received word from the New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association that they have finally determined to hold the next Championship Meeting at Auckland.

"Acteon" in last Saturday's *Star* states that several had asked him what the world's record was for 100 yards. He quotes from the *Sporting Life* record book also from Miller's *Sporting Pamphlet*. I am surprised at the former being wrong. I should have thought that anyone taking an interest in running would have known that George Seward has the best record. Though he made it many years ago, it has only been approached on one or two occasions.

Wood, from New Zealand, tells me that the runners from the land of "Moa" were given a right royal welcome home. At a smoke concert held in their honour at Christchurch, on the 5th July, the two members of the team who have stayed in Sydney—Messrs. R. B. Lusk and J. G. McKelvie, were both spoken of very kindly.—*Cornstalk*.

PROBABLES v. POSSIBLES.

THE practice between the teams chosen by the selection committee took place last Saturday, and attracted a large number of spectators. The play on the whole was much superior to the previous Saturday. In the first spell, the Possibles, who played with a strong wind behind them, managed to hold their own, their forwards playing quite as well as their opponents. Braund took his place at centre-half, and played fairly well, considering the accident he met with lately. Rees did not play nearly so well as usual, though he kicked a nice goal from the field. Elliott played in improved style, and made some fine dashes, but in passing, he, as a rule, threw the ball on, this was perhaps not so much his fault as an over eagerness on Jervis' part, to whom all these passes were sent. Jervis was in great form, running and kicking in excellent style, while he and Elliott played into each others hands nicely. Hales, who played instead of Madigan, did not play at all well, while Breen, who played on the outside, did fairly well. Stichbury played only fairly well the first spell, but he warmed up to his work in the second, and tackled and saved splendidly. The forwards, on a whole, played well, Poland, H. Hefferman, and McKenzie being the best. Of the Possible backs, Kissling and Herrold divided the honours. Kissling's display was much better than Hales' or Breen's, while Herrold's was as good as Elliott's, and certainly better than either Rees or Braund. Conway also played well, while Meldrum played fairly. Tanfield and Wainhouse did not play up to form. Of the forwards Smith was the best, while Cantley Cole, T. Murray, and Gordon played well.

On Saturday night the selection committee met and picked the team to represent us against Taranaki to-day as follows—full-back: Stichbury; three-quarters—Jervis, Breen, Madigan; half-backs—Rees, Braund, Elliott; forwards—H. Poland, J. Poland, Hefferman, Mills, Wells, Marshall, Smith, McKenzie.

The team on the whole is as good as could have been picked, though I think it a very risky experiment playing Braund, who even after last Saturday's game was lame. Madigan, who we all know is a very good man, is all out of condition, and has not played a match for

over a month, and I don't think the committee were justified in putting him in the team. The forwards on the whole, are very good, although I should have liked to see Logan in the place of Marshall.

The following is the team selected to represent Taranaki in the match against Auckland at Potter's Paddock this afternoon.—Full-back—Oliver; three-quarters—A. Bayly, A. Good, Hempton; halves—W. Bayly, C. Bayly; forwards—Tate, Pearson, Sangster, Barford, Lye, W. Good, Lambie, Livingston, and Old.

Mr. T. Mackay will umpire for Auckland, and Mr. Major for Taranaki, whilst Mr. Thos. Henderson will act as Referee.

A. Goldwater, whilst playing in the match Athletics v. Ellerslie, got his leg broken.

J. Wainhouse met with a rather painful accident during the practice match last Saturday, Probables v. Possibles.

[BY CLASPER.]

The Victorian ex-amateur sculler, Kerr, is evidently not satisfied with his defeat by Bubear, the English oarsman, as another match has been made over the championship course, on the Lower Yarra, to come off on the 18th August. The stakes are for £50 a-side, and Bubear is to give Kerr 10 seconds start.

J. C. Gardner, stroke of the Cambridge University eight, and the finest amateur sculler in England, now that G. Nickalls, of Oxford, has retired, won the Wingfield Sculls, an event which gives the winner the right to the Amateur Championship of England.—*Christchurch Star*.

The annual eight-oared race between the Yale University crew and the Atlanta Club crew took place at Newhaven. When the crews had finished half the course the Yale stroke broke his oar. To relieve the boat of his useless weight he leapt overboard, and was almost immediately picked up by a boat. Meanwhile, the Yale boat shot ahead with its seven oarsmen, who worked so well that they came in at the finish eight lengths ahead of the rival crew amid enthusiastic cheers.—*Christchurch Star*.

The final arrangements have been made for the National Regatta, which will be held at Putney on August 18th and 19th. The races are open to watermen, landmen, professionals, and others of the United Kingdom, the first prizes being as follows:—non-coxswain four-oars, £100; pair-oars, £50; scullers who have never sculled for £50 a-side, £50; apprentices, under 21 years of age on August 4th, coat, badge, freedom and £5; heavy four-oars, with coxswains, £40, together with other prizes in each race at the discretion of the Committee. No competitor can enter for two four-oared or two sculling races, in the same regatta; and no one can enter twice for the same race. No amalgamation of North and South country crews will be permitted. One spare man may be entered for each four-oared crew. The heavy four-oared boats must be built in not less than five strakes on each side, and must carry a coxswain who shall weigh not less than 8st; the boats to be provided or approved by the sub-committee. The entrance fees will be returnable to each crew or competitor completing the course. Any competitor or competitors misbehaving in any way, or being party to any agreement, arrangement or understanding, not in accordance with straight-forward competition will be disqualified.—*Christchurch Star*.



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The undersigned begs to state to the Sporting Public that he has not retired (as erroneously stated), but is to be found at the usual place daily from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

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QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

A short time ago (says the *Sydney Referee*), Peter Kemp had an offer made to him to go to the United States of America and compete at the Duluth-Dulwick Regatta in Minnesota, which takes place on the 21st to 25th of this month. It was impossible for Kemp to get away on account of the International race. From all I can gather at present, however, there will be a strong quartette of Australian oarsmen visiting the states ere long. The combination will include Peter Kemp, Jim Stanbury, Chris Neilson, and probably Jack McLean.—*Christchurch Star*.

GAMING AND LOTTERIES ACT.

THAT unfortunate measure, the Gaming and Lotteries Act, is the object of another tilt in the House of Representatives. This time Mr. R. H. Reeves, the member for Inangahua, a gentleman who has not previously displayed a feverish anxiety for the morals of the people or the welfare of the turf, is the assailant. He proposes that the Act should be repealed altogether, and that we should return to the old system of free-trade in gambling. It is whispered, possibly with some truth, that Mr. Reeves and some of his friends have taken offence at the recent decision of the Dunedin Jockey Club on the Westland metropolitan question, and determined to adjust matters in their own particular style by getting rid of the totalisator. We would, however, rather believe that Mr. Reeves is impelled by higher motives—that he really thinks the bookmakers better than the machine, and desires to make a change which he considers would be for the good of the country at large. But whatever Mr. Reeves' motives, his proposal is sure to find plenty of support outside the House. A considerable number of people would rejoice at a return to the old order of things, when they might prey on the public to their hearts' content; and a much larger number, good, well-meaning people, who are "agin" everything that does not make betting in any shape or form an indictable offence, would satisfy their consciences by jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. Fortunately our legislators have been compelled by the force of public opinion to give a little serious thought to the matter, and a majority have sense enough to see that the totalisator is steadily ridding the turf of some of its worst abuses. Mr. Reeves' Bill is not likely to become law.—*Star*, Christchurch. [We cannot coincide with the above, as we are perfectly sure that unless the use of the totalisator is greatly modified, or done away with, both racing and the breed of horses in the Colony will be ruined.—ED. S.R.]

Mr. Macready also left by the same boat with one for the Maiden.

The draw for the 8 dog sweepstake will take place on Tuesday, 12th inst., at the Commercial Hotel, at 7.30 p.m.

The annual meeting of the New Zealand Cyclists' Alliance will be held about the last week in this month.

Mr. James Hunt left in the Wanaka for Dunedin in charge of Snowball, Blue Cap, and Vixen. The two former are engaged in the Champion Stakes and the latter in the Maiden.

The delegate of the Dunedin Cycling Club has, I understand, been instructed to support the application of the Auckland Amateur Club in running the championships off in Auckland.

HUNTING.

[I HAVE been requested to write a description of any run that took place in the early days of the Pakuranga Hounds which seemed worthy of note. The following, which was the first meet, on the 16th May, 1874, has always remained a green spot on my memory.—N. D.]

SPORTING FACTS AND SPORTING FANCIES.

Each season has its joys, 'tis true,
And none should wisdom spurn;
But those who Nature rightly view,
Enjoy them each in turn:
The angler, racer, courser, shot,
As each to each is borne;
But the season of seasons, is it not
When the Huntsman winds his horn?

"THE Pakuranga Hounds will meet on Saturday, the 16th, at the Scotch Church, Howick, at 10 o'clock." The above pleasing announcement of the first meet of any regularly constituted pack of hounds in New Zealand must have set the blood dancing of all old cross-countrymen, and lead many to think that after all there is still some salt left in life. What old reminiscences does it not bring back to mind of the dear old country, and of the many glorious, happy days spent among the hounds we all love so well?

Cannot we recall, in our "mind's eye, Horatio," the fine fresh smell of the new-ploughed land, as it steams under the power of the sun, fighting its way through the fog which the southerly breeze is just beginning to lift, and as we get nearer to the meet, the red coats which you see bob, bobbing along the by-roads, conveying the sportsmen to the appointed tryst. Ah, me! has not old Somerville, nearly 200 years ago, in verses which will never die, described the meet as—

Delightful scene!

Where all around is gay—men, horses, dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health and universal joy?

Who that came to Auckland twenty years ago would have thought that some such scene as I have here attempted to depict was at all likely to come off, and that near the gay city of Howick! of which it used to be said that it was celebrated for its three G's—geese, gorse, and goats—to which must now be added hares. Gorse must not now be held in such light value. Has it not been immortalised in verse?

Held by Diana in due estimation,
Bedeck with a gorse flower the goddess' shrine;
Throughout the wild range of this blooming creation
It has but one rival, and that one the vine.

Pluck me, then, Bacchus, a cluster, and squeezing it,
Pour the red juice till the goblet o'erflows;
Then, in the joy of my heart, will I, seizing it,
Drink to the land where the gorse blossom grows.

Before proceeding to give an account of the first day of the season, perhaps a short history of how the pack was got together may be interesting to your readers. Years ago the Messrs. Maclean, at considerable expense, imported from England a number of hares. With unwearied care and perseverance these few have now so increased that around their properties of Bleak House and Batley Manor hares in considerable numbers are now to be seen, giving promise of many a good day's sport, for

There's nothing to compare to the hunting of the hare.
There are a good number on the adjoining property of Mr. A. Buckland, as well as Messrs.

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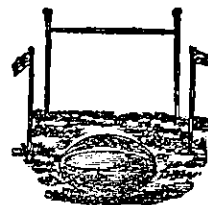
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FOOTBALL!

GRAND INTERNATIONAL MATCH,
(THIS DAY), SATURDAY, AUGUST 9th.

—AT—

POTTER'S PADDOCK, EPSOM.

TARANAKI
VERSUS
AUCKLAND.

Kick-off at three o'clock sharp.

HUNTER'S ARTILLERY BAND IN ATTENDANCE.

Admission 1s. Grand Stand, 2s. extra.

Tickets will be issued in Tram Cars, covering single fare to Epsom and admission to ground, at 1s. 6d.

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Roberts and others. With the routing out they are now likely to get they will spread still further, and it is to be hoped they will meet with all the protection that can be given, as it would be a dastardly act to shoot one. The enjoyment is only momentary, while for hunting one hare finds sport for numbers for a considerable time.

A good head of hares being now an accomplished fact, beagles or dwarf harriers were the next desideratum. Messrs. Maclean, in one way or other, got together a few couples, Mr. Buckland had fortunately purchased a number which a ship's doctor had brought from Home, and so the nucleus of a good pack was established. It was felt by many sporting gentlemen that, as the Messrs. Maclean had generously intimated their willingness to throw open their lands for hunting purposes, it would be unfair to allow them to be at any further expense than they had already incurred. Accordingly, a few weeks ago a most enthusiastic and crowded meeting was held, when Mr. Buckland, in the most handsome manner, offered to give his pack of beagles over to a club should one be formed. This was accordingly carried, and a small subscription for preliminary expenses agreed to. So great was the enthusiasm that there appeared to be a struggle as to who should hand in their cheque first. Indeed a more enthusiastic meeting I never saw in Auckland. It was arranged that kennels should be built, and Robert Maclean, Esq., was appointed Master. He has thus the honour of being the first Master of Hounds in New Zealand, and long may he enjoy his position say I, and show us good sport.

The greater part of the pack are young hounds, and of course were inclined to run riot, and great credit is due to Messrs. Maclean and Roberts, the kennel huntsman, for getting them so soon under way command.

As I said before, the first advertised meet of the season was on Saturday last at the Scotch Church, Howick. The first ground that was drawn was Colonel DeQuincey's and speedily a hare was viewed away and the hounds laid on. They went at a good pace towards Mr. Croshaw's land, where, on a piece of plough, I think they rather overran the scent.

Two or three judicious casts were here made, and in an adjoining fallow field the hare was again viewed away, and going at a smart pace right back to the top of the hill where she was first put up. Some admirable slow hunting on the part of the hounds now took place; the scent laying very badly, and the grass on the hill sides, on account of the late very dry weather, being rather short, did not give the hounds the chance of hitting it off so readily as they otherwise would have done. This was seen on crossing any gully or damp place; the hounds owned to it at once, and the pace began to get good again, only to again fall off as they came to the dry hard ground. The hounds at last threw up their noses at a gate on top of the hill through which a flock of sheep had just passed, thus finally killing what little scent there was. Three or four other hares were put up, and short runs got, but by this time the little moisture there was on the land being quite dried up, it was concluded to try on the richer flats round Pigeon Mountain.

A neighbouring sporting publican, thinking, I suppose, that two or three hours galloping up and down the Howick hills would make a little beer and a sandwich acceptable, had a little spread for those who felt that way in-

clined. He seemed to be well patronised, and I hope his venture was a paying one.

No sooner were we on the Pigeon Mountain than two or three hares were afoot, when, after running several rings round the mountain, one was at last got away in the direction of Butley Manor. The pace was very good, and he was viewed into some ti-tree scrub, where he rather got the better of the hounds and doubled back towards the mountain. Some splendid work here done by the hounds was the admiration of everybody. The music was worth coming a" the way to hear. Old Ringwood especially has a fine deep voice, and the way little Bugler told off the scent, over some bare scoria boulders was a thing to remember. There was a slight check, and "Hold hard!" from Mr. Maclean brought us all to a stand. Who is 'old 'ard? I have heard Mr. Maclean calling to him several times to-day, and what is he wanted to do? I heard one man ask another, but the hounds are off again, and the pace too good to stay to enlighten him. The hare took the direction of Bleak House, rather towards the fern. This was the run of the day, as the pace was fast enough to please anyone, and had it come off early in the day, while the hounds were fresh, no doubt we should have had a good thing. As it was, the scent lay well till we came to a stockyard, and the hounds never properly owned it after that. It being now four o'clock, and close to the kennels, the Master wisely ordered the hounds home. This finished the first day and, much to the regret of the Master, did not end in a kill, as he was very anxious to show sport to many who had come a good distance. There are all the elements of future good sport. We must have seen at least twenty hares, but the land generally is too dry and hard to hold scent, and till we have a good downfall of rain scent cannot be expected to lie. This was proved on the previous Wednesday, as, after the rain in the beginning of the week, the hounds fairly raced away and killed a hare in the open. There were 6½ couples of hounds out, and the hyper-critical might think they were a little full in flesh, but the bulk are first season's entry, and it is rather a fault on the right side not to have them too fine-drawn at the beginning of the season.

It was rather a hard day upon the horses, so much up and down hill, and very hard going. As the London dealer said, "it is the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer, on the 'igh 'ard road, that touches up their legs." Some of the young blood amused themselves with jumping a few stone walls and hedges, while the more prudent went round by a gate, and seeing a man on one side of a stone wall, and his horse on the other trying to get him over, while the hounds were running, put me in mind of that grand spectacle which the Gods are said to love—a great man struggling with adversity.

NUNQUAM DORMIO.

If there is anything in the world that will inspire a woman with a determined desire to learn shorthand, it is to find among her husband's papers a sheet full of mysterious wiggly marks, interspersed here and there with the initials of the woman she doesn't love.

1000 baked potato sellers are out on strike. They insist that a hot meal Murphy should be priced at 1½d. instead of 1d. as heretofore. The aristocracy of London object, as they think the increased charge exorbitant.

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HIGHEST NUMBER OF PRIZES

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BALANCE SHEET OF THE AUCKLAND RACING CLUB.

DR.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Creditors ..				186	9	5
" Creditors secured ..				11,778	2	2
" Overdraft in Bank ..				237	19	4
" Distressed Jockey Fund ..				399	10	0
" Capital .. 15,947	11	11				
" Less written off for depreciation ..	1,730	0	10			
" Profit and Loss ..				14,217	11	1
				818	18	9
				£27,638	10	9

CR.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Debtors ..				588	19	10
" Unpaid Subscriptions ..				290	1	0
" Racecourse ..	17,000	0	0			
" New Grand Stand ..	8,000	0	0			
" Derby Stand ..	1,000	0	0			
" Furniture ..	250	0	0			
" Working Plant ..	360	0	0			
" Mares' Produce Stakes ..		6	11	6		
" Cash ..		142	18	5		
				£27,638	10	9

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

DR.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Wages, Salaries, etc.				734	9	0
" Office Rent ..				79	13	4
" Interest ..				865	1	9
" Tan Gallop ..				36	5	6
" Charges, viz:—						
Insurance ..	50	9	6			
Rates and Property Tax ..	70	1	5			
Caretaker's Cottage ..	26	0	0			
Law Expenses ..	3	3	0			
Telephone ..	24	2	6			
Sundry Charges ..	214	17	9			
" Balance ..				388	14	2
				818	18	9
				£2,923	2	6

CR.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Members' Subscriptions ..				613	11	0
" Assumed Names ..				6	6	0
" Training Fees and Grazing ..				173	13	6
" Spring Meeting ..				316	19	11
" Summer Meeting ..				1312	3	7
" Winter Meeting ..				0	10	2
" Jubilee Meeting ..				134	9	2
" Autumn Meeting ..				94	16	2
" Spring Meeting, 1891 ..				61	0	0
" Summer Meeting, 1891-2 ..				159	14	0
" Autumn Meeting, 1891 ..				49	19	0
				£2,923	2	6

CAPITAL ACCOUNT.

To	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
amount written off for depreciation ..	1,730	0	10			
" Balance ..				15,947	11	11
				£16,766	10	8

By	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Balance 30th June, 1889 ..	15,947	11	11			
" Profit for year ending 30th June, 1890 ..	818	18	9			
	£16,766	10	8			

Mr. H. N. Abbott, the well-known proprietor of the Opera House and Theatre Royal is now on a visit to this city from Sydney.

Mr. Harry Davy left for Wellington per "Wanaka" on Thursday last.

Emu: "There's something wrong with the whisky."

Landlord: "Nonsense; your mouth must be out of order. I always keep the best of whisky."

Emu: "That's just it. If you'd keep the worst and sell the best we'd be better pleased."

A MODERN COCK-FIGHT.

(From Bell's Life.)

(Concluded from our last.)

On returning home at night, I must say it seemed almost providential, or whatever the other adjective is, having the same sense of promiscuousness, but a different source—that the first person I met outside the station was Healthy William. And here I must remark that the character of Healthy William was not A1 in our neighbourhood. He had not got his name of "Healthy" from any particular health of mind or body, the former being deranged with regard to the rights of property, and the latter having a propensity towards strong drink. He was called "Healthy" because he expressed so many good wishes—at twopence a wish, fourpence preferred—on the subject of other people's healths. He was a cockney Irishman by breed, and he made a living, as he pretended, by selling besoms and buying robbit skins—particularly if the rabbits were inside them. He always kept a ferret or two in his coat-tail pockets; and though he said he kept them there "to scent his pocket-handkerchief," and because "they were such innocent, confidin, little thinks," yet nobody, in the face of many convictions for poaching, believed him.

"Good evening, William," says I. "Bless your honour's handsome face," says he, "I'd be proud to drink your honour's health." "Here's sixpence," says I, "and I should just like to ask you a question, Healthy." "What might it be?" says he, looking very impatiently towards the Silent Woman; "I'm a poor man, your honor, an' my time's my money." "I want to know, Healthy," says I, "whether you know anything about cock-fighting." "Never a word," says he; "it's a cruel, barbarious sport, an' it oughter be put down by the county perlice." "But I hear," says I, "that there's a good deal of cock-fighting about this neighbourhood." "I'm afeerd," says he, "as there is—among the lower orders." "Well, Healthy," says I, "of course I don't approve of cockfighting; but—hem—there's a little bantam of mine that's been killed by Mr. Higginbotham's cock, and I should like to buy a cock that would hold his own, and keep the other from trespassing." "That cock of Higginbotham's!" exclaimed Healthy William, with much contempt, "why, he aint in the same street with a regular game 'un. But," he continued, confidentially, "I'll tell your honour where it is. Higginbotham's cock has got some of the old Black Staffordshire blood in him, an' that makes him fight a bit better than these Cochins or such rubbitch; but you take an' put him in a pit with a reg'lar Derby 'un, properly handled, and—." Here William whistled, and slapped his thighs with excess of enjoyment. "I thought you didn't know anything about it?" says I. "No more I don't," say he; "only a bloke as stood a drain happened to make them observations to me this morning as ever was." "Well," says I, "I wanted a regular good cock, and I thought you might be able to get me one." "They come expensive," says he. "How much?" says I. "Well," says he, "you might get a moderate 'un as 'ud dust the jacket of Higginbotham's cock for about two quid, or, say, a quid an' a narf and an old suit of clothes. Shall I look round with one this evening?" "Healthy William," says I, "you may."

FINEST NEW CURE
CANTERBURY BACON
AND HAMS.

BACON—

In single sides 7½d. per lb.
Best Cuts 8d. and 9d.
Shoulder cuts..... 5d. and 6d.

HAMS—

In single hams 8½d. per lb.
In half hams 9d. per lb.

CHEESE—

Manaia Factory, in cuts 6d. per lb.
Single pounds..... 7d. per lb.
Auckland Dairy and Factory, in cuts 4d. and 5d.

SAUCE—

A good article, large bottles, 6½d. each, or 5s. per dozen.
Small do., 4d. each, or 3s. 10d. per dozen.

POTATOES—

Best Canterbury, per ton, £4 5s.; 4s. 6d. per cwt.

WILLIAM EARLE,

(LATE EARLE & MONTGOMERY),

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AND

NEWMARKET.

TELEPHONE 305.

I hope I'm not a vindictive man, and I'm sure I'm not a cruel one, in spite of what was said before the mag; but I'm coming to that presently. All I wish to observe is that, having got my new game cock in the fowl house, I went to bed that night with a fervent desire that Peter would awake me next morning with his crowing as early as might be convenient to him. My wish was gratified. At 4 a.m. Peter came out, and stated, with his usual conceit, that his firm was the most influential in the trade. His observations were made with so much emphasis that they woke me from a pleasant dream of holding Higginbotham's head in a dye vat. I listened for a moment. Then I whispered to myself, "I'll put some salt in your porridge, my gentleman." So I put on a dressing gown and a pair of slippers, and, without waking my wife, crept down to the fowl house, and taking my new purchase from his perch, set him on his legs outside. I can't say I admired him. He had a little, square-cut tail, like the horses' tails I've seen in old hunting pictures; and, generally speaking, he'd a trim and yet a disreputable appearance. In fact he reminded me of a "rough" just clean-shaved and subjected to the "county crop" by the prison barber. He seemed, too, very naked and bare about the legs, like a child at the sea-side, with its drawers pulled up for paddling purposes. Still there was, on the whole, a workmanlike look about him; and, when he heard Peter, he put his head on one side, as if he'd an amendment to move to that resolution. However, I left them to their job, and went back to bed, where, after listening for a while, I soon fell asleep again. Before breakfast, of course, I took my usual turn round the garden. There, sure enough, I found Peter as dead as a door-nail on the path. While I was looking at him, old Higginbotham came out. "Mornin'," says I. "Mornin'," says he. "Your cock," says I, "handing him over Peter's remains, has been trespassing in my garden, and a new cock of mine has hashed his mutton for him. He's rather disfigured for boiling; but perhaps he'll do for potted fowl and ham." "Oh, thanky," says he. "Don't name it," says I.

To make a long story short, Higginbotham in a day or two set himself up with a new cock of the same species as mine; and a day or two after that I had to find out Healthy William again. My wife, who through grief at the loss of the bantam, had at first given me her support, now began to turn restive, and to say that we were disgracing the neighbourhood and what not. However, my blood was up, and I determined to go through with it, though I confess I felt some misgivings when a score or two of colliers, who had come to see the fun, began to line our garden wall every morning with dirty faces, and made bets, interspersed with the most middling language I ever heard. In all I had laid out with Healthy William £7 10s., and a suit of clothes, and four silver spoons—the latter investment being involuntary on my part, but not, I am sorry to surmise, on the part of Healthy. Then I saw a sight which opened my eyes. I was training a Virginia creeper round the corner of my house, and I happened to be standing on a ladder in such a position that I could see into Higginbotham's back yard. And what I saw was this:—I saw Higginbotham handing over to that execrable villain, Healthy William, a bundle of clothes and some gold money; while Healthy was taking out of his capacious pocket

a new game cock with the remark that it would soon "settle the hash of old stick-'i the-mud's cock next door." Now, I'm an obstinate man, but I'm not beyond reason; and at that moment I saw very clearly what an ass I'd been. Acting promptly on this conviction, I sought Higginbotham on 'Change that very day, and we made peace and clean breasts of it over a pint of Chablis and two dozen natives at a neighbouring restaurant. The terms of peace were that we should both take enthusiastically to Cochins, Dorkings, Houdans, and suchlike breeds, and should share the expense of a wire netting between our gardens. I then shook hands with Higginbotham, and went home a happy man. I've always noticed that a man never thinks himself so clever as when he's just got out of a scrape that he got into through being a fool.

On returning home that evening I happened to see our local lawyer, who is also clerk to the magistrates. He was talking to a strange gentleman in an Ulster, with a lot of papers sticking out of his pockets. The stranger moved away as I approached. "Who's that?" says I to the lawyer. "That!" says he, "Why that—oh! that's an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." "I subscribe to that society," says I with some pride. "Do you?" says he; "then I expect you'll get good value for your money." "How so?" says I. "There's a deal of cock-fighting down here," says he, "and among gentlemen of position, too, that ought to set a better example." "Deary me!" says I. "Hem" says he. "It's a chilly evening for the time of year," says I. "It is inclined to be chilly," says he.

I won't dwell on what followed. I will only say that five minutes afterwards I met a policeman with a summons for me at my own door, and all the servant's heads out of the windows; that Healthy William was the principal witness for the society, and was highly complimented by the bench for the straightforward way in which he gave his evidence; that old Higginbotham turned up trumps; that I think a barrister engaged special from Manchester with twenty guineas on his brief might have found something more to the point to say than that Socrates was fond of cock-fighting; that I've just got into my possession some overdue acceptances by the particular magistrate who remarked that a fine would be of no use in my case; that I wonder how he'll like the operation of the Bills of Exchange Act; and that at our last School Board election an undemonstrative candidate, whose committee had the bad taste to placard the town with the story I've just related, gained my seat by a large majority.

—NUGATOR.

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