

## PAKURANGA HUNT CLUB.

[BY NORDENFELDT.]

THE weekly meet of the hounds was held last Saturday at Green Lane, Remuera. There was a large attendance of members, owing, no doubt, to the beautiful weather. The drag was laid in the direction of St. Helier's Bay, and during the run some stiff post and rail fences were negotiated. The ground was very heavy owing to the recent rains, and, as might be expected, a few spills resulted in consequence. After a couple of halts the field reached St. Helier's, and the hotel was besieged with thirsty individuals, who one and all indulged in Hancock's excellent brew, while a large number availed themselves of the sandy beach and sea-water to give their steeds a much needed wash. A short drag hunt then took place on the way home, finishing up on the road. Amongst those present I noticed—Mr. Percival, the master, on Jim, Mr. R. Garrett on Guadalquiver, Colonel Dawson on Ike, Mr. Kelly on Playboy, Mr. D. B. Tonks on Odd Trick, Mr. G. Hope on Fishmonger, Mr. H. C. Tonks on Nap, Mr. E. F. Pollock on Begorra, Mr. F. G. Whiting on Tom Collins, Mr. England on Count, Mr. J. B. Williamson on Parnell, Mr. Crowe on Crazy Kate, Mr. Younge on Fragrance, Mr. H. Dunnett on Roger, Mr. G. Dunnett on Albion, Mr. C. Warren on Huntsman, Mr. Gilchrist on Ingersoll, Mr. Colegrove on Fly, Mr. Prince on Minnie, Mr. H. H. Hayr on a bay, and about twenty others. To-day the hounds will meet at the New North Road at one o'clock.

## A DOUBLE VICTORY.

[BY CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG.]

FEW people who "go a racing" are unfamiliar with the form and features of Tom White, the celebrated north-country trainer. Built in the mould which tradition has always assigned to Falstaff, Tom's burly figure is surmounted by a face in which shrewdness and good-nature are curiously blended, and as if his personality were not sufficiently striking to attract notice, Tom invariably affects hats of the most extraordinary shape and breadth of brim.

A very unpretentious string of horses is that which Tom White invariably has in training at Malverley. Chiefly they are owned by himself or by "little men" living in the immediate neighbourhood, for Tom will brook no opposition from his patrons, and woe betide those who insist upon having the management of their own horses when trained at Paragon House.

On the other hand, if the "placing" is left entirely in Tom's hand, his employers may rest assured, what with bets and stakes, they will come out of the Turf ordeal scatheless. As an instance of his ability in this direction it has come to be an axiom among old stagers that "old Tom White never takes a horse to a meeting without winning a race."

Although somewhat lengthy in number, the team over which he presides is by no means remarkable for quality, and the animals of which it is composed invariably come under the category of what Tom Parr used to term "leather flappers." Under these circumstances the success of the Malverley trainer is all the more extraordinary, and though victory does not always crown his efforts, when the money is fairly down a mistake rarely occurs.

It is now some ten years ago that the incident about to be related, and which will give a fair idea of the Yorkshireman's "wideness," took place. It was during the Ascot week, but the beauties of the Royal Heath had no attractions for Tom, as his equine heroes would be quite out of place in such company. In consequence we find him with some three or four platers at the quiet little Yorkshire meeting of Scarsbrick Bridge, a two-day fixture, which attracted but little attention except in its immediate neighbourhood.

Two out of the seven events which comprised the first day's card had fallen to animals trained at Paragon House, and one would have thought that Tom White would be on good terms with himself. Not so, however, to judge by the expression of his face as he stands on the steps of the Sir Tatton Sykes Inn, moodily puffing away at his cigar.

"They don't catch me here again if I know it," he says, addressing a brother trainer. "Why, Henderson, there wasn't a man in the Ring who'd lay to lose more than a pony."

"Of course, all the big men are down at Ascot," was Henderson's reply. "But I don't see how you can grumble; you've won two races to-day, and the East Riding Handicap to-morrow looks a good thing for one of yours. I'll have a bottle with you."

"Bottle be hanged. Why the beggars only gave half the stakes in the selling Race because there were no more than three runners. However, I wouldn't have cared so much about that if there'd been a chance of getting a bet on the big event, and there were starters enough for that, goodness knows."

"Why, old Martin told me you had 'fifty' on between you. Wasn't that enough to satisfy you?"

"Fifty—yes, and a nice price we had to take. They opened at 3 to 1, and my man told me they were in a funk because he had taken £15 to £5 twice and £20 to £10, and we had to get the other on at evens and odds on. Gives you a rare chance of winning anything, don't it?"

"Well, Tom, why don't you get some of your money on outside? There are plenty of safe men to bet with."

"Yes, that's where the rub comes! At a meeting like this they're afraid to bet until they get the office from the Ring, and what's the use of it then?"

"Well, never mind, old man, perhaps you'll be able to get at them some way or other, and as you've had a bit of luck and I haven't, let's go and have that bottle."

"All right," Tom replied, quietly, and they were quickly ensconced in the snug coffee-room behind a bottle of Heidsieck. Tom, however, had become somewhat taciturn, and to the surprise of his companion, after a few minutes desultory conversation he rose to take his leave.

"I wonder what old Tom's been thinking of," mused Henderson, as he watched the burly trainer's retreating figure. "It's the first time I've ever known him stand a bottle of wine without trying to get two in return. Hanged if I wouldn't like to know what scheme he's got in his head."

The principal event of the meeting was the Great East Riding Handicap, for which there promised to be some eight or ten runners. White had a couple engaged, Flemington (8st. 5lb) and Surcingle (7st.), the latter's weight having been raised to 7st. 10lb. on account of his victory on the previous day. When the numbers went up, to the general surprise, it was found that both were among the runners, and Flemington, for whom the race had been booked a good thing, was quickly established favourite, the two or three commissioners whom Tom had engaged securing the cream of the market.

Outside, however, the complexion of affairs was different, for whereas in the Ring even money was the best price obtainable about Flemington, the "first-past-the-post" operators fielded strongly, and laid 2 to 1 on the field right up to the finish. Meanwhile, Surcingle was well backed at 3 to 1, and in reply to inquiries as to his price the reply frequently came, "Full! Can't lay any more."

This state of things caused no little commotion, for Surcingle was quite friendless in the Ring, and there was a lot of running to and fro to discover what it all meant.

There was not much time to think about this, however, as within ten minutes of the hoisting of the numbers the horses were under the starter's orders, and without any delay the flag dropped.

Most of those who had glasses occupied themselves by watching the positions of the Malverley pair, and by the time half the distance had been covered it was evident they had the race between them, Surcingle holding a slight lead of his stable companion. A hundred yards from home Flemington raced up to his quarters, but just when everyone was expecting to see him get the better of the race Flemington dropped away apparently beaten, and, ridden out to the end, Surcingle passed the post a gallant winner by a length and a half.

The Ring men present were, of course, delighted, for few of them had written Surcingle's name, and loud were the congratulations they pressed upon each other at the "boiling over" of such a pot.

On the other hand, the faces of the outside bookmakers, who began paying out as soon as the winner's number was hoisted, bore by no means so pleasant an aspect, and rumour had it that someone had hit them rather hard over the race.

SOUTH AUCKLAND RACING CLUB.  
SUMMER MEETING

To be held on the CLAUDELANDS RACECOURSE, on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1890.

## PROGRAMME.

Passed by the Auckland Racing Club.

CHRISTMAS HANDICAP of 25 sovs. For all horses that have never won an advertised race of more than £25 at time of entry. Nomination, 10s; acceptance, 15s. Distance, about 1 mile.

HANDICAP HURDLES of 40 sovs. Over 8 flights of hurdles, 3ft. 6in high. Nomination, 20s; acceptance, 20s. Distance, 2 miles.

SOUTH AUCKLAND CUP (Handicap), of 115 sovs. First horse £100, second horse £10, third horse £5. The winner of any race of the advertised value of £50 after the declaration of the weights to carry 7lb. extra; of two such races, 10lb. extra. Nomination, £2; acceptance, £3. Distance, 1½ miles.

NOVEL RACE of 25 sovs. Winner to become the absolute property of the Club; to be sold immediately after the race, and half the proceeds to go to second horse. Weight for age. Entry, 25s. Distance, 7 furlongs.

HANDICAP STEEPCHASE of 60 sovs. £5 out of stakes to go to second horse. Nomination, 25s; acceptance, 35s. Distance, about 3 miles.

TRADESMAN'S PLATE (Handicap) of 35 sovs. Winner of the South Auckland Cup to carry 10lb. extra; winner of any other race after the declaration of the weights to carry 7lb. extra; penalties not cumulative. Nomination, 15s; acceptance, 20s. Distance, 1½ miles.

SELLING HURDLES of 20 sovs. Over 6 flights of hurdles, 3ft. 6in. high. Four-year-olds to carry 11st. 7lb; 5yrs., 12st. 5lb.; 6yrs. and aged, 12st. 11lb. Winner to be sold immediately after the race for £50. If entered to be sold for £40, allowed 7lb.; if for £30, 14lb.; if for £20, 21lb.; if for £10, 28lb.; if for nil, 35lb. Half the proceeds over selling price to go to second horse. Entry, 20s. Distance, 1½ miles.

FLYING STAKES HANDICAP of 20 sovs. Winner of South Auckland Cup to carry 10lb. extra. Winner of Tradesman's Plate to carry 7lb. extra; penalties not cumulative. Nomination, 10s; acceptance, 10s. Distance, 6 furlongs.

## CONDITIONS.

Nominations for Christmas Handicap, Handicap Hurdles, South Auckland Cup, Handicap Steeplechase, Tradesman's Plate Handicap, and Flying Stakes Handicap to be made to the Secretary, Hamilton, before 9 p.m. on Wednesday, November 26th.

Weights to appear on or about Wednesday, December 3rd.

Acceptances to be declared before 9 p.m. on Wednesday, December 10th.

Nominations for Novel Race and Selling Hurdles to be made to the Secretary before 9 p.m. on Wednesday, December 10th, day of general entry.

Mr. H. H. Hayr, of Auckland, is authorised to receive nominations, etc.

WAIKATO PRODUCE STAKES, 1892-93 (for now foals got in the Counties of Raglan, Waipa, Waikato and Piako), of 60 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each, 1 sov. ft., or no liability if declared by 8 o'clock p.m. on the night of general entry for the Summer Meeting, 1892; the second horse to receive 10 sovs. from the stakes. For two-year-olds. Colts, 8st. 10lb; fillies and geldings, 8st. 5lb. The forfeit (1 sov.) to be declared and paid to the Secretary by 12 noon on the day before the race, or the nominator will be liable for the whole stakes. Nomination, with 10s. 6d., to be made to the Secretary on or before 9 p.m. on Wednesday, December 10th, 1890. Distance, 6 furlongs.

G. H. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

## AUCKLAND TATTERSALL'S CLUB.

The Annual Meeting of members of the above Club will be held in the Club Rooms, Swanson Street, on TUESDAY, 30th inst., at 8 p.m.

Business.—To receive statement of accounts, election of Committee, etc.

HARRY H. HAYR,  
Secretary.

## T. D. HALSTEAD,

VETERINARY SURGEON,

LIVERY AND BAIT STABLES,  
DURHAM STREET.

Ladies' and Gents' Saddle Horses on Hire, also Buggies and Traps of every description.

NIGHT GROOM IN ATTENDANCE.

TELEPHONE 437.

WANTED on Lease, within 100 miles of Auckland, Farm capable of carrying at least 500 sheep.—F. M. BURTT, opposite Herald office, Queen Street.

WANTED on Lease, within 4 miles of town, six-roomed House, with couple of acres preferred.—F. M. BURTT, opposite Herald office, Queen Street.