

horse in the race. His owners have backed him to win a large stake, and are considered astute, but this I fail to see, for if Cuirassier is good enough to win, why did they rush him into the market before the bookmakers had field money, and take 1000 to 40. If they had waited and given the commission to a clever party they could easily have got ten or fifteen points longer odds. When I first reviewed the Melbourne Cup I selected the following ten:—Melos, Singapore, Tantallon, Matador, The Admiral, Dunkeld, Gresford, Gatling, Whimberel and Forty Winks—not a bad selection I flatter myself, as, with the exception of Matador and Gresford (who have been struck out), and Forty Winks, they are all in the betting. Melos is an undeniably good horse, and will take a good deal of beating, but I am afraid that at the finish one of the lighter-weighted division will just come and do him. However, he is worth backing for a place. Singapore disappointed me in the Caulfield Cup, so I shall pass him by. Tantallon has been backed, and it would not surprise me in the least to find him the selected one of Hickenbotham's stable on Cup day. The Admiral has all along been one of my greatest fancies, and I think he is very likely to pull off the double. There has been a good deal of "finessing" about Dunkeld, and until I can learn something about him I shall leave him alone. The public know as much of Gatling and Whimberel as I do at the present time, but I think the former does not like it when the pinch comes, and the latter is getting too much of it so early in the year. At the time of writing I prefer the chances of THE ADMIRAL and TANTALLON, with Melos for a place, but when I get the acceptances and information from Australia I will go thoroughly through the acceptors, and I may have reason to alter my opinion, but I think that at the present price The Admiral will afford good hedging money.

As usual great interest was taken in the Caulfield Cup, which resulted in a great surprise for many of the would-be *cognoscenti*. Twenty-four of the original thirty-two acceptors took part, Marvel and Whimberel being the only ones of any note that were struck out. The result was disastrous to backers in general, and the books as usual must have had a good time of it, as many of the early favourites did not even accept, while those which started ran nowhere. Those of my readers who followed this paper (and I am sorry to say there were only a few) had no cause to regret it. I do not want to be egotistical, but when I first reviewed the Caulfield Cup I selected the following four:—Singapore and Dunkeld of the top weights; Little Bernie of the middle division: and Vengeance of the turned-loose ones. At that time Vengeance was at a very long price, and each week I persistently pointed out to my readers the reason why I so much fancied him. In the last edition before the race I summed up in this way:—"As it is impossible to back them all I will select the three following:—Vengeance, Ivy, and Singapore, and I do not think I shall be far off the winner." I finished "Alpha and Omega." Singapore's running I cannot account for. Ivy is, I think, an uncertain animal, as she certainly did not run up to her training form. Little Bernie I discarded at the last moment, as I was pretty well certain that he had the "pencil fever" and was being milked, and I think from the way he ran in the race I was not far out. On Saturday evening, as usual, a very large concourse of people assembled round the principal sporting rendezvous awaiting the arrival of the result of the Caulfield Cup. When it was announced there were not many cheerful faces, as but few had backed the winner. The bookmakers, however, were jubilant, as they had nearly, if not quite, skinned the lamb. Noticeable among the disappointed ones were the sporting writers (?) of the daily papers; not because they had lost their little half sovereign, but because of my "luck"—as they called it—in naming the winner. I might here state for the instruction of these boys that it is not all luck to pick winners. They will have to know something about racing and work up all handicaps, and at the same time get reliable information regarding the doings of the different horses, and then it might be possible for them to pick a winner. But so long as they continue using scissors and patchwork, and making haphazard selections—the favourite

generally—I should say it would be a big slice of luck if at any time they should accidentally happen to drop on a winner.

THE acceptances and final payments for the New Zealand Cup, C.J.C. Derby, C.J.C. Oaks, and Canterbury Cup were made on Friday, 17th. For the C.J.C. Derby only five remain in—Medallion, St. Andrew, Freedom, Crackshot and Diadem. Medallion, after his running in Napier, if it was true (but for one moment I do not believe it was), can have no chance. Mr. Stead has scratched him for the New Zealand Cup, but has paid up for this race and the Canterbury Cup. This policy I must confess I do not understand, for if he has a chance in either of these he must have had in the other. My opinion is that he is waiting for some of the Australian events next autumn. St. Andrew won the Hawke's Bay Guineas, and is a splendidly-bred colt. The racing public, as well as some writers, have the idea that he cannot stay. Not having seen him run, I can form no opinion myself. Taking his breeding into consideration, the only weak point I can find is Lord Lyon. He was a lucky horse to win the three classic races, as he was a long way off a good one, and was fortunate in coming in a bad year. His stud career was a miserable failure. Mari-gold, the dam of Doncaster, was a non-stayer, but then Doncaster was an undoubted stayer. With so much staying blood in his veins, I fail to see why St. Andrew should not get over two miles with the best of them. Crackshot is in everyone's mouth as being the best colt of his year and certain to win the double. I never liked old Pungawerewere, and shall have nothing to do with him. Freedom is a colt that I have heard a great deal about, but lately the only information I have had is that he is doing well. As D. O'Brien is in Australia, I think that Bob Ray is too good a general to have paid up for him in all three events unless he was a better colt than the public believe. However, I shall have another chance of writing next Saturday, so I will only remark that my preference is for Freedom and St. Andrew. The Canterbury Cup has only six left in, and as it is greatly dependent on the running in the Cup and Derby, I will only remark that if Medallion crops up the winner there will be a rumpus. Twelve are left in the New Zealand Cup, but want of space prevents me going through them until next week. I will only remark that in substituting St. Andrew for Medallion I shall not be far off the winner.

It having come to my knowledge that several of the readers of the SPORTING REVIEW were misled by taking another correspondent's tips on the Caulfield Cup as mine. I beg to inform those who have the confidence to follow my advice, that I am not so presumptuous as some sporting writers as to attempt to place horses for a race. I simply try and point out the horses that I think have the best chance, and that they will in future find them in capital letters at the end of the article, in the order that I prefer them, but in no instance will I attempt to place them.

#### CHRISTCHURCH.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT).

Saturday, October 11th.

THE disgraceful licking that Mr. G. G. Stead's colt, Medallion, suffered in Napier on Monday last has been the one topic before which all others have paled into insignificance in sporting circles during the week. Such reversals of form have been seen before to-day, even with Mr. Stead's horses, but it is questionable whether such a strong favorite, as he appears to have been, ever showed to such disadvantage. "Never prominent" we were told, and these two words convey to us what must have caused those present the greatest feelings of surprise. A colt with such excellent records as he possessed in the autumn of last season, and in a stable where there are some twenty to thirty others in training, to be taken all the way from Christchurch to Napier to so thoroughly disgrace himself, and to put so many backers throughout New Zealand in a hole, is certainly a matter for comment. However, there were a few gentlemen in Christchurch who were prepared for the colt's defeat and who were putting their money on freely in larger sums than the bookmakers who lay totalisator odds

have been accustomed to do business, and there was more than one layer here painfully active during the day laying machine prices—a business which, by the way, one of the number who did a lot of laying has never previously engaged in, and probably several hundred pounds were invested on the race in Christchurch alone with the totalisator price bettors, and Medallion was an odds on favourite, carrying the money of the punters, while an usually well-advised few were backing Crackshot. St. Andrew coming in for very little support. As things turned out the result was doubly unsatisfactory to the backers, and the bookie's had a good time. After the race Mr. Stead wrote to the editor of the *Canterbury Times*, a paper which is generally regarded as opposed to him on most questions, and the following significant quotation has been made public:—"I am disappointed but not surprised, as the gallop I gave him on the Wednesday before he left convinced me that the opinion I had previously formed was correct, *i.e.*, that the colt has lost his two-year-old form. Possibly this is due to the influenza he suffered from, and possibly we overrated him." Most people who take an interest in racing are disappointed like Mr. Stead and surprised too, because unlike that gentleman they were unaware that any doubt existed as to the form of the colt, and, moreover, it was reported and not contradicted that Medallion and several of Mr. Stead's horses had escaped the influenza which travelled through most of the stables. Mr. Stead is not in the habit of conveying information to the public about the condition of his horses, though he sometimes advises the farmers as to the disposal of their crops, and he has frequently given them solid advice. Had he dropped a hint as to the doubt he entertained about Medallion's loss of form he would have at least closed the mouths of a very large number of backers who are persistent followers of his colours, and who believed that his trainer, Mason, was a more thorough judge of form than to have made such a blunder. The colt is very heavily engaged, and it would appear from recent entries to hand that there is a reasonable expectation of him showing improvement before many weeks are over.

The meeting has not I think thrown much light on the leading events. It has, perhaps, revealed the fact to most people that St. Andrew and Crackshot are colts of some merit. We Canterbury folks have always thought well of Butler's youngster, and it is quite certain that St. Andrew was well thought of long prior to his Guineas victory. It is even said he was genuinely backed for the New Zealand Cup before the entries were made. Be that as it may, several down this way were some months ago advised that the St. Leger colt was a more than ordinarily good one. And now he has proved himself a bit out of the common. I am one of those who had a great fancy for Crackshot; in time I reckon he will be a great horse, and, notwithstanding his apparently easy put down by St. Andrew, I think he will improve very considerably between now and our Metropolitan meeting. The form shown by Medallion at Napier was too bad to be true.

Talking of the Napier performances naturally leads to the betting on forthcoming events. For the New Zealand Cup St. Andrew has come up with a rush, and may be quoted as second favorite, Merrie England still holding his position as the shortest priced animal in the race. Five to one is the best offer against Mr. Ormond's representative, the odds against Crackshot are universally the same, but fielders are much more inclined to operate against the son of Nordenfeldt. Prices against the other Cup candidates remain unaltered—remain at the same ridiculously short prices; prices at which, should bookmakers get half a dozen laid, they would stand on velvet.

The tracks at Riccarton are in very fair order, and about fifty horses are to be seen out every morning now. Any amount of fast work is being put into the horses, and each morning training operations become more interesting. Merrie England revels in his work and is coming on as well as anything. Cutts has got Dudu in fine trim. The mare has lost the jaded look she presented some time back, and should she keep on as she is going will win a race at the meeting, if not the big handicap. Of the youngsters that daily exercise in public O'Brien's are the most forward. Florrie is an exceedingly nice filly, and takes to her work most