

the points for legs and feet, and gone more for the head. This is a great mistake.

The next class was the Newfoundlands. There was not a true one in the whole lot. The real Newfoundland is a powerful dog, not standing very high, with a black wavy coat and webbed feet. After Sir E. Landseer's celebrated picture called "The Humane Society" came out at the Royal Academy Exhibition a new made breed came into fashion, which is generally known among dog fanciers as Landseer's Newfoundland, which is a very large black and white dog with curly hair. The original Newfoundland dog is, I am very sorry to say, at the present time very scarce and fast disappearing.

The St. Bernards came next. Lion was far ahead of the others, but here again we come to a cross breed. The monks of St. Bernard originally used a thick close coated dog. The Rev. Macdonna, I think his name was, obtained a couple of them from The Hospice, and by some means bred them with shaggy coats. When the monks had nearly lost the breed through distemper he sent some of his back to them, and the consequence is there are now two kinds of St. Bernards, the close and shaggy coated. With the exception of the champion, who only showed a little quality, the others had a good deal of cross in them.

We then proceeded upstairs, where I met some more friends. Addressing one of them I said, "Franky, what a lot of mongrels there are here," when a young masher doing the heavy, who was standing by, turned round and said, "You may know something of horses but nothing about dogs." I was astonished, not having addressed myself to him. On inquiring who he was my friends informed me that he was a chemist's assistant, well known as a dispenser of patent medicines, etc. Mr. Waymouth, sen., hearing the above remarks, stated that my name was in the Kennel Stud Book as a breeder of fox terriers before he was born, whereupon he turned on his heel and walked away. Then came the fun. Some of the varmint tykes as he passed them evidently thought from the way they gave tongue that they had winded a Fougart.

We then proceeded to the Gordon Setters, a breed I am particularly fond of, having used them freely on the moors at home. The prize dog Don if as good in the field as he looks, would be well worth the fifty guineas against his name. The judges must have got misled about the others, and the less said the better, as I am informed that they are amateurs and received no recompense for their services.

The collies were a fair lot, and what may be called bench dogs. It would be a good thing if the Society introduced what I once saw done in Glasgow, *i.e.*, before the dog got the prize he had to be tried on sheep. The trial was this:—six black faced wethers were turned loose in a large park of over 100 acres, and the dog that penned his sheep the quickest without the aid of his master was the winner. If the winner on the bench did not succeed in doing this he was passed over.

Bull dogs came next. Patch, the champion, is as nice a dog as I have seen in the Colonies, but he is a long way off first-class form, and is not the stamp that Bill George of Kensall Green and Jimmy Shaw used to pride themselves in breeding. The bitches were poor in the extreme.

In the bull terriers Vigo was rather a nice dog, too but narrow across the forehead, a little thick in the nose, and did not stand quite fair on his legs. The rest may be passed over. One I noticed in the open class was a bull and terrier, not a bull terrier.

We now come to the fox terriers—my specialty. Here we were joined by some others who asked me what I thought of the judging; at the time I did not know who were the judges. I answered that they could never have seen a fox terrier in their lives. Space will not allow me to go minutely into them all. Crib, the champion, was the only entry in the champion class. He is a nice dog, rather broad in the head and one ear does not come forward enough. Now comes the open class. In this there was the most egregious blunder in judging that I ever saw. Bob, who was placed first, had hardly a point to recommend him. He was too big, showed bull, out at the elbows, splay footed and had crooked legs, his only recommendation being his ears. No. 142 with H.C. before his name should have been first, the other two are in their right places. The bitches

were better judged, but I should have placed Rouge first, as she was the best in shape, but had a bad expression, which spoilt her. Dogs under twelve months were only moderate. The 1st prize dog had too open feet, and was not straight on his legs, also defective in bone. In bitches under 6 months the judges were again wrong, in my opinion, as the second dog should have been first and the first placed third. I must again repeat what I said in the beginning of this article, that the judges did not pay sufficient attention to legs and feet.

The tail end of the show amused me, as it is seldom so many curiously bred dogs are collected together, and it would take a clever judge to tell what they were, though several were entered under false names, especially so among the ladies' pets. I have still to learn what a Maltese terrier is.

PICADOR.

CHRISTCHURCH.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT).

Monday, November 3rd.

ON the eve of the big meeting! To-morrow we will know all about the New Zealand Cup of 1890. It is quite superfluous to write anything about it in this letter, so I will merely remark that I see no reason to alter the tip given in my last. Dudu has been greatly impressing the touts, and promises to start as good a favourite as anything. As with the Cup so with the other races—silence is golden; you will know all the results before you get this.

But being barred from writing on the Metropolitan Meeting there is a perfect blank. No, not quite a blank, for we had trotting at Lancaster Park on Saturday. The day was fine but the attendance very moderate, there being a big counter attraction at Addington, where Wirths' cowboys had a trial of skill against a local stockman. None of the trotters known to fame took part at Saturday's meeting, but the form shown by many of the competitors was high class. The principal event, the Spring Handicap, 55 sovs., 2 miles, saddle, was taken by Mount Joy, a mere pony, who with a 24sec. handicap did the distance in 5.48. There were eight events on the programme, and in only two cases was less than £5 paid in dividends. In the Pony Trot taken by Taradale there were only three investors on the winner and £54 6s. was paid to each. One of the three who benefited by the win was, I am informed, the well-known Chinese merchant of Dunedin, Sew Hoy, who is one of the most habitual and at the same time lucky turfites in the colony. Maybe he is so thorough because he is so lucky. Be that as it may, the beaming face of the Celestial is to be seen wherever the noble animal is raced, putting his money on the machine in large sums, and generally raking in much larger sums than invested.

The entries for the Ashburton Spring Meeting closed on Saturday and were very satisfactory, the district races in particular being well filled.

Our Dunedin friends must be rather put out at the miserably small entry of 23 for the Dunedin Cup. Fully twice that number might have been reasonably expected to enter for the rich stake, and it is hard to account for the great falling off.

Calista, the record-breaking mare, was shown at Ashburton, and gained first award for harness horses under 15.2.

An offer has been received from Sydney for the trotting stallion Kentucky, but the price was not tempting enough. Nothing less than £350 will buy the horse, just at present at all events.

Fred Hodge, of steeplechase fame, is still here, although it was announced some little time ago that he had departed for the old country, having fallen heir to an inheritance. Fred has been saying good-bye to his friends for the last month, stating his intention of being off the next morning. "But he don't go," and the valedictories are getting a bit numerous.

The Toole company left last week after a most successful season here. Don't make any mistake about it, the company is not simply composed of the redoubtable J.L. Miss Johnstone is one of the finest actresses that has appeared on the boards in this Colony, and other members of the combination are very little inferior to the principal lady and gentleman.

EVENTS REQUIRING ATTENTION.

AVONDALE JOCKEY CLUB.

NOMINATIONS for the following handicaps to be run at the Spring Meeting of the above Club, close with Mr. H. H. Hayr, secretary, at the office of this paper, on Friday evening next at 8 o'clock:—

Maiden Plate Handicap, 20 sovs., 1 mile
Hurdle Race Handicap, 40 sovs., 1½ miles
Avondale Cup Handicap, 50 sovs., 1½ miles
Steeplechase Handicap, 50 sovs., about 3 miles
Flying Stakes Handicap, 25 sovs., 5 furlongs
Stewards' Handicap, 25 sovs., 7 furlongs

Nominations for handicaps at the Northern Wairoa Racing Club's Summer meeting, close with Mr. H. H. Hayr at Tattersall's Club on Thursday evening, November 20th.

THE TURF.

[BY OLD TURFITE.]

THE third days racing of the Canterbury Jockey Club's meeting, with the exception of the Cup, does not call for much comment. May defeated Union Flag, Cajolery, and five others in the Nursery Handicap, thus still more confirming my opinion that the meeting has not brought out any flying two-year-old. The Oaks, as was anticipated, fell to Diadem, who had nothing to beat except Pearl Powder, Carronade, and Aronoe. Then came the principal race of the day, the Canterbury Cup. Only Crackshot, Medallion and Freedom went to the post. After they had gone a hundred yards Crackshot went to the front, was never headed, and won in a canter by four lengths; Medallion, the favourite, second, Freedom, third. How can one account for this running. Crackshot wins the Napier Handicap, is nowhere in the New Zealand Cup, and Medallion defeats him in the Derby. There are two ways of accounting for it; either that Crackshot is an arrant rogue, and requires to be taken to the front, or that Medallion was in waiting, and that Freedom cannot stay—a belief that has been entertained by many for a long time. The Jockey Club Stakes, one mile, produced the good field of sixteen, and resulted as follows:—St. Andrew, 7st., first, Von Tempskey, 6st. 7lb., second, Ruby, 8st., third. Won easily by four lengths. Crackshot, 7st. 10lb. finished nowhere. This is another little nut for racing men to crack. My opinion is that St. Andrew is a good horse up to a mile, and that is the length of his tether. The Electric Stakes, four furlongs, brought another good field to the post, eleven starting for it. Florrie, 6st. 11lb. turned up the winner, May, 6st. 11lb., second, and St. Andrew, 8st. 2lb. third; won by half a length. This again proves that St. Andrew's forte is speed. The other races require no comment, as they were not of much interest. This meeting will be remembered for the curious running of Medallion and Crackshot. It remains to be seen if it is true, and which is the better horse—this will be seen before the end of the season.

THE fourth day of the V.R.C. Meeting was not devoid of interest. Owing to the death of his son, who was unfortunately injured by the falling of Explorer at a fence at Moonie Valley the previous day, Mr. Watson surrendered the flag to Mr. Inglis, who was not particularly fortunate in his starting. The Flemington Stakes, for two-year-olds, half a mile, was the first race. The large field of twenty-five went to the post; Lord Hopetown, the favourite, getting the best of the start, won by a length, Sophiatta, second, Hartington, third, in the fast time of 49 secs. The V.R.C. Foal Stakes, one mile and a quarter, resulted in a win for The Spot, Whimberel, second, Prelude, third. Magic Circle, Litigant, Gatling, and King William being the other starters. Litigant was made favourite, but finished nowhere. This goes to prove that her Oaks win was a lucky one. Whimberel ran much better than he did in the Derby, while Magic Circle and Gatling did the reverse. The V.R.C. Handicap, one and three-quarter miles, is looked upon as one of the principal races of the meeting. A field of sixteen horses went to the post, Greytown being made the favourite at 7 to 2, Correze and Enuc being next in demand at 5 to 1. Correze, 7st. 12lb., won easily by a length and a half, Enuc, 7st. 6lb., second, Little Bernie, 7st. 12lb. third. The time, as reported, is 3min. 3sec.; this, if correct, shows the fallacy of trying to