

dered by the Italian trio of "Wandering Minstrels." For such an occasion nothing could be more suitable than the sweet and harmonious strains of harp and violins. The more blatant tones of the customary brass band are wont to irritate the guests by rendering conversation as difficult and unsatisfactory as in a railway-train or tram-car. The trio play good selections in excellent taste, and those present seemed more inclined to listen than to talk, which in such a gathering is indeed a high compliment. Among the *morceaux* were Braga's La Serenata, Gounod's Serenade, Schubert's Serenade, Carissima, and some pretty waltzes, mazurkas, polkas, etc. The musicians display considerable skill in arranging such good music, distributing the parts with nice judgment and good effect.

I HEARD a rather cruel remark at the dog show the other evening. Considerable ululation was going on among the canine prodigies, and a spectator asked a musical visitor how it agreed with his delicate tympanum. "Oh!" was the reply, "I have just left a rehearsal, and on the whole I prefer this music!" I also noticed a curious feature in the show, which if not quite within my musical department reveals a singular agreement between human and canine frailties. All the prize winners seemed in an amiable frame of mind, and welcomed most cordially any little attention or proffered caress. There was no exception. But among the despised and rejected ones were found the only surly members, one of whom made a vigorous effort to bite a gentleman who made friendly advances.

ON Saturday evening an immense house patronised Miss Amy Vaughan, and were gratified with an extremely good programme. The first part took place in "Our Drawing-room," a very tasteful bit of mounting, which harmonised well with the charming costumes displayed by the ladies. The usual musical *mélange* was very successfully rendered. The overture and opening chorus were especially good. Mr. F. Willis, in splendid voice, sang a tuneful ballad, "Birds and Blossoms." Miss Amy Vaughan's comic "Medley" made a distinct hit, as also did Miss May Travers with her ballad "Kathleen." Mr. Hyland's pleasant and true voice was well suited in "Dear Robin, I'll be true." Max Rinkle's comic song kept the audience "All Alive." With "Oh, Julia," Harry Cowan as usual scored a screaming success, and Miss Annie Wyniard sang her ballad, "Piggy Back," extremely well. One of those laughable finales, for which the company has made quite a reputation, terminated the first part. In the second part Harry Cowan was again to the fore with his "Funnysims." Miss Amy Vaughan gave her effective scena "Not Guilty." Miss Daisy Thornton danced a splendid Irish jig. The Misses May Travers and Wyniard shone brilliantly in "Molly Bawn," a clever double song and dance. Max Rinkle's "Clown Frolics" revealed him at his very best, and the audience, like Oliver Twist, wanted more. Miss Amy Vaughan, Messrs. Corbett, Diamond and Hewson supplied the remaining items of a really strong and excellent programme. Owing to Mr. Thornton suffering from a troublesome affection in his eyes, which renders it impossible for him to complete the necessary scenery, "Black-eyed Susan" has for the present been reluctantly laid on the shelf, but the favourite burlesque "Monte Cristo" will be produced on the 9th.

ORPHEUS.

AUCKLAND POULTRY, PIGEON, CANARY AND DOG ASSOCIATION.

THE above Association held their fifth annual show last Friday and Saturday at the Drillshed. This year's show does not in many ways compare favourably with the last. There appeared, in the first instance, to be no management, so things did not work smoothly, and the arrangements were not as good as they have been previously. The Committee were certainly placed at a disadvantage in not getting the shed until the previous evening, therefore it was a question of all night working to get things ready. The pens were much too small, especially for the larger class of dogs—the consequence was they were not able to show themselves properly. The Committee were also unfortunate in their judges. The gentleman

they had selected to judge missed his steamer, so they had to fall back on Messrs. Henderson, Alexander, and White, who had to judge all the classes. There can be no greater mistake than having all classes judged by the same judges, as no man can have a thorough knowledge of all kinds of dogs. Everyone has his own particular fancy for certain breeds, therefore he knows all their points. Two of the judges confessed themselves that they knew nothing of two or three of the classes; the consequence was that there were some great mistakes made. The sporting dogs as a rule were well judged—the mistakes occurred chiefly in the fox terriers, bull dogs, spaniels, and fancy dogs. If the Committee wish to make these shows a success they should spare no pains or expense to obtain the best judges possible for the different classes. One could easily be found to take three or four kinds, as a shooting man ought to be well up in setters, pointers, retrievers and spaniels; another could take terriers, and so on. The judging was not concluded until after four o'clock, so the show was not open until then; the consequence was the attendance was meagre in the extreme, but in the evening and on Saturday afternoon more paid for admittance, though not what it should have been. Taking the show all through, the dogs were not up to the mark, and a great many were quite unfit for the benches. There was only one mastiff shown. He was far from a good specimen, but as he was only thirteen months old he may improve with age. There were only two exhibits of Newfoundlands, and they were sorry specimens, showing very little of the pure breed about them. The next were the St. Bernards. They were a fine lot of dogs, but were not the kind you generally see at the monastery, being all very heavily coated, taking more after the Rev. Mr. Macdonna's breed. Some of the owners must think a great deal of them, as the one that took the third prize was marked £250, whilst the one that took second, and ought to have been first, was only marked £25, and a very nice puppy, just under twelve months old, that was placed first in his class, was only marked £6, but they are a class of dogs that might be called fancy ones. The greyhounds were a good class all through, and were well judged. The retrievers—black, both wavy and curly coated—were another good lot, there being some useful-looking dogs amongst them; but the other variety of retrievers were very moderate. The pointers were neither numerous or good. The first prize winner in the champion class was not much, though he may be a good worker. The English setters were good all through, and well judged; but the Irish setters were inferior. The majority of them were poor in colour and not of good carriage, the best of them being No. 83, in the open class for bitches. There was only a small show of Gordons, but there were two or three nice ones amongst them. The collies were the feature of the show, and were very numerous, there being 29 entries in the different classes. There were some really first-class dogs amongst them. Several of the winners gave you the idea of being more for the show bench than for working—in fact, were pets; The entries for the different classes of spaniels were numerous, especially those that came under the head of "Field," but they were not a good class, nor were they well judged. The same may be said of the "Cockers," most of them being too big and heavy-coated for the genuine type of a cocker; Nos. 127 and 129 were two nice-looking clumbers. There were only three entries in the bull dog class. They were far from good ones; and in the bitch class the two might have been reversed. There were only two exhibits in bull terriers, neither of them being good specimens, being too thick in the nose and not broad enough in the head. The fox terriers were not so numerous as one would have expected, nor were they as good all round as they were last year. In the open class for dogs the judges were, in my opinion, greatly astray. Spice ought to have been placed first and Bob second, while No. 180 should have been placed third instead of Pickles III. In the class for dogs and bitches, under twelve months old, Mr. Waymouth took first prize with two very nice ones, Diggory and Snow—the latter having the makings of a first-class bitch. There was no competition for the other classes of terriers. In the class for any other variety of dog was an extraordinary-looking animal. What his

breeding was no one could tell, though he was called an Airedale terrier. He weighed over 50lb., and looked more like a cross between an otter hound and an old Southern harrier, What made the judges give him a first prize puzzled a good many, unless it was, as one gentleman remarked, on account of his ugliness. The Pakuranga Hunt Club exhibited the imported foxhounds Stringer and Gadfly, with four puppies. They are a nice-looking lot, and with judicious crossing should improve the pack. As several of the dogs, especially collies, will be exhibited again next week, it will be interesting to see how the judges place them.

RANDOM RACING REMARKS.

[BY PEGASUS.]

FOLLOWERS of my "tips" had a good time last Saturday at Potter's Paddock.

In the Selling Trot I found entered Rhoderick Dhu £20, and a large string of names at *nil*. I never touch a selling race, and of course was sure to be right when I gave Rhoderick Dhu or *Nil*.

Those readers who backed Rover had a nice little start for their 10s. investment, as he paid a div. of £5 7s. This would give a man £2 cash and a ticket on every race for the rest of the day. By following up the tips and using a little judgment on the course as events progressed, a nice afternoon's pocketful should have been netted; and to wind up with a div. of £6 odd on Ladybird was decidedly a "crown."

Judging by the amount of the dividends, I fancy readers can't stand my "random" tips, so I had better give up the job, and go there and back them myself instead.

Steadfast—my V.R.C. Derby fancy—turned up "trumps" in the Maiden Plate at Flemington on Saturday. He did not stand by me for the Derby, but I predict once again that he will yet prove the most brilliant colt of the three in that stable.

The Maribyrnong Plate was a very slow run race—1 min 7½ sec.

THE "bustle" of the Australian spring racing having ended, attention must now be turned nearer homeward, and a little space devoted to New Zealand racing matters. I shall deal first with the

NEW ZEALAND CUP,

to be run at Christchurch next Monday.

"Changes are lightsome," so they say. Well, in this case it is certainly true, for after "tackling" the great classic races with their mammoth fields of the other side it does seem a very light task to review the N.Z. Cup. Only 12 acceptors are left to cope with.

Notwithstanding this, however, there is not such a great disparity in the percentage of acceptors to nominations as one might think, when we consider the scope of the racing material there and here. The Caulfield and Melbourne Cups had about a 20 per cent. acceptance, whereas the N.Z. Cup shows about 16 per cent. Returning to the thread of my "remarks" though, the change is really very lightsome in more ways than one; firstly in point of numbers, and secondly in the quality of the "cattle." During the last few weeks I have been "wallowing" amongst the "nobs," and now I take a turn with the "plebs" so to speak. Yet my "scribbling" requires equally as much care, forethought, and study as when treating of the "classics."

I must now go ahead with the "music," and "start the ball a-rolling" with

Crackshot, 9st 2lb, who holds the pride of position both regarding weight as well as breeding. His running has been a good deal "in and out;" and there is just a faint doubt about the soundness of his "pins," which may be "agin" him. Otherwise, fit and well, he should be racehorse enough to *bury* the lot in it. Meanwhile I must leave him aside as a "good probable" only.

Freedom, 8st 12lb, comes next, but what to make of his and Crackshot's running together is rather a puzzler. Take the Canterbury Derby and Cup last year for instance. In the former race—1½ miles—Freedom is second, Crackshot third; and in the Cup—2½ miles—Crackshot wins, Freedom only third, thus leading one to infer that the latter had a disinclination to make long journeys. Still we find he wins the Otago Cup, 1¼ miles, in 3min 9½ sec,