

Whisper, and Krina, preferring them in that order. The Welter Handicap reads well for The Dreamer or Torpedo. The Ladies' Bracelet may fall to Melas or Durus in that order. The Flying Handicap looks like a "good thing" for Heather Bell, whose worst opponents appear to be Weka and Prestige. It is very difficult, though, at this distance away, to know what is going on there.

OUR NAPIER LETTER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE racing carnival has at last come to a conclusion, and we are not sorry for it. The Napier Park Racing Club's meeting was a great success in every respect, the attendance on both days being splendid, the racing at Lloyd's, the handicapping good, the starting up to Sam Powell's well known standard, and the machine investments satisfactory.

Racing started on the first day with the Trial Hurdles, which was a gift for the Hon. J. D. Ormond's Worth, by Natator—Grecian Bend, who had no difficulty in defeating eleven others, some of whom, by the way, made a very indifferent display. Kaimanawa was second and Amina third. Disturbance, Wanderer, and Bateman came down during the race.

Eight saddled up for the Selling Race, for which Como was scratched. Derritt had the mount on Mr. Paul's Fleta, and kept her in the rear until the right time, when she came through and won without the whip from the consistent little Silvermine. Old Brown Duke managed to get third place. Javeline was last throughout the race.

There was considerable speculation over the Napier Cup Handicap, for which another good field saddled up, nine facing the starter. The scratchings on the last day were—Kotuku, The Dreamer, Pani, Heather Bell, Queen of Trumps, Torpedo, Rane, Nuna, Turehu, Awarua Rose, and Maid of Lorne. The light weights made a clinking race of it, Free Lance and Link making the pace hot to the back of the course, where Bay Bell shot to the front and made the pace a cracker. She had increased her lead in the turn, and still had command on entering the straight. It looked then as if she could not be caught, but Scot Free and Boulanger had made a start to pursue her, and did so, a good race seeing Mr. McKinnon's Scot Free, by Sterlingworth—Dainty Ariel mare, get home nicely from Boulanger, who was conceding him 11lb. Bay Bell ran third. Had she come a little later the chances are that she would have won. The public were Crown Jewel mad, but she was never conspicuous during the race. How it was she ran so badly it is difficult to understand. Pearl Powder came up at the finish as she always does, but she never manages to win somehow or another. Strephon was not prominent either, but his stable mate, Bay Bell, was, and that was sufficient. Retina couldn't apparently gallop a yard in the mud, Link was done with half-a-mile from home, and Free Lance was outpaced when it came to real racing. Boulanger won this race last year by a head, and had he come sooner the result might have been different, but this is problematical. The Auckland horse paid a very nice dividend in £13 18s. The time was slow (2min. 45 2-5th sec.), but the course was heavy. Strange to say, when the list of starters was hoisted Scot Free's number was not amongst them, and it was thought he was scratched, but the mistake was soon rectified. One or two superstitious turfites took this as a good omen and backed the missing number four, with the result already known.

Mystic, the daughter of Wonderland—Mystery, beat Variety in the Sapling Stakes, but she shouldn't have done had not Derritt been doing a little flash riding. Just near the post Mystic came with a rush and snatched the much-cherished victory. The unlucky Ua got a place. I think her name stops her from winning.

The Handicap Hurdle Race provided a good contest between Whalebone and Waterbury. The Wellington Steeplechase winner went off with the lead at a good bat and kept his position all the way. Waterbury came at him in the straight and suffered defeat by a long neck. General Gordon stumbled at the back and lost his jockey. He continued on, however, jumping the hurdles with the rest until stopped.

Whalebone is a fine stamp of a horse, and if he gets anything like a fair weight in the Auckland Steeplechase should about win it. He is a good obstacle negotiator, and he can stay as long as a boy in a lolly-shop.

The full brother to Strenuous, King George, by St. George—Strenua, beat half-a-dozen in the Redclyffe Stakes Handicap of one mile, paying a small dividend, he being greatly fancied for this event. The Remington—Express colt Musketeer was second, and the disappointing Triton third. Three cheers were given for Mr. Rathbone by the public when King George came in, showing sympathy for him in connection with his unpleasant experience at Hastings over the Merganser incident.

The day's proceedings were brought to a conclusion by a win on the part of Torpedo, by the Australian, in the Flying, who romped home, leaving Lochness (who made the running) and Cretonne near the post and winning comparatively easy. Torpedo is owned by Mr. R. E. McRae, and is in the same stable as Whalebone. Cretonne, by Ascot—Leonessa, is returning to his old form now, and should be heard of in the not far distant future. Swivel, Link's full brother, couldn't get a place with 8st 3lb up. Queen of Hearts, a full sister to Queen of Trumps, was the other starter. She will turn out a speedy mare, in my opinion.

With an extra stone on his back Worth succeeded in winning the Second Trial Hurdles on the second day, and Kaimanawa again played second fiddle. A grey horse named Caloola made the pace all the way, and was third at the finish. He was generally fancied by the public after his exhibition at Hastings, where he ran a good race for a mile and a half. He will be all right when he gets a bit of condition on him.

An old familiar form in Vision, by Somnus—Roulette, got home in the Novel Race Handicap, beating the veteran Brown Duke, who hasn't had much work lately, Lopez being third. Eclipse was generally fancied, but went down, as also did Blue Mountain, who, by the way, is not fast enough to win a race of this description. Vision has been trained by an amateur and ridden about the roads. She paid £7 18s.

The big event of the day was the City Stakes Handicap, for which a dozen started, and, strange to say, local horses finished first, second and third. Bay Bell came at the right time on this occasion and landed the stake for Mr. Douglas, whose win was very popular. After her running on the first day it was a wonder she was not better backed, for she paid £16 odd. Huerfana, by Vasco di Gama—Sydney, came with a great rush at the finish and took second position, while Queen of Trumps, who looked very dangerous in one portion of the race, was third. Pani, who had 6st 10lb in the saddle, would have had a big show if he was well, but he wasn't, and in fact walked lame afterwards. Kotuku slipped all over the shop, Torpedo couldn't get along at all, nor could The Dreamer, who was fourth. Retina again ran out of place, and it was plain the ground didn't suit her. The sum of £150 was offered for Bay Bell before the race, but was not taken. She is a really good mare.

Variety, by Natator—Last Chance, won the Two-year-old Race, Mystic being last, which showed conclusively that Mr. Paul's filly should have won the first day. Huguenot's full sister, Montmartre, could only get third.

There was a splendid race for the Hurdles, when our local champion, Couranto, by Patriarch—Quickstep, with 12st up, beat Whalebone, Waterbury and others in the straight after a clinking race. His stable companion, Somnambulist, ran out of place. There can be no doubt that the Grand National winner is a real hummer, and about the best hurdle horse in New Zealand.

There was some surprise at Zaccho winning the Hurry Scurry, beating nine others, because he did not appear to be able to get along in his race on the first day. He won comfortably, and paid £10 18s. The winner is by Bothwell. Queen of Hearts, Link and Como were among the beaten contestants.

The last race of the day was a splendid one, Krina, by Foul Play—Katie Fergusson, just beating Torpedo, who almost got on terms with her on the post, Heather Bell being third. Triton cut out the pace until the scraping sheds were reached, when he, as usual, fell back. The time was 1min. 23 1-5th secs. for the six

furlongs, much slower than the two-year-old race.

The large sum of £15,526 was put through the machine during the two days.

There was another large attendance at the Trotting Club's meeting, where good sport was provided. The stewards did all they could to make the meeting pass off smoothly, and Mr. W. D. Ireland, as secretary, was indefatigable. Messrs. Cohen and Stock were in charge of the machine, and put through a good amount of money. The track was in fair going order, but in a close race the man with the inside running had much the best of it. The Maiden Trot fell to Mr. Cartwright Brown's Godolphin, who has trotted before unsuccessfully. He had rather a good thing. Only three started for the Maiden Trot in harness, which was won by Mr. W. Y. Dennett's Jean after a most exciting race. Time after time did Tommy's driver come at him, but Jean held her own. She had the advantage of inside running, and just got home by half a head—rather a close thing for a trot in harness. Ngatarawa, the other starter, trotted very well, but every time he got up to the leaders he used to break into a canter. Dennett entered a protest against Hoy, the driver of Tommy, for foul riding, and the stewards fined him £2 and cautioned him as well. Directly afterwards Tommy came out for the big handicap and won it, paying £8 5. Ruadan, who has competed and won in Auckland, was the scratch horse, but could only get third. There were nine starters altogether. The Pony Trot Handicap was a very soft thing for Florrie, who had too much start, and none of the others ever got near her. The next event was the Hastings Handicap Trot in harness, which saw Cotherstone landed a nice winner by Adam Mundel, Turoa being second, and Tare, who was driven by a one-legged Maori of thirteen stone, got third place. The dividend was only £3 7s., the winner being generally fancied. Silvertail, who ran behind Florrie in a race previously, won the Selling Trot in saddle, having a start of 40 seconds. Tansey was second and Bob third. Mr. Binnie, owner of Tansey, lodged a complaint against Mr. Dennett's Silvertail, desiring an explanation of her running in the race won by Florrie, which, he asserted, she should have won, according to time. The stewards, however, expressed the opinion that the mare had been raced fair. The last race of the day was the Handicap Pony Trot, which was fought out by Palfrey and Jess. The latter broke near the post, caught Palfrey, and trotted in a winner. The stewards considered the case at some length, a protest being entered on the ground that the race was started in front of the post. They eventually dismissed this, and decided to pay out on Jess, whose admirers got £17 5s. for their pound. This ended the day's proceedings.

There was a spirited competition for the cross-country mare Hopeful Kate, by Woolbroker, between Messrs. McMaster and McMinemin at Messrs. Hunter and Nolan's horse sale on Friday. She was eventually knocked down to a Mr. Clark for 90 guineas.

"Mazeppa," in the *Otago Witness*, in congratulating everyone on the prospect of Mr. Sam Powell's services being secured as starter for the Dunedin Jockey Club, says:—He is neither fussy on the one hand, nor sleepy-headed on the other; and, above all, he does not deceive the riders. They know that if they keep their horses quiet they will get away, and as a consequence the jockeys do no fear to obey his orders. A friend of mine who went to the post to see how he managed—it was, I think, at Wellington—came away deeply impressed with Mr. Powell's tact and ability. There was a large field, and all were quiet but two. One of these had been playing up for some time when Mr. Powell quietly remarked to its rider, "Will you oblige me, Green, by keeping your heels out of that horse's flanks?" And, strange to say, the horse was at once quiet. To the other rider, on a horse that seemingly would not go up, Mr. Powell said, "When you are ready, Jones, you may bring him up—he'll come if you let him—at a walk, please," and as he reached the line the word was given to as even a start as one could conceive of. The fact is, added my informant, that Powell saw at a glance that in each case it was the boy and not the horse that was unruly.