

A DANGEROUS HABIT.

It is not generally known that at least four out of every ten horses do not lie down to sleep. The horse that sleeps in a standing position rests one leg at a time, depending on the other three to maintain the weight of the body. The habit is a very dangerous one. Only a short time since a fine horse in the stables of a big manufacturing firm went to sleep while standing in his stall, and fell heavily to the floor, breaking one of his legs. A great many horses are permanently injured as a result of accidents of this nature, and there is no way of curing them of the habit. Horses who do lie down to sleep often double their forelegs under them, their hoofs rubbing and irritating the skin and flesh at the back of the upper part of them until they form those unsightly though practically painless, lumps which so often disfigure the forelegs of otherwise shapely animals.

AUSTRALIA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL AS A RACING MAN.

The Earl of Dudley, who is to succeed Lord Northcote as the Governor-General of Australia, registered his colours—straw, violet belt and cap—in 1888, although he raced before that time, and adopted the assumed name of Mr E. Wardour. R. Marsh was the trainer, and John Watts and George Barrett did the riding for the stable. Lord Dudley had some experience as an amateur rider, and often rode his own horses at the meetings of the Bibury club, at Stockbridge, and also at Lewis. Lord Dudley won his first race, the Ellesmere Welter Handicap, at Manchester, in 1887, with Monsieur de Paris, and among other good horses he owned were Fullerton, Oberon, and the wittily-named Present Alms, by Miser from Salute. With Present Alms he won the Kempton-park Great Breeders' Plate, worth £1644, and Fullerton won the Ayrshire Plate but was disqualified on the ground of wrong nomination as to age, and the horse was relegated to the stud. Maskery, Poem, Formidable, Merry Monk, Beaulieu, and Daisy Wreath also kept the colours prominently before the public. Lord Dudley also bestowed his patronage upon cross-country sport, and in 1890 he carried off the Grand Steeplechase de Paris, worth £4718, with Royal Meath, and in the following year his horse Cloister ran second to Comeaway in the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase. Two years afterwards—that is in 1893—Cloister carried 12st 7lb to victory, but it was not in the colours of Lord Dudley, who retired from the turf in 1891, the last race he won being a two-year-old race at the Newmarket Houghton meeting with Alicia.

AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.

About the first American-bred horse to race in England was Prioress, who won the Cesarewitch in 1857. (recalls the "Australian.") There was a magnificent finish for the race, and Prioress, El Hakim, and Queen Bess ran a dead heat. It was decided to run it off, and Fordham was substituted for Tanksey on Prioress, and Bray replaced Little on El Hakim, who started favourite in the run-off. Prioress, however, won easily.

Parole was the next American-bred horse of any note to figure on the English turf, and after beating the great Isonomy at Newmarket, he beat a strong field in the City and Suburban in 1879. It was Parole's success that induced Mr Pierre Lorillard to take Iroquois to England, and, after being beaten in the Two Thousand Guineas by Peregrine, Iroquois won the Derby and St. Leger.

Last year's Derby winner, Orby, is out of an American-bred mare, and so is Rhodora, the Dewhurst Plate winner. This year the Americans have begun the season well, as Rubic won the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase Norman III. the Two Thousand Guineas, and Rhodora the One Thousand Guineas.

The owner scratched the favourite horse.
The punter scratched his head,
And gazed distracted to the course;
Then to his friends he said:
"This punting may allure, but not
As other things allure,
And I would sooner put my lot
On Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

Octagon, the sire of Norman III. was a great performer in America, where he twice won the Toboggan Handicap for Mr Belmont. He has been a great success at the stud, and, in addition to siring Norman III., he got that great filly Beldame. Octagon is a son of Rayon d'Or, a French-bred horse, who won the St. Leger in 1879. Norman III. is out of Nineveh, who goes back to Old Diamond (sometimes called Duchess), imported to South Carolina before the Revolution. Old Diamond runs back through Lady Thigh to D'Arcy's Black Legged Royal mare, the tap root of Bruce Lowe's No. 5 family. Nineveh's sire was The Ill-Used. He was so badly knocked about in his first three races, when he ran as the Breadalbane colt, that Mr Belmont named him The Ill-Used. He was a great stayer, but, strangely enough, his stock were sprinters rather than stayers. He was practically a brother in blood to Epigram, the sire of Le Grand, as he was by Breadalbane from Ellermire, whilst Epigram was by Breadalbane's brother, Blair Athol.

RIDERS AND THEIR CRITICS.

"Nothing succeeds like success," and no one knows it better than the race-rider. Let him win, no matter under what circumstances, and he is mostly lauded to the skies, but if he happens to finish, say, second, after doing his mount full justice, and as likely as not he will be told that he "threw the race away." This continual blaming of the second rider becomes monotonous at times, especially when it is plain to men of reasonable view that there is no reason for fault finding. As has been said before, it is a strange thing that the best riders are mostly on the lawn amongst the onlookers, while the race is being run. It is often amusing to hear people who have not the least knowledge of their subject condemning the performance of riders. Every man who goes to the races with but a theatrical knowledge of the game puts himself up as a critic in this connection, and the less he knows of the business the more anxious he seems to be heard. At a meeting recently one "authority" was heard bitterly complaining about the rider of the favourite "going to sleep," as he put it, while a few yards further on another self-appointed critic was telling his friends how the race was lost through the rider "coming away too soon!" The truth of the matter was that this horseman had left not the slightest room for fault finding in the handling of the mount, but he had the misfortune to find an opponent just a little too good for him at the finish. But, of course, "the average man in the crowd" can see no merit in anything short of actual success. It has to be freely admitted that the riders of the present day are not, taken all round, up to the standard of former years, but we cannot, all the same, agree that they are so often to blame as some of the critics would have us believe.—Melbourne I. and S. News.

THE JOCKEY QUESTION.

It is difficult for a race-rider (or anyone else connected with Turf pursuits, for that matter), to keep himself entirely free from suspicion, let him be ever so well intentioned in his motives (says the Melbourne S. and D. News). And it is wonderful how quickly a feeling of distrust against a rider grows once it is given a start. There is always a section of people on the course only too ready to put everything that happens down to dishonesty of purpose on the part of the chief actors in the piece, but as men of more reasonable mind know, this sort of talk is very often mere imagination, for which a few dissatisfied backers are responsible. But it must, unfortunately, be confessed that these suspicious people are not always in the wrong. There is at times some foundation for their free criticism of the tactics of certain riders, for instance. At the present moment, we must frankly own, there are a few horsemen in regular practice going the right way to strike trouble. So far they have been able by their cleverness in the saddle to disguise their ill-doings so effectively that the "powers that be" have scarcely yet realised that the operators are at work, but, like the pitcher that went once too often to the well, the young gentlemen in the saddle who now appear to be fixing things to their own

liking, will, we fancy, find themselves brought up with a round turn one of these days, and that, let us hope, before long. And there is not likely to be any sympathy wasted on them when they are eventually brought to book. The game will be well rid of such schemers, and it would be a very good thing, too, if their "friends" who pull the strings from behind can also be located and passed out the gate along with the tools who appear to be doing their bidding. There is some "cleansing" work to be done in this particular connection, and we may offer the prediction that the little nest of thieves at present doing pretty well as they like, will be asked to leave directly. If not sooner, there will probably, as the Americans say, be "something doing" in the way of checking the evil complained of when licensing day for the riders comes round again.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY ASKED FOR.

The other day a bookmaker was fined in Sydney for breaches of the Betting Act. This was C. Townsend, who was fined £10 for betting with a minor at Wellington races. The magistrate stated that when a young fellow wanted to make a bet, the bookmaker should make inquiries, or not bet at all. Now if the magistrate is ever at Randwick on a race day (writes Martindale) and takes the trouble to stand alongside some popular bookmaker when he is betting on a race or two, he will see how almost impossible it is for a bookmaker to do as he says. At times there are, perhaps quite a hundred people, all anxious to get their money on something that has just come into the market. Upon such occasions, the bookmaker may bet with people whom he hardly looks at, so smartly is the business done. Thus the bookmaker is placed at a great disadvantage, and it is almost unfair that the person who bets, and is under age, should not be penalised also. They know that they are breaking the law when they ask for a wager.

CARBINE AND POSEIDON COMPARED.

In the course of an interesting comparison between these two great horses, "Ribbleden" of the "Australasian" has the following:—

Although Poseidon is not likely to leave the post for the paddock yet awhile, the time is opportune to review his career and performances, which in some respects have been remarkable. To say that Poseidon was bred by Mr R. H. Dangar, and cost Mr Denison 500 guineas as a yearling, is but to repeat an oft-told story. As regards pedigree, Poseidon is the result of the fashionable cross—the crossing of St. Simon horses with mares of Musket descent—which has been so successful in Australia. As a stake-winner, Poseidon has done wonderfully well; indeed, up to the end of his third season he has won even more than Carbine won, and Carbine was a horse in ten thousand. The following table shows the respective stake-earnings of Poseidon and Carbine at corresponding periods:—

	Poseidon.	Carbine.
As a two-year-old ...	£185 ½	£1,155
As a three-year-old ..	13,890	6,401
As a four-year-old ...	5,871	6,384
As a five-year-old	15,686
	£19,946 ½	£29,626

Carbine and Poseidon began their careers in very different ways. Carbine ran five times as a two-year-old, and was never beaten. Curiously enough, he did not win a classic race, but his superiority over other three-year-olds was most marked; and, for a performance under handicap conditions his Melbourne Cup (10.5) stands unparalleled. This victory augmented Carbine's winnings considerably, the prize being worth no less a sum than £10,230. Unlike Carbine's, Poseidon's early form was of little account, but as a three-year-old he developed remarkable powers, and, although he never displayed the brilliancy of Carbine, he won distinction in both the Caulfield Cup and the Melbourne Cup—an achievement long looked for, but unaccomplished until Poseidon appeared on the scene. Viewed broadly, Poseidon had done pretty well everything that might reasonably be expected of a horse except win the Champion Stakes, the Cumberland Stakes of 1907, and the last A.J.C. Autumn Stakes! Failure in the latter event might have been overlooked; but when a few days afterwards he decisively turned the tables upon his

vanquishers in the Cumberland Stakes, the crowd became critical and denunciatory, and kicked up a hu-labaloo. Poseidon was actually hooted! However undesirable such demonstrations may be, I am afraid they are unavoidable while human nature is what it is. To say that they were justified would be as absurd as to say they are not justified—sometimes. It is a question if the racing public has not the right to express an opinion on a matter of public interest, provided they express it in a decent way.

Subsequent running showed that Poseidon's defeat in the Autumn Stakes was just as much an accident as was Marve's sensational but short-lived triumph over Carbine. In the ordinary affairs of life accidents suggest inquiries as to causes, but stewards are as peculiar in their performances as are some of the race-horses. Horse-flesh—and particularly the racecourse variety—is proverbially perverse; and what with this perverseness and the eccentricities of jockeys, the public has a lively time of it. To dabblers in speculation, inconsistency in the racehorse is the unforgivable sin. Grand Flaneur was a marvel of consistency, as he was never beaten; and Carbine during his four seasons on the turf was only once unplaced; only once was he found among the "also ran"—words of ominous meaning to backers of defeated favourites. Poseidon has not been a frequent offender against consistency, having only been beaten three times when he started at odds on. During his career Carbine ran in 43 races; won 33, was six times placed second, three times third, and was once unplaced. Poseidon has run in 32 races; won 19, was second four times, third three times, and six times unplaced.



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STEEPLECHASE MEETING.

JULY 9th and 10th, 1908.

NOMINATIONS for the following events close on SATURDAY, 6th June, at the office of the Secretary, Gisborne, at 9 p.m.:—

- HANDICAP HURDLES, 70 sovs., 1 ½ miles.
- FLYING HANDICAP, 60 sovs., 6 furlongs.
- PARK STEEPLECHASE, 115 sovs., about 3 miles.
- TRIAL STEEPLECHASE, 60 sovs., about 2 miles.
- WINTER OATS HANDICAP, 60 sovs., 1 mile and a distance.
- SECOND HANDICAP HURDLES, 70 sovs., 2 miles.
- WAIKANAE HANDICAP, 60 sovs., 7 furlongs.
- TE HAPAI STEEPLECHASE, 100 sovs., about 2 ½ miles.
- FINAL STEEPLECHASE, 60 sovs., about 2 miles.
- FAREWELL HANDICAP, 60 sovs., 1 mile.

Weights for First day, Saturday, 20th June.

Acceptances, Wednesday, 1st July; also entries for Hack Races (both days).

For full particulars see programme. M. G. NASMITH, Secretary.