

Roseplot, Paphos, and Andree were the lot that weighed out for the Welter, and a no-race description has to be tacked on to the contest, for the first-named cantered in, Andree beating Paphos as easily as Roseplot had silenced him.

Kowhete, who lately has displayed a very nasty habit of putting her connections in a hole, was elected favourite in the First Hack Handicap, but she would not try a yard, honours resting with Vallance, an elder full sister to Comfort, Optimist, the full brother to Zanella, Palaver, and Co., getting second berth, Aroha third. The winner I have before referred to as a likely mare, as I took a great fancy to her when I first made her acquaintance at the Takapuna Meeting, at the end of last year, and though she did not win then, I ticked her off as dangerous to meet, and I still further mark her down as hard to beat in the future.

What a good mare she is Westguard further emphasised in the final heat of the day, the Railway Handicap, for Vanguard's daughter fairly bolted in, while the rest of the pack were being asked to come along at their best gait all the way up the straight. Float got second money and dividend, Chasseur third. The latter looked well, and provided he starts up to his tasks all serene, will shortly have to reckon with.

SECOND DAY.

The sport commenced with the March Handicap, Assayer having but little trouble in silencing the trio opposed to him in Ballyneety, Tradewind, and Stepdaughter. Gold Reef's son was a firm favourite, and he never gave his connections and supporters any uneasiness. Tradewind was second, and Stepdaughter third.

Aroha's good showing on the previous day gained him a lot of friends, who sent him out first choice for the Second Hack. Though he was well handled by Jenkins, he was no match at the finish for Shackle and Taura, who finished in the order in which their names are written, the favourite third. Kowhete repeated her previous day's exhibition, and Croupier, who was whispered around as a likely winner, failed to run up to the expectations his friends had formed of him. Vallance also formed one of the contestants, but was never prominent. In placing the horses in this race the judge made a great mistake, as he gave Kowhete first place, Shackle second, and Taura third, but the error was soon rectified. No doubt the similarity of colours borne by Kowhete and Shackle bothered the official, for the pair both had red jackets.

The champion Achilles cantered in with his mouth wide open in the Hawke's Bay Stakes, Jenkins having a very pleasurable ride on the handsome chestnut. Bandmaster appeared as if he would get second honours a few lengths from the box, but Gold Dust came at him, and snuffing him out without an effort, secured the 70 sovs attached to the runner up's position. There were only five starters, and Regiment, the younger full brother of the Cup winner, Ringman, was a very bad last.

Kohunui, Scallywag, and The Gryphon tried conclusions in the Second Hurdles, the former being beaten a long way from the deciding point. He was fencing in a very erratic fashion, which doubtless accounted for his indifferent display. Entering the straight Scallywag looked as if it was a hundred to one on him, but half-way up the run home Watts got to work on The Gryphon, and the wonderful gelding galloping in a determined, strenuous style, got on terms with the leader twenty lengths from the box, and sticking to his work with bull-dog tenacity, triumphed by a short neck, Kohunui away down the straight last. The winner's essay was full of merit, for half-a-mile from the line he got into a hurdle badly, chopping about his near fore leg to such an extent that he will have to be placed on the hospital list for some time.

The Burke Memorial was run for the first five furlongs at a middling pace, and when steam was turned on the brilliant Windwhistle showed out prominently, leading Ringman and Ia into the straight. The two latter got blocked when sweeping round the bend, and further enhanced the prospects of Windwhistle. After Ringman had got clear he put in a desperate run, but it was of no avail, for Windwhistle still held her own, and though a few lengths from the chair it appeared as if the Cup winner would get second honours, that also was denied her, for Float came like a flash, getting to Windwhistle's throat leash as the line was crossed, Ringman half-a-length away third, Ia fourth.

Auratus was again sent out favourite for the baby race, the other starters being Enna, Melodeon, and Tortoise. The first choice gave the impression up to the last half furlong that the race was a good thing for him, but right here Melodeon put in his claim, and exerting himself in a generous style, vanquished Auratus by a long neck, Tortoise last. The victor gives the idea that he will make a good stayer, for he came at the right end of his races, and as he is endowed with heaps of pace, should make a worthy bearer of the blue and white racing uniform of Mr E. J. Watt in future events.

All the ten acceptors in the Scurry Hack turned up for the fray, Madrigal's performance on the opening afternoon attracting attention to her prospects, and so solid were her partisans in her favour that she carried nearly twice as much money in the machines as the second choice, Optimist. For all the good they were to her they might have been left in the stable, for Madrigal, who carried within a pound of 9st, forced her way to the front comfortably after entering the straight, and came in by herself, one of the outsiders in Repulse, a Robinson Crusoe—Dryad gelding, getting second berth, Bounce third. The winner is a fine stamp of a mare, and one of the best, I consider, that Mr Lowry has ever owned. Unluckily she is not over sound, knee troubles giving her trainer a deal of uneasiness, but if she does stand up all right, mark my word, she will in time to come prove a hard lot to master.

Ballyneety, Shackle, and Stepdaughter were withdrawn from the Farewell Handicap, leaving Tupara, Menura, and Tradewind to argue the affair out. Tupara's connections put in on him solidly, making him a good favourite, but he badly belied their opinion of his capabilities, for he was easily mastered by Menura and Tradewind, the former just getting the verdict in the last half-dozen strides. She ran in a very ungenerous style, for half-way up the straight she once looked as if she would turn the affair up, but thinking better of it came on with a great dash, and beat Tradewind by a long neck.

NAPIER PARK R.C. AUTUMN MEETING.

Fine weather was responsible for a really good attendance, and speculation was brisk, which can be seen when comparing the sum passed through the machines on Tuesday and Wednesday and that at a similar meeting last season, the figures reading: 1902, £9786; 1903, £11,305. The racing was of a fair average sort, on the second day particularly the public picking the winners with a steadiness that was simply appalling. T. Cameron had possession of the starter's baton, and it is no fanciful assertion to say that on the opening day that his dismissals were not of a high-class sort. On Wednesday when he used the barrier his send-offs were excellent, leaving no ground for fault finding.

The curtain rose on Tuesday to the First Hack Hurdles, which was won by the favourite Sunmos, who was in a measure fortunate to capture, for he screwed badly at the last hurdle, and got right on to Ogle. Slightear, a full sister to Morag, got favoured by the mishap that occurred to Sunmos and Ogle, and got the second money and dividend.

Shackle was made favourite for the Esk Handicap, the ultimate winner, Taura, having the next best following. A great race up the straight saw Taura just get there from Louisa, who only had £25 invested on her number on the machines. Shackle was an excellent third. Creusot, who is a big gelding by Torpedo out of Aegyptia (a half-sister by Ingomar to Nordenfeldt) was slow to leave the mark in the Welter Race, but when once heads were turned for the final run, got going in great style, and wearing down The Rioter, won cleverly by a head advantage, Paria the same distance in front of The Rioter. Creusot, who is owned by that genuine follower of the game, Mr T. H. Lowry, is more than a fair sort, and some of these days will be seen to advantage in more fashionable society than he mixed with last week.

Ringman's admirers rushed him to the top of the poll in the betting over the Napier Cup, Tupara beating A.B.N. by a couple of sovereigns for second choice. Tradewind led from start to finish, crossing the line two lengths in front of the favourite, whose closest attendant as they flashed past the man in the box was Menura. Lindsay, who steered Ringman, had the bad luck to break one of his stirrup leathers shortly after starting, and on that account was not able to do justice to Castor's son. Tupara ran very badly, while Ia had a very rough passage, getting continually blocked and pocketed just as she looked as if she had chances.

The first selection in the Sapling Stakes, Melodeon, again gave a taste of his quality by comfortably silencing the half-dozen opposed to him in the contest. This son of Medallion is a rare stayer, with plenty of toe, and should be well forward in the light for prize-money next season. Regiment, a full brother to Ring-

man was second, and Bandmaster third. Rose Madder got well away, and her friends were very sanguine regarding her when they saw her well in front for the first two furlongs, but she soon cried enough.

Roseplot, Scallywag, and Tauhei were the order in favouritism for the Hurdle Race, but after going a furlong it could be seen that bar mistakes the grey mare Tauhei held the key of the problem. She improved as she went along, though her fencing was at times not of the very best description, but having the pace of the others she comfortably held them in check, and rewarded her party, who had a tidy sum invested on her.

Croupier was sent out a thirteen pounds better favourite than Optimist for the Redclyffe Hack Handicap. The first fancy gave his friends a nasty kick, for he ran badly, honour resting with Mr Rathbone's gelding, who was humoured by Jenkins, and was thus induced to try his best.

Madrigal made no race of the Flying Handicap, fairly kicking out the contest with consummate ease, Assayer and Eland being second and third. The second favourite, Chasseur, gave in fifty yards from the line.

As on the opening afternoon, proceedings started with the Hack Hurdles on Wednesday, and as it has always, or nearly always been good business to back the first day's winner for the second day's race, Sunmos was elected favourite. Up to the last obstacle the favourite never gave his friends any cause to regret having pinned their faith in his ability, but nearly came to grief there. Lynch, however managed to pull him together again, and won from Benedictine.

Optimist had the softest of cinches in the disposal of the quartette who sought to down him in the Scurry, for he was never asked a serious question.

Again were the backers of first favourites on the spot when they put their pieces down on Shackle for the High-Weight, as the bay gelded son of Chain-link came in by himself, Croupier second, and Kowhete (who for once in a way acted generously) third.

The betting public got to it all right in the Bennett Memorial, for they supported Ringman, Ballyneety, and Menura in that order, and that is the way they were placed by the judge at the finish.

The only win secured by the Squire of Karamu was that in the Two-year-old Handicap, which fell to Enna, a sweetly proportioned filly by The Officer out of Enid. Starshoot got second berth, and Auratus third place. Rose Madder, on sweeping into the bend, was quite eight lengths away from the leader, Auratus, but once in the straight run to the chair put in some terrific fast work, which brought her up to the tails of Starshoot, Enna, and Auratus, who were battling it out in front. Just when it appeared as if she would upset the pot her rider seemed to lose control of her, and let her go right into the rails. Starshoot settled Auratus twenty lengths from the post, and looked a winner, but his hopes of annexing were short lived, for Enna put in a fast run, and carried the all cerise across the line in the van cleverly.

Roseplot had no difficulty in disposing of Scallywag and Cobra in the Second Hurdles, his victory being practically speaking gained five furlongs from home.

As the boys say, another cake walk. This was in the Stewards' Stakes, Taura, the favourite, nicely handled by Jenkins, getting away with the stake. Louisa again showed good fight, her pilot, Malone, riding a desperate race upon her, but his efforts were futile.

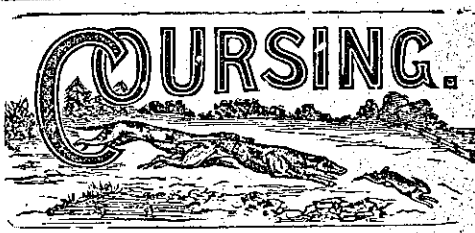
The last race of the gathering, the Waverley Stakes, attracted seven runners, Madrigal being pounced on as the best of good things for the recovery stakes. Madrigal had the most comfortable win it would be possible to imagine, for Jenkins was sitting like a statue all the way up the straight. Mussell put in a brilliant piece of work in the last half-dozen strides, which gave him the pull over Mangonui for second place.

Mr Lowry had a fair share of luck at the meeting, for he captured three events, and his dual winner, Madrigal, ought to be in the future hard to beat, for she is a genuine bit of stuff, though unluckily not over sound. Only one accident occurred at the meeting, and that was to Bruce Lowe in the Sapling Stakes, for just after passing the post in that race he dislocated one of his fore joints, and was being led away for execution when he made a sort of stumble and set it back again. The death sentence was accordingly delayed to see if he will pull around, but though it is possible for him to be used as a hack, I should say his racing career is ended.

It is Good.
It is a sure and quick remedy for many things. Bowel disorders, Stomach troubles, ailments of the Kidneys and Bladder.

Wolfe's Schnapps

It helps in cases of Rheumatism.
It clears the Blood—through the Kidneys.
Don't accept any substitute. You must get the genuine.



(By "The Judge.")

There is a proposal to hold an eight dog stake at Chevalier Park on April 18, with a £5 nomination. This will, if the idea is carried out, replace the fixtures previously advertised. A dearth of hares is the reason that the original meeting cannot be held, but it is thought that if a small single stake is run it would give the winner some encouragement to take his dog down South to compete in one of the bigger stakes.

The Messrs Dignan have been experiencing the worst possible luck, with their hares, and it looks at the present as though this would militate greatly against a successful season. Last year there were very few left, but with the idea of getting the hares thoroughly used to the Park, Messrs Dignan ordered some from New South Wales, and about forty were liberated at Chevalier Park. Another shipment of seventy-two were sent a few weeks ago, but despite every care, only about twenty-five reached the ground. Whether the change of climate, or the richness of the feed disagreed with these I cannot say, but they have nearly all succumbed since. Another shipment is expected on Sunday, and I can but hope that the Messrs Dignan may be rewarded this time for their efforts to stock the place properly.

I hear that there is a proposal in the wind to resume coursing on the Avondale enclosure, but do not know whether the Jockey Club has been approached in the matter.

Mr J. H. Martin, well known in Sydney among the "doggy" fraternity, passed through Auckland on Friday en route to the United States, where he will remain some six months. In the course of a very interesting chat, Mr Martin told me that now coursing is to be held at Kensington, in Sydney, a great boom is expected over there, and despite the drought, leash lovers are looking forward to the most successful season on record. The Welshman holds two medals for South Africa, having served under Lord Methuen, two for China, as well as four for life saving, included among the latter being the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society.

Wolfe's Schnapps

Restores Mental and Physical Vigor.

Acknowledged by the Medical Faculty.

Old England's Navy rules the sea
No matter where her ships may be,
Her flag will fly in every clime,
Foremost till end of time,
Her hardy sailor love to roam
Upon the wave he calls his home,
While from the cold he is secure,
Taking—
WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.