

Betting on the New Zealand Cup is very quiet. Wairiki is easier, but Lady Lillian is receiving solid support wherever a better price than 10 to 1 is obtainable. Orloff, notwithstanding his absence in Sydney, has friends at 12 to 1.

HAWKE'S BAY.

Napier, August 7.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club held their Annual Meeting yesterday. The balance sheet showed that the year had started with an overdraft of £1577 8s. 5d., and had closed with an overdraft of £2170 15s. 5d. One member, Mr G. Land, brought up the matter of eliminating classic races from the programmes, for he attributed the falling off in the receipts to this cause, and as he tersely put it, if the Club did not reduce their Stakes, they would have to go under, his opinion being that more hack events should figure on the card. Mr Shrimpton, the acting treasurer, also spoke in favour of the step advocated by Mr Land, and Messrs G. P. Donnelly and L. de Pelichet were also on his side. The latter gentleman gave the following notice of motion for the next meeting:—"That no further entries be invited for the Hastings and Hawke's Bay Stakes." There is not the slightest doubt that this classic business is overdone, for there are not enough rich owners in New Zealand to patronise these particular class of events, and the men who make a business of racing, have not got sufficiently long purses to be able to purchase high-priced yearlings. If classic events are required, why not make owners race for their own money. Those who go in for the sport for sports sake, I presume do not care for the lucre, it is only the honour and glory of waning that they desire, and if clubs were to donate a piece of plate, say of 100sovs in value, and find a stated sweepstake to also go to the victor, would this not give good sport, and produce emulation, between those who own the good ones, and at the same time not impoverish clubs, who want to be genteel, but cannot afford it. It is all ridiculous nonsense decrying Hack Races, as some clubs are prone to do, for there is no getting away from the bed-rock fact, that several of the best and gamest horses in the land made their debut in Hack races, and it is fair to assume that had there been no Hack contests these particular horses would not have had an opportunity of asserting their excellence. Possibly, some may argue, if these animals were so good, would they not have been able to show their quality in classic races. Most certainly not, for in nearly every instance the notable Hacks have belonged to poor men, comparatively speaking, who had to creep before they walked, and the small races with light entrance fees, suited their pockets and requirements to a nicety. I know that I will be accused of heresy in the matter I am advocating, for it seems a cast-iron rule that sporting scribes generally, should dilate upon the good accruing to racing from the establishment of these high-toned races. There is one thing that I am certain of, and that is, out of ten races in the before-mentioned superior class, nine of them are, as a rule, won with the greatest of ease, and the interest in the affairs are generally nil, for they are foregone conclusions from the fall of the flag, and often before that period.

Just look at the betting in these class of races. Why it is no price about one, and write your own ticket about the others, and I contend that speculation is the true indication of the strength of the subject, for the public are the best judges going. In proof of my argument anent the classics, what have the Dunedin Jockey Club done? Why, as a sensible body, they removed them from their programmes, and the means has justified the end, for where they were previously floundering about in financial straits, owing to having to find the wherewithal, to endow the high-class races, they are now able to show a credit balance, and the sport has not been a whit less exciting.

The Wellington Club have also taken the "bull by the horns"—and struck out one of the weight-for-age contests that used to adorn their programmes to the detriment of their exchequer, and in favour of the Hack races. Attention must be drawn to the fact, that these particular events attracted larger fields, better racing, and more remunerative speculation than was ever the case, when the classics were under consideration. What has proved a success with these clubs, must certainly do the same with other organisations who are scraping and paring to make both ends meet.

Napier, August 12.

Mr A. Cleave, accompanied by his son, Mr A. L. Cleave, arrived here by motor car, from Auckland, on Sunday. Though the trip was beset with a lot of difficulties in the way of bad roads the motorists enjoyed the jaunt. They left this morning for Wellington, and it is natural to anticipate that it will prove an enjoyable run, as the going will be

much superior to that experienced on the trip from Auckland. To have only been connected with a motor for about a month, and then take on a tour from Auckland to Wellington, shows that the proprietor of the "Review" has a deal of sand in his conformation. The car and its occupants attracted a deal of attention during their stay here.

Vladimie was sent through from Riccarton to-day as a special good investment for the Winter Cup, and the information was made use of by the local punters to the detriment of the bookies.

Awahuri's success in the Grand National Steeplechase marks the second occasion upon which the bearers of the scarlet and white banner of Mr G. P. Donnelly has been hailed the victor, Mangaohane having secured the award in the big chasing event of the year in 1888. He, like Awahuri, was bred by Mr Donnelly, which consequently will make the triumph all the more palatable.

ROUND THE STABLES.

MR. E. J. WATTS' TEAM.

(From our Napier Correspondent.)

Though this young sportsman will have no Palaver or The Shannon to carry his turf banner this season, he has got a good string in work under the watchful eye of T. Quinlivan, junior, and the success that has attended his exertions in the past prove beyond doubt that besides being assiduous, he has also got the bump of ability in a special line, the education of the racehorse well developed. On arriving at the quarters one afternoon last week, Quinlivan lost no time in stripping his forces, for my observations. "If the chap is only as good as his half-brothers, business, in the way of collecting stakes should be pretty solid with his owner," was the remark that ushered me into the presence of Olympus, the two-year-old son of Phoebus Apollo, and Aida, whose relatives Impulse and Uhlan, often mowed down the opposition in a most conclusive manner; Olympus is not a big one by any means, but is a neat, hardy-looking gelding, very evenly constructed, with good-looking legs, that suggest the idea that they will wear well. On breeding lines he has come the right way, as his sire is a son of the unbeaten St. Simon, and, his dam, besides producing such a pair of good ones as Impulse and Uhlan, is a full-sister to Oriental, the producer of Daut and Dautless, which fact is sufficient to show that, the daughters of L'Orient produced winners to entirely different stamp of sires and why should not Aida be just as successful to Phoebus Apollo as she was to St. Leger, there can be no reason for arguing in a contrary direction. According to my powers of discrimination, Capsize, a full-brother to Aida, could gallop more than decently, and a half-brother of his by Musket, Francotte by name, was noted as a specially speedy customer. Mara, a full-brother to the latter horse, has proved a begetter of winners in the other Colonies, and these facts conclusively point to the excellent running blood that courses through the veins of Olympus.

The next for consideration was Submarine, Blue Water's two-year-old son by Torpedo—but he is a perfect wreck owing to the ravages of influenza, and though others of the inmates have had an attack of the epidemic, the lion's share of the malady, worse luck, seems to have been bestowed upon Submarine, who, albeit that he is in such a plight, that it will be a long time before he is able to again show the splendid hack efforts that led his trainer to anticipate a good time for him in Juvenile events this season, shows all those points of conformation that good judges love to enthuse over, and assuredly those features might naturally be expected when the pedigree of Submarine is worked into, for is not his dam a half-sister by St. Leger to Blue Fire and Mannlicker, who were, without doubt, a brace of good ones, and as his

progenitor Torpedo, like Maxim, the son of Mannlicker and Blue Fire is a son of Musket's, it will be observed that he is practically speaking, more than a half-brother to this renowned pair. While that dash of St. Leger blood in his breeding may be expected to produce good results, when allied to the Musket, Fanny Fisher, Drummer and Pocahontas blends, if such does not prove a correct surmise, what in the name of goodness, is going to lead in the right direction of locating possible conquerors in the racing arena.

Captain Kettle (Captain Kett—Tirene) who is a three-year-old, was my next lot, and I could not help remarking how this chap has grown since seen out last, he is now a gelding, which of course, does not make any difference to his appearance. Like all of Captain Kett's produce, he has remarkably strong quarters, and understandings that give every indication that he will come out of the trying-out process in satisfactory style.

Mottle, who occupies the next box to the Captain, is the two-year-old full-sister to Tortulla, whose deeds are a sufficient advertisement for her family, but without this in her favour, Mottle has attributes of her own which attract notice to her, for she is endowed with strong muscular quarters, good ribs and back' slopy shoulders moulded in the most approved pattern, plenty of heart room, and while short on top, covers a deal of country, built on small lines as regards stature, is the only fault that can be put against her, but still it looks a fair contention to argue that she will grow, for I cannot forget how small and undersized she was last March, when I reviewed her just prior to the Annual Sale by the Te Mahanga youngsters, and therefore, as she has come on so well in six months, it is quite fair to assume that by the end of the year Mottle will have further improved as regards size. She is the only one in the establishment who does not belong to Mr Watt, as the Hack sister to Tortualla is Quinlivan's own property.

An entirely different sort is the occupant of the next apartment, Albuera, the two-year-old sister to Marshal Soult, a big filly who could easily pass muster for a year older than she is; not only has she got size, but quality is everywhere prominent, and one has only got to view her from behind to arrive at the justifiable verdict that she will gallop fast, the determined look of her head also denotes that pluck will be a long suit of hers, and I should imagine that the opposition will have a lively time of it in their efforts to silence her when the colours are up, and Stakes hung up for argument.

This is a stranger to me, is what I said when the next box opened, showing a lengthy mare with the sweetest of heads imaginable, beautiful quarters, nice wiry neck, and understandings that denote lasting properties of a high order. That is Spoil, a three-year-old by Torpedo, out of Moira, was my guide's reply, after I had finished my inspection, as her dam Moira is by Apremont out of Mrs Randon by King of Clubs, from a full-sister to Welcome Jack. She can certainly lay claim to be considered a blue-blooded one, and the admixture of the Musket strain with the bloods I have mentioned, should, if a study of successful lines is taken into consideration, produce one of the best. In furtherance of this idea, it may be stated that Storirana, a full-sister of Moira, threw a couple of extra speedy mares in Jemima and Stepena to Stepiak, a grandson of Musket's, and what is good in one case must assuredly be correct in another. On that account I look for good performers from Spoil, and shall be greatly surprised if my conjectures regarding her future do not turn out as I have forecast.

The tenant of the adjoining box is Roseshoot, who looks all serene, and there is no doubt that the best has not yet been seen in public of this massive brother to Bushrose and Co. He is not a winter horse by any means, for his stride is not suited to the nature of the going when moisture and sloppiness are apparent.

What a kindly, loveable, sort is Float, to be sure, and the way she allows you to caress her indicates, in the stable, at least, that she is a most amenable mare. What a pity, I often think, that Nature had not gone to more pains to set her head on in a different style to what it has, for her otherwise good features, are sadly handicapped by the sloppy manner in which her neck is lined out, and the way her head is set on. The old contention that horses do not gallop with their heads is all right, but still from another point of view, galloping without them has never been done, or if it has, it has not come within my ken. I have read of the headless horseman, but never of the headless horse. This degeneration does not alter the fact that Float's head and neck are not what a good judge could desire, but while the deficiency in that portion of her anatomy is there beyond argument, Nature has made up for it in another way, and that is that she has given her the gift of pace and determination in no limited way. No good horse, we are told, is ever a bad colour, and I presume on that ruling it would be considered accurate to say that no brilliant galloper, with courage and stamina, is ever a bad shape.

As a two-year-old I fancied Starshoot was one of the handsomest horses I had ever seen, now as a three-year-old he is, if anything, more superb, for size him as you will, view him from any point, the ultimatum always verges to the same definition—perfection, and he seems to understand that he is an aristocrat, both as regards lineage and appearance, and the way he poises his head, which is full of strength and grace, gives you a three-quarter look at it, and one could almost fancy he was saying (I am sure he thinks it), "Am I not a beauty?" Handsome is that handsome does, and if a favourable outlook is a precursor to glorious deeds on the racing arena, then this golden chestnut son of Crescent has a particularly victorious period in store for him.

The last of the pack to line up is by no means the least, for it was Melodeon, who has furnished into a rare cut of an animal, and as a stayer I should opine that he will shine, for that deep gullet, with windpipe like a Hauser, are nearly always sure indications of stamina, and Melodeon has these attributes extra well defined in his structure. As a young 'un last season he showed the possession of staying qualities, for it was only in the last bit that he was sighted, and then how did he come to the front. That is ancient history now, but nevertheless it is accurate, and on those grounds, coupled with his conformation, I look for Melodeon as a hard one to master. When his time comes in contests run over a distance of ground, if any fault can be found with his make and shape it is that he is inclined to be raggy behind, but probably this deficiency is more apparent because otherwise he is so well formed, and the comparisons are, therefore, the more striking.

In the paddock I was introduced to a yearling half-sister by Merriwee to Straybird. It is the first of his get that I have seen. The baby has much to commend her, short back, strong ribs, and the best of legs and feet, and if the Australian-bred sire gets horses of her class as a general rule, his introduction to New Zealand will certainly prove of value to those interested.

In the management of his team Quinlivan has the assistance of W. Whitaker as head lad, and it goes without saying that he has got a careful, talented lieutenant, whose aim and object has always been to put his best work into everything that is entrusted to him, and naturally success in life has come to him.

The Annual Show of the Auckland Kennel Club will be held on Friday and Saturday next, at the Federal Hall. An excellent entry has been received, including many champions. Mr J. Horrax will judge in all classes, with the exception of the bull dogs and bull terriers, which will be adjudicated upon by Mr Perks. It is anticipated that the show will be even more successful than any of its predecessors.

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