

GOSSIP.

A JOCKEY'S LIFE.

Jimmy Walsh, the cool-headed jockey who rode Mr. Dymont's Sapper for the King's Plate, at the Woodbine track, Toronto, May 28rd, is a veteran of '85. He was born in that year. The average downy-lipped youth of 19, even in this precocious era, is something of a raw recruit. Not so Jimmy. He already has a past—a luridly chequered dream of horses and big stakes, of money, ups and shouts from "the gods," of tawny tracks and fair women. He recounts his experiences like a veteran, minus the pipe and the flowing bowl.

Away from the track, Jimmy by no means looks his part. His face is almost girlishly demure. Tugged in faultless tailor-mades, with a dapper felt hat and a silk umbrella, he looked in the paddock as though he was just ready for a Sunday school picnic—except for a little yellow disk which he flapped as aimlessly as most boys toss coppers.

"Sovereign," he said laconically. "An English gen'lman threw that at me after the race f'r the Plate. You bet he won it on Sapper!"

Born on Breadalbane St., Toronto, Jimmy has been on the turf since '98. In seven seasons he has ridden 400 winners. His first was Storm Queen, in New York, when he was thirteen. Since that he has been West as far as Frisco, and South to Hot Springs. In Chicago, where his home now is, he rode for Peter Ryan and Pat Dunn. He rode Wire-In here last season.

"Always rode the fast races f'r the big stakes," he said quietly. "Always liked horses. Yes, Sapper's a good horse, handy and quiet, and a fine breaker. No fuss at the net. Gits away clean an' easy. That's half the game. I told everybody Sapper would win the Plate after he did the mile and a quarter in 2.14. Yes, he led all the way. Had everybody dizzy behind him."

"Ever get a fall?" asked the reporter.

"Once," he said, catching the sovereign on the back of his hand. "Washington Park that was, in 1901. No, not a steepchase. I never ride in any but the flat races. Horse went down in first quarter. I got quite a little jolt that time—head bent in and collarbone broke. But I never knew what hit me till I come to."

"What's your weight now, Jimmy?"

"103," he replied, "up to 118 in the winter. Oh, we train down on toast an' tea, an' Turkish baths, an' hitt'n the road. Do a five-mile clip out an' back, come in' take midsun on an empty stomach. Pshaw! bein' holler's easy when ye git used to it. The main thing in redocin', though, is t'hit the road. Flesh that comes off that way stays off, you bet! Can't depend on the baths. They're flabby."

"Pretty gay life you jockeys lead, I guess," said the scribe.

"Yes"—with a meditative swing of his umbrella—"jockeys er a pretty swift bunch all right, but the money's the swiftest. Most 'v 'em spend it as fast as it comes—wine, cards an' women. The average jockey is played out by the time he's old enough to vote. They all have consumption. It's the redocin' an' hitt'n the road on a slack stomach is what fetches it on."

"So you have to make hay while the sun shines, eh?"

"Bet we do," he said chipperly. "A jockey's only got a few years t' live anyhow—same as a horse. As long as he wins he's a favorite with the crowd. Yes, the crowd's a queer thing too, 'specially when they yell, and all yeh c'n see is a stretch a hats a-wavin' an' yeh know it's your horse that's got the rest—a the bunch dizzy. If you're wuna the dizzy bunch it's you that feels queer."

"Well," he went on as he threw a glance at the jostling mob around the scales in the jockey's room, "when a jockey quits the track, he's down an' out. He can't settle down to anything else, even if he wasn't played out. Nobody cares a darn f'r him then. But we all like it," he added with a wink at the great jockey, St. George, on his gold piece.

The complacent little fatalist! He spoke with the cynical certainty of the "blase old rounder," and only just getting nicely acquainted with the razor.

"But you don't look like a chap that burns his money, Jimmy."

"No," he admitted. "The boys say



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I'm queer; but you bet I'm salting my dough for the rainy season. I'm going into business in Chicago next fall."

Jimmy allowed that horses are a queer sort of fascination.

"Yeh see," he said, "they kinda git to know yeh. Now, I rode Wire-In last year. Well, this season when the bunch was training, he got up against War Whoop and got beat. Did it outa pure cussedness too, till he got me to ride 'im. Oh, he'd do anything f'r me. You bet they remember. Some 'v 'm can't run without mud, an' some like the dust. Some likes a good solid lump 'v a jockey, an' some a featherweight. Some 'll sulk right in a race, 'specially if yeh whip 'm underneath. Some'll break out on the track an' that's always bad."

Dreamily swinging his umbrella, Jimmy concluded his little homily replete with horse-sense, and abounding in most evident reverence for the king of all hoofed animals. He admitted that if he was a Hindu he wouldn't worship the cow—"not much."

"Ever ride a broncho?" asked the scribe.

"Just once; that was in Frisco at a circus. A reg'lar buckner he was too. Always dumped the kids the first go-off. But I dug m' heels under him an' gave 'im a strong head, an' pshaw! he went around the ring just as peaceful as a merry-go-round."

And with another flip Jimmy pocketed his gold piece when he saw "the boss" coming over the paddock with an armful of rainbows.—[The News.

Volume 15 of the English Hampshire Down Flockbook has, through the courtesy of the editor, Mr. J. E. Rawlence, Salisbury, been received at this office. It is a decidedly creditable publication of 282 pages, forming a record of the principal flocks of the country, and includes a long list of breeders of Hampshire Downs, which indicates that this is indeed a very popular breed in England.

Jas. Dickson, of Glenann Farm, Orono, P. O., near Newcastle Station, G. T. R., is another young and enthusiastic breeder that deserves patronizing. While he is growing into a flock of good quality Dorset sheep and a few good Shorthorns, the only stock he expects to offer for sale this season is Tamworth pigs, of which he has quite a number, now headed by a young boar, bred by B. Hoskin, The Gully. The female foundation is principally of Colwill's breeding, and includes some Toronto prizewinners. There are several young sows, ready to breed, for sale that will make good ones.

TRADE TOPICS.

A FAMOUS SHEEP DIP RECORD.—A careful record was made at the Royal Show of England last year, when it was discovered that over 95 per cent. of all the sheep exhibited had been dipped in the well-known Cooper Dip. After sixty years' use this is truly a fact the manufacturers should be proud of.

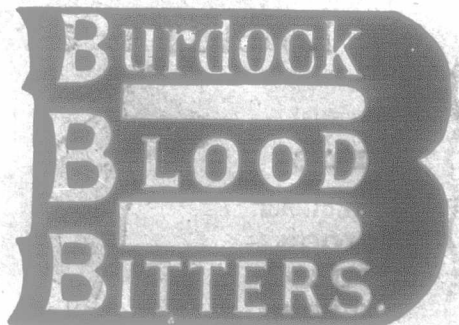
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ZENOLEUM.—The following information received from a Canadian Government official, Dr. George H. Acres, V. S., Northwest Mounted Police, Dawson, Yukon Territory, is quite relevant to stock conditions at present:

"I beg to say it affords me much pleasure in highly recommending Zenoleum disinfectant and dip to all persons engaged in ranching, stock and horse raising, sheep ranchers, etc., as a most efficient and fair means of keeping stock in a healthy condition. I have used it on my stock, and have always highly recommended it to every one I knew in need of any such article for their live stock. I can also add that it has always given me the greatest satisfaction, and I have never known it to fail."

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