

well-skirted flank was filled out, her loin rose up well above her hip-bones, she was well filled up behind her withers, her eye was full and bright, and her coat cool and silky to the touch, so that while she was evidently fitted up to the very hour, there was not the shadow of a symptom of over marking.

Brait, who stood next in public esteem, attracted much less attention than the daughter of Judge Curtis and Tolima. The latter had won easily in Toronto, and had proved herself an uncommonly good three-year-old, while the brother of Princess and Willie W. was still untried, though the fact that his stable companion Bonnie Duke had been easily beaten by the filly in their struggle for the Woodstock Plate evidently caused the public to look upon him with comparative disfavor. He was a grand-looking colt for all that, and his condition was not such as to leave room for adverse criticism. He was a race horse all over, though of a type differing widely from that represented by Curtolima. In outline, color, conformation, and muscular development, Brait showed himself one of the rugged, robust school. Massive and compact in make up, heavy in bone and sinew, his muscles instead of filling in to form a graceful outline seemed to stand out in rugged knots and ridges. Big and hard they seemed to roll and swell beneath his thin, glossy coat of hard red chestnut, as he walked about the paddock.

As they walked slowly along the filly appeared to have all the best of it, for while her step was light, springy, and elastic Brait's was nearly as awkward and stiff-legged as that of a bear. Indeed, so marked was this feature of Brait's walk that the belief got abroad that he was sore and over-trained. Anyone, however, who had the opportunity of observing his thoroughly cool legs, his soft and silky coat, and his big bright eyes, could have no excuse for holding to the belief that he had been over-trained, or that Mr. Burgess had, without making the public aware of it, brought his colt to the post in condition that was little if anything behind what had been accomplished by Mr. O'Leary on behalf of the filly. Mr. Burgess is not a man to sound a trumpet before him when he has a good thing, however, and though in answer to an enquiry made of him, which presumed that Brait would be beaten, he unhesitatingly shook his head, he had somehow managed to allow the general public, and particularly the "fancy," to believe that the filly could not lose.

Bonnie Duke, though in fairly good form, was not quite keyed up to his best on account of some slight temporary injury he had received a few days before the race.

At the post the youngsters behaved very nicely, and in a few moments after the trio had walked over to the half-mile ground the flag dropped to a good start. O'Leary on the filly immediately began to cut out the pace with a vengeance. Jamieson on "Duke" first assayed taking the filly "by the neck," but he did not get there fast enough to suit Butler, who was on Brait, and accordingly he set the son of Princeton and Roxaline going, and in a few strides he was galloping side by side with the favorite. As they turned down the straight to finish the first half-mile Brait had a shade the best of it and as they neared the stand he was running well in the lead and under a strong pull, while O'Leary's saddlegirths had slipped so that he was almost in the filly's withers as they shot past the stand at a rattling clip, with Bonnie Duke close to the filly and still full of running. As they swung around the south turn Bonnie Duke ran into second place, and both he and the filly closed upon Brait rapidly, but the brother of Princess was fighting the bit and

full of "go," and as Duke pushed his nose up so as to secure a lap on his quarters, he could gain no more. Meanwhile the filly, running up on the outside, collared Duke near the half-mile post, and her many friends raised a shout of triumph, but the sound almost died in their throats, for as the mare headed his stable companion, Brait shot out of the ruck like an arrow and opened two lengths of daylight. Bonnie Duke was now pretty well out of it, but the filly had a dangerous gap in front of her as she turned into the stretch, while Brait was still running under a strong pull. A little less than a furlong from home O'Leary made his final effort on the filly, and gamely she answered to his call, but it was of no use, for Brait was full of running, and galloped home three lengths ahead of her hard held. Bonnie Duke, who was used up after the filly had beaten him, jogged in an indifferent third; time, 2.44½. Thus ended the best race ever run by Canadian-bred three-year-olds. The question of relative superiority is not definitely settled, for while the mare was very seriously handicapped by the slipping of her saddlegirths early in the race, it must be remembered that Brait had plenty of go left in him at the finish, and could doubtless have run considerably faster had he been asked to do so. It remains for future contests to determine whether the filly's accidental handicap was sufficient to cover the speed that Brait had to spare in this race. But while the question of relative speed must for the present remain a matter of opinion, there can be no doubt that such a pair of Dominion-breds were never stripped on the race track. And it may be many a year before another Canadian-bred three-year-old colt will win at a mile and a half with 118 lbs. up, in 2.44½, before the first of July.

With regard to the time it may be as well to state that Mr. J. P. Dawes, who knows just what lapping the track requires, held a thoroughly first-class stop watch on this race.

All three colts were admirably ridden by Butler, O'Leary, and Jamieson.

THIRD RACE.

Brokers' Purse, \$250; \$200 to first horse, \$50 to second; for all ages, the winner to be sold at auction (*bona fide*) immediately after the race. If entered to be sold for \$500, to carry weight for age; if for \$400, 3 lbs. off; if for \$300, 7 lbs. off; if for \$250, 10 lbs. off. Horses entered not to be sold to carry 10 lbs. extra. Any surplus over selling price to be divided equally between the second horse and Racing Fund of the club. Distance, 1¼ miles. Entrance, \$12.50.

W. E. Owens' br g Blanton (aged), by imp. Bonnie Scotland—Minnie Brown; \$300; 112 lbs. (Steeds)..... 1

John Forbes' b g George L. (6), by Vigil—Zea; \$500; 112 lbs. (Jamieson)..... 2

W. Henry's ch h Fred Henry (6), by War Cry—Cheltenham Maid; \$500; 122 lbs. (Warder) .. 3

Time—2.13.

Betting—Blanton, \$20; field, \$12.

FOURTH RACE.

Hurdle race (handicap), \$250; \$200 to first horse, \$50 to second. Over eight hurdles, 3 ft. 6 in. Distance, 2 miles. Entrance, \$12.50.

Geo. Watson's ch h Oakdale (6), by Tom Ochiltree—Black Slave, 155 lbs. (Rett) 1

A. Shields' ch g Driftwood (aged), by Stockwood—Vanetta, 145 lbs. (Mr. Penniston) 2

F. Elliott's ch g The Wizard, by Ventilator, 145 lbs. (Owner)..... 3

John Halligan's b g Williams (aged), by Terror—Ada, 150 lbs. (Pearson)..... *

M. Gorman's b g Vice Chancellor (aged), by Terror—Stolen Kisses, 145 lbs. (Owner) *

*Did not go the course.

Time—4.01.

Betting—Oakdale, \$30; field, \$12.

THE RACE.—Oakdale and Williams raced together to the first hurdle at a tremendous pace, and continued at break-neck speed locked head and head till they were within a few jumps of the second hurdle, when Rett suddenly took a pull on Oakdale, leaving Williams to face the jump alone. Of course Mr. Halligan's horse was too much of a rogue to do anything of the kind, especially as there were no guards of any kind on the hurdle, and after first sulking for a second, he bolted around the hurdle and into the field and was quickly out of the race. Afterward, Wizard, who was being very pluckily ridden by his owner, made a gallant effort to capture the race and led for a time at a rattling clip, but with Williams out of the way the race was an easy thing for Oakdale, who ultimately won handily in 4.01. Driftwood was a fair second.

FIFTH RACE.

Special purse, \$125; for all ages; nine furlongs.

B. J. Coghlin's b m Easter (6), by Vicksburg—Roxaline, 111 lbs. (Warder)..... 1

E. Burgess' b g Willie W. (4), by Princeton—Roxaline, 115 lbs. (Jamieson)..... 2

B. J. Coghlin's br m Lady Lucy (4), by imp. Kyrle Daly—Endeavour, 113 lbs. (Bernard) 3

Time—2.01.

Betting—Easter, \$20; field, \$4.

THE RACE.—Willie W. shot to the front at the drop of the flag, and was full of running from start to finish. He led all the way till they were about half a furlong from home, when by dint of a strong steady pull with both hands Jamieson managed to hold the gelding back and allow the mare to win in 2.01. Lady Lucy was back several lengths.

SIXTH RACE.

Consolation race (handicap), \$150; \$90 to first horse, \$40 to second, and \$20 to third. For horses that have run at this meeting and not won first or second money. Distance, 1 mile. Entrance, \$5.

John Halligan's b g Williams (aged), by Terror—Ada, 120 lbs. (Pearson) 1

M. Gorman's b g Vice-Chancellor (aged), by Terror—Stolen Kisses, 115 lbs. (Jamieson) 2

B. J. Coghlin's br f Lady Lucy (4), by imp. Kyrle Daly—Endeavour, 105 lbs. (Bernard) 3

Time—1.47.

Betting—Lady Lucy, \$20; field, \$20.

TIPPOO, THE GREAT TROTTING PROGENITOR OF CANADA.

From Wallace's Monthly.

Away back in the days of the famous Taconey, thirty odd years ago, we first began to hear something of a trotting family in Canada, known as the Tippos. Nobody seemed to know or care anything about the Tippos, however, till Toronto Chief made his appearance in New York a few years later, and then everybody wanted to know something of the origin of the Tippoo tribe of which he was a representative. When he came to be advertised as a stallion he was traced back in the male line through Royal George and Black Warrior to "imported Tippoo, son of Nesthall's Messenger, in England." This public and unquestioned claim that Nesthall's Messenger, in England, was the sire of old Tippoo, seemed to lead up to the possibility that our own Messenger might have left some descendants in England, and this presented a very interesting line of enquiry. It did not take long, however, to discover that this "Nesthall Messenger" business was no worse nor no better than a thousand other claims of that day, and that it had not even the shadow of truth about it.