

Sporting.

THE HILLS.

I know not why I love the cloud-lined hills,
Sighting away across the travelling hills,
Of smoke-like clouds. Far away, they seem
Like fabled billows of the ocean like the dream
Of seas, when in his mad and wild surges
He comes to sleep upon his earth-bred breast.
Trance-like his waves—in blue and brown they stand.

The image of the ocean on the land,
The hills that tower in the twilight far
Are made up of battered ships with naked spar,
While over the crest, like lighthouse lamp,
Shines out the evening star.

And yet again, I know not why to me
They seem to speak of friendship and the glow
Of youth time, orchards, purpling and
October days,
Breezes that climb to kiss the sun's last rays,
Breezes that turn the sunflower's coffin cap,
And follow the rippling grain where ebb the
quail.

Point that gleams to stud the moss-grown foot
Of rocks,
And cooling forest depths where rustle the flocks,
The hills? The hills? Towering above
The valley's sacred fold,
Lifting the earth's dead level half-way up to
God.

Yet biding all in sweet communion with the
mother soil,
You mountain, capped with its eternal snow,
Scorning all sweetness even the soft clouds
of day,
It hath no charm for me. There is no love
To me of birds, nor fruit-perfumed air,
Nor love of sunset from between tents of
lay.

The farthest spaces come at close of day,
Above it stands, symbol of death's and night
Of naked power and grandeur's royal right
To look down on the tender things of earth
And sweep the sunshine love that gave them
birth.

And might, as with a shroud of frost, their un-
assuming mirth.

So may my life be like the hills. Not high
My hopes and plans, but midway 'twixt the sky
And equidistant land, so midway 'twixt the sea,
Not like mountains towering over the sea,
Nor like the cold, stark peaks of a war-part
With granite thoughts and barren border
lands.

But high enough to tempt my gaze above
And low enough to catch the sunshine of my
love.

—*Frederick in Clark's Horse Review.*

NOTES.

ONE of those things not generally known, discovered by an English journal, is that the last Duke of York owned race-horses, and he was not ashamed to own a good horse or to back his opinion, though he was actually a Bishop in holy orders.—*Chicago Freeman.* The Duke of York referred to here is Frederick, second son of George III. He was elected prince-bishop of Cöln, Germany, when but six months old. The election was only a courtesy one and did not involve the necessity of taking holy orders. The Duke entered the army as brevet-colonel in 1780, when he was only 17, and nineteen years afterwards became field marshal and commander-in-chief of the British army. He was certainly connected with the turf, but had a greater passion for the card-table.

THINK appears a likelihood of the campaigns on the English turf carried on by the late Richard Ten Broek in the early sixties, by the late M. H. Sanford fifteen or sixteen years later, and by Messrs. Pierre Larilland and J. R. Keene four or five years after still, being repeated in 1860 or 1861. Referring to the matter the *Chicago Freeman* says: "Many American owners of thoroughbreds are seriously considering the advisability of taking their horses to England and racing them there.

The peculiar conditions obtaining at present in eastern racing may have had something to do with the formulation of their plans, but there is no doubt a commendable spirit of reciprocity is abroad among turfmen, and the breeders, more especially, are looking with covetous eyes on the classic events for three-year-olds annually decided in the land of John Bull. The owners of the Belle Meade Stud have determined that their far-famed nursery of winners shall be represented in England by the get of Inosquis, the great ambition being to win the English Derby with the son of the sire who carried the Lorillard colors first past the post in the great race. We are told that the names of several of the Belle Meade youngsters will appear in the list of entries for the Derby of 1896, and it may be that General Jackson's ambitious hope so long entertained may be realized. The owner of Fairview, if reports are true, cherishes the same desire, and American-bred sons and daughters of St. Blaise may yet race on English soil. American horses have raced successfully in England, and while they are at this day comparatively scarce in the tight little island, the number of English horses now racing in the United States keeps alive the desire for closer international relations and a more cordial interchange of turf compliments between the two countries. We have had three-year-olds that could have won the English Derby, not many, possibly, and had these champions been sent across the ocean in all likelihood it could not now be said that only one American horse ever won the Blue Ribbon of the English turf. It is an almost universal opinion that Tanquary could have won it, and we will have three-year-olds just as good in years to come. The closer turf relations are between England and the United States the better it will be for the sport, and only good can come of sending American horses to race in England and English horses to race in America."

"PAPA" HAMILIN, of Buffalo, and "Uncle" Charles Brown, of Toronto, had a very interesting conversation just before the 2:23 trot at the recent meeting in Hamilton. "Uncle" Charles had been requested by President Lottridge to pay Mr. Hamlin a little attention. The task was not a hard one, for if there were ever two congenial souls, those two met in the persons of Messrs. Charles Brown and C. J. Hamlin. Said "Uncle" Charles, "I am sorry that a good old Yank like you should come over here to get beaten." "Ah," was the response, "have you something in the 2:23 class?" "Yes, Maud J." The sage from Buffalo turned to his programme and said, "Oh, yes, Maud J. Well, my horse is green and I hardly know what he can do. This is his first season. I was down in Kentucky, and seeing him move, took rather a fancy to him. I asked the price, and they said \$15,000. He had shown, they stated, 2:15 as a two-year-old. Well, it was rather a tidy sum and I took a night to sleep on it. Next day I went round again and asked the man to strip that fellow. Now move him a bit. He did,

and I said 'I'll take him.' Mr. Goers brought him to the farm and worked him. He went all sharp, and the other day we gave him a sharp mile. He turned it in 2:09." Mr. Brown said no more about Maud J., who, although she was in a hot place, showed up consistently well, her line reading 4, 3, 3, 4. Rex American, Mr. Hamlin's colt, winning the second, third and fourth heats in 2:20, 2:21 and 2:21½. Cope Stinson's All-gro took the first in 2:18½.

FRANK HEDDIC and others who saw Reubenstein win in 2:11½, 2:09½ and 2:10½ at Windsor, Ont., are very enthusiastic about him. The *American Sportsman* points out that shippers of Morgan blood could find a text for a long article in the performance, "as," it says, "the four-year-old son of Baron Wilkes carries considerable blood that traces to the founder of that family. The stud books show that Reubenstein's dam was got by Aristos out of a speed-producing daughter of Daniel Lambert, while she was in turn out of a speed producing daughter of the Biglow Horse. Reubenstein stepped a mile in 2:13 3/4 last season, and the form that he then exhibited was more than borne out by his showing at Windsor last week. This colt is owned by Robert Bailey, of Williamsport, Pa., and he won him out the day that he stepped in 2:09½. When Reubenstein was at Titin a couple of weeks ago he was not going very level and Laird did not know exactly what to do with him. After skinning around for some time, he had a talk with the Two-Minute Stock Farm's blacksmith. John told him that he could make the horse go square. After he shod him the horse went out and stepped a half in 1:04 in a race."

OUR excellent contemporary above quoted thinks that the race Callino won at Windsor was a very shady affair. In ancient days there wouldn't have been room for any shade in a horse entered in the 3-minute class that could win a first heat in 2:20 3/4 and a fifth and sixth in .24 and .29. Now-a-days, however, a 3-minuter appears to be forced to trot down in the .20s on a good track to win anything at all. There was undoubtedly room for working the pool-box in Callino's performance, and possibly Mr. Sinclair, the horse's owner, would be justified in seeking an explanation. King Forest, by Forest Manirino, who won the second heat in 2:21½, made a reputation for himself about equal to that won by Callino and put in some extra good testimony as to the excellence of his sire.

WOULD you be surprised, is the question being asked, if, as the outcome of the split in the Ontario Jockey Club, a new track were to be established in Toronto? At first blush we did feel disposed to be surprised, but after a moment's thought we felt a little less dubious, as the trotting fraternity are sadly in need of a home, and there might be some profit in their throwing in their lot with the dissidents and establishing a track for both branches of the sport the same as

they have in Hamilton. However, it is hardly possible any such course will be taken. Still Mr. Duggan, who owns Woonbine, must regard with some anxiety the progress of the very agly quarrel between sundry of his losses. Shares in the O.J.C., it might be mentioned, are quoted away up in the clouds. So far only \$30 has been paid in on each, but they are held at \$300 and are not to get at that. It is the greatest pity in the world that the trouble cannot be adjudged to arbitration, but that is of small character that any such solution is of the question. The dispute, which after all is largely of a personal character, must seemingly be fought to the hilt, and with the result that if one side was racing in Toronto will likely lose a good supporter, and if the other comes out on top the life work and labor of love of the best man racing in Canada ever known will to a great extent be sacrificed, and all on account of the ill-advised and hasty conduct of one young man.

ALIX, 2:07½, trotted a mile in 2:09½ the second heat of the free-for-all at Saginaw last Saturday, and thus captured the \$1,000 offered in addition to a purse of like amount if 2:10 were beaten in a race. Alix won the race in straight heats, the time being 2:13½, 2:09½, 2:11½. The only other competitor was Mr. Hamlin's Nightingale. Fantasy trotted in last 2:10 and made the mile in 2:09. Sixty-six, by Chimes, had to go a mile in 2:07½ to win the 2:40 trot from Monte Christo. This was the last day of the opening meeting of the Grand Circuit. Detroit is the centre of attraction this week.

BIKYLE records were smashed again at Detroit last Saturday. F. H. Herd and C. Barthel of Detroit broke the 2½ mile road world record from 1:09:26 to 1:07:46½. Barthel continued his record and succeeded in breaking the 50 mile world record. He covered the 50 miles in 2 hours and 21 minutes and 1 seconds. The short distance records were also attacked with similar success. Julian P. Bliss, of Chicago, paced by tandems, rode a mile in 1:54½, breaking the previous world record by 1½ seconds. The tandem record was brought down by C. A. Williams and F. M. Hogarty, of Wallham, who, with a flying start and unopposed, set a mile in 1:59½. The standing start mile record was reduced from 2:02 to 2 minutes, flat by Bliss.

THE Canadian team has been doing some splendid work at the National Race Association meeting at Bixley, but they failed in their heart's desire to capture the Kolapace cup. England won with 699 points, Canada coming second with 677, Jersey third with 665 and Guernsey fourth with 642. Scotland won the Elds shield with 1627 points to 1622 by Ireland and 1619 by England. The scores are generally lower this year than last, owing to the vile weather that prevailed.

THE Prince of Wales' yacht Britania has been covering herself with glory. (Continued on page 565.)

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