

A WET MEETING

Lots of Rain at the Ontario Jockey Club Races.

AND PLENTY OF SPORT.

Remarkable Success of the Seagram Stable.

NINE RACES IN THREE DAYS.

Crows Defy the Elements and Ladies Appear at their Best.

OFFICERS OF THE O.J.C.

Wm. Hendrie, President.
 Frank Smith, Vice-President.
 F. Patterson, Executive.
 G. W. Forman, Chairman.
 P. A. Smith, Committee.
 Major J. H. Mead, Treasurer.
 Leitchford Ogden, Sec. Treas.

Officers of the Races.

A. B. Post, Judge.
 James McLoughlin, Starter.
 R. H. Bennett, Asst. Starter.
 C. W. Mead, Clerk of the Scales.
 W. Frew, Clerk of the Scales.
 Charles Brown, Timers.
 George H. Hoganson, Timers.

Or course there is nothing in the optic number even if there were thirteen at the Last Supper and Judas did subsequently earn for his name a simile for the most treacherous. We say of course there is nothing in it. Any number reckoned with in the same way would probably prove equally symbolical of ill-luck. Whether, however, superstition is nothing, or nothing is superstition, it is certain that the thirteenth meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club which after a postponement of two days, commenced on Thursday, has suffered a great deal from rain. On the first day it alternately showered and poured, making the track awash of mire and converting the lawns almost into marshes. Friday, the second day, things were hardly any better, except that the water was a trifle later in coming. When it did come, however, it made up for lost time and the track at the end of the second day was worse than it was on the first. On the third day, the fields and too-retiring 84 contended to exhibit his genial old countenance and consequently everybody felt a little more comfortable and the horses had a trifle more speed. On the fourth day the atmosphere was chilly and the sky cloudy and threatening. The fifth was no better—in fact as rain fell it was somewhat worse, although not so cold—and thus the meeting concluded.

If the weather had been fine, and there are those, we regret to say, who augur ill for Her Majesty because for a singular thing it was not on the Queen's Birthday, the crowds could not have found accommodation at the Woodbine. As it was the stands were filled to repletion and the lawns and fields were congregated masses of humanity. The attendance considering the wetness of the day, was simply

miraculous. There were ten thousand people present, including a thousand ladies, and the receipts at the gate and for lodges were but a trifle behind those of last year. Twenty-five bookmakers plied their trade under the shed to the east of the stands and merrily raked in the dust, which the mob did not seem to be able to pile on quick enough. Canadians being pretty shrewd betters the pencilers did not find it all gain, but, on the contrary, on several occasions they had to call upon their reserve funds. Mr. C. W. Primmose, of New York, had the management of the bookies and in two or three instances he was asked to furnish funds to pay out and did so. On the whole, however, the bookies came out fairly well; but not one of them made a fortune, the Canadian division of the fraternity being as a matter of fact the most fortunate, having a better knowledge than their brethren from abroad both of their customers and of the competing horses.

Mud rendered their radiant colors and plentifully bespattered the jockeys from head to foot, and covered the horses as with coats of plaster, but did not prevent lots of first-class sport and some very keen racing. On the contrary for the men who admire strength and stamina rather than speed, the disabilities rather added zest to the admiration with which he watched the noble steeds as they gamely struggled and fought against exceptional difficulties. Naturally the time was generally slow, very slow; the Queen's Plate, for instance, taking 14½ seconds longer to run than it did last year, although Joe Miller, the winner, had shown in practice that he was as fast as Martello at his age ever was, and proved by his later performances that his trial was true. In every other race the same story has to be told—the mud was on and the time was off. Saturday the situation looked as if it was going to improve, but on Sunday night the sluice gates of heaven opened wide again and the torrents resumed play.

THE RACING.

An excellent programme had been prepared for the opening day and was run off on the Queen's Birthday, the card for the holiday being postponed until Saturday, the third day, and the card for Saturday until Tuesday, the fifth and last day. Under favorable circumstances the Queen's Plate would have been run for on the 22nd inst., instead of as usual on the 24th, but the postponement brought the race for decision on the anniversary, thus preventing a break in the time-honored custom of running for Her Majesty's fifty golden guineas on Her Majesty's birthday. It would almost have been a pity had things shaped otherwise, seeing that the 24th this year marked the completion by our most gracious sovereign of three quarters of a century of life.

But to the sport! The opening event was the Trial Pure, a three-quarter-mile dash, for which a field of seven filled an appearance. Mr. Seagram's Stonemason was made the favorite and immediately on the flag falling to a struggling he dashed to the front, Mike Daly's Kazan making play after him, and Mr. J. D.

Davies' Laurel getting a long way the worst of it. In fact when the others were moving she was standing almost still. Once under way she overhauled a quartette of them in gallant style; but the effort took everything out of the Lachin brewer's game mare and she could not reach the leaders. Kazan outlasted Stonemason and placed the first event of the meeting to the credit of a foreigner in a hand drive by a length and a half.

Following the curtain raiser came the Juvenile Scoury, as its name indicates, a race for two-year-olds. Seven took the flag. This time there was no doubt from start to finish about Mr. Seagram's success. Halting, an imported colt, and Rossmar, by imp. Rosington, carried his colors. The former jumped away on the lead and was never headed. Rossmar laid back at first, but after a bit he joined his stable companion, and the pair finished but three parts of a length apart. Flambero and Rosina Vokes represented Mr. Hendrie, the first-named being very much fancied by the stable, but finding he had not the speed of the English-bred, his jockey contented on him toward the end. The others were never dangerous after the first quarter and did little better than struggle in.

Seven also comprised the field for the steeplechase. The going was so wretched that the race was entirely one of judgment on the part of the rider and of ability to stand up and last on the part of the horse. Mr. John Dymont's mare Flip Flap, a tried campaigner over various courses in the United States as well as in Canada, was the male favorite, but she ran out at the stone wall when leading and did not go the course. Old Mackenzie, with characteristic honesty and grit, and capitally ridden in, Cahill stuck to his task and finished in a walk all besmattered with mud and somewhat weary, twenty lengths ahead of Laughing Stock, who, being new at the business, surprised everybody by the excellent showing he made. M. J. Daly's Max came third after a long interval, but a bit blown but not having exhibited any marked delight in the bounding method of procedure. Ancient Burr Oak, once a good cross-country performer, and the champion flizzer Aisle-de-Camp, went the journey, but that's all, for they were all to pieces long before reaching the terminus. Fred Doane, feeling that Baronet had no title to win, ceased to persist after the first round. Mackenzie's time, it is worth noting as proving the excellence of that horse, was only 18½ seconds less than Flip Flap's in the same race last year, Mr. Dymont's representative winning on that occasion. After the contest Mr. Dymont demanded an investigation, but being satisfied with the way Hamilton rode his mare. The executive being convinced there was good ground for suspicion, suspended him and pursued enquiries further, rumor says with an effect that has not yet been made public.

Now came the *piece de resistance*, the event that has been the talk of country side and town side ever since the entries closed on the 1st of March, and even before that date—the Queen's Plate. Twenty-four were originally entered, of which three were struck out, and three more entered on May 1st, leaving two dozen yet in and eligible to compete for a piece of the thirteen hundred-dollar which the race was worth, including Her Majesty's \$292.50, the O. J. C.'s \$800 added money, and the stakes. Thirteen declined for various reasons to go to the post, and thus eleven, just the average number of starters, accepted the verge of battle. A splendid start was followed by Mr. Seagram's second string, the Vicar of Wakefield going out to make the winning with his stable companion and favorite, Joe Miller, hard after him. With such vim did the Vicar cut the race that at the end of the first quarter he was showing the way with two clear

open lengths to the good. After that he let up a bit and by the half mile he and Joe were travelling comfortably abreast with the remainder of the field trailing. Once on the track stretch, Lou Daly, the much fancied of some, including our noble selves, commenced to make her run. She passed the over-rated but well-laid dictator and the romantic Lochinvar, but catch the flying Seagram pair she could not. Even Vicar of Wakefield ran her out. In fact, considering what he was called upon to perform, and how slowly he made the pace at the outset, he ran magnificently, giving ample indication that the day will come when he will be the second string to somebody's bow. The battle was between the trio, Mr. Seagram's pair and Lou Daly; Lochinvar ran with the field for half the distance, but then he chucked it up, letting Mr. Davies' Thorncliffe, a grand old evidently not yet up to his form and that wants more time yet to reach the height of his powers, chase the first three in. Ben Hur ran in the rack until the run in was reached and then he closed upon Thorncliffe and finished fifth, Lochinvar coming next, Dictator seventh, Harry A. eighth, Annie D. ninth, May Blossom tenth, and Merrythought last, the last half dozen being literally beaten off.

Mr. Seagram, whose success was hailed with deafening cheers, thus won the Queen's Plate for the fourth year in succession and for the second time ran first and second. He won with Victorius in 1891, and with O'Donoghue in 1892 and ran first and second with Martello and Athalo in 1893, repeating this trick this year as described with Joe Miller and Vicar of Wakefield. It was a pronounced victory for the black and yellow, and was well calculated to make us wonder how on earth we could have ever expected anything different. A great deal of credit must be given to J. R. Walker, Mr. Seagram's trainer, for few men have better judgment than he and none exercise more watchful care. It was not, however, only in the case of the Queen's Plate that his marked ability was shown, as the performances of Stonemason, Sarsgossa, imp. Morphous, Halting, Rossmar and others in the stable amply proved. Mr. Seagram being a thorough sportsman believes in giving the public the best of it all the time and always trying to win, and, therefore, his victories are invariably hailed with salvos of delight. He has already declared his ability to run first and second next year, so that intending competitors for the Queen's Guineas in 1895 have ample warning to watch their charges well and make the most out of them. Mr. Davies' victory would undoubtedly have been received with an acclamation that would almost be reverberating yet, but it was not to be. As has been said, Thorncliffe is a good colt, but he is short of work consequent upon the bad weather he have been having lately, his trainer not thinking it judicious to push him along earlier in the season. However, there is not a man Jack who has ever been on a race course that does not wish the Davies stable better luck another year.

Now we come to the famous Walker Cup, representing a good \$1,400 most munificently donated for this race by the celebrated makers of Imperial, Club and other brands of whiskey. It will be remembered that, having before won with Tartarian, Mr. Seagram last year carried off a cup valued at \$500 given by Messrs. Walker & Son, with his grand runner, Victorius, son of Terror and Bonnie Vic, and consequently half brother to the Vicar of Wakefield. The firm not proposing that the name of the race should vanish from the O. J. C.'s cards, we will give a cup to be raced for of twice the value of the previous one, namely, \$1,000, if the Club would add a like amount in money. The executive of the O. J. C. did