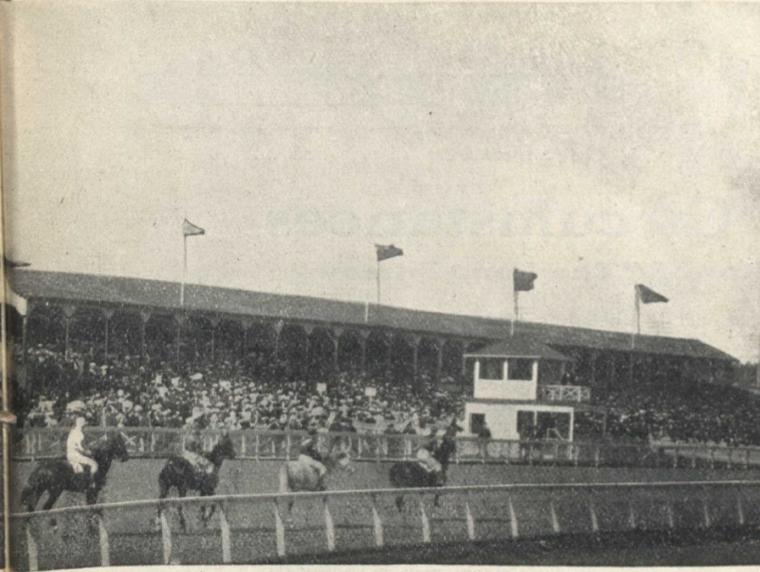




A Curious Position—Steeplechase.



The Parade Before the Race—Woodbine Racecourse, Toronto.



The Queen's (silver, large) and King Edward (gold, small) Cups.



The Governor-General Arrives.



On the Members' Lawn.

### The Sport of Princes

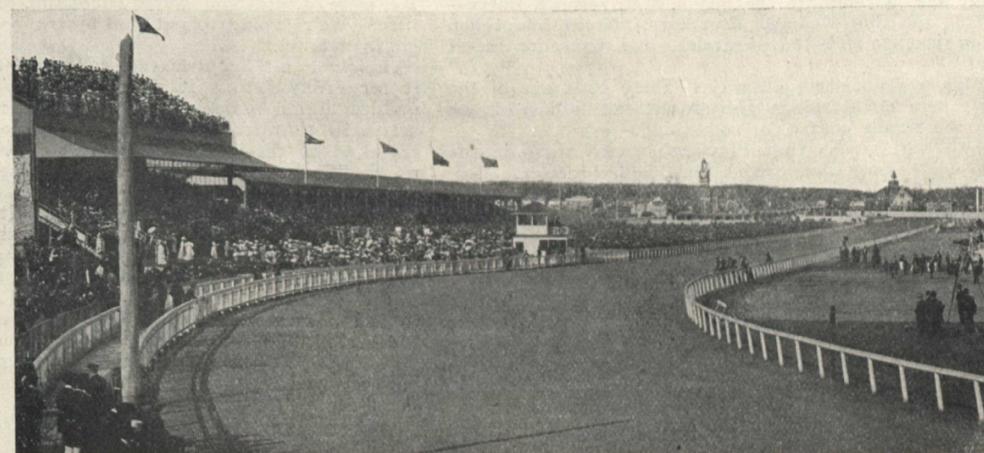
HORSE racing, the sport of princes, is nowhere more firmly established in popular favour than in Canada. Its followers are in all classes of society, from the gilded sons and daughters of fashion who come within the sunshine of vice-regal smiles on the lawn, to the patched and down-at-the-corner who club together to the betting ring. Of course there are those who object to the betting, but somehow the impression is almost epidemic that a few dollars on a horse is "sport," whereas a similar amount on roulette or faro would be "gambling." And while all feel that to be called "gamblers" would furnish grounds for libel suits, he is an exceptional Canadian who would object to being considered "a bit of a sport." Of course all Canada does not go to the races. But all fashionable Canada, led by the Governor-General, does, and a good many thousands besides.

Toronto has for long years been the headquarters of horse racing in Canada, and though Montreal is just finishing a fine new race track and Winnipeg is doing likewise, it will take years, yet decades, to put the jockey clubs in those centres on the same plane as the Ontario Jockey Club. It boasts year after year that it has been run annually for longer than any other race carded at any race track in America, a patronage of more distinguished people than even the big tracks of the metropolitan circuit can boast, and a betting public that is the joy of the bookmakers and flock from south of the boundary to gather a golden harvest.

The spring meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club opens to-day, and the King's Plate is the feature event of the card. The purse is \$5,000, of which 50 guineas is donated by King Edward and the ribbon of the Canadian turf. And when the horses and green of the Dymont stand to the post the orange and the brown and tartan of the Hendries will for a brief moment bring to mind that in the past year Canadian turf has lost two of its best friends in Mr. Hendrie of Hamilton and Mr. Nathaniel Dymont of Barrie. Only one remains of the big three who have bred and raced all the winners of King's Plates for years. That one is Joseph Seagsam of Waterloo and the general impression is that his yellow and black will flash under the wire to-day winner of the big prize for the thirteenth time.

But if Toronto has the big race meet of the Dominion she has by no means a monopoly of the sport. Hamilton has a meet in the spring and another in the fall and as they are growing larger every year it follows that they are long meets at Fort Erie and Windsor where society goes not but the books still do business. In fact, with Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Fort Erie and Windsor one could go to the races almost every day from March 18th till well on in September without ever going off Canadian soil. Then there are the "bush" tracks, which disguise a race or two under one name or other. They must get the crowds you know and prize pumpkins don't

(Concluded on page 29)



A View of the First Turn—Start of King's Plate.



Slaughter—Winner of the King's Plate, 1906.