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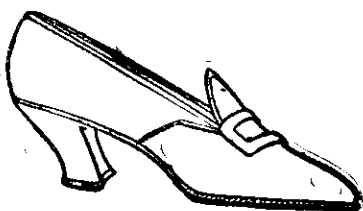
TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their
ceaseless beat:

Hear the Town Council beat,

What on earth is that they have upon
their feet,

Why! Boots repaired at Hawthorne's
shop!

Repairs that can't be beat.



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SPORTING.

'Put' thought Almoner could win on Tuesday. He ran well, but always well behind Jock and Tin Soldier.

Frog gave a fine exhibition of jumping on Tuesday for nearly two miles, but (Gib. McLean could have run him on foot over the last quarter.

Tin Soldier pulled up very lame after running second to Jock on Tuesday. What a game horse he is, and it is a pity he should have gone wrong again.

Marching Order ran well for six furlongs in the Winter Welter, but Gunrest was never in the hunt. He and Golden King should both be pensioned off.

Kintailshore and Black Sea tossed out early in the Otago Steeplechase. The latter was going well when she fell, and is evidently not quite a back number yet.

Bill Stone, you have got a plum in Silverpeak! The way she humped her 9st 8lbs through that mud on Tuesday and shook off a good one like Radial makes her out some race horse. She paid a nice price too!

Kilkee was started in the short race on Tuesday, and as usual wanted to turn the start into a set of lancers, but starter Woods put him in the "padded cell," and he wasn't seen in the race.

Old Awahon is getting very old, but he can still raise a gallop for a few furlongs. He had no chance in the Jumper's Flat on Tuesday.

Golden King was slow to get onto his feet in the Winter Welter on Tuesday, but was running on at the finish. However he lost so much ground at the start that he had no chance.

Primum was in a generous mood in the last race at Wingatui on Tuesday and very nearly lauded a good stake for Buick Bill. He was just piped off by All Ready, who revelled in the heavy going.

Glenisla had many admirers at Wingatui on Tuesday, not as a steeplechasing proposition, but as a lady's hunter. However, Ernie Ellis won't part with him, and as he keeps on picking up good place money the pony must pay his way.

Dunmore, who now runs in Tom Kett's colours and is trained again by 'Put' Hogan, didn't like the look of McChesney on Tuesday so dropped him in the water jump at Wingatui. Jack looked cold and wet as he scrambled out of the pond.

Wild Pilgrim was very stiff when he went out of the bird cage for the Jumper's Flat on Tuesday, and though he was an early leader he was not in the picture at the finish.

Killowen, who was made favourite in the Tradesmen's Handicap on Tuesday, was prominent for half a mile, and then pulled up lame after the race. His owner is laid aside just now with an attack of pleurisy. I hope both horse and man make speedy and complete recovery soon.

Eight Bells had no chance with Silverpeak and Radial, but she beat all the others. She might catch a race if these two are out of the way during the remainder of the meeting.

Old Magdala, looking as young as she did eight years ago when he fluked the Winter Cup at Riccarton, gathered up the stake and dividend in the first Hack Steeple, and, incidentally, gave Jimmy Thistleton, who trains him now-a-days, a lift along. He jumped well and buried the opposition for pace over the last quarter.

Burrangong can't handle himself in mud, and proved it again on Tuesday when he finished second last in the Birthday Handicap. They say his owner is very offended over the things the public and scribes have been saying about the running of his nag. Mr Emslie! You shouldn't worry about little things like that. Some farmers say much harder things about the Crescent.

Silveraspire went off colour a little and was not started on Tuesday, but 'Put' had a good second string in Zarkoma who ran a fair race and beat two very tired horses in Manawapango and Palladio out of the second dividend in the big steeplechase. But none of them had a chance

with Master Strowan, who won just when, where and how he wanted to.

Mettle Drift was a quiet tip for the Brighton Handicap on Tuesday—but that was all he was.

Glensponse was prominent for a while, but jumped very erratically and will require a bit of schooling in earnest yet before he wins a race over battens.

Samuel was going fairly well until he fell on Tuesday. The spill won't do him any harm and he may yet make a hurdler for Digger Dick Hazlett.

In a field of fourteen President Bill Hazlett's Mazama started fourteenth favourite and ran fourteenth all the way. Weight adjuster Henrys does try to flatter our president that he has a good horse, for he was top weight.

Martifors and Kilmeedy both began smartly in their race on Tuesday but that is all that can be said in their favour, though Martifors did go a little faster than Kilmeedy did.

Bengeroop is a game finisher, and Ivan Tilson hustled him along some in the Brighton Handicap. He stays well over a mile, and is a brother to Hardshot, but promises to be a better one.

Lady Pallas was paying any old price in the Brighton Welter and beat all but Bengeroop and Checkmate, but she was nearly thirty yards behind the pair at the winning box.

Jock cantered away with the 525 sovereigns attached to the Birthday Handicap on Tuesday. During the past three months Jock has won five races worth over £1300. Good luck to his owners who have persevered with him longer than anyone else would. I can tell you Jock is some horse now-a-days, and on a muddy course he can move along when the others are slithering about.

The weather for the opening of the Dunedin Winter Meeting was bad, and about fifty per cent. of those on the course were Southlanders. Had the Dunedin people turned out as the Southlanders did there would have been a record crowd at Wingatui on Tuesday.

The success of Jock, Bengeroop, Silverpeak and Magdala, to say nothing of the seconds run by Tin Soldier, Primum, Grafton Tot and Zarkoma, put all Southlanders on-side on Tuesday, and they were a cheerful lot of visitors who returned to town to see the show that evening.

The course was soft and holding, and one Dunedinite nearly got it in the eye when he said that it was the only sort of going that Southland horses knew anything about. I am not saying that they don't know all about mud, but Dunedin can't rub it into Southland for its weather.

THE NOTE UNHEARD.

BY RODERIC QUINN.

I said to the waters,
The beautiful waters
That laugh, being daughters
Of freedom and mirth:

"Give me of your gladness,
Unshadowed by sadness,
And I shall make music
To gladden the earth."

The waters went singing
Adown the green valleys,
Through sassafras shadows
And fern-fronded alleys;
They answered, but ever—
Betwixt us man's pain,
Man's passion—I hearkened
Their answer in vain.

I said to the thrushes,
The jubilant thrushes
Who haunt the green bushes
Gold-lit and dew-pearled:
"Give me of your sweetness,
Your joy is completeless,
And I shall make music
To pleasure the world."
Where, red in the sunlight,
The sapling-top flashes,
The thrushes were singing
'Neath tall mountain ashes;
They answered me, lifting
A joyous refrain:
Grey care at my elbow,
I hearkened in vain.

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We think this would suit two returned soldiers.

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