

The officers of the Leicestershire Regt. are to have another chase this afternoon (Friday) with tea at the Barracks.

The promise of good racing on the 21st continues. Amongst the new ponies are a black mare of Mr. John Ryan's, and a good-looking bay pony belonging to Col. Lea. Mignonette will not be entered after all, every well wisher of horse-racing in Halifax will regret this, as Mr. Clinch is sending a wanderers pony from St. John, which in all probability can easily beat anything we have here, barring Mignonette. It seems a great pity, that a pony as good as that mare is, is not entered, especially where there is a chance of the pony-cup being taken to St. John. A number of the ponies are out on the grounds in the early mornings doing good work.

The Trotting races on the Riding Ground were hardly a success. The attendance was fairly large, but it certainly did look to us as if a good many of those present came over the wall and not through the gate. The sport was not good, it is difficult to get up much enthusiasm over a race where there is so much "scoring" at the post. The Starter in these trotting races seems to have no power whatever, and here seems to be absolutely no discipline of any kind. To see a man time after time spoiling a good start seems to give pleasure to the starter, and certainly does not raise his wrath. In Halifax people want something better than this, and if they could get it they would encourage and support it, be it trotting or running. Although the sport was not much, the day was fine and it was a holiday, and therefore the people enjoyed what there was.

The first Polo match is on Tuesday next which is to be made a grand day, the club being "at home." Many new players have joined this year, so there will be no difficulty in always getting up a game. There is some talk of getting a team from Newport during the season.

County Court Judges are frequently called upon to decide whether a dress, for the making of which a lady refuses to pay, does or does not really fit her. In these cases a jury of ladies ought to be summoned. How can the man of law be expected to know whether a lady's dress is a good fit, unless he has been apprenticed to the business; or unless his own wife wears the trousers. It is admitted that there are many old women on the judicial bench; but they generally wear tailor-made clothes. The sisters Dorothy Dene, on the contrary, whom Judge Bacon decided to be well suited by their dressmaker, are simply a dream in muslin, although the dressmaker may be forgiven if she consider them rather in the character of night-mares.

Schopenhauer is extremely hard on the ladies. He says they are "an under-sized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race: and instead of calling them beautiful, there would be more warrant for describing them as the unaesthetic sex." They have "no love of any art, and they have no genius." We are not going to contradict Schopenhauer, and we are not going to say he is right. Women are here. It is usual for men to like them—there is nobody else to like: and we always prefer to make the most of a doubtful bargain.

Our ancestors the monkeys were not ignorant after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.

A sociable man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn't.

MYLIUS' IRON and QUININE Tonic.

It is the old man who has shunned work all his life who is continually crying, "That boy ought to be set to work and kept at it."

Some men when they go to church never, never think of studying the frescoing on the ceiling of the edifice until the collection-plate is being passed around.

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper.

Most young writers begin with the monthly reviews when sending out their first productions. Beginners should follow their example, and then gradually and gracefully drop down to the poet's corner of the country newspaper. "Aim high, e'en though you fail." And the postage is just as much on a poor story or poem as on a good one.

A LOVING WIFE.

"Oh, Mrs. Flannigan! Mrs. Flannigan!" called out her next door neighbor, Mrs. O'Rourke; "yer husband's bin an' fallen down the well!"

"Phwat!" exclaimed Mrs. F., running out of her cottage with her arms all soapuds; "fallen down the well! Begorra, me dear, av all the dirty tricks Lan iver did—an' he niver lost a chance av doin' wan—that's the dirtiest. Whoi, he'd only jist come from elanin' out the pig-style, an' his clothes were in an awful mess, wid a smell enough to knock yer nose off; and to think that he shud go an' fall down the well, an' pizin the only dhrinkin'-water we've got in the place! Upon me warrud, Bridget, he's the dirtiest blayguard in Oireland! Whin Oi—"

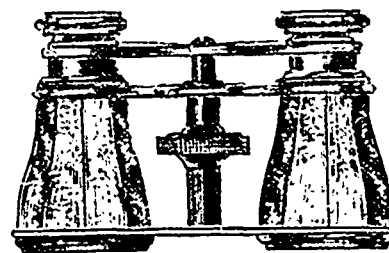
"But hadn't we better git him out?" suggested Mrs. O'Rourke; "Oi expect he's drowned an' dead by this toime!"

"Oi suppose we had," agreed Mrs. Flannigan, "far if his body is long in the wather it will be *ontoirly ondhrinkable*!"

Pretty Young Lady.—Does this 'bus stop at the "Angel," driver?

'Bus-Driver (pulling up gallantly).—Yes, me dear, and *for the hangel*!

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