The Grey Review.

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Newspaper Laws.

We call the special attention of Postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payments are made, and collect the whole amount whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

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IMPERIAL POLITICS.

The Franco-Canadian Treaty of Commerce—Cause of Delay—The Irish Land Bill Introduced—Mr. Morley Explains Its Scope.

A despatch from London says:—Replying to Sir George Baden-Powell in the House of Commons, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Colonial Office, Mr. Sydney Buxton, said that owing to a defect in the Act of the Canadian Parliament confirming the treaty defining the commercial relations between France and Canada, it was yet impossible to exchange its ratifications. He added that the Act would be amended so soon as the Canadian Parliament meets.

Mr. John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland, introduced the new Irish Land bill. In so doing he said that he accepted the declaration of Unionist belief made by the member for South Tyrone, Mr. Thomas Wallace Russell, that the land question was at the bottom of the disturbance and ill-feeling in Ireland, and that Parliament was competent to make such laws as the condition of Ireland required. Continuing Mr. Morley said that the first time the principle that a tenant had a right or interest of property in his holding was embodied in Act of Parliament was in the Act of 1870. The Act of 1881 granted the further right to devise or sell the tenancy whenever the tenant liked, fixed a fair rent in court, and enabled him to renew his lease from time to time. These Acts were the charter of the Irish tenants' rights and privileges. The reasons for asking the House of Commons to amend the Acts of 1881 now was that in October next the tenants could have rents renewed for fourteen years. It was desirable therefore to make the circumstances of these renewals as easy as possible.

Mr. Morley defended the reports of the recent Land Committee, ridiculing the idea that it was one-sided, or issued by a packed majority. In explaining the present bill the Secretary of State for Ireland said that at the foundation of the Government proposals was a broad principle of social policy toward Ireland. A general rule protecting the tenant in ownership if improvements were made was absolutely indispensable in Ireland, owing to the decisions of the Irish courts, which upset the intentions of Parliament. The Government now proposed that all the improvements on a holding should be presumed to have been done by the tenant, unless the contrary was proved. The bill directed the courts to give ample compensation and security to a tenant for improvements, and it also proposed to amend the Act of 1870 so as to make it perform its functions in the way it was framed. It consequently would be modified in order to prevent the undoubted intention of Parliament being frustrated. The compensation to be paid to a tenant would be in money or in money's worth. It was also proposed by this measure that holdings should be subject to statutory conditions until the new rents were fixed and the statutory conditions thereby revived. It also makes the terms of the holdings ten instead of fifteen years, at the end of which time the rents are to be revised. In regard to the landlord's right of pre-emption, the tenant was to be allowed the free sale of his interest, but before selling he has to give notice to the landlord, who might purchase the enancy for the sum agreed upon. When the court fixed a fair rent, the landlord might demand that the court specify the value of the holding in case the tenant wishes to sell and the landlord wishes to buy. Where a tenant was in occupancy as caretaker for five years and had discharged all the obligations incidental to the holding, he should at the end of that period be deemed to be the present tenant again with all former rights of occupancy. It was further proposed by the bill that all arrears of rent might be recovered within the next two years. After then, the landlord would be able to recover two years' arrears only. Mr. Morley concluded a speech lasting two hours with a final proposal to re-enact section 13 of the Act of 1891, with slight modifications, in order to meet the question of the evicted tenants. He then made a fervent appeal to the House to carefully consider the bill.

Upon the conclusion of Mr. Morley's address, the Irish Land bill passed its first reading without a division being taken.

The wheat markets are firmer. Stocks are being reduced a little more rapidly than had been expected, and the weather of March is usually a menace to the winter wheat. Prices are so low, too, that there is little incentive to sell.

DICK'S GREAT RACE

CHAPTER I.
TATTERTON SCRUBS.

When Joe Bourton first took Tatterton Scrubs it was prophesied that he would never stay there, but those who knew him would tell you that Joe Bourton never did stay anywhere long. A shrewd, hard-headed, practical farmer, it was od that he should have been so much of a rolling-stone, but it was nevertheless true that he never did hold a farm above a few years. It wasn't that he was impecunious; he was a fairly substantial man, who generally got on with his landlords and neighbors, but he was restless, always seeking to better himself, and ever fancying he saw golden opportunities elsewhere, and forgetting that the farm he then held had looked to him a golden opportunity only three years ago. The proverb about the rolling-stone is tolerably true, and though Joe Bourton was fairly clever in getting out of his holdings, and not being as a rule pressed for many was able to bide his time, still he undoubtedly did not make money by these perpetual changes. But of all his numerous ventures, none had turned out so disasterously as the taking of Tatterton Scrubs, a farm of between three and four hundred acres, on the edge of that marsh country between Peterborough and Huntingdon.

It was in the middle of one of those long summers when on the light lands of Lincolnshire farmers have neither grass, corn, nor water, but when in the fen country, on the contrary, they are growing six quarters of wheat to the acre, and seem to be unable to get to the end of their grass. Bourton thought he had never seen a farm with finer capabilities. "What crops," he said, "and what splendid land for horse breeding!" This latter had always been a hobby of Bourton's. On every farm he had held he had always raised some three or four half-breed colts, and had usually found it by no means an unprofitable speculation. He put them to light work on the farm, and when they came to about four years old, disposed of them as hunters, carriage horses, or whatever they seemed to have the making of: but he had had for a long time a hankering to go in for horse-breeding on a rather more extensive scale, and the proximity of this farm to Newmarket determined him upon buying three or four mares as soon as he should be settled in it.

"Yes, I know all its good points," replied one of his cronies with whom he was talking the matter over, "but you've seen Tatterton Scrubs at its very best. A summer like this was just made for it. Wait till you have a wet one. Did you ever see that part of the country when the waters were out? Do your know what it is not to see your farm for three months, and go home to your house in a boat? Do you know what it is to skate over your spring wheat, and watch how it is getting on beneath the ice?"

However, Joe Bourton looked upon the best part of all this as exaggeration; he thought his friends were poking fun at him; he was rather used to it; his neighbors always resented his leaving their part of the world whenever his errant spirit moved him to once more dispose of all his goods and chattels and migrate elsewhere. But in this instance the prophets proved only too near the mark. After four years he came to the conclusion that Tatterton Scrubs was beating him. The first season he did fairly, as well as an incoming tenant could possibly expect to do. But the three last had been of the sort that his illomened friend had expatiated on; his corn had mildewed, the grass had grown so coarse and rank that the stock didn't seem to thrive upon it. All diseases incidental to continuous wet weather fell upon both his sheep and cattle, and worse than all, the horse-breeding had turned out disastrously; disastrously, more especially from this one reason, that three or four thorough-breds that he had reared had attracted but little more than half the money at which Bourton valued them. In an evil moment he determined to send them to a training stable at Newmarket and run them himself, and so far the buyers had proved very much more correct in their estimate of Mr. Bourton's yearlings than that gentleman himself. Three or four horses in a training-stable that do nothing toward earning their keep are most expensive luxuries and when Joe Bourton got his trainer's account the second bad year that he domiciled at the Scrubs, he winced, and when the succeeding year showeda similar result, he vowed he would have no more of it. The broodmares and the young ones at Newmarket were all advertised for sale at the Houghton meeting, and on the following Lady Day it was settled that they should abandon the Scrubs and migrate into Hampshire. Mrs. Bourton, a hypochondriacal, querulous woman, declared that the damp got into her bones, and though they had never had to seek their house in a boat, yet the waters had been out in a way that might justify any one in complaining of rheumatism.

"No sign of your father yet, Kitty. He ought to be home by now and a bitter cold day he must have had of it. The sale, too, I know has gone badly; we're never had any luck since we came to Tatterton Scrubs, and I'm sure I've never heard what it is to have a day's health."

"Well, never mind, mother, we are going into quite a different country at Lady Day, and we must hope that will suit better."

As far as that was concerned, Kitty honestly had not much hope. The country that would suit Mrs. Bourton had never yet been discovered, and it is possible that his wife's whims contributed somewhat to Joe Bourton's roving propensities. Kitty Bourton was a bright sunshiny girl, usually well contented with her lot, wherever it might fall; but she was quite in accord with her mother upon this occasion, and was unfeignedly glad that they were leaving the Scrubs. It was a comfortable house enough, but it was a dreary, desolute country, and moreover, the farm was a very isolated one; they had no near neighbors, and Kitty, as was very natural at her age, liked mixing with her fellows, and could appreciate a dance or frolic as well as any one. The girl found the Scrubs decidedly dull, and was quite her mother's mind in wishing to leave it. Moreover, Kitty had a vague idea that the sooner her father got away from the neighborhood of Newmarket, the better. She was fond of horses, fond of riding, but she understood little about the racing business. She thought Huntingdon races most fatal to favorites and perhaps most fatal to favorites than any other that could be named. She knew it as a very pleasant outing, as a very enjoyable picnic, and when she and her friends made up little sweepstakes on each race, she was usually rather lucky, and had constantly brought home a pound or thirty shillings spoil as an end to a most delightful day. As for young Squire Colaton, he was a perfect victim to her, whether she took the odds against the evens, the evens against the odds, the two favorites against the field, or the field against the two favorites; it seemed all one, the young squire never could win a bet from Kitty Bourton, and she held his racing knowledge exceeding cheap in consequence. Folks, however, would laugh when she hinted this, and reply that young men did not care to win from young ladies on these occasions, and then they would wink to each other and whisper that the squire was "woundy sweet" on Kitty Bourton, that Mr. Colaton knew his way about and could ride as straight to hounds as most men, that he had a nice place, a keen eye for a pretty girl, and it was getting time he married and settled down.

Tatterton was a small parish. It consisted, as far as gentry went, solely of the squire and the parson; and the squire, the said Richard Colaton alluded to, was nothing more than the biggest farmer in the parish, differing indeed from his co-mates, insomuch as the eight hundred acres he farmed was every acre of it his own property. Moreover, his father was supposed at some remote period to have held a commission in the army, while Dick Colaton himself was a lieutenant in the militia. A good-natured, cheery young fellow, fond of all sorts of sport, and whose great ambition it was to win one of the local steeplechases on a horse of his own. And in regard to this, he had been so far unsuccessful. He himself said that he never could get hold of anything good enough, that, clever as his horses might be as hunters, they lacked speed for steeplechasing. His detractors, on the other hand, said that Dick Colaton would have to learn to ride before he could hope to be hailed a winner of one of the local events. Dick Colaton himself only laughed and said that he should pick up a galloper some day, and would then take all the small change out of their pockets.

"In the meantime," he said, "I see the race better than you do from the grand stand. I get my fun for my money; it's like being with the hounds instead of bumping along the roads. My day will come, never fear."

"Surely that's the whitechapel at last," exlaimed Mrs. Bourton, "the wheels went round to the stable yard, didn't they?"

"Yes; that's father, I'll be bound," ejaculated Kitty, "and glad he'll be of something to eat, I should think."

And then the girl bustled out of the parlor and ran through the offices to give some household instructions bearing on the quick production of a comfortable meal for the traveller.

"Well, father," exclaimed Kitty, as Joe Bourton entered the kitchen from the stable-yard. "I'm sure you must be perished. Come into the parlor; we've a good fire there, and tell us all about the sale, and what you did, while they are getting your supper ready."

"Very little good, lass," he replied; "and I shall be right glad for something to eat." And with that he followed his daughter into the parlor, and throwing off his wraps planted himself with his back to the fire.

"You've had a bad sale, Joe. I know it without your telling me. We've never had any luck since we came to Tatterton Scrubs."

"Never mind, Mary, if we haven't done any good here, indeed there's no denying I've lost a good bit of money, we're not yet broke, and we are going to leave it. Tom Craddock was right about the place, after all; there's a mort of money to be made off the farm in a good year, no doubt, but it's chancy land. 'Wait till you see it when the waters are out,' those were Craddock's words, but hang me if they ever seem to be anything else,' he concluded, with a jolly laugh.

Joe Bourton in spite of his restless disposition, was a hard-working, energetic man, one not easily daunted, not the man to sit down and think he was ruined just because he had embarked in an unprofitable business when he took the Scrubs. No, he had lost a bit of money over it, and he had lost still more over the rearing and running of thoroughbred stock, and come to the conclusion that the sooner he had done with both the Scrubs and the horses the better.

"Well, Joe, the horses are gone at all events; it was better they should go, through I fear they have fetched bad prices."

"You're quite right, old lady; they did fetch bad prices, but it was best they should go, and they're gone, with one exception. Teetotum is coming back to us. I was only bid twenty pounds for her, and I said 'd shoot her sooner than she should go for that."

"I'm glad Teetotum is coming back to us, father. She was the gentlest, quietest creature possible."

"Yes; and they tell me that training hasn't spoiled her temper an atom; but she's not a bit of use for racing; she was out once, as a two-year-old, and she runs run five times this year, and she has never won a race yet.

She'll maybe make a neat hack when she gets another year of two on her. She'll carry you nicely, Kitty, at all events."

"And the others are gone, you say, Joe?"

"Yes; and it's no fault of mine that Teetotum didn't go, too. I offered her to Mr. Colaton for fifty pounds, pointed out to him that she had the making of a nice hunter, but he only laughed and said:

"How do you know she will jump, Bourton?"

"He might well ask that," said Kitty, laughing.

"It is rather guess work," rejoined her father, joining in her merriment, "but I called to mind that picture in Punch, and told him that a horse must be born for something or other, and that it was quite evident she wasn't born for racing."

"And what did he say to that, father?" asked Kitty.

"Oh! he laughed, too, and said it didn't quite follow that she was meant for a hunter, either, but that there was one thing quite clear, her owner would have to keep her for some time yet before it became clear what she was destined for."

"He's quite right," replied Mrs. Bourton, "and I don't see what you and Kitty have got to be so much amused about. You'd better have taken 20 pounds for her ,and have done with it, than have the cost of keeping her all this winter."

"Never mind, missis, we'll say it's a whim of mine. I've an idea that I shall get that fifty pound and the price of her winter's keep to the back of it for Teetotum yet. I have got rid of a training bill, and that's the main thing. As for the filly, it'll only be the cost of a few pounds to run her in the straw yard during the winter. However, here comes supper, and if ever I was ready for it in my life it's now. Newmarket Heath may make you shiver, but, by gum! it gives you an appetite."

Close upon a year had elapsed since the opening of our story, and no greater contrast can be imagined than that lonely domicile in the marsh districts of the Eastern counties, and the bonny farmhouse on the breezy Hampshire uplands. Lowood Farm is as different from Tatterton Scrubs as that chill gloomy October day is to the bright September morning that shines gayly down upon Kitty Bourton as she stands at the front gate leading up to the house, petting and cressing Teetotum.

"You may be no good, my dear, for racing," she murmurs, as she takes some sugar from the pocket of her riding habit, "but you're just about as pleasant a hack as a girl ever got on for a morning canter. The way you stride across the downs is simply perfection. You are as smooth and easy as a mail train. You may not be quick enough for Newmarket, but I think they would find us hard to catch in these parts, wouldn't they?" and as she finished Kitty rubbed her favorite's nose and kissed her forehead.

A slight noise behind her made Kitty Bourton turn rather abruptly, only to behold a good-looking young fellow, on a neat-looking pony, who raising his hat, laughingly exclaimed:

"Sorry to interrupt such a sentimental interview, Miss Bourton, but I have ridden over unasked to invite myself to breakfast. Your pet, I am sure, is worth all the caresses you bestow upon her. She's a sweet-looking mare, but with a deal more substance than I should have thought was necessary for you."

"Then why didn't you buy her," responded Kitty, smiling; "but never mind that. Come in, father will be delighted to see you, Mr. Colaton. What on earth has brought you down into our country? Ah! here comes my dear at last, Thomas. Take the horses round. This gentleman has come to breakfast, and his pony must be put up until he is ready for it," and then, gathering up her habit, Kitty led the way into the house.

"How do you like your new home?" in quired Dick Colaton, as they walked through the garden. "I'm bound to stand up for Tatterton because I live there; but I'll admit Lowood is a good deal brighter than the Scrubs. I am fond all the same, of the long vistas, and quaint shadows that come across our interminable flats in these long autumn days. You mustn't abuse the old place, Miss Bourton. Your father was peculiarly unlucky during his tenancy of the Scrubs. We have had a grand season this year and the newcomer a great time in consequence. It's a pity, almost, Mr. Bourton didn't hang on to the Scrubs for another year."

"No, Mr. Colaton; I think that horse-breeding near Newmarket will never pay. We like our new home, and if we can't grow the corn that you do down there, we do better with our sheep. Stock does well in this country. What did you think of the mare I have been riding?"

"An uncommon good-looking one," returned Colaton. "And if her manners are only equal to her appearance she should be worth a good bit of money."

"Ah!" rejoined Kitty, with a saucy laugh, "you didn't think so a year ago or you'd have given father the fifty pounds he asked you for her; but, here he is, and right glad I am sure to see you." And, as she spoke, the girl threw open the parlor door, where her mother was busy with the teacups, and Joe Bourton engaged in the investigation of a large dish of ham and eggs.

"Mr. Colaton! by all that's wonderful!" exclaimed the farmer, as he sprang to his feet. "What on earth, squire, has brought you to our part of the world? However, be it what it might, I'm main glad to see you. Sit down and have some breakfast with us and tell us all about the old place and the old country. I shall enjoy a crack over old times, although Tatterton Scrubs proved a sore bargain to me."

CHAPTER II.
TEETOTUM.

"Yes, you were unlucky, you had it at a bad time. And how do you like Lowood, Mrs. Bourton?"

"The place seems to agree with me, and that's something, Mr. Colaton; but I don't know, I'm thinking it'll be terribly bleak across these Downs when we get to winter."

"Nothing to the country you've left. I know these parts well; I've some cousins with whom I'm now staying who live only six or seven miles from here. It may be cold, but it is not that raw, damp cold that we get at Tatterton."

"Ah! my bones got that chill at the Scrubs," replied Mrs. Bourton, "that I doubt even the Indies would never grill it out of me now."

Mrs. Bourton, good woman, was much given to descant on her ailments, and her friends entertained a whole, some dread of her conversation when it turned upon this topic.

"What was it you said to me about your horse, Kitty?" interposed young Colaton, with a view of adroitly changing the subject.

He had called her Kitty when she first came to the Scrubs, a slip of a girl of fifteen, and though he had tried to tutor himself latterly into the more conventional Miss Bourton, his tongue was wont at times to betray him.

"What, the filly she was riding this morning?' exclaimed the farmer. "Why, that's the one I wanted you to take last Houghton meeting, and she is, honestly, worth all the money for a lady's hack now."

"Don't want a horse of that description in my stables at present,' rejoined Dick Colaton, laughing.

"Nothing like being in time—nothing like being in time," replied Joe Bourton. "You'll be getting married before long, and then think what a comfort it will be to know you've a ladies' horse in the stable, instead of scouring the country to pick up something for your wife to ride."

"You're bent upon luring me to my undoing, Mr. Bourton," retorted Dick, "I wouldn't buy Teetotum before on the chance of her making a hunter, and now you want me to buy her on the chance of my getting married. I can't afford to indulge in such wild speculations. Joking apart, I didn't recognize the mare, she has not only filled out a good bit during the last year, but when I saw her at Newmarket she was in training and rather fine drawn to boot; she looks as big again now. Have you ever tried her at jumping?"

"I think not. Have you, Kitty?"

"No, father," replied the girl, "unless you call going over an occasional gap jumping.'

"It's something," replied Dick Colaton meditatively. "Does she make any fuss about them?"

"No," rejoined Kitty, laughing, "further than, like most young horses, she jumps most unnecessarily high over them."

"It's not bad practice for them," said Bourton. "It gives them confidence."

"I'm not very particular," replied Colaton, "but I like them a little more made than that. I'm afraid we can't deal this time; besides, Miss Kitty would never forgive me if I bought her favorite."

"She is too good for you, Mr. Colaton; when I do not have to part with Teetotum I hope she will go into the hands of some one who can appreciate her merits."

"As yet undevolped," remarked Colaton.

"Scoffer," replied the girl, laughing, "the day will come when you'll gnash your teeth because you missed the chance father offered you last year."

"Now, Mr. Colaton, if you won't have another cup of tea, we'll just have a look round the place and you shall tell me what you think of Lowood."

Joe Bourton showed his guest round the well-ordered homestead with great pride, took him to see two or three beasts that were already up and fattening for Smith field show, all of which were duly punched, "handled," and commented on by Dick Colaton. As they neared the stables Kitty joined them, and said:

"Now, Mr. Colaton, you don't deserve it, but I want you to have one good look at my favorite, and I think you'll admit that she has grown into a very handsome mare. No good, I dare say, for hunting or racing, but a very pleasant riding horse for all that," and as she spoke the girl opened the door of the box and Teetotum turned her brown head to take stock of the intruders. Recognizing her mistress, she at once came toward her to look after the accustomed dainty which Kitty was in the habit of bestowing upon her on such occasions, and for the first time Dick Colaton really recognized what a good-looking mare she was.

"How is she bred?" he asked curtly.

"By Muscovite, out of Spinster," replied Bourton.

"Rare staying blood," remarked Colaton, and suddenly the thought flashed across his brain that perhaps, after all, a great mistake had been made with this mare.

It was quite possible that she was by no means so bad as her performances would leave one to believe; he knew that they did at times, in the cleverest training stables fall into grievous error about their charges, persistently running them over courses which did not suit them. Horses have their distances, and one that is a good performer over six furlongs is perfectly useless over two miles, and vice versa. As far as his memory served him, Teetotum had been invariably run over short courses. Once more he looked her over, and ran his hand down her legs.

There could be no doubt about them; they were broad, flat, free from blemish, and looked like standing any amount of galloping. The short back and grand quarters looked like making a muddle of her there. When you're racing in a small way, and put your two or three horses into a big stable, these trainers humbug you so. Quite possible Mallow didn't fancy Teetotum, and put her to lead gallops or something of that sort. Without thinking she's good enough to win the Oaks, I can't help fancying there's a good race in her whenever you've learned where to place her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Suicide of a Young Wife.

A despatch from Wellington, Ont., says—A sad case of poisoning took place on Wednesday at the house of George Pine, about seven miles from this place. Mrs. Pine took a quantity of Paris green for the purpose of ending her life. When discovered it was too late for medical assistance to be of any avail, and she died in a few hours in great agony. Mrs. Pine was about twenty years of age, and had only been married about one year. The only cause that can be given for the rash act was ill-health.

Berlin Firemen Sentenced.

A despatch from Berlin says:—Michael Masei, Frank Seibert and A. Denges, the three firemen who some weeks ago brutally assulted Thomas Bishop, foreman of the sewers, were brought up before his Honor Judge La-Course and found guilty. Masell was sentenced to two months in the common gael, with hard labor, and the other two to one month each.

Old Lady—"Why are you two men using such frighful language?" Ragson Tatters—"Well, lady, me an' me pard has to exchange heated words fur ter keep warm, not havin' no overcoats."

THE HOME.

The Furnace.

Winter is not all gone yet and any information about keeping warm will still be of value this season. A writer says it is the general opinion among the best informed that you would better deal generously with your furnace. It is in reality only an arrangement, by which a lot of coal can be allowed to smoulder while a draft of air passes through it, and is warmed. Consequently it is better to have a coal pit full and smoldering a long time than have a half empty one burning fast away.

You get more heat and in the end you don't burn any more coal, and for this reason a big furnace is considered better than a small one. It is making the fire smoulder properly that is the difficult part. What you really want to do is to get it going well and then close the drafts, so that the heat goes into the rooms, but the average man who wants a good heat lets the fire go full tilt till all the useful gases in the coal have passed off in a beautiful illumination of the interior of the chimney, and then, when he comes to turn the heat into the rooms he wonders why his fire is dull and lifeless. Moreover, his brisk fire has probably formed a clinker as large as his head by melting the coal, and the next time he shakes the furnace he will be compelled to send his wife over to a neighbor's.

In the old fashioned furnaces there was no air shaft, they simply took their air from the cellar itself, but now almost all first-class furnaces are supplied with them, because they furnish pure dustless air. Their care is one of the most important requirements in running a furnace, for they furnish it the breath of its life. Too many people do not recognize this at all, and as a result they never get satisfaction from their furnace. In the first place, the expert says, you must be sure that the shaft is free from all obstructions. In the second place, the amount of air going through the shaft must be closely watched, and in a day when the wind blows into the mouth of it may even be better to close it up and draw the air from the cellar. When occasionally a furnace man is called up to see why a furnace does not heat a house, he immediately seeks the air box, and he usually finds there the source of the trouble. If you don't give a furnace air enough it can't heat a house, because it has no medium by which to communicate heat and it devotes itself entirely to making the pipes and registers red hot and throwing out a tropical heat into the cellar. If you find your register is very hot and that by holding your hand a foot above it you can't feel any heat, you have not air enough coming through your air box; but on the contrary, if you find the current of air through the register is cold, you are getting more air through than you can heat, and should shut some of it off.

A Culinary Map.

With One Egg.

Flour Pancakes.—Two cups of flour, one saltspoonful of salt, one half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix all together, then add one well beaten egg, three-fourths cup of milk and enough more flour to make a stiff batter or one that will not soak fat. Scrape from the spoon carefully so as not to make "sprangles" on the edges of the cakes. Fry in deep fat. Serve with jelly or lemon sauce.

A Small Custard Pie.—Line a plate with nice paste. Beat one egg, add a cup of milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, pour into the pie and grate a little nutmeg over the top. Bake so that a strong heat will come on the lower part.

Raised Muffins.—Scald one cup of milk and cool it. Add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one egg, one quarter yeast cake, and enough flour to make a drop batter. When risen add a large tablespoon of butter melted. Put into the pans, let rise again and bake.

Card Gingerbread.—One-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, one cup of brown sugar, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Add one-half tablespoonful of water and three scant cups of sifted flour. Beat the butter into a cream, add the sugar, then the salt and ginger, now the egg well beaten. Dissolve the soda in the water and stir into the sour milk and add to the mixture in the bowl. Add the flour in gradually. Take one-half the dough and roll out about half an inch thick. Cut in squares and bake about eight minutes in a hot oven.

Baked Indian Pudding.—One cupful of Indian meal, one half cupful of rais