

WINTER SCENE.

The winter scene which we present on this page, is not one which any gentleman would frame for the decoration of his drawing room, nor any lady weep romantic tears over, but the readers of Charles Lamb will not object to it, and every traveler through Canada—especially at this season—will recognize in it a decidedly characteristic scene. It has also the value of being a scene 'from real life,' having been taken by 'the machine that can't lie.' We can remember the time, in Canada, when the pig was a gentleman at large, a kind of porcine 'diner out,' or in other words, was left pretty much to shift for himself, to find his own provender and shelter, and do battle as best he might against the constant persecutions of all the unprincipled curs of the neighborhood. This

by furnishing the settler and the lumberman with a cheap and wholesome article of food.

The pork trade of Canada has been rapidly increasing for the last few years. Since the commencement of the American war, however, the price has very much declined owing to the closing of the Southern market, but this cause is only temporary; with its removal we may expect a still further increase. We are glad to know that large capitalists from the United States are looking towards Canada as a favorable field for investment in this trade. Already we hear of a large building at the east end of our city being taken for the purpose of pork packing by an eminent capitalist from Chicago.

Bishop Colenso's book was out of print on the day of its issue.

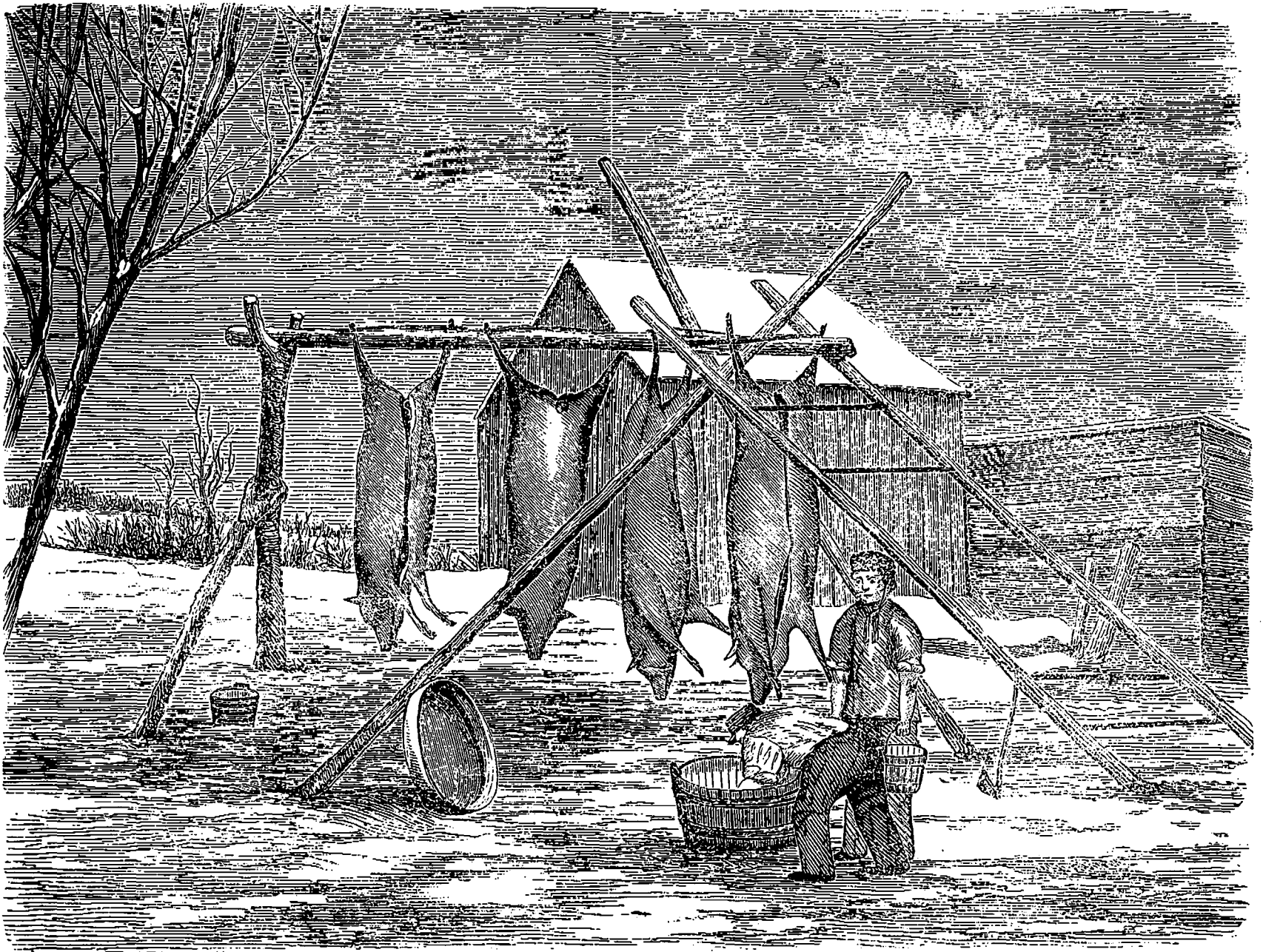
for instance, that 'they are under woman's control,' and they will bristle up indignantly, as though it were an insult to their manhood. They are docile enough, so long as there is no appearance of control; but once show them the reins of government, and they will resist you with all the obstinacy of their nature.

The woman who would live in harmony with her spouse, must study his nature and disposition. She must not cross his temper, nor assume authority, and presume to dictate, for there is nothing that so exasperates the spirit of a man that is a man, as any attempt to trespass upon his prerogative. She must gracefully concede his lordship, and pay it all due respect and reverence; then, if she possess the magnet of his affections, she may lead him whichever way she wills. Woman's power lies in her affections; and love, when judiciously exercised, the husband cannot resist—except perchance he partake of the nature of the bear, and is impervious to the influence of the tender passion.

bined with something more substantial.—Depend upon it, wholesome food and a well-ordered house lie at the foundation of domestic felicity. Show me the man that can be ill-natured when he comes home to a cheerful fireside, where the smiling wife awaits his arrival, with gown and slippers, and a comfortable supper, and I will show you a genuine specimen of a bear!

Another hint I would suggest to wives, is that they look well to the condition of their husband's shirt buttons: No man can keep his temper over a buttonless shirt; he can bear the loss of fortune with a better grace than the loss of a shirt button. Why, I have seen dignified clergymen fly into such a passion over the loss of a button, as quite effectually to convince one of their infirmities as mortals; so slight a thing may disturb the equilibrium of a great man for a whole day.

Men cannot bear petty vexations and inconveniences; they have not patience and endurance; therefore I would counsel all wedded ladies, who would live in comfort with their lords, to avoid unnecessary occa-



WINTER SCENE IN THE COUNTRY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

was no doubt the way to develop his ingenuity and self-reliance, but was by no means the way to make good pork, as our farmers finally discovered. The efforts of Agricultural Associations have no doubt done much to improve the sanitary condition of the porker. He is no longer regarded as the outcast of the farm yard, but as a valuable addition to the farmer's stock, and is treated accordingly. For this increased attention he on his part gratefully yields an increased profit to his owner when brought to the condition in which our engraving represents him. The pig is a most important 'institution' in various ways. He promotes the amenities of social life in the backwoods by bringing neighbors together at his death, and contributes largely to the work of clearing the bush

CONCERNING HUSBANDS.

Though I cannot boast that interesting possession—a husband—and must, therefore, speak from observation rather than experience, yet I trust a few hints, suggested by the study of the habits and characteristics of husbands generally, may not be wholly inappropriate.

In my wanderings up and down the world, I have encountered a great variety of curious specimens, which have interested me not a little in a zoological point of view. I have observed that husbands, in the main, are very harmless animals, if properly managed.—There is, perhaps, no animal in existence that requires so much skill and tact in the management as a husband; for these 'lords of creation' become quite obstreperous and unmanageable as soon as they begin to suspect any design to control them. They have a particular aversion to the sway of woman—that is when it becomes apparent. Intimate,

Another chief requisite in the management of a husband, is a genial, cheerful, nature, for if he has not sunshine in his home, he will be a gloomy fellow, cross and surly beyond endurance. In order to make him a pleasing object of contemplation or companionship, he must be kept in good humor by the enlivening influence of a cheerful home.

His physical wants must also be studied. One of the best recipes for a good-natured husband is palatable, digestible food; sour nature is oftentimes the result of bad digestion. Keep the digestive apparatus in a healthy condition, and you may be pretty sure of a pleasant face and a kindly greeting. Give a man a miserable breakfast, and you will be quite sure to have a miserable companion for the day. It is most astonishing how much cheer there is in a good cup of coffee and a nice bit of toast! A man may live on love for a time, but he soon finds it rather an insipid article of diet, if not com-

sions of imitation and dissatisfaction.—JEAN, Home Journal.

A PRINTER'S BLUNDER.—Speaking of excess of the press, Mr. Pycroft relates in his 'Ways and Words of Men of Letters,' a conversation he had with a printer. 'Really,' said the printer, 'gentlemen should not place such confidence in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blinded reader of proofs; for I am ashamed to say that I've utterly ruined one poet through a ludicrous misprint.' 'Indeed, and what was the unhappy line?' 'Why, sir, the poet intended to say—'See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire;' instead of which we made him say—'See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire.' Of course the reviewers made the most of a blunder so entertaining to their readers, and the poor gentleman was never heard of more in the field of literature.'

The cost of the Lord Mayor's banquet is estimated at between £2,500 and £3,000.