

PAUNCEFOTE.

THE first families of the United States are aching to know how to pronounce correctly the name of the new British Ambassador. The following are a few of their attempts:—The Vanderbilts, Pay-un-see-fo-tee; the Astors, Pay-un-see-fut; the Wards, Pay-in-see-fote; the Goulds, Pay-once-for-tea; the Goldsteins, Pawn's-foot; the Clevelands, Pawn-sea-for-tea; Sitting Bull, Paw-unc-foe-tec; Mr. Ward McAllister, Paunch-foot; Col. Bardwell Slote, M.C., Pon-ce-fotty; the Jews, Pay-unke-forty; Biddy Malone, Pawns-for-tay.

MEDICAL.

BROWN (*with an expression of disgust at things in general*)—"Jones, the fact is I'm a cynic."
JONES—"That so? You ought to go down and see the sheriff about your case."
BROWN—"The sheriff? What do you mean?"
JONES—"Why, he's got a *cynic-cure*, you know."

A TREATISE ON FENCES.

To the President, Officers and Members of the N.B. Farmers' Institute, in meeting assembled:

IN undertaking to discuss, without bias, a question which is so intimately associated with the future of this great country—a subject so closely identified with the very genius and most cherished institutions of the nation, one which for many long centuries has attracted the most absorbing contemplations from large-minded people, and which has, time and again, plunged many a well-regulated and populous ward into litigation and police court business, we do so with feelings of the profoundest regard for the issues involved.

Most authors agree pretty closely as to the orthography of the word, and seem inclined to spell it *f-e-n-c-e*, some with a big F, others less ambitious as to the initial letter. It is quite true that one noted writer, Mr. Josh Billings, has always persisted in spelling the word "phens," but, while many of us may admire the characteristics of Prof. Billings in some respects, most of us prefer to regard him as unintentionally a trifle astray on this word, at all events.

What is a fence? some of you will naturally ask at this juncture, and rather than that we should be thought anxious to shirk this very pertinent question, we shall say, at the very outset of our treatise, it all depends. What kind of fence do you mean?

The *snake-fence*, which, in our opinion, ought to come first, is a zig-zag contrivance formed of holes made out of rails piled loosely together. They have called it a snake-fence because it is a very cunning affair. The snake-fence always seems to us to take up about as much ground as you save by laying the fence. It is not an artistically beautiful production, or very pleasing from close inspection; but yet it is said to have the quality of staying where you put it for a long time, unless you want to move it, or a fire gets in its work, or a cyclone breathes its stimulating breath upon the field which your snake fence wobbles around.

A *stone-fence* ought to take rank No. 2, we believe, although, if you were to ask us why, we could not in a few words explain. The stone-fence is made out of stones, the object being chiefly to have some place to put your superfluous crop of stones. And right here let us say, in the interest of scientific agriculture, that it would be a grand thing for our noble country if there



A SEASONABLE REPLY.

SCRIBBLES—"You may sneer at my contributions, and reject them *now*, but one of these days I will write an article that will knock you cold."

EDITOR—"Do it! Good idea. Try and let me have it for my mid-summer number."

were more stone fences and fewer beautifully cultivated stones.

Next let us take up the *picket-fence*, or probably we should say, picket up. The picket-fence is harder to climb over than either of the preceding ones. If ever any of you should get into another man's orchard so enclosed, and be noticed promptly by the watch-dog, you will believe this. The picket-fence has a peculiar habit of shedding its coat, so to speak, but if you can manage to keep the pickets from dropping off every season you will likely be satisfied with this species of fence. Otherwise you will substitute a wire-fence.

The *barbed-wire fence* has been described as a barbarous invention, but any animal who has individually investigated its mechanism with nose or flank will admit that it has a great many good points about it.

The *stump-fence* is an institution which instinctively commands our veneration. We do not want to say anything mean of the stump fence, because it is old and entitled to respect from this standpoint, and yet if it were dead—dead and gone, we should say—how many of us would go into mourning because we should never see its like again?

We should not pass by the *board-fence* slightly, but in this age lumber is lumber, and board-fences are most too rich for our blood. You shall not therefore be bored.

The subject of fences having thus been exhaustively dealt with, let us add a few words about an institution which has come from out of fences. We have in mind the official fence-viewer under the Municipal Act—the gentleman who views your fence when you are in dispute with your neighbor, as to who should pay for the renewing of the fence, or how much you ought to be assessed for the damage your cattle did to your neighbor's field. The fence-viewer is mightier than the fence. We should all rejoice that fences exist, because we have the fence-viewers as the product. In the words of the poet, "What is home without a fence-viewer?" If we had our choice between Member of Parliament and License Inspector under the Scott Act, we should say, unhesitatingly, make us a fence-viewer, or give us a job in the Civil Service.

We have done.