

Communications.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

The Beggar Girl.

BY I. F. INCH.

Out in the cold and pitiless street,
No one to warm her hands or her feet;
No one to own her, no one who cares
Where she goes or how she fares.

No gentle sister to love and caress,
No fond mother her darling to bless;
No handsome brother, noble and good,
No strong father to gather her food.

Ragged and dirty, tattered and torn,
Her thin little form is an object forlorn.
Ragged old shoes that blister her toes,
As day after day a-begging she goes.

None care to teach her, none pray to her God,
No one will weep when she's under the sod;
No one will own her, no one will care,
Whether she's here or whether she's there.

"Please ma'am give me one crust of bread,
I have no supper, no home and no bed;
I'll rest to-night on a cold door-stone
Out in the night air all alone.

"I have no sister to love and caress,
No kind mother her darling to bless;
No handsome brother, noble and good,
No loving father to provide me with food.

"Alone, alone in this dreary world,
Exposed, to the vortex of crime to be hurld.
Oh! it is hard to be gentle and good
Out in the city begging for food."

Heavenly Father stretch out thy hand,
And guide her home to the beautiful Land;
Lead her along that glorified shore
Where sin and poverty never come more.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

Legal Hints to Farmers.

BY GEO. P. LAND, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

No. 6.

Having been informed by the editor of this paper that the country is just now infested with a plague of "Patent Right Agents," who are going about among the farmers, "seeking whom they may devour"—and when they cannot get cash for their worthless inventions, or pretended inventions, obtain promissory notes, on the understanding that each note will be returned if the invention does not suit, an agreement which they are careful not to perform,—a few words of advice on this head will not, it is hoped, be out of season, and may be the means of saving some who have given or about to give such notes, from being swindled. The dodge is generally worked thus:—The farmer is induced to give his note on the agreement above stated, viz., that it will be returned, or payment not called for, if the article for which it was given turns out worthless. This agreement the agent takes good care not to incorporate into the note, but to write on a separate piece of paper which he hands to his victim. The note, as soon as obtained, is "sold" or transferred to a third party, who has no notice of this agreement, and the result is the maker is obliged to pay it, or at all events supposes he is obliged to pay, notwithstanding the machine or patent right for which it was given has turned out perfectly worthless, and he has received no value whatever for the note. Now this gross swindle may be prevented by adopting the following precaution, viz.,—Sign no note whatever, unless the agreement is incorporated into the note itself, for then any person purchasing it will have notice of the conditions under which it was given. Another remedy would be to sign no note which is negotiable, that is, made payable "to order," or "bearer," and which is not made payable to the person from whom the purchase of the invention was made, for then any one buying the note would be obliged to sue it in the name of the party to whom it was given, and the maker could then set up the agreement by way of defense.

With respect to such notes as may have already been given for worthless inventions and patent rights, of course the makers have no defence against their payment in the hands of bona fide holders or indorsers for value without notice, but it would be well to enquire in every case before payment whether the holder or transferee of any such notes was aware of any facts or circumstances from which knowledge of the agreement under which the note was given, or that no value was received for it, (i. e., that the invention was worthless,) might be inferred, for in that case the holder could not recover, and in any event it is very doubtful whether the holder or transferee of such a note could recover more than he purchased it for, if he bought the note directly from the patent agent, but it would be otherwise if he purchased it from one to whom the latter had transferred it for value. If the patent seller retains the note and sues on it in his own name, there will probably be four defences, any or all of which the maker may set up in resisting payment:—1st, he may plead the agreement (if entered into) that the note was to be returned, or payment not called for, if the invention or patent right sold turned out to be worthless; 2nd, that the article for which the note was given was warranted, and the warranty turned out false (see Byles on Bills, p. 100); 3rd, that the note was obtained by fraud; and 4th, that no consideration was given for the making of the note.

With respect to the sale of these patent rights, and the right to manufacture and sell the invention, it will be necessary for us to say a few words. In the first place, it must be a Canada Patent, otherwise the right will not be protected. In the second place, the sale and purchase of a patent right must be evidenced by an instrument or assignment in writing, and "such assignment, and every grant and conveyance of every exclusive right to make and use the invention or discovery," patented in any part of Canada, or in any province of Canada, or part of any province, "shall be registered in the office of the Commissioner of Patents," otherwise such assignment shall be null and void against a subsequent assignee.—[32 & 33 Vic., Cap. 11, Sec. 22.] Under this section the purchasers of what are known as Count, or Township Rights on Patents, must register the instrument granting the right in the office of the Commissioner of Patents, otherwise the right will not be protected.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

The Two Friends.

Ae' n'cht no very lang ago,
I dundered away doon
To visit a neebor farmer chield—
"A cannie, cawtious loon.

And as I neared the farm hoouse,
He jist had left the plough,
And tired and wearied w' his work
Thocht, na'e dout, he'd done enough.

Gude e'en, quo he, how's a your care?
I am glad to see you here.
And, gien' our hands a friendly grip,
Our spirits baith did cheer.

Come, stap along into the hoose
An' see the weans and wife;
A neighbor's face, aye, gladdens us,
As we fight our way thro' life.

A hearty welcome greeted me
At the threshold o' the door;
The mistress hurried on the tea,
The weans made mair fun than before.

The hoose a' tidied up and neat—
Clean, white cloth on the board,
Wi' cakes and pies and home-made bread,
Fit feast for ony lord.

Wi' reverence due, the grace was said,
And then we a' fell tae
And satisfied our natural wants—
At least for that a'e day.

The kind, gude wife, wi' grace fu een,
Her gude things on us pressed;
Her partner, too, wi' weel-pleased face,
Himself to me addressed:

An unco' stranger ye ha' been,
Come, gi' us yer news and crack.
Quo' I: it's strange, us farmer folks
So much o' that should lack.

I dinna dout the fault's our ain,
It lies in twa, three things.
Sae strange we are to ain anither,
Ae fau't, I'm sure, there hings.

We dinna meet sae oft's we should
In making friendly ca's;
Our intercourse is na' half enough,
Anither powerful cause.

But if there was mair freelinees
In aft'n meeting ane anither,
Our interests then would seem as ane—
Our feelin's mair like a brither.

And sure am I, there's naething else,
Sae muckle pleasure yields
As when a neebor farmer shows
Some interest in our fields.

There is, aye, some guid advice to give,
Or something new to learn;
And then boon a' the kindly wish,
Our very hearts makes warm.

The hermit life I canna' thole,
It chills ane to the core;
Does a' our better feelin's crush,
And makes our sores mair sore.

For lang as man's this side the grave
He'll joys and griefs baith meet,
And friendship makes the ane the less—
The ither far mair sweet.

Says he I wish wi' a' my heart
Mair friends like you to ha'e,
'Twould brighten the spare hours of nicht
And lighten the toils o' day.

What paper's that ye've on the shelf?
It's a monthly that I take,
The editor's a Mr. Weld;
Its name, the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

I'm glad to see it in your hoose;
I subscribed for it a lang time.
Profit and pleasure baith we had
When reading it many a time.

My wife and family tae are fond—
As fond o' it as myself;
I wadna' want it oot the hoose
For—how much? I couldna' tell.

You'll see, of late it's much enlarged,
Improved in print and matter;
The circulation tae, I learn,
Is getting daily better.

I'm glad to hear it's doing weel,
It's jist the thing we need
To advocate our plans and rights
Without any fear or dread.

You'll notice often in its columns
To young as weel as auld men,
Insisting on it that we should
Make more use of the pen;

To let our friends and neebors hear,
As we toil from day to day
In trying this or that new plan
To make our farms to pay.

And thus by interchange o' thoughts
New one's are brought to light,
Enabling and encouraging
The faint and weary stull to fight.

I wish 'twas found in every hoose,
Why not? (aye, there's the rub);
I fear some their duty have forgot.
Ha'e ye ere got up a club?

My freend, he reddened to the lugs
When I this question put.
No, no! he said, wi' rueful face,
I'm in fau't there, nae doot.

But still it's no' ower late to mend,
And that I will, if spared;
And wi'na' rest until I send
With names a well-filled card.

I'm glad your resolution's made,
Do that and a'll be richt.
But noo, it's late, I maun be gune,
Gude nicht to ye a', gude nicht.

A CONSTANT READER.

The largest Sunday School in the world is at Stockport, England. It has 300 teachers and 5,000 scholars.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

Farmers' Sons.

SHOULD THEY BE EDUCATED?

BY WILLIAM HENRY GANE.

We live in a very enlightened age—in an age when scientific light lends its powerful influence to almost every branch of industry, however humble it may be.—We, of to-day, live in the age of advancement. We need not go back many years in the world's history, neither need we turn over more than one page in Time's great volume to discover the foot-prints of the advance of science. We believe that science, like everything else, can gain perfection; and what is more, we believe that in some branches it really has gained the height of perfection. But we conceive, as well, that in some departments it is just beginning to dawn. One of those departments is agriculture. Even now, there is a mighty change visible everywhere. In the last few years many important changes have been made in agriculture generally. But it is only of a very recent date that agriculture has been considered and viewed in the light of science. But it must be remembered that science requires education—to work on science only illuminates a mind that has been cultivated. Farmers, generally speaking, are uneducated men: then the light of science, applicable as it is to agriculture is useless to them. Then, you ask, who will it benefit? Why, their sons. And it is upon this consideration that the question arises, Should they be educated? We must be cognizant that our decision in this question is vital in its nature; we must consider that we are dealing with no trivial question, but one of great moment. First let us examine this question, allowing agriculture to be a science. If you don't admit that farmers' sons should be educated, if you would not educate them; then you say that they should live on in drudgery—that science should not assist them.

If we look at it in the light of social enjoyment, then you would pluck the sweetest enjoyments of life from their track. You would leave them in darkness, in ignorance, and in misery. The happiness of life, and the success of farming, depend upon education. No question can be more clearly and easily answered. We say they should be educated, and our decision is made with innumerable proofs sustaining us in every direction. It may seem strange, and it is strange, that such a great agricultural land as Canada is today without colleges where farmers' sons can be educated!!! But before long we must expect to see magnificent structures rising up around us, bearing upon their portals the inscription, "For Farmers' Sons!" But strange to say, farmers don't seem to care whether their sons are educated or not. To such men we say you must expect your sons, if they wish to succeed, to keep up with the times. Everything is advancing to perfection, agriculture is becoming a science.

Other momentous events are transpiring in your spheres every day, making farming a pleasure. Yet you would have your sons drag out life; a miserable, unbearable burden is pressing them down. You can lift that by educating them.

We can just glance at the results which will arise from farmers' sons being educated. There will be such mighty revolutions and changes in connection with social enjoyments that you will forever be thankful for the sacrifices (?) you made to educate your sons. Instead of our Parliament Houses being closed against your sons, they will be proud to have them there! Finally, if you wish your sons to be respected, successful, honorable men, you must educate them. Let my advice ring in your ears, waking you from your state of lethargy, and arouse you up to do your duty. Farmers, I say again, educate your sons.

Ingersoll, July 11, 1870.