

been well tested during the past season. Some who have used it say, that with a boy to carry the seed, they can sow thirty acres per day with it. Believing it to be a most useful affair, we have persuaded Mr. Mason to bring it before the public, and we are confident that no farmer will give it a trial without being pleased with it. The price of it is \$2. On remitting this amount to Mr. Charles Mason, Box 96, Guelph Post Office, it will be sent to any address desired. The following certificate has been given by well-known farmers in Garafraxa:—

"This is to certify that we have used the Two-Handed Seed-Sower made by Mr. Charles Mason, and can confidently recommend it as the best thing for the purpose that we have met with."

ANDREW GERRIE.	THOMAS BISHOP.
GEORGE GERRIE.	FRANCIS MASON.
WILLIAM SCALES.	JOHN BISHOP.

GEO. W. GERRIE.

Garafraxa, Jan. 21st, 1869.

THE RESTORATION OF EXHAUSTED LAND.

One of the best expedients for bringing worn-out land up to fertility again, has been in vogue in Britain for more than half-a-century. It is a crop of turnips consumed by sheep where they grew. Very poor land may be made to yield a fair crop of turnips, by drilling in with the seed some light and powdery artificial fertilizer, such as guano, superphosphate, or gypsum. This acts so quickly and directly on the young plant as to stimulate rapid growth, and so soon as the leaves begin to spread out they absorb a large amount of nutriment from the atmosphere, whereby they are enabled to perfect a large yield of bulbs. The difficulty of having this crop eaten where it grew, which arises from our early and severe winters, is not so insuperable as it may at first appear. Suppose the feeding process to begin Oct. 1, there are two months during which it can be carried on, and a large flock of sheep would consume a good sized turnip patch in that time. It would be wise policy to buy up a lot of sheep for the purpose, and with the addition of some meal, fat them for market. A supply of hurdles is needed to carry out this plan, so that the sheep may be daily moved, and their droppings regularly distributed over the surface of the land. While revolving plans for the year, let farmers "make a note" of this.

TIM BUNKER ON THE HAY TEDDER.

"What sort of a consarn is that, Squire?" asked Jake Frink, one hot day last July, as I drove my new tedder to the field.

"You just come down to the horse-pond lot and I'll show you," I replied. So Jake followed on, where we found at least a dozen of my neighbours standing round to see the last novelty in farming. The field had just been mowed, and though I say it that shouldn't, it was the stoutest grass in Hookertown, plump three ton to the acre of Timothy, just in bloom, upon a lot where water used to stand half the year, and nothing but rushes, hardhack, and sour grasses ever made a crop. It is astonishing to see how underdraining improves land, and how much more good manure does upon a soil that has had the bottom knocked out of it. Jake Frink groans every time he goes by that horse-pond lot, to think that he sold it for twenty dollars an acre. It pays the interest on three hundred now easy. I had never tried the tedder on so heavy grass, and I felt considerable worried about the result. I started alongside the wall, and the grass flew up in a cloud behind the machine just as if a whirlwind had got hold of it.

"A sort of patent compound grasshopper, ain't it?" said Jake inquiringly, as he noticed the kicking motion of the forks.

"You can't say that's no great shakes," said Seth Twiggs emphatically, as he puffed away at his stump pipe.

"It's a shakey consarn anyhow," said Uncle Jotham Sparrowgrass, striking the ground with his cane a little harder than common. "It will never amount to anything, see if it does. Job Miller had a thing a good deal like it thirty year ago, over on the Island. It was too hard on the horse, and didn't pay."

"It leaves the grass very light and even," said Deacon Smith. "I shall have to get one."

"It must dry very rapidly," Mr. Spooner remarked.

"That's so," responded George Washington Tucker; "but it means less work for poor folks, and harder times. Every new machine drives another nail in their coffins."

"Less work, you lazybones!" exclaimed Seth Twiggs. "It's hard telling how you could do any less and live."

"You may as well put up your stirring sticks and old rakes' tails. You wont want 'em any more," said Benjamin Franklin Jones.

"It will cure the hay too quick," said Uncle Jotham. "The sun gets at it so on all sides that the grass will break like a pipe stem."

"The quicker hay is cured, the better," said Deacon Smith. "Two hours are better than two days, if you can get the water out of it."

Nothing has awakened so much interest as the tedder since the subsoil plow was introduced. The times have changed a good deal since then, and the presumption now is that a new tool is good for something, especially if it makes its appearance in my fields. So many of my jobs have turned out well, and so many of my neigh-