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Only a horse, and an old horse, too,
Working from day to day,
Only a worn-out nag, 'tis true,
Plodding his weary way;
A horse that works and waits in vain
For his master's word of praise,
A slave that bows to the tightened rein
A beast that the master flays.

Only a horse, but a horse with a heart,
A thin, worn-out old bay,
But with spirit strong, he plods along
With an uncomplaining neigh.
A beast of burden by men abused,
Tortured with lash and with goad;
But a lesson in faithfulness, courage and toil,
A worn-out nag of the road.

Only a horse—not a brute—but a horse,
A patient, tired old bay.
The brute is the one that applies the lash,
Not the one who receives the flay.
He labors hard for his master's greed,
He endures the toil and the pain,
But the look of despair from his eyes is a prayer,
An appeal to be humane.

—Mrs. J. H. Bixby.

Select Family Reading

The Saving of the "Sweetbriar Farm" Buildings

By Sarah Lindsay Bennett

IN THE dying light of a late September evening, Henry Brown, commonly known as "Hank," leaned ruminatively against the fence post and looked out upon his dried and hopeless fields of corn and hay. In his attempt not to let his discouragement get the better of him, he puckered his lips and began to whistle; but the whistle died out after the first few notes. He had worked so hard over those acres, and in the spring his hopes had been so high, that it seemed as if these could not be the fields of those early dreams. Yet he had worked just as his friend, Lem Wolcott, the likeliest farm boy in all those parts, and as Mr. Adams, the country demonstrator, had advised him. But what could that help in the face of such a summer—two whole months without rain and then, after a few good showers, another drought which was not yet ended.

"The crop's worse even than in the old days, before I won that corn contest and got spirit enough into me to really try," he muttered. "Somehow I've got to find a plan to help out this winter, for I'm not going to give up, no matter how foolish father thinks I am. There's no harvesting to speak of for this fall, with no crops to harvest, but as soon as a good rain comes I'm going to plow—for a fall planting if I can raise the money to put it in, for a spring planting if I can't."

Then he began to whistle again, pushing his hat back from his forehead, over which fell teasingly several strands of his abundant red hair. His was an optimistic temperament. When any discouragement came, it weighed his spirits down heavily for a time, but he was always ready to rebound at the first suggestion of new hope."

"Guess I won't look at the crops any more. It doesn't do any good." So saying, he thrust his hands in his pockets, and walked leisurely toward the front road until he paused once more at his own gate. In the distance appeared a big cloud of dust which in this dry weather meant the approach of a horse in the heavy, country road and presently there became distinguishable the outlines of a trotting horse and a single buggy.

"Mr. Adams," mused Hank idly. "Glad I've got this front fence fixed up, and the weeds trimmed out of the yard. I'm not ashamed to have him pass now the way I used to be."

"Good-evening, Henry. Still no rain." It was Mr. Adams' pleasant, genial voice as he drew rein.

"Too late for my crops now even if it does come.

"Too late for almost everybody's," agreed Mr. Adams. "Even the best scientific farming can't stand a drought like this. But we mustn't get discouraged."

"No sir," Hank spoke sturdily, but he could not help the thought of how much easier it was for a man like Mr. Adams, who had already known so much prosperity, not to be discouraged, than for him, Hank Brown, a boy, who had nothing but his own good health, and the laughing consent of his shiftless father to try to do what he could with a worn-out, dilapidated almost good-for-nothing Virginia farm.

Suddenly Hank's eye fell upon a small, printed cardboard in Mr. Adams' hand which the older man was scanning.

"The market price list from Richmond, sir?" Hank asked respectfully. He was interested in everything pertaining to farmers now, even if he himself had nothing to sell. "Any price for apples?" he added lingeringly, a second later. The answer came as he had expected.

"No," Mr. Adams shook his head slowly, "not enough to pay for the barrels and the freight."

Hank laughed with just a shade of bitterness. "Fruit's about the only crop this year and no body wants it."

A sudden alertness as if a new idea had struck him, came into Mr. Adams. figure. He leaned forward and asked "Ever make vinegar?"

Hank tried not to show his surprise at the question. "Oh, yes," he answered, "enough for our own use. Everybody does around here." Then he smiled. "But we'd never use in years the vinegar one could make from the apples in our orchard this year."

"Got a press?"

"Yes, sir—a small one."

"Well, I've got a pretty big one—large enough to let us apply toit an electric motor which runs my cream separator. And I've as many apples as you have, I guess, that won't pay for the picking. So has Lem's grandfather, and so have about half the farmers in this country. They could be bought for a song by anyone who would be willing to pick them, and they'd make a big amount of good, pure vinegar. Seems to me this big country of ours with all its big cities ought to need that vinegar somewhere." He spoke meditatively, flapping the ends of his buggy reins lightly against his knee.

"I should think so, too. Why don't you do it sir?" And—and—" Hank hesitated fearing he might appear officious, then went on courteously, "If you need to hire anybody to help in the picking and press. I'd be mighty glad of the work."

Mr. Adams shook his head slowly.

"No," he said, "I have too many other things on my hands now. But," he added still capsulting his knee, "if I knew an enterprising person who cared to undertake it, he'd be welcome to the use of my press—could work in my orchard if he cared to, for that matter, and perhaps would help him to market a little, if the vinegar were shipped from my farm."

Hank's heart beat with a sudden quickness which he tried hard to control. "I should say so. Should think he could market it in Richmond. Everybody there knows your certified milk."

"Think probably he could," returned Mr. Adams, slowly. Then he looked up suddenly with his bright smile. "Want to try it, Hank?"

Hank fairly trembled with eagerness. "Try it! Do you really mean it, sir?"

Mr. Adams nodded, pleased with the boy's delight. "But remember," he continued, "it will not bring very big returns for the amount of work it will take."

"Oh, I know that," Hank replied. "But for a boy who's eager to work, it means a good deal more than nothing."

"All right," Mr. Adams said. "When will I see you?"

"To-morrow morning, sir," was Hank's prompt reply. "Guess I'll run up to Lem's now and talk it over with him."

A half hour later Hank found himself seated beside Lem Wolcott, his best friend and constant adviser, eagerly talking over the whole matter, reckoning from what farmers he could buy apples and for how much, how long it would take one industrious boy to pick them, how many he would be able to crush a day in the press how the press barrels and all the utensils would have to be properly sterilized so as to conform to the requirements of the pure foods laws and so on.

"Mr. Adams'll help you with that last item," said Lem. "He knows all about it."

Hank laughed. In his delight with the whole scheme it seemed as if he wanted to laugh at almost everything. "Is there anything about farming which Mr. Adams doesn't know?"

Lem shook his head in his deliberate way. He was never excitable like Hank. "Yes," he remarked slowly, "I shouldn't wonder if there were a good many things he didn't know. But he always knows just how to look up and find out the things he needs to know about, and I guess that's more than half the story."

"Guess so, too," agreed Hank thoughtfully. It was a new idea to him, just like so many of the ideas Mr. Adams had put into the heads of these farm boys, since he had moved into this region and been appointed county demonstrator. "He's an awfully good friend to the farmers around here, who are willing to listen to him. Isn't it funny how so many rather go in their own old way than change, even when they see what things Mr. Adams does on his own farm? Guess it's easier for boys to learn than for old men, anyhow. And he has the nicest way of helping one, like his giving me this chance to help me out of a big hole—I had the 'blues' awfully when he drove up to-night. Wish I knew of some way to do something for him to show him how I appreciate all his kindness."

Lem nodded. "That's just the way I'm always feeling. Perhaps we'll get our chance to really help him some day; we'll be glad of it."

"Wouldn't we though?" agreed Hank heartily.

The next few days were very busy ones for Henry Brown, of Granger County, Virginia. He worked as only of late, from Lem Wolcott and Mr. Adams, he had learned to work—up long before the dawn and busy every available minute of the daylight. For his work must be done while the apples still hung in prime condition on the trees. First he gathered all that his father's own neglected, tangled orchard held, carried them in waggon loads to Mr. Adam's orchard lot behind his farm buildings. There Hank washed the apples thoroughly, ran them through the sterilized grinder and press, and stored the juice in the fine, perfectly hygienic steam sterilized barrels with which Mr. Adams had provided him. Then he turned to Mr. Adam's orchard. It held not half so many apple trees as did his father's, but every tree had been sprayed and pruned in the early spring and the orchard had the same air of neatness and order which had prevailed throughout Mr. Adam's entire farm. To Hank's surprise the yield was twice as heavy as that of his own orchard, and the apples of a much finer quality.

"That's what the proper care does," confided Hank to Lem Wolcott some days later. "Isn't this farm a beauty? It makes you feel good just to work on it. And it makes it seem, too, as if you'd rather be a real up-to date farmer than anything else in the world."

"There's nothing like it," agreed Lem heartily. "Some day my farm's going to look like this one. There wasn't a more neglected and forlorn looking farm in the county than this was when Mr. Adam's bought it. Of course we haven't any money and it'll take us lots longer to put our farms into shape, but we can do it, Hank, if we work hard enough and keep at it. I'm sure we can."

"I'm beginning to think so, too." Hank stopped grinding and shifted the power of the electric motor to the opposite end of the big press near which he stood. "Just think of living on a farm where you generate your electricity from acetyline," he commented.

Under the pressure of the lover, a steady stream of juice from the ground apples poured out into the tank ready to receive it, and from that, more slowly, into the awaiting barrel. Lem watched the operation with keen interest.

It was Saturday, and early evening, and Lem had stopped in a moment at the Adams farm to see Mr. Adams and had found only Hank, still at work, "Thought I'd finish these apples," Hank had replied. "I'm staying here all night anyway, and thought I might as well as to-morrow's Sunday and I was afraid they'd spoil before Monday morning. Mr. Adams and his family went up to Richmond to stay over Sunday. I promised him I'd stay here and keep an eye on things. All the help goes home nights, you know. Stay with me, can't you?"

And Lem had consented.

Hank lifted his hand from the lever and watched for the remaining juice to travel to its destination. "There," he said with immense satisfaction, "that's all until Monday morning. That makes twenty-four barrels of apple juice up to date."

Lem opened his gray eyes wide in amazement and admiration. "You don't mean it," he exclaimed. "All those full?" He pointed to the line of casks which edged the side of Mr. Adams' milk house.

"Yep." Hank's pride was very honest and pleasant. "Eight Thursday, eight Friday, and eight to-day—all full of pure sweet apple cider which is something less than a year, if properly treated, will be the best cider vinegar on the market—not the bottled, table variety, of course, but the best and purest cask vinegar which can be made, from the famous Sweet-briar Farm, Granger County, Virginia—Henry P. Brown, manufacturer."

Lem laughed. "Don't wonder you're tickled, Hank. Has Mr. Adams found a market yet?"

Then began one of those earnest, friendly consultations and talks which were a habit between these two good friends when the working hours of their strenuous days were over. By ten o'clock, however, the two boys were asleep side by side in the cosy room in the upstairs part of the farm, which Mrs. Adams had prepared for them. At midnight they were awake again.

It was the nervous and excitable Hank who wakened first. "Wake up, Lem," he called, giving his bedfellow a vigorous punch. "Wake up I tell you."

Lem stretched and turned over. "What for?" he growled sleepily.

But Hank was shaking him now by the shoulders. "Don't you smell anything?" he demanded.

Lem sniffed slightly, then more vigorously. "I shouldn't wonder if I did," he conceded, now wide awake.

By this time Hank was by the window. "There's smoke," he cried excitedly, "and awfully near, too."

"Probably a forest fire," Lem was growing excited too, in his more self-controlled manner. "It smells pretty near, though. Guess we'd better get out and investigate. Hope it isn't Mr. Adams' woods. Were the men doing any clearing up there yesterday?"

"I'm not sure," Hank returned; the boys had already slipped into their clothes and were making a hurried way down the bare staircase, "but I shouldn't wonder if they'd been burning brush; it's the general clearing up season. Why, there's a wind sprung up, hasn't there?" He swung open the barn door as he spoke and stepped out; there he stopped suddenly. From a building on the opposite side of the barnyard there had flashed the light of a thin red flame, visible against a background of black smoke. "It's the milk house—the separating house," cried Hank. "Nobody on the place but us, water supply awfully low after the drought, and everything as dry as tinder, besides." He was running as he spoke, and his words floated back in a series of jerks to Lem, running close at his heels. "No time to get help," cried Lem. Then Lem suddenly grabbed Hank by the shoulders and twisted him around until he had changed the course of his running. "We just can't bother with that water business—it's too low. It's got to be the barrels that we filled with the apple juice—or everything, with a wind like this."

Hank's teeth went together in a vise-like pressure, then he cried, "You're right, Lem." A moment after he was drawing a bunch of keys from his trousers pocket and fitting one into the padlock of the building near the apple barrels. "Help get the sledge out. I'll take the roof, I'm lighter and quicker than you, but you can lift more and faster than I. Knock in the barrel heads. There are pails just inside the door. Fill them as fast as you can, and hand them up to me."

Almost before Hank's words were out the boys were hard at their work. Fortunately for them the fire was all on the roof, but there it had got a good start, and only the speediest work had a chance of quenching it before it had made further headway. Neither boy took breath for any more words. Pailful after pailful of the sweet apple juice Lem lifted from the punctured barrels, and swung steadily upward to Hank's receiving hand, where Hank deposited them immediately on the most rebellious flames. In ten minutes their work was over. The roof of the separating house had become a sodden, charred spectacle; smoke still oozed from it, in a languishing way; the whole barnyard of Sweetbriar was filled with the pungent odor of dampened soot, but the fire was out and Hank's vinegar barrels stood where they had stood early in the evening, but empty now, and only smoked remnants of what they once had been.

The boys, were coughing and choking with smoke, their eyes smarting, now that the intense strain was over, sank down on the barn door-step and contemplated, in the moonlight, the result of their labors. The fitful, gusty wind of a warm southern night still howled about them, but now it carried no sparks. Their work had been thoroughly done.

"Well," Hank, as usual, was the first to speak, "we did it."

"Yep." It was all Lem said, but the satisfaction in his tone spoke a volume more than the more word. Both boys lapsed back into silence and thought. Presently Hank said:

"I guess it saved Mr. Adams a good deal." This time his voice was not so exultant; there was in it just the slightest tinge of regret. "Of course the shed wasn't so much of a loss for a man like Mr. Adams, but that big separator, and all that apparatus for chilling the milk must amount to a good deal."

Lem understood all Hank said and all he left unsaid. "You're right Hank. You've saved Mr. Adams a lot. But you've lost quite a little. The money you'd have got from that vinegar would have meant a deal to you."

"I was planning to get through clover seed with it and sow down as much of our old land as I could this fall, then turn the spring. I'd been talking to Mr. Adams about it. He was going to let me have the seeds on time, until I could market the vinegar. He says there's nothing like that German clover for worn-out soil. It's what he did, you know, when he first came here, and you know, too, there hasn't been a farmer around here that for years could raise crops which were half what he's raised since he came."

"I know," assented Lem. "I'd have done it too, if I hadn't had some other notions—about alfalfa. You know. It was Mr. Adams got me started on that, too, and helps me plan for it right along. My, but he's been a help to us boys!"

"Yes." All hint of regret dropped out of Hank's tone with the suddenness which was characteristic of him. "And now we've had our chance to pay him back a little there isn't going to be anything half-hearted about it.

The little it's cost me is nothing, and I'm going to forget it, and just be mighty thankful I had the chance." He paused a second, then he laughed. "It would be a pretty poor world, wouldn't it, Lem if the only things we did gladly and eagerly for other people were the things which cost us nothing? It would be a pretty miserable kind of gratitude."

Lem laid his arm impulsively across his companion's long, sloping shoulders. "I don't believe it would be gratitude at all," he said.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, April 15th, 1894

Mr. John Harvey is now in charge of the express business here.

A magnificent aurora display was to be seen in the northern sky on Thursday evening last about ten o'clock. The tinted lights, changing from green to yellow and red were very beautiful.

Mr. John Kitching, Corwhin, has sold Malcolm McNaughton, Morriston, a colt, riding 3 years, which, shown 13 times has taken twelve prizes, none being less than second.

Mr. Clinton Falkner writes from Saskatown, N. W. T.,—"You may like to hear that our crops last year were good all round..... Our winter was pleasant. Cold, certainly at times, but we had very few storms. Average depth of snow 18 inches. I am always glad to get the local news in the Free Press."

Rev. Joseph Edgo gave a highly interesting review of the Life of Egerton Ryerson in the Epworth League last week.

Rev. J. W. Rae will give an address on "The Baptism of the Holy Spirit," at the opening session of a meeting of Presbyterian ministers to be held at Berlin on May 21st and 22nd.

Mr. Alex. Secord has the plans for a fine two-story brick residence for his lot, corner Bower Avenue and Elgin Street.

The late David Swackhamer, who died on the 17th inst, was one of the oldest settlers of this section. He came from Beamsville nearly sixty years ago and settled in Erin, on the farm adjoining that now owned by ex-Councillor Secord. Here he lived for many years enduring the hardships of the pioneer. For some years he has lived with his son, David on lot 18, con 4, Esquesing.

Cross & Nicklin, of the Stewartown tannery have dissolved partnership.

George Harbottle, of Kilbride, was recently seriously injured by a runaway team with which he was plowing. He had the lines around his waist, and was dragged around the field.

In Rockwood, Rachael Thompson, after school was hanging on a waggon, and getting her foot caught in the wheel had both bones below the knee broken in two places, one bone protruding through the skin.

Mr. Edward Magee, switchman, at Rockwood, who died recently had been in the employ of the G. T. R. for 48 years. He had been on its construction.

Miss Jessie McNabb, who has been in poor health the past year, went to the hospital in Guelph on Monday.

Mr. John Murray, of Nassagaweya, has moved into town and is living in the new brick house built last fall on Mill Street.

Mr. Chas. Falkner's mother and sisters have arrived from Nottingham, England, for a few weeks' visit in Canada.

Rev. G. B. Cooke went to the Guelph General Hospital, on Monday, to have an operation performed. The Free Press has received the following note from him: "Am here for a few days lying up for repairs. Drs. Howitt and Lowry operated on me yesterday and I hope with success."

BORN

JEFFREY—In Toronto, on April 7th, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Jeffrey, a daughter.

WORMAN—In Acton, on April 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Worden, Jr., a daughter.

MATTHEWS—In Chicago, Ill., on April 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Matthews, a daughter.

FALKNER—At Saskatoon, N. W. T., on March 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. Clinton T. Falkner, a son.

DIED

SWACKHAMER—In Esquesing, on April 17th, David Swackhamer, aged 87 years.

MAGEE—In Rockwood, on April 17th, Edward Magee, aged 87 years.

CASE OF EMERGENCY ONLY

A corporal in an Irish regiment when on a march in India went to the quartermaster to borrow a camel to carry a spare tent. The quartermaster refused.

"I have only the cart, and this spare camel I am keeping for a case of emergency."

"Well," said the corporal, "can't you put the case of emergency on the cart and let me have the camel?"

Sleep is the great nourisher of infants, and without peaceful sleep the child will not thrive. This cannot be got if the infant be troubled with worms. Miller's Worm Powders will destroy worms and drive them from the system, and afterwards the child's rest will be undisturbed. The powders cannot injure the most delicate child, and there is nothing so effective for restoring the health of a worn-out infant.

The Man With Asthma, almost longs for death to end his suffering. He sees ahead only years of endless torment with intervals of rest which are themselves fraught with never ceasing fear of renewed attacks. Let him turn to Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy and know what complete relief it can give. Let him but use it faithfully and he will find his asthma a thing of the past.

CANADA! OUR HOME

Hail Canada, majestic! The pride of thine offspring!
Fond hope of the thousands who flock to thy shore!
Broad lands, mounts and waters, thy storehouse keep teeming;
Home, church, college, trade schools, some are yielding.
May stewards disburse thy gifts, we implore,
Be granted God's guidance—the fount of thy store.
'Tis thus nations soar.

—Sara Newman.

THE EASTER EXAMINATIONS

Standing of the Pupils of Acton High and Public Schools AT THE EXAMS. LAST WEEK

The following is the schools' roll of honor for the month:

HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT, MIDDLE SCHOOL.

SENIOR CLASS

CLASS I—E. White, K. Gibbens, T. Henderson, N. Anderson, M. Henderson, I. Anderson, J. O'Brien, N. Kenny.

CLASS II—I. McPherson.

Highest in Algebra—K. Gibbens; in Latin—K. Gibbens; in Physics—E. White; in Ancient History—N. Anderson; in Composition—N. Anderson; in British and Canadian History—E. White.

JUNIOR CLASS

CLASS I—D. Harvey.

LOWER SCHOOL, SENIOR CLASS

CLASS I—A. O'Brien, L. Scott, G. Wray.

CLASS II—W. Johnstone, H. Rath, V. Massie, C. Brown, M. Smith, G. McLeod.

CLASS III—A. Anderson.

Highest in Arithmetic—G. Wray, L. Scott and A. O'Brien; in Composition—G. Wray; in Reading—A. O'Brien and C. Brown; in Spelling—A. O'Brien; in Art—G. Wray.

JUNIOR CLASS

CLASS II—C. McLeod, B. Plank, L. Kennedy, V. Harvey, H. Mowat, P. Ault, L. Britton, M. Wilson, J. Wilson; L. Cooper, R. Plank.

CLASS III—H. Mowat, E. Rath.

Highest in Arithmetic—C. McLeod; in Art—C. Britton; in Composition—J. Wilson; in Reading—M. Wilson and L. Kennedy; in Spelling—J. Wilson.

W. H. STEWART, Principal.
MABEL F. HOWIE, Assistant.

PUBLIC SCHOOL

SR. IV—Harold Reed 248, George Agnew 230, Marguerite Stewart 223, Roy Brown 217, George Anderson 210, Myrtle Clarridge and Phyllis Clarke 198. Total 350.

JR. IV—Harold Kennedy 103, George Soper 192, Stella McLam 176, Alice Johnstone, 176, Sandy McLean 160, Joe Hynds 157. Total 300. Number on roll 32.

M. Z. BENNETT, Teacher.

SR. III—Kenneth Henderson 334, Ray Agnew 302, Pearl Nutley 301, Duff Wilson 297, Elsie Stewart 296, Lloyd Kenney 278.

JR. III—Harry Barsky 299, Clara Cutting 240, Max Ball 230, Elmer Henderson 224, Florence Lee 220, Charlie Mann 213. Total 375. No. on roll 50.

I. WHITE, Teacher.

SR. II—Florence Cook 477, Willie Stewart 449, Elma Cutting 440, David Henderson 433, Violet Davis 421, May Carnochan 421, Alice James 408. Total 550.

JR. II—Charlie Caswell, 424, Johnny Robertson 403, Lena Costello 333, Eddie Oldham 343, Jordan Lawson 351, Arthur Benton 331, Howard Hamlin 339. Total 550. Number on roll 51.

VERA MACPHERSON, Teacher.

SR. I—Frances Hurst 405, Jimmy Ross 391, James Matthews 383, Jessie Stuckey 375, Vera Hurst 367, George Brownlee 362. Total 425.

JR. I—Laird McDonald 311, Willie Goldstein 298, Dillace Levens 282, Hilda Barsky 278, Marguerite Ryder 274, Jean Barber 250. Total 325. Number enrolled 47.

A. W. WATSON, Teacher.

SENIOR PRIMARY

SR. CLASS—Ivy Precious 204, George Holloway 196, Tom Cutting 194, Willie Huffman 191, Russell Ross 190, Richard Bushey 189.

JR. CLASS—Marie Mowat 275, Jim Ewing 270, Jean Kennedy 262, Earl Cooper 254, Donald Kennedy 233, Telford Kenney 230, Robert Stewart 210. Total 275. No. on Roll 42.

L. A. POLLEY, Teacher.

JUNIOR PRIMARY

FOURTH—Dora Lambert, Alberta Manlea, Annie Bosky, Mina Gercsky, Lynd Smith, Isie Green.

THIRD—Emily Caswell, Joey Prevost, Madge Rothwell, Sara Cross, Artie White, Mina Saxe.

SECOND—Ralph Henderson, Charlie Lasby, Doble Lappin, Freddie Watts, Francis Wilds, Freddie Ewing. No. on roll 48.

C. A. TAYLOR, Teacher.

EXAMINATION DATES

High School Entrance Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, June 17th, 18th and 19th

Dates have been announced by the Minister of Education for the various departmental examinations to be held at the completion of the current school year.

1. The junior high school entrance examination for 1914 will be held at the usual centres throughout the Province on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, June 17th, 18th and 19th.

2. The junior public school graduation examination will be held during the same week, beginning Monday, June 15th.

3. The senior public school graduation, the senior high school entrance and the Model examinations and the lower school examination for entrance into the Normal schools and faculties of education will be held during the week commencing Monday June 8th.

4. The matriculation examination, honor and pass, and the upper school examination for entrance into the faculties of education begin on Thursday, June 11th, and the middle school examination for entrance into the Normal schools begins on Monday, June 22nd.

5. The Model schools this year will open on Tuesday, August 18th, and the Normal schools on Tuesday, September 1st. Attention is directed particularly to the latter date, which is about three weeks earlier than formerly.