

ALMA COLLEGE

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

REV. R. I. WARNER, M.A., D.D., Principal
MISS C. M. WOODSWORTH, B.A., Lady Principal

Provides the best to be found in the highest grade of Ladies' Colleges. Classes very successful in Departmental and University examinations. College popular with those preparing for leadership in home, in Church, and in society.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE and Ontario Conservatory of Music and Art, Whitby, Ont.
Ideal home life in a beautiful castle, modelled after one of the palatial homes of English aristocracy.

The latest and best equipment in every department, backed up by the *largest and strongest staff of specialists*; to be found in any similar college in Canada. Sufficiently near the city to enjoy its advantages in concerts, etc., and yet away from its distractions, in an atmosphere and environment most conducive to mental, moral and physical stamina. Send for new illustrated calendar to

REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D., Principal.

ALBERT COLLEGE Belleville, Ont.
Business School Founded 1877.

Practical and thorough. Five complete courses. Many graduates occupying important places as book-keepers and shorthand reporters.

\$39.50 pays board, room, tuition, electric light, use of furniture and bath, all text books and laundry, etc. for 10 weeks—longer time at same rate. Special reduction to ministers or to two or more entering at the same time from same family or place. A specialist in book-keeping, who is also an expert penman, and a specialist in shorthand in constant attendance. The teachers in the literary department also assist in the work. The high character of the College is a guarantee of thoroughness.

Catalogue with specimen of penmanship, FILEE. Address, PRINCIPAL, DYER, D.D., Belleville, Ont.



**COWAN'S
COCOA**

Has a Dominion-wide Reputation

IN answering any advertisement in this paper, please state that you saw the advertisement in THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA.

The Excelsior Picture

The "Excelsior" picture on the front page of our Boys' Number, which was so much admired, was designed by Mr. Herbert Ecclestone, a rising young artist of this city, who has had some training in New York. He is one of the young men of Parkdale Church.

Trouble to Himself

General Sherman once had occasion to stop at a country home where a tin basin and a roller towel on the back porch sufficed for the family's ablutions. For two mornings the small boy of the household watched in silence the visitor's efforts at making a toilet under the unfavorable auspices, but when on the third day the tooth-brush, nail-file, whisk-broom, etc., had been duly used and returned to their places in the traveller's grip, he could suppress his curiosity no longer, so boldly put the question, "Say, mister, air you always that much trouble to yo'self?"

Reminded of Old Times

A hard-headed old Pittsburg manufacturer who made his fortune, as he expresses it, "with his coat off," was induced by his daughters to accompany them to a Wagner concert; the first he had ever attended. The next day he happened to meet an acquaintance who had seen him the night before, who asked, "I suppose you enjoyed the concert last night, Mr. Brown?" "Yes; it took me back to the days of my youth," the old man said with a reminiscent sigh. "Ah, summer days in the country, girl in a lawn dress, birds singing, and all that?" "No, the days when I worked in a boiler shop in Scranton."

The Golden Egg

Father: "Now, see here! If you marry that young pauper, how on earth are you going to live?"
Sweet Girl: "Oh, we have figured it all out! You remember that old hen my aunt gave me?"
"Yes."

"Well, I have been reading a poultry circular, and I find that a good hen will raise twenty chicks in a season. Well, the next season that will be twenty hens; and as each will raise twenty more chicks, that will be 420. The next year the number will be 8,400, the following year 168,000, and the next 3,360,000! Just think, at only fifty cents apiece we will have \$1,680,000. Then, you dear old papa, we'll lend you some money to pay off the mortgage on this house!"

The Way Home

When the Bishop of Truro, Doctor Gott, was Dean of Worcester, says a writer in V. C., his absent-mindedness was so notorious that he earned for himself the sobriquet of "Dean For-Gott."

On one occasion he had invited some friends to dine with him. On their arrival, a short time before the dinner-hour, he suggested that in the interval of waiting his friends would perhaps like to walk through the grounds.

After spending about a quarter of an hour in admiring the flowers, shrubs, and green-houses, they suddenly came upon a door in the garden wall.

"Ah," said the dean to his astonished guests, "this will be a much nearer way for you to go home than by going back to the front!" and forgetting his invitation, he opened the door and bowed them out.

Didn't Expect It Right Away

An old coachman in St. John's, Newfoundland, said to his Methodist employer one day, "I have signed the pledge," "I am glad to hear of it," said the master. "Now, of course, you will have to work and vote for prohibition." "Oh, yes, I suppose so," said the coachman, "but with the help of God, it won't come in my time."

How the Dutch Republic Was Saved

William the Silent, Prince of Orange, is usually called the savior of the Dutch Republic; but there is a story told in Motley's history that gives great credit to a small spaniel. This dog always passed the night upon the bed of the Prince, and when the camp was surprised, and the Spaniards were slaughtering it and left, this faithful creature sprang forward and began barking furiously, and then, returning, scratched his master's face with his paws. The Prince awoke just in time to mount his horse and escape.

To his dying day the Prince kept a spaniel of the same blood in his bed-chamber, and in the church at Delft may be seen the statue in stone of the little dog that saved the savior of Holland.

The Governor's Dilemma

Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, recently returned in New York and went to a hotel. Shortly after a former resident of that State called, and was shown to his room. He found the governor sitting in a chair surveying with a gloomy countenance a trunk which stood against the wall.

"What's the matter, governor?" asked the caller.

"I want to get a suit of clothes out of that trunk," was the answer.

"Well, what's the difficulty—lost the key?"

"No, I have the key all right," said the governor, heaving a sigh. "I'll tell you how it is. My wife packed that trunk. She expected to come with me, but was prevented at the last moment.

To my certain knowledge she put in enough to fill three trunks the way a man would pack them. If I open it the things will boil all over the room, and I could never get half of them back. Now, what I'm wondering about is whether it would be cheaper to go out and buy a new suit of clothes or two additional trunks."