

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 and Ontario Conservatory of
LADIES' Music and Art, Whitt's, Ont.
COLLEGE**

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 the distractions, in an atmosphere and environment most conducive to mental, moral and physical attainment. 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.

\$25.00 pays board, tuition, fuel, electric light, use of gymnasium and baths, all but 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, FREE. 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.

I Owe It All to Mother

BY MINNA IRVING.

"I am deeply touched by the remembrance of one to whom I owe everything that a wise mother ever gave to a son who adored her."—Andrew Carnegie.

When I came trudging into town,
An awkward country lad,
An empty purse and willing hands
Were all the wealth I had.

But now I cannot count my gold,
My stocks and bonds are manifold,
My ships are laid in every land,
My mills at sea are legion, and
I owe it all to mother.

On winter eves I used to draw
A hassock to her knee,
And listen to the Bible tales
She loved to tell to me.
She taught me truth was always best,
She planted courage in my breast,
With patience, hope, ambitions high,
And fear of God, and that is why
I owe it all to mother.

When tempted from the narrow path
To mazes of deceit,
The memory of her gentle voice
Recalled my wandering feet.
And as my shortening days descend
By pleasant paths toward the end,
God's scrutiny I do not fear,
For I have kept my record clear,
And owe it all to mother.

—Leslie's Weekly.

A Boy's Unique Letter

When a train bearing President Roosevelt passed through Wooster, Ohio, the pupils of the schools of the city were at the depot to see the chief magistrate. Later the school children were asked by their teachers to write compositions descriptive of the event. Dominic Lucci wrote the following letter, which was forwarded to the President:

"There was a presidential went thru on a train he was a white man he was a soldier his name was President Roosevelt he was out on the Roekle Mountings. He was in Chicago to strike the steamers six men was killed and some injured. The President is sent about such things. The President is strong when he was a little boy he was weak, once he runned out west and was a ruff rider. Finally he was tamed down and got to be vice pres. It was 9 o'clock when the passenger came a past when Teddy went thru he laff and show his teef they was white and shinin he look just like the pitcher in the paper. He was standin on the tale end of the car was washed up in gold so it would look nice. He had specs on his face en he looked just the same.

The kids was glad when the President was a coming to Wooster, O. The Pres. is a good man, the people was a crowd they wave and holler when Teddy come thru. The President had his handclieff wavin and laffin. There was 4 cars full of Secretaries, the butler of the car was a colored man. The Pres. will not get off at Wooster, O., he will get off in Washington then he will go to his office when Mr. Roos would holler when Teddy come thru he would work on when he would want a vacashun he would have one. The Pres. like the children, he lots of boys in his house, one of them is a girl this is all the end.

"Dominic Lucci."

On receipt of this letter President Roosevelt wrote to the gentleman who forwarded it to him: "Not many of the letters that come in my mail amuse me as much as the enclosure contained in yours. I am really obliged to you for sending it to me. Good for Dominic Lucci."

Just How Much?

"I would do anything to get an education!" said Joe, savagely thumping the down sofa-pillow till a fine, fluffy dust fell from seams and corners.

"Just how much would you do, Joe?" said practical Uncle Phil, interestedly.

"As much as Elihu Burritt?"

"How much did he do?" inquired Joe.

"Was he a boy without any chance?"

"No, indeed!" said Uncle Phil, who never sympathized with whining Joe's way of looking at things. "As many chances as you have, or any other boy with brains and ten fingers. Had to work at a forge ten or twelve hours a day, but that didn't hinder him from working away in his mind while his hands were busy. Used to do hard sums in arithmetic while he was blowing the bellows."

"Whew!" said Joe, as if he, too, saw a pair of bellows at hand. "How old was he? Older than I am, wasn't he?"

"About sixteen, when his father died. By and by he began to study other things. Before he died he knew eighteen languages, and nearly twice that number of dialects. All this time he kept hard at work blacksmithing."

"I don't have to work as hard as that!" said Joe, after a while, with a shamefaced look that rejoiced his uncle's heart.

Joe was a farmer's son, and in busy times there was a good deal for a boy of his age to do. So far he had not been spared to go away to any preparatory school to "fit" for college. So he had faint-heartedly and sulkily given up the thought of going there. Somehow, Uncle Phil's words had put things in a new light.—Christian Uplook.

THE ONLY TOOLS YOU'LL NEED

DUNLOP
DETACHABLE

BICYCLE
TIRES