Spring's Trumpet.

Did you ever stop to think that God hides away so many secrets under the snow of winter? Who can tell what mysteries are buried beneath the white cover, so deep, so dazzling in its purity when it first falls on the brown leaves and withered grass? It is true to its trust and never whispers of the possibilities that are being sheltered and nourished by its enfolding. The flowers are only sleeping, their tiny pulses are throbbing with life down in the darkness, and after they awake, rested and refreshed they will bud and blossom more beautifully than before.

The bare branches of the trees bend lovingly down in a feeble attempt to protect the little sleeping blossoms and the wind, we say, sighs mournfully as it rocks them to and fro, but it is only chanting a lullaby that is known to nature's children alone. All is quiet and peace under the snow awaiting the sound of "spring's trumpet" to awaken to a larger life and greater loveliness. So when "life's winter is past" and the snow has melted at the call of God's eternal spring what wonderful surprises await us. Life, full, free, throbbing life that will never need to sleep again under the winter's sorrow, for

"Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow keeping
Watch above his own."

And what seemed death to the natural sense was only a hiding away of the germ immortal with God standing guard, ready to bring forth in good time. The king who comes and spreads his robe of ermine over all treads, oh so gently, because of the sleeping buds and tender blossoms beneath his feet in their earthly cradle. The awakening time is not yet and they will sleep more sweetly under the ermine robe. Why do we not think of this when our hearts are heavy laden because of what has been hidden away from us, remembering that there lives one who never loses sight of our flowers, even though they wither here in the cold blasts that come from the sea of pain and the valley of the shadow. He knows they are only resting for a moment to come to a more marvelous growth in the gardens that are sun-kissed eternally and whose flowers know no winter time for sleep. The earth flowers come back to us from under the winter's snow—and we are of more value than they. The little birds that build their homes in the heights and hide in the clouds come back, when they hear of the spring's new birth or ressurrection—and we are of more value than they. We, too, will awaken from the sleep that closes the weary eyes just long enough for the angel in waiting to bear us over the bar into the eternal summer of that "Morning Land" of which it is said, "and there shall be no night there" neither any snow, or pitiless rain is needed to fill and make olive. From the depths will come forth the hidden treasures. Dead, we said of them but not so. Like a gem that refuses to sparkle is hidden for a time from the light until it regains its brilliancy, so our jewels have been hidden away from us, to be given back perfected and a setting that glows with immortality, and our flowers will bloom again when the angel's whisper awakens them to a vision of skies fairer than ours, breezes softer, and sunshine that never is hidden. From under the snow of earth into the eternal summer of heaven.

This is our springtime message to you, and amid the sorrows of the days past that still bear heavy upon you, may you be led out from under the shadow into that glorious sunlight, and be so inspired with hope that sorrowing and sighing shall flee away, and a quiet peace mantle your horizon, so calm and serene, perfect rest will come unto you and forever abide with you.

What is Dyspepsia?

Qualms, nausea, longing for food yet dreading to eat. You may have the real thing, but Ferrozone will cure you like it did S. D. Huntingdon of Hamilton, who says, 'I frequently was attacked with such acute dyspepsia that I thought it must be heart disease. I used Ferrozone and got relief. I kept on using Ferrozone and was cured. My digestion is in perfect order and I can eat anything to-day.' Nothing is as good as Ferrozone for dyspepsia and those bothered with weak stomachs. Price 50c. at druggists.

Little Bobby was inspecting the new baby for the first time, and his dictum was as follows:

'I s'pose it's nice enough, what there is of it, but I'm sorry it ain't a parrot.'

A Serenely Happy Man

Is Mr Thos. McGlashan of Pelham who was cured of muscular rheumatism by Nerviline, the most powerful remedy in the world. 'I suffered all manner of pain for years, he writes, and Nerviline was the only thing that did me any good. I can heartily recommend Nerviline for all forms of rheumatism; it goes to the very core of the pain and brings lasting relief. Let every sufferer from lame back, aching joints and swelled limbs use Nerviline. It's sure to cure and costs 25c. for a large bottle.

The newspapers said they plighted their troth.

Mrs Grundy, who reads the papers exclaimed 'A sorry plight!'

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

The Late Sir H. M. Stanley on Sermons.

During one of his addresses in Edinburgh, some years ago, Stanley said: 'It has been a custom with me during my interludes in civilization to go about the great cities of England and find out what are the texts generally preached on to humanity from the pulpits in the churches. I wandered many and many a Sunday into the churches of London, and I assure you upon my word of honor, that I have never come across a single text which suited me—never heard one delivered from the pulpit that seemed to me to apply to my needs.

I remember the time when the Socialists were threatening to demonstrate what they could do in the wealthy and mighty London. I went to hear Spurgeon, hoping against hope that a text which the Socialists ought to have heard, and which the people surrounding that church ought to have heard, would be uttered on that day. But instead of that there came out a doctrinal text and a doctrinal sermon from the Hebrews, and the Socialists next day perambulated through London, and you know how they entered certain silversmiths' shops and took out the teapots and silver mugs and silver pitchers, and threw them at one another.

And I said to myself, 'If the ministers of the Gospel only did their duty those Socialists would not be doing like this.'

But I have preached to myself on very many occasions. One of the texts I like very much is, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' And who is thy neighbor? My neighbor is every man who is made after the image of God, whom I come in contact with.

Miss Nellie Balsalous Gives Interesting Interview.

Tells How She Was Cured of Kidney Disease After Doctors Failed—Ferrozone Alone Responsible For Her Recovery—It cured Permanently.

Miss Nellie M. Balsalous is well known in her native city of Wilmington, where every doctor of reputation tried to cure her. But they didn't succeed. This conclusively proves that Ferrozone must certainly be an absolute cure for kidney trouble.

'Six months ago I noticed lameness and dragging pains across the small of my back,' writes Miss Balsalous 'I felt completely worn out. It was not work that made me so tired, nothing but defective kidneys. I took the doctor's treatment, and used dozens of articles I read of for the kidneys. But in spite of this I kept getting worse. Then I used Ferrozone. It was three weeks before I was perfectly satisfied it was helping me, but after that I improved steadily and got well. I know of no better remedy than Ferrozone which has improved my health immensely and saved me from Brights Disease.'

Next to consumption, kidney disease is the most fatal. Many a life has been lost simply because the unfortunate victim of deranged kidneys wasn't aware of his perilous condition in time.

Here is a simple test. Put some urine in a glass and let it stand for twenty-four hours. If it shows germs floating about, looks milky or cloudy, if it contains any sediment your kidneys are diseased. Don't risk your life with doubtful remedies, use Ferrozone, which doctors admit is the quickest and most certain cure. Ferrozone contains in scientific combination the most valuable agents known for the kidneys. This explains marvelous cures and universal success. Ferrozone is guarenteed and sold at fifty cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50, by all druggists. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

GLEANED BY THE WAY.

Young author—When I write far into the night I find great difficulty in getting to sleep.

Friend—Why don't you read over what you have written?

If it's a bilious attack, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and a quick recovery is certain. For sale by G. V. Rand.

'Tell me,' she asked, after she had accepted him, 'am I really your first and only love?' 'Well—er—no, dear,' replied the drug clerk, 'but you are something just as good.'

Comfort for Old People.

Much of the suffering of the aged is due to the kidney deranglements which lead to backache, rheumatism, lumbago and body pains. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills bring comfort to the old folks by keeping the kidneys healthy and active, and so eliminating from the body the poisonous waste matter which causes pains, aches and fatal disease.

The folloming epitaph may be seen in the cemetery of a parish in the environs of Paris;

'Here lies Mme. N—, wife of M. N—, master blacksmith. The railing round this tomb was manufactured by her husband.'

New Hope—New Courage,

Persons whose nerves are affected get blue and discouraged, are easily irritated and annoyed and learn to look on the dark side. The restorative influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food soon shows its effect on the feelings. It gives new hope and courage, new energy and confidence. By creating nerve force it affords new vigor and vitality for both mind and body.

Town—There seems to be nothing he enjoys so much as the sound of his own voice.

Browne—That's so, and there's nothing annoys him so much as the thought that he can't hear himself when he talks in his sleep.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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A. J. Woodman represents the above firm in Wolfville, and will be glad to show designs and quote estimates on all kinds of stone work

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Best Attention Given to Work Entrusted to Us.
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DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.
and Steamship Lines to
St. John via Digby and Boston via Yarmouth.
"LAND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE,
On and after Wednesday June 1st 04, Steamship and Train Service of this railway will be as follows;

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE.
(Sunday excepted)

Express from Kentville	6 55, a m
Express " Halifax	10 04, a m
Express from Yarmouth	4 50 p m
Express from Halifax	6 30, p m
Accom from Richmond	12 05, a m
Accom. from Annapolis Royal	12 10, a m

TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE.
(Sunday excepted.)

Express for Halifax	6 55, a m
Express for Yarmouth	10 06, a m
Express for Halifax	4 50, p m
Express for Kentville	6 30, p m
Accom for Annapolis Royal	12 15, p m
Accom. for Halifax	12 20, p m

Royal and U.S. Steamship
"PRINCE GEORGE"
LEAVE YARMOUTH
Wednesday, and Saturday on arrival of express train from Halifax, arriving in Boston next morning. Returning, leave Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 2 00 p. m.

Royal Mail steamship Prince Rupert.
St. John and Digby.
Leaves St. John daily except Sunday, at 7.45 a. m., arrive in Digby 10 45 a. m; leave Digby on arrival of express train from Halifax.

S. S. "Messenger" make daily trips between Kingsport and Parrsboro.

Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on Express Trains between Halifax and Yarmouth, where connection is made with trains of the Halifax & Yarmouth Railway.

Trains and Steamers are run on Atlantic Standard Time.

P. GIFKINS, General Manager.
Kentville, N. S.

AT PRIVATE SALE.
Second hand Mattresses, Bedsteads, Tables, Dishes, Bureaus, Stoves, &c. Sale on and after June 1st, at the residence of Mrs W. W. Saunders, Main street.

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LOOK!
have leased the Mill Property belonging to the late George Webster, Coldbrook, and will manufacture all kinds of
LADDERS
for Fire Departments, Railroads, Buildings, and Extension Ladders for Painters, for Barns, Step-Ladders for house purposes, Double step-ladders for fruit picking, and Swing Chairs. Also general shop work. Ladders in stock at Stabb's Coal Shed. Team on road delivering. For further information,
D. E. WOODMAN,
Coldbrook.

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INVERNESS, - CAPE BRETON
Miners and shippers of the celebrated
"INVERNESS IMPERIAL COAL"
NONE BETTER.
Screened, Run of Mile, Slack,
First-class, both for Domestic and Steam purposes.
BUNKER COAL
Shipping facilities of the most modern type at Port Hastings, C. B. for prompt loading of all classes and sizes of steamers and sailing vessels. Apply to
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Before you renew your old roofs, repaint roofs or cover new roofs consider and find out about the
STANDARD
ASBESTOS ROOFING
which not only gives better satisfaction than any other, wears longer, is more economical as well as fire proof.
Also for painting, find out what you can get ASBESTINE COLD WATER PAINT for, it is positively weather proof, fire proof and germ proof, durable and economical for inside and outside work. The same can be had by applying to
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They are the handsomest ever shown in Wolfville!
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"For God and Home and Native Land."

Conducted by the Ladies of the W. C. T. U.

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Recording Secretary—Mrs A E Coldwell.
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Social Purity—Mrs John Vaughan.
Mother's Meetings—Mrs. Trotter.

Next meeting Thursday, June 16th, at 3 30 p m., at the vestry of the Methodist church. The meetings are always open to any who wish to become members Visiting members of other W. C. T. Unions are cordially welcomed.

Brandy as a Medicine.

An editorial in The Dial of Progress records the following cases, which are full of interest and instruction:

Some time ago a friend of mine who travels for a flour house of Minnesota, was selling to a customer in South Dakota. After the business was transacted, the customer invited the salesman to come to the house and be entertained for the night.

About 11 o'clock he was shown to the parlor bedroom that he might retire. The light still burning and the mother still waiting caused no little anxiety on his part. His anxiety was not removed until the 'wee' hours of the morning, when the door crashed open and a drunken son fell upon the floor. The mother dragged him to the couch and there she knelt beside the body of her boy, worse than dead, and rubbed, sighed and prayed until almost dawn of day. When he was 'sobered up,' she took him to his room and saw him safe in his bed.

As soon as my friend sat at the breakfast table he chided the mother for wrecking her life and ruining her health over her worthless prodigal son. 'But,' says the heart-broken mother, 'I am trying to atone for the sin of my life.' 'What do you mean?' says the amazed man. 'I mean,' said the mother, 'that years ago, when that boy was a puny, weakly child, an unscrupulous doctor prescribed brandy for him, to be given to him daily from a teaspoon, I innocently followed his advice, and before I was conscious of it, the work was done. The appetite was created, the boy enslaved. Before the boy could walk, he would creep to the cupboard and cry for the brandy bottle, and before he was four years old he had gotten hold of it when I was out of the room and drunk the 'bitter dregs,' and from that sad day to this he has been a pitiful, drunken wreck, and I,' said the mother, breaking down crying, 'feel that I, by foolishly following the advice of that physcian, am guilty of the crime of making a drunkard of my poor boy.'

The poor mother sobbed and sighed and no words seemed to have power to comfort her. What a charge that poor mother and that doctor will have to face before the judgment bar of God, as that poor drunkard son receives his doom, and then, turning to those instrumental in making him a drunkard, says, 'You are guilty of this crime.'

A man was given up to die in Marshall county a year or two ago. The physicians held council, and decided that with the use of liquor the man could live three days, time enough to get all his relatives around him, but without it he must die in less than twenty-four hours. The man raised his pale face and with tear-stained eyes, said: 'Then I must die.' 'Yes,' said the head physician. 'Well, then if I must die, and the choice lies between going to heaven with a whiskey breath, even though I have the privilege of seeing my family, or going to heaven without my body polluted with whiskey, and not meeting my children again on earth, the latter will be my choice.' The doctors called him unwise, and said that for the children's sake he ought to take brandy that he might live long enough for them to see him.

Well, in spite of the decision of these doctors, the man did not die in twenty-four hours. But, instead, he began convalescing and inside three weeks was out of his bed and about his business. Now, what saved his life? If he would have taken whiskey and recuperated, every corrupt whiskey journal and every little whiskey 'doctor' along with the saloon-keepers, brewers and the scum element of society, would have been shouting: 'Oh! how wonderful; whiskey saved that man's life.' But God shut the mouths of 10,000 of these little topers by saving the man's life without a drop of the accursed whiskey.

A King's Conversion.

The Liverpool Daily Post gives an interesting account of the pledge-signing of King Tawhiao, king of the New Zealand Maoris, under the wise counsel of Sir George Gray. The Post says: 'Tawhiao was anything but an abstainer and his evil doings were a source of perpetual anxiety, Londoners will still remember his visit to England nearly twenty years ago, when he was, as far as a Maori monarch could be, one of the lions of the season. It was at the outset of his journey that he called upon Sir George Grey. Sir George boldly raised the question that was troubling Tawhiao's friends. What, he asked Tawhiao, would he think of a man who brought about the death of a fellow-being, or of many fellow beings—or who destroyed the happiness of a whole nation? 'Who could be so cruel? It is not possible that anyone could be so wicked,' said the king, and as he realized the meaning of the question he sobbed like a child, and asked Sir George what could be done lest he should disgrace the Maori people while in England. 'I'll tell you,' said Sir George. 'We'll both sign a pledge, agreeing to abstain from alcohol in any form. That pledge will mutually bind us for a term of years, and there could be no more sacred contract.' So in the last year of his life Sir George Grey was the strictest of teetotalers.

Frightful Case of Protruding Piles

Doctor wanted to burn them with red-hot iron—Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

MR. ALEX. McLEAN, Talbot Vale, N.S., writes:—"As section hand on the railroad, I was exposed to all sorts of weather, my health failed and I became a victim of protruding piles. Though a doctor treated me for piles, they only grew worse and I was forced to give up work and go home. My sufferings could scarcely be described, I could not walk or lie down, and while the rest of the family slept I would be groaning with excruciating pains."

"The second doctor told me the piles would have to be burned with a red-hot iron, but I could not think of undergoing such an operation, so he gave me a box of salve, for which he charged me two dollars, but did me no good. My experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment is that the first application did me more good than did the two doctors, and finally made me as well and free from piles as any man. Since being cured I worked during the winter in the lumber woods, and had no return of my old trouble. Dr. Chase's Ointment was worth one hundred dollars a box to me."

low-being, or of many fellow beings—or who destroyed the happiness of a whole nation? 'Who could be so cruel? It is not possible that anyone could be so wicked,' said the king, and as he realized the meaning of the question he sobbed like a child, and asked Sir George what could be done lest he should disgrace the Maori people while in England. 'I'll tell you,' said Sir George. 'We'll both sign a pledge, agreeing to abstain from alcohol in any form. That pledge will mutually bind us for a term of years, and there could be no more sacred contract.' So in the last year of his life Sir George Grey was the strictest of teetotalers.

Alcoholic Medicine.

The Wine and Spirit Journal, discussing the Dominion W. C. T. U. Convention, says: 'The ladies of the W. C. T. U. have at last hit upon something to reform, which the wine and spirit trade also look upon as an evil, and would like to see abolished. Reference is made to sale of so-called patent medicines, which are in reality nothing more or less than concoctions containing a greater or less percentage of alcohol, and some of which are actually injurious—the majority of the balance quite ineffective in accomplishing the cures that are claimed for them.'

An Ordinary Pill

Is liable to cause griping pains, but Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut never gripe or cause any pain whatsoever. The mildest and effective physic. Sure cure for headache and biliousness. Use only Dr Hamiltons Pills. Price 25c.

Teetotalism's Great Foundation.

Teetotalism stands upon many strong reasons, such as:

1 The overwhelming weight of medical testimony is in favor of total abstinence.

2 The experience of countless thousands has shown that teetotalism means happy homes, educated families, and well-conducted business.

3 Pastoral inquiry has shown that inumerable families have been ruined by strong drink.

4 Not one solitary advantage has ever been traced to the use of strong drink as a beverage.

5 The case against strong drink is overwhelming in volumned cogency:

(a) Whom does it ever bless?

(b) What family did it ever save from poverty or misery?

(c) What young man was ever promoted in business or in any other way, because he was addicted to the use of strong drink?

6 All the judges and magistrates of the country have officially declared that nine-tenths of the crime of the nations are directly traceable to drinking customs.

It is simply beyond belief that any Christain man can say one word in favor of a beverage that poisons the blood and ruins the soul. The history of drinking is written within and without in mourning, lamentation and woe. War cannot equal its ravages. Pestilence cannot rival its statistics of desolation. It stands alone as a record of sorrow, and murder.

Some of the finest men I have ever known have been addicted to secret drinking. Who can tell the misery of their household? I have seen it, and gladly do I draw a thick veil over its ghastly features. I have seen homes broken up, families scattered, children orphaned, and the fairest social prospects riven and blasted as if with lightning, by this accursed drink. To me these are not imaginations but facts, and such facts are arguments that carry away all petty and self-regarding opposition.

Convert the young to total abstinence, and in one generation England will be evangelized.'—Theodore Parker.

Too Great a Risk.

In almost every neighbourhood someone has died from an attack of colic or cholera morbis, often before medicine could be procured or a physician summoned. A reliable remedy for diseases should be kept at hand. The risk is too great for anyone to take. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has undoubtedly saved the lives of more people and relieved more pain and suffering than any other medicine in use. It can always be depended upon. For sale by G. V. Rand.

'Does a draft give you cold chills down your back?' asked the philosopher.

'It does,' replied the wise guy, 'when my bank account is overdrawn.'

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's friend.