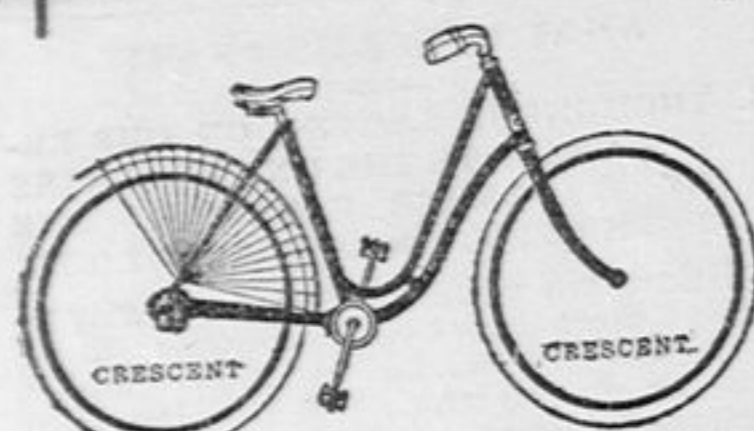


SUPERB!



Yes, that is the word that fits describes the 1899 CRESCENT in every particular.

JOSEPH RIGGS LINDSAY

THE CLOSING HOURS.

IT WAS ALMOST SUNDOWN AND JESUS WAS DYING. COMFORT FROM A SAD SCENE.

The Pathetic Scene of Christ's Last Hours Graphically Described by Rev. Dr. Talmage—The Weak Spots of Life—New Trouble Should Be Borne—The Ministry of Pain.

Washington, March 26.—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached this morning from the text John xix, 30, "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar," He said: The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion lingered on from day to day, crying, begging, cursing, but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowless, poorly fed, flogged, as bent over and tied to a post his bare back over and over with the scourges inter-steeted with pieces of lead and bone, and now for whole hours the weight of his body hung on delicate stonks, and, according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, nauseated, feverish, a world of agony is compressed in the two words, "I thirst!"

The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion—a powerful opiate to deaden the pain—but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so he refused the wine. But afterward they go to a cup of vinegar and soak a sponge in it and put it on a stick of hyssop and then press it against the hot lips of Christ. You say the wine was an anesthetic and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult. In some lives the saccharine seems to pre-empt. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health rubicund, skies flamboyant, days resilient. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances and the vexations, and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. An Arabian legend says that there was worn in Solomon's staff gnawing its strength away, and there is a weak spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grand-ours of his throne because one day in an interview Beau Brummel called him by his first name and addressed him as a servant, crying, "George, ring the bell!" Miss Langdon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried over the evil reports set afloat regarding her that she is found dead with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith says that his life was a wretched being, and that all that want and contempt could bring to it had been brought, and cries out, "What, then, is there formidable in a jail?" Correggio's fine painting is hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best painting except through a raffle. Andrea del Sarto makes the great fresco in the Church of the Annunziata at Florence and gets to pay a sack of corn, and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives are the sourers greater than the sweets. "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar."

It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick, or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrow of those who are despised, or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ himself took the vinegar makes him able to sympathize to-day and forever with all those whose cup is filled with the sharp acids of this life. He took the vinegar!

In the first place, there was the sourness of betrayal. The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the friendship of his disciples did him good. You have had many friends, but there was one friend upon whom you put special stress. You feasted him. You loaned him money. You befriended him in the dark passes of life, when he especially needed a friend. Afterward he turned upon you, and he took advantage of your former intimacies. He wrote against you. He talked against you. He misrepresented your faults. He flung contempt at you, when you ought to have received nothing but gratitude. At first you could not sleep at night. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That difficulty will never be healed, for though mutual friends may arbitrate in the matter until you shake hands, the old cordiality will never come back. Now I command you all the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why they sold him for less than our \$20? They all forsook him and fled. They cut him to the quick. He drank that cup to the dregs. He took the vinegar.

There is also the sourness of pain. There are some of you who have not seen a well day for many years. By keeping out of drafts, and by carefully studying dietetics, you continue to this time, but oh, the headaches, and the side aches, and the backaches, and the heartaches, which have been your accompaniment all the way through! You have struggled under a heavy mortgage of physical disabilities, and instead of the placidity that once characterized you it is now only with great effort that you keep away from irritability and sharp retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion, make up the great obstacle in your life, and you tug and sweat along the pathway and wonder when the exhaustion will end. My friends, the brightest crowns in heaven will not be given to those who, in stirrups, dashed to the cavalry charge, while the general, applauded, and the sound of clashing sabers rang through the land, but the brightest crowns in heaven, I believe will be given to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which unnerve their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God. It is comparatively easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, charging up the parapets to the sound of martial music, but it is no so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and the doctor are the witnesses of the Christian fortitude. Besides that, you

never had any pains worse than Christ's. The sharpness that stung through his brain, through his hands, through his feet, through his heart, were as great as yours certainly. He was as sick and as weary. Not a nerve or muscle or ligament escaped. All the pangs of all the nations of all the ages compressed into one sour cup. He took the vinegar!

There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death, but the moment the charmed circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you are again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the crape hung on the doorbell. The one upon whom you most depended was laid away from you. A cold marble slab lies over your heart to-day. Once at the children romped through the aching head and your hand over your only have it still!

Oh, how it still now! You lost your patience when the tops and the strings and the shells were left amid floor, but, oh, you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again if they were scattered by the same hands. With what a ruthless plowshare bereavement rips up the heart! But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell him anything new in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when he lost one it brought tears to his eyes. Lazarus had often entertained him at his home. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion, and the convulsion of grief shudders through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar inmate. Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. Were there not four of them—Mary and Martha and Christ and Lazarus? Four of them. But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ, his great loving eyes filled with tears! Oh, yes, yes! He knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

There is also the sourness of the death hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die. Whether I will be calm or excited, whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation, I cannot say. But come to the point I must and you must. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our hearts and serve on us the writ of ejection, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after these autumnal and wintry and vernal and summer glories have vanished from our vision. We will wake up into a realm which has only one season and that the season of everlasting love.

But you say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tearing this body all to shreds! I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all the time be kept together. Is there no escape from this separation?" None, absolutely none. A great many men tumble through the gates of the future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone, and they only add gloom and mystery to the passage, but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the gates of that future world that they have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which he was more appreciative than all the rest. He knows the consistency of the phosphorescence of the sea. He trod it, and he knows the glories of the midnight heavens, for they were the spangled canopy of his wilderness pillow. He knows about the lilies. He twisted them into his sermon. He knows about the fowls of the air. They whirred their way through his discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world. Not a wimper was kindled in the darkness. He was a physician. He died in cold sweat and dizziness and hemorrhage and agony, that have put him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom, and he gathers up the stings out of all the death pillows, and he puts them under his own neck and head. He gathers up his own tongue the burning thirst of many generations. The sponge is soaked in the sorrows of all those who have died in their beds, as well as soaked in the sorrows of all those who perished in agony or fiery martyrdom. While heaven was pitying, and earth was mocking, and hell was deriding, he took the vinegar!

To all those to whom life has been an ascetic—a dose they could not swallow, a draft that set their teeth on edge and a-sapping—I preach the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herschel, the astronomer, used to spend much of her time polishing the telescopes through which he brought the distant worlds near, and it is my ambition now to bring to clear the lens of your spiritual vision, so that, looking through the dark night of your earthly troubles, you may behold the glorious constellation of a Saviour's mercy, and a Saviour's love.

Oh, my friends, do not try to carry all your ills alone. Do not put your poor shoulder under the Apennines, when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up all your burdens. When you have a trouble of any kind, you rush this way and that way, and you wonder what this man will say about it, and you try this prescription and that prescription and the other prescription. Oh, why do you not go straight to the heart of Christ, knowing that for our own sinning and suffering race he took the vinegar?

There was a vessel that had been tossed on the sea for a great many weeks and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were dying of thirst. After many days they saw a sail against the sky. They signalled it. When the vessel came nearer, the people on the suffering ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water. We are dying for lack of water." And the captain on the vessel that was hailed responded: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around you and hundreds of feet deep." And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel and brought out the clear, bright, fresh water and put out the fire of their thirst. So I hail you to-day, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon and thirsting for comfort and thirsting for eternal life, and I ask you what is the use of your going in that death struck state while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympathetic mercy. Oh, dip your buckets and drink and live forever. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Yet there are people who refuse this divine sympathy, and try to fight their own battles, and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens, and their life, instead of being a triumphal march from victory to victory, will be a hobbling on from defeat to defeat, until they make final surrender to retributive disaster. Oh, I wish I could to-day gather up in my arms all the woes of men and women, all their heartaches, and all their disappointments, all their chagrins, and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus. He took the vinegar. Nani Sahib, after he had lost his last battle in India, fell back into the jungle of the North. He was full of great lustre and of great value. He died in those jungles. His body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been recovered. And I fear that to-day there are some who will fall back from this subject into the sickening, killing jungles of their sin carrying a gem of infinite value—a priceless soul—to be lost forever. Oh, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation! But, no! There are some, I fear, who turn away from this offered mercy and comfort and divine sympathy, notwithstanding that Christ, for all who would accept his grace, trudged the long way, and suffered the lacerating thongs, and received in his face the expectations of the filthy men, and for the guilty, and the disgraced, and the discomforted of the race, took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation and lead you out into the strong hope, and the good cheer, and the glorious sunshine of this triumphant gospel!

Strange Languages. On Gomera Island, one of the Canaries, the inhabitants employ a strange mode of speech, that of whistling. Each syllable has its own tone. The whistler uses both fingers and lips, and the conversation can be carried on at a mile's distance. This whistling language is said to be confined to Gomera Island, and is quite unknown to the other islands of the group. The adoption of this mode of speech is due to the geological formation of the island, which is intersected frequently by gullies and ravines. As there are no bridges, intercourse between neighbors is often difficult. A man living within a stone's throw of his neighbor may have to go many miles around to call on him, and this inconvenience led to the cultivation of whistling as a means of conversation. The natives of the Cameroons, on the west coast of Africa, use the drum language. The surface of the drum is divided into two equal parts and yields two distinct notes. By varying the intervals between the notes, a complete code of signals for every syllable in the language is produced, by means of which messages may be quickly sent from village to village.

Hard Work. Boys, do not shun hard work. Go at it, rejoice in it. It is a blessing to you. And understand us. By real hard work we do not mean study, or sticking closely to keeping books, keeping store or teaching school, or any of the professional pursuits. These are all honorable and when followed do not exhaust the nervous energy and make men tired too. But by hard work we mean work that requires a great deal of muscular force, such as chopping, rolling logs, quarrying rock, doing carpenter work, laying brick, carrying the hod, and working in the forges, furnaces, rolling mills, mines and car shops. This kind of work develops muscular strength, the power of physical endurance, grit, courage and good health. Said an old man, now up in the eighties, to me a year ago: "When I was fifteen years old I was a weak, spindly kind of a boy, and went into a blacksmith shop, learned the trade, worked at it eighteen years, and forged out a constitution worth a million dollars." He has ever since been a healthy, vigorous man, and old as he is, still walks the streets, pert, cheerful and straight as an Indian's arrow. Hard work is good medicine for boys, and especially for young men.

Royal Use for the Phonograph. Nothing pleases a barbaric monarch more than some wonderful machine of European invention which seems to have a touch of magic. Menelek of Abyssinia has been enchanted by hearing the Queen's message to him in her own tones interpreted by the phonograph. The delivery of the message was a most ceremonious affair, an artillery salute being fired in honor of the Queen as soon as the message had been uttered. Most Heavily Insured Church. St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is the most heavily insured building in Great Britain. It is insured for \$475,000 in ten offices. Female Track Walkers. Two women are employed as track walkers on a section of the Central Pacific Railroad east of Wells, Nev.

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Table with 3 columns: Item, Price, and another Price. Includes Single Harness for \$21.00 and \$16.00.

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Horse owners to be careless in making purchases of HARNESS, HORSE GOODS, or even in the matter of REPAIRING. In all the features which go to make up a desirable place to trade, we know that we are at the head. Goods of absolute reliability, prices that are reasonable and fair, and a full stock with judicious selection of goods, render our place a desirable one on which to bestow your patronage. We know we can offer advantages and to this end we solicit your favors.

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come under this head and we are anxious to clean them out even at a big discount. Our usual stock of good FRESH GROCERIES always on hand.

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OUR CORRESPONDENT

FENELON F. MILLINERY OPENING. Millinery is making preparations for opening on Monday following. Mrs. Fenelon is up-to-date in her notions in this art, and has at some extra trouble selected the finest materials to all to attend of the former sex, who can take a glimpse at the new ESTABLISHMENTS. Army celebrated their victory in Fenelon Park Sunday and Monday last. All three days were well attended. . . . The Brown's hall, Rosedale, where three young gentlemen heavy in the lake by military condition, while pedestrian act. Was the

E. PROUSE, OAKWOOD

MARCH 30TH, 1899 Seasonal Goods! Milk Cans, Churns, Washing Machines, and Wringers. Blue Flame Wickless Oil Stove. W.C. WOOD KENT STREET. The Watchman-THURSDAY, MARCH THESE MORNINGS The ring of the winter is then? Yes; But the balmy of the spring; And the kiss of the sunshine; The lry sense of the fishing pole; And the steady green of the grassy bank; By the clear waters That bubble and smile into the face of the blue sky; Above them; The echo of bluebirds; Far to the south; And the sweet suggestion of the robin's note; The smell of the new grass; And the promise of bud and blossom; On bush and tree; The tinted fragrance of flowers; And the straining of the crocus; To burst from its yielding; Silent they are; But their silence is living and warm; And the still brown earth is eloquent of their coming. May fall again, And the cold, hard hand of the frost shut down, But the earth And the car and the sky are alive, And filled with the unheard music of spring These mornings. LETTERS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT