On Tennyson.

The gentlest, brightest knight of God; The Galahad of song.

And turned from strife and lewd delights

Calm were the ways his white steed trod,

'Twas something, nay 'twas much, when life

His path was not were factious cry,

Or where the fretful moan; Where life runs stillest he passed by, In maiden thought alone.

Calm were the heavens and air;

He drew aside from friends and focs

Where'er he rode signing of God

The world grow very fair.

To hush his soul apart;

Out of a faithful heart.

Clear on the air his song arose

Seemed dreariest to our gaze,

To hear above the waves of strife

Far off it seemed too pure, too sweet, For doubts as dread as ours;

Yet when we listened, round our feet,

And if we sighed to think he sought

We felt the grass and flowers.

Into our souls his music brought

Who left the world at morn,

Had left the sunless land,

Of God and fairyland.

When godlike singers, too, had fled, And left the race forlorn;

When all the white immortal throng

How sweet it was to hear that song

The voice is dumb, the song is o'er,
The long, glad quest is done;
The lonely ways will know no more
Our stainless, shining ones.

And we, the remnant which remain

Of the great table round; Less, yet his brethren, ne'er again Shall see him laurel crowned.

Into the glooms of God he goes, Our Galahad of song;

The grail he sought so long.

His own pure heart of fire.

Nay, for, despite his life-long quest, He gained his soul's desire; The grail was burning in his breast,

He who like him is stainless learns

That faith can never fail, Since not without, but in us, burns God's heart, the heavenly grail.

Peace to the knight who kept his vow
While others slept like sand;
But who shall sing to mortals now
Of that lost fairyland?

A CORSICAN EPIC.

Perchance e'en now those glooms disclose

Strange glimmers of the grail.

When all the beauteous gods were dead

A dream of no avail,

That gentle note of praise.

'Tis o'er; he leaves the lonely road

Whereon he fared so long;

The only one of all our knights Who wore the snow-white mail,

To seek the holy grail.

# Fruit! Fruit! Fruit!

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LD.S.

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M. R. C. D. S.

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w Hydro-Carbon Gas Furnace tible porcelain fillings and red teeth to their original shape, this process old roots can trached; consequently THERE

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Lindsay, April 5th, 1892.—14-tf.

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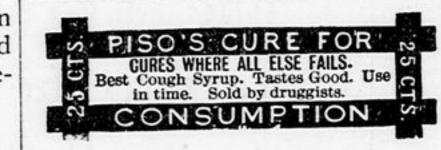
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urpassed, OFFICE WILLIAM-ST. NORTH OF KENT STREET. Lindsay, Nov. 19th, 1890.-45-1y.

THE WEST HALF of lot 10 in the 7th

Since the time of Merimee, has there been a tourist in that singular island who has not brought back some dramatic story baving a characteristic "color?" They are not merely adventures of bandits and "vendette"; the sentiment of honor easily leads down there to strange excesses.

M. Emile Bergerat, who, during his travels in that interesting country, has become greatly interested in it, has just published one of these peculiar dramas, in which a family constitutes itself a tribunal, guilty members.

It is the adventure, with a tragic denouement, of a Preceptor-the result of an indiscretion committed by him.

Corsican is to become an office-holder; this and for a long time his life had been parti- the animal. cularly regular.

What change took place in him? To what looking at the head, the jaws being open. evil inspiration did he yield? We know not, He inserted the thumb of his right hand but the fact remains that this Preceptor, and the forefinger of his left hand, running honest, one day yielded to a fatal tempta- the animal. Almost instantly the jaws tion. Having pressing need of money, he closed together, imprisoning the finger and borrowed some hundreds of francs from the thumb between the teeth. Cledes cried out funds entrusted to him.

cant, were only suspected. One day an Inspec- present. The digits between the jaw pretor of Finances, who was not looked for until vented them from closing tightly together, the man did not seek to defend himself. He broke down, feeling himself lost, and through the aid of which the jaws were made a complete confession; then, losing | finally pried apart and Cledes' thumb and his head, he fled from home and disappeared in the mountains.

thing except-

"How much is missing from the cash-box ?" The Inspector informed him of the amount of the deficit; the young man thanked him, and made an appointment with him for the following morning.

"To-morrow morning," said he, "the box will be in its proper condition." He took his gun-that gun, without which one cannot imagine a Corsican of the interior-and went out, bidding his mother take courage, and assuring her that dishonor should not enter that abode where

honesty had always dwelt. At the appointed hour the Inspector of Finances-a functionary originally from Paris, who was much interested in the manners of the country where he was a vous. He had not long to wait.

Very soon, in fact, the young man and the Preceptor himself appeared, the latter pale, weak, his countenance haggard, and with the air of a prisoner.

His son had hunted him out in the mountains and brought him back by force, after having passed the night in getting together among his relatives and friends the sum that was missing; they had all contributed without hesitation to make it up-algeon Lake, which can be had cheap for though they were poor-in order to escape a scandal. The son threw the money upon the table, begged the Inspector to count it, then demanded of him what action he would take next.

The sum having been promptly reimbursed, the Inspector declared that all was as it should be, that he held the culprit acquitted, and that he would not prosecute him. Then he withdrew, troubled in spite of himself at the sombre attitude of this

If he had known what was to take place Boats large and well equipped and cheap after his departure! Up to this point it is a commonplace story enough; but here is where it begins to be terrible.

The Preceptor thanked his son for having saved him, but his joy was of short duration. One of his people enjoined him to descend to the hall of his dwelling; he found there all his family assembled. He

was to be judged by his own kindred, if not by the courts. There was not the slightest indecision.

His son spoke in the name of all; he simply income will not, it is said, fall short of said to him: "Do you wish to pay a visit to the tomb

of your mother?"

"But it is not the anniversary of her There was a moment of solemn silence.

"Then go up to your room and finish what you have to do, while we pray for your soul." The Preceptor understood; he was con-

demned to death; he must kill himself. "You have an hour before you," they added.

The unfortunate man turned beseechingly toward his wife; she turned away her head. It was all over ! He must meet his fate, resign himself to the sentence pronounced against him. He could not hope for pardon. He bowed his head, cast a despairing look upon those whom he loved, with whom he had lived, and slowly mounted to his chamber.

The family remained kneeling in silence. At the theatre such a scene would assuredly be profoundly dramatic; judge then of what it must be in real life.

A half-hour passed in anxious waiting; no sound was heard save the steps of the condemned man on the floor above, as he paced feverishly to and fro.

utes; then a voice cried to him that the patent of nobility. time granted him was about to expire, and commanded the little girl to come down.

The young man, impassive in appearance, kept his eyes fixed on the clock. The wohead of the family.

put a bullet through his head.

which he had been holding in his hands- Galicia, Hungary, and Vienna; he is about for if his father had hesitated, he would not to visit his brother at Gratz, and has have failed to kill him himself; honor de- still great hopes of his own future in

From this moment the attitude of this sixteen-year-old judge changed; now that honor was saved, his sensibilities reasserted themselves, and he could weep for the father whom he had doomed to death in expiation of the fault he had committed. He manifested, in fact, the same grief he would have felt had he who had just died not been his victim. He was particular that the obsequies should be imposing, and followed the cortege without seeking to dis-Corsica is, it would appear, still the semble his sorrow, yet without remorse. home of the epic; the Corsicans have it in Accreding to his creed he had accomplished his duty, however cruel it might be.

What a strange country where such diverse sentiments are possible! "Corsica is still in the period of Columbus," said M. Bergerat, in recounting this tragic story. That is only too plain.

BITTEN BY A SEVERED HEAD.

#### Does This Throw Light on Consciousness After Decapitation?

On Tuesday George White, manager at Heublein's cafe, purchased a green turtle weighing forty-nine pounds which had been captured in Kelsey's Pond, off Short Beach. The animal was taken to the cafe, It is well known that the dream of every cooking it. The head of the turtle was cut off in the customary way by the head unfortunate man had succeeded in getting eook, assisted by Ameda Cledes the second himself appointed Preceptor of a small can-ton. He was married and had two children, it was left for a time beside the body of

About an hour afterward Cledes began

who had, up to that time, been perfectly the digits about an inch into the mouth of with pain and brought to his assistance the The embezzlements, which were insignifi- hired cook and one or two other persons other iron instruments to be inserted, finger released.

The grip of the jaws was such that the The eldest son of the Preceptor, a youth teeth nearly severed the thumb and badly of sixteen, but singularly resolute and de- lacerated the forefinger. The injury will The Aetna Fire Insurance Co, of Hart cided for his age—returned home just at ford, Conn., incorporated 1819, losses paid this time. He was made acquainted with for some time.

The head of the animal had been severed from the body fully an hour before the occurrence, but competent authorities on the actions of turtles allege that such animals will show signs of life from six to twelve hours after the head was severed, and it is not an infrequent occurrence for the jaws to open and close for a period of six hours. -St. Louis Republican.

It Wore Him Fearfully. The master of the house slept, although the baby was indisposed and was in nowise willing to suffer in silence.

"Wah-oop-oo-wah!" wailed the The mother rushed wildly to the cradle. "Hush-a-bye, hush-a-by," cooed she. "Gr-r-r-siss-poo," snored the mas-

er of the house. The woman made ten quick laps round the room, danced the suffering baby vigorously, and performed a great variety of exhaustive antics popularly supposed to make

young children forget their troubles. "Whoop!" yelled the little one.
"Hush-a-bye baby on the tre---"Gr-r-r-siss-poo."

The master of the house slept. One by one the sands of time flowed through the hour-glass. Minutes grew into hours. Just as the rising sun was coloring Obnet appears to be thinking of nothing. the eastern horizon with a delicate glow,

the baby fell asleep. With a smile of ten-der radiance the mother placed her darling in the cradle and imprinted a soft kiss upon its brow, then turned to her own couch. The master of the house stirred and open-

"Can I help you, Maria?" he feebly asked,

The wife and mother sighed. "No, John," she wearily rejoined.

They slept.
"I shouldn't be surprised——" a friend next day.

"If I look fearfully haggard. This being ap at nights-

He gaped prodigiously. "With the baby is terribly wearing."

The master of the house looked decidedly last Sunday in October. satisfied with life.

FAR AND WIDE.

The new Duke of Sutherland's annual \$720,000.

Villa Felseck, where the Duke of York is at present staying with Professor Ihne, at Heidelberg, is a pretty villa, built on the side of a mountain in the village of Neuenheim. The house, plainly and unostentatiously furnished, is a fair example of the middle-class German home, and commands a magnificient view of the old castle opposite the town of Heidelberg, the Konigsstuhl and Molkenkur and the swiftly-running Neckar.

Both the Austrian and German Emperors are giving a very handsome prize to the winner of the long-distance race. The Emperor of Austria's prize to the German victor is an exquisite statue in solid silver on an ebony stand, representing an Austrian Hussars officer on a thoroughbred at full gallop; on each side of the stand is a basrelief in silver, representing the Brandenburg Gate and Stephan's Tower, and in front a silver shield with the Hapsburg arms, and bearing the dedication. The German Emperor's prize is characteristic, being a solid silver bust of himself.

It is not generally known that Lord Ten-Suddenly he called. He wished to It is not generally known that Lord Ten-embrace his little daughter, a child of six or nyson was twice offered a Baronetcy and seven years old. Her brother, the pitiless twice declined the honor. His elevation to judge, sent the child to him. The Precepthe the peerage was the first instance of literary tor kept her with him about twenty min- merit alone having been rewarded with a

Don Carlos attracts much attention and gives opportunities to the caricaturists of the comic papers of Venice by reason of his men wept, but the idea never occurred to fancy for pets. On the Plazza San Marco any of them to protest against the author- he is accompanied by four dogs, which are ity of him whom they now regarded as the led by as many strings by one of his equarries; one or two of these dogs are perfect Finally the hour began to strike. At examples of the English greyhound. The this moment a shot was heard; the con- King has also a favorite parrot which is a demned man had executed himself; he had first-class conversationalist and has a human knack of making its wants instantly under-The boy then threw down his own gun, stood. Don Carlos has been visiting

> The late M. Renan was asked by a Parisian barber on one occasion for a motte which might suitably be placed on a hair-dresser's signboard. The great Orientalist reflected a moment, and then wrote down on the back of his card in Greek the words, "I shave quickly, and can hold my tongue."

The rumors that the Empress Frederick and her son do not get on well together are quite without foundation. In fact, in Germany, the accepted idea is that the country is in reality ruled by Her Majesty, and that Kaiser Wilhelm takes no step without first consulting his mother.

Francis Millet the younger is following in the footstops of his more illustrious father. He is making direct studies from the peas-ants in the fields, taking them at their simple duties and labors as their themes. He works principally in pastel.

Sir Frederick Leighton is using the utmost care in selecting the works for the Chicago Exhibition. Academicians and associates will, of course, be well represented, but painters of every school will be asked to contribute by Sir Frederick.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has told an interviewer, doubtless merely to appease him, that he finds the railway carriage the best place to compose in, as the shaking of the carriage and the rapid passing of the country before the eyes ferments the brain.

The arrangements for the wedding of Princess Marie of Edinburgh are very far from being fixed. There are difficulties and disputes respecting the settlements which threaten to break off the marriage altogether, and they are not yet arranged. Then the Pope is very reluctant to grant a dispensation to enable Prince Ferdinand (who is a Roman Catholic) to marry a Lutheran, because he strongly objects to the stipulation that any children are to be brought up as members of the Orthodox Church. However, the same difficulty was overcome when King Charles of Romania married Princess Elizabeth of Weid under precisely similar circumstances.

Baron Hirsch, having devoted his youth to accumulating millions, apparently designs now to dedicate his old age to philanthropy. Some three or four months ago it was announced that the Baron had distributed all his winnings on the turf for the last year-\$72,500-among the most deserving English charities. Since then he has accumulated fresh profits over the "Oaks," the "Prince of Wales's Stakes," the "St. Leger," and the "Lancashire Plate"-altogether about \$100,000. He very properly conceives that for the present year he has already contributed sufficient; but he now intimates that this sum will be available for charitable purposes at the commencement of 1893.

A wholesale interviewer of eminent French authors has managed to trap them while in the throes of work, and to place this record in print of what he observed. He says : "While writing Daudet smiles malicously; Zola repeats in a loud voice the phase which is at the tip of the pen; Edmund de Goncourt moves his lips as if he were eating; Jules Lemaitre strokes his mustache with his left hand; Ludovic Halevy looks up to the ceiling to collect his thoughts; Melhao puts his head into his hands to meditate; Jean Richepin taps on his desk when he is in want of a phrase; Francois Coppee lights a cigarette while searching for a rhyme; Bornier scratches his head; Bergerat whistles; Jean Rameau, when he is writing verses, seems to be thinking of something else, and Georges

The Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Fife, and Princess Maud have lately been distinguishing themselves rather remarkably with their fishing exploits and have learned to wade after salmon, or wait docilely by the waters edge, rod in hand, like any other

Queen Victoria has entirely given up attending "public worship" on Sunday morn-ings in the parish kirk at Crathie, where she It was the master of the house talking to went regularly for thirty-five years, except when the weather kept her at home. The rush of tourists from Braemar and Ballater became latterly an intolerable nuisance, and they often behaved very badly. The Queen now goes to Crathie only on the Autumn "Sacrament Sabbath," which is usually the