

The Dancing Master.

BY JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

Against the lilac walls of the room the white dresses of the girls made blots of light. The shape of their faces, the color of their hair seemed to become luminous as they vanished into the pale gloom of the place. Beyond the fact that they were all dressed in white they seemed to have no existence; no idea of individuality, of personality, associated itself with those faint masses of feature, garments, and hair. They were like so many white flowers held up against a piece of purple paper, and to the ordinary beholder, one flower differed not from another in glory.

The old dancing master walked slowly up and down the room surveying the girls. He held his hat and bow tenderly under his left arm, pressed judiciously to his side. With his right hand he alternately stroked and tweaked at his chin, which was always a sign that the teacher was perplexed. There was a peculiar expression in his light brown eyes and they looked from the long row of white silences to the window where the plane tree seemed grimly bare and black as the waning winter light. The long line of the room was painfully still for the master paced as softly as a cat and the white girls held their breath. The lilac and white in the dying light steeped the place in a melancholy that was not unpleasant. The only warm color in the room was the cinnamon brown of the man's habit.

Up and down the long room the master paced, visibly perturbed. Each time that he came to one of the two long windows that lit the room he paused and looked out through the naked branches of the plane tree at the river, as if he hoped to get some encouragement from its ceaseless flow. And each time he turned from the river view with the same look of disappointment upon his smooth, neat elderly face. The great clock at the other end of the room, the clock that counted off so many lessons, seemed all at once to tick with unwonted loudness as if, like the girls, were impatient for the master to stop his promenade, and say or do something.

Perhaps the appeal of the clock had its effect. Perhaps in the stillness the master could catch faintly the sound of all those girlish hearts fluttering timidly together. He stopped for an instant, and looked at the long line of expectant faces. "Young ladies, you can go from their suspense moved eagerly forward to the adjoining room, where their belongings lay, the professor reached out his thin, fine white hand and touched one of the girls upon the shoulder.

"Come back," he said, "I want to speak with you." The girl looked up in his face with a little start. Then she went into the ante-room with the rest. When she returned in her everyday dress, with her hat and gloves on, and her dancing shoes hung put away in the reticule that hung on her mitted arm, the master was standing at the window again, drumming nervously on the pane. He had put his hat and bow down on the gilded table that always seemed to the girl the emblem of ineffable luxury and repose.

The master heard her come in, but for a moment he did not turn, and the girl stood watching him, her pale, plain face paler than ever with expectation, and her dark eyes shining in the twilight. The master turned, and walked abruptly up to her.

"You will never make a dancer," he said. The girl looked at him with an expression on her face as if her hand struck her. He saw the expression, and spoke quickly and sharply to hide his pity. "It is no use for you to come here any more," he said. "You will never make a dancer."

"But I must," the girl answered, with tears in her eyes and tears in her voice, while her right hand pulsed nervously at the fingers of her left. "Never, never, never!" he insisted. "It is no use deceiving yourself, and as I look at you I cannot deceive myself. Please do not come here any more."

"Oh, but, sir!" the girl lifted her clasped hands toward him. He shook his head angrily. "I know what I know, and I say what I know. I cannot have you here any more. Could you ever do the 'Pas de Zephir' or the 'Ballonne'?"

"Yes, yes, yes," she said, her eyes shining with hope. "I will never know the difference between a 'coupe' and a 'jettee.' Go away please. We have finished. You will never make a dancer."

There was a firmness in his voice which showed that his decision was final. The girl made no further attempt to contest the decree. It was like the judgment of the gods—absolute, irrevocable. She turned silently and went out of the room, very quietly. But when the door closed behind him the strained sensibilities of the master could hear the stealthy sobbing which she tried to stifle against her hand. He heard her close the door, and for one moment he was tempted to go to the window and call her back. But he shook his head. "Better sooner than later," he said to himself. "She could never make a dancer."

It was summer and very warm. The master sat at his window in the same long lilac room. It was very pleasant to sit there and watch the river and the wharves and barges, and to reflect in its prosperous, peaceful evening upon the events of a painstaking, successful life. The master did not smoke; it was a custom he abandoned, but there was a flask of white wine near to his hand and

a glass half full of the yellow juice from which ever and anon he took a self-satisfied sip. He seldom gave lessons now, for his daughter had married and his son-in-law carried on the teaching admirably, knowing Rameau almost as well as the old master whom he adored. But the master liked to sit in the dancing room of an afternoon after dinner and dream over old experiences. He was thinking of the past but of the present; for he had laid down a news-sheet in the opera which was talking of a dancer in the opera who was setting the town wild, a dancer who had conquered European capital after European capital, and was now making playgoers mad with pleasure. The master seldom went to the playhouse now; he was old and liked his ease, but a vague fancy came to his mind that he would go to the opera and see this dancer. It would be a treat for his son and daughter.

A carriage came slowly down the river road where carriages did not often come. The master looked at it with languid surprise, and lifted his glass to his lips. But it stopped at his own door, and he set the glass down again in surprise. A gilded footman got down and opened the carriage door, and a very splendid lady got out. The footman pushed back the iron gateway and the little front garden and the splendid lady came in, bringing a blaze of color into the house, waved her hand and laughed and then she ran up the steps and out of his sight, and he could hear the muffled thunder of a knocking at the door.

He had scarcely risen to his feet, slowly trying to recall the face that had just laughed at him, when the door of the dancing room opened, and the splendid lady came in, bringing a blaze of color into the room. The master looked at her with surprise, and she looked at him with a smile. She was dressed in a rare brocade that glowed with crimson and orange, and that her cloak was brightly blue. She was not very handsome, perhaps, but she looked handsome in her rich habit, and before he was well aware of it she had kissed him on both cheeks. He seemed to be enveloped in an atmosphere of delicate, haunting perfume, as she caressed him. Then she let him go and fell back a little, looking him in the face and laughing. He had a confused sense that she was dressed in a rare brocade that glowed with crimson and orange, and that her cloak was brightly blue.

"You do not know me," she said. "I am—and then she kissed him on the cheek. The prisoners say they were signed as laborers at Georgetown to work on banana plantations at Bocas. When they arrived at Bocas the arms were given them and they were told to fight or die. This story is not credited. There was but one Columbian in the party. It is thought it was merely a pillaging expedition.

FORMALLY CONSECRATED.

Rev. Louis Langevin Consecrated as Bishop of St. Boniface.

Winnipeg, March 19.—Rev. Louis Langevin was finally consecrated Archbishop of St. Boniface this morning in the presence of all the prominent Catholic clergy of the West and many dignitaries from the East. Archbishop Fabre of Montreal was the officiating prelate of the day. Rev. Father Drummond read the papal bill. Archbishop Begin of Quebec preached the sermon, and the dean and sub-deacon who waited upon the consecrating bishop were the Rev. Father Langevin, brother of the Archbishop, and Rev. Father Godwin, superior of the Oblate Fathers of Montreal. Among the other prominent clerics present were, Archbishop Duhamel, Ottawa; Bishop LeFevre, Three Rivers; Bishop Gravelle, Nicolet; Bishop Gabrielle, Ogdensburg; Bishop Emard, Valleyfield; Bishop Descelles, St. Hyacinthe; Canon Barill, Three Rivers; Canons Bruchse and Racot, Montreal; Canon Beaudry, St. Hyacinthe; Rev. Father Lafontaine, Rev. Mallet of Montreal; Father Guillard, O. M. I., Lowell, Mass.; Rev. Father Goffron, C. S. V. Montreal; Rev. Archbishop; Rev. Lamariche, representing Archbishop of Toronto, and upwards of one hundred others. Booming of cannon announced the conclusion of the ceremony, and the Archbishop and his party on leaving the cathedral repaired to the Provencher academy for lunch.

In the afternoon the new archbishop visited St. Mary's church, where he was welcomed by the Catholics of Winnipeg. This evening he will be entertained by the students of St. Boniface college.

DISASTROUS CYCLONE.

Considerable Damage Done in the City of Augusta To-day.

Augusta, March 20.—A cyclone passed over the south western portion of this city to-day doing considerable damage to property. Three children in the street were blown some distance and badly injured. The damage to property amounts to several thousand dollars. About 50 houses were wrecked mostly occupied by negroes and a number of negroes slightly injured.

FIRE IN 'FRISCO.

Loss About Forty Thousand Including Many Homes.

San Francisco, March 20.—Fire broke out this morning at 1:30 o'clock in the engine room of the large coeperage of Kilbourn & Co., corner of Townsend and Stanford streets. The building was destroyed together with the stables of the Delmonte Milling company adjoining. In the latter were 21 horses, all of which perished in the flames. The loss is estimated at about \$40,000 with small insurance.

Campbell Bannerman is no longer a candidate for the speakership of the Commons.

aside as she did so the throng of admirers and the handsome gentleman who was waiting to take his place at her side. "Well," she said, with a bright laugh. "You see you were wrong after all. Say that you are sorry, and I will forgive you." But the master shook his head. "I do not think that I was wrong," he said very gravely. "You will never make a dancer."

GARZA'S LITTLE UPRISING.

Fully Established That He Was the General Who Was Killed at Bocas.

His Followers Say That They Were Employed to Work on Plantations.

Mobile, Ala., March 20.—The Register's correspondent at Bocas del Toro, United States of Columbia, under date of March 13th says the identification of General Catarino Esarmo Garza, slain in the attack on Bocas del Toro, is complete. Several letters were found on his body addressed to him, also a telegram. Individuals also identified him. Three times during the fight he advanced within ten feet of the barracks. As he fell he shouted: "Fire the town," and a rebel named Garto poured oil on a building between Wilson's store and the barracks and struck a match, but was shot dead in his tracks. The government soldiers captured the small schooner in which the rebels came to Greytown. Five rebels were on board, but they jumped into the sea, reached shore and escaped in the woods. These alone escaped to tell the tale of the defeat. On board were found forty Winchester and a large number of cartridges. From this the inference is that Garza expected to have a larger force than that which appeared at Bocas. It is possible he anticipated that the force would have accessions at Bocas. Since the fight forty more government soldiers have arrived from Colon. The total record of the battle is eleven dead, twenty-five wounded, and thirty-five prisoners. Several of the wounded will die. The prisoners say they were signed as laborers at Georgetown to work on banana plantations at Bocas. When they arrived at Bocas the arms were given them and they were told to fight or die.

"If the expenditure from the 10th of March to the end of the year should be normal that would leave us with a deficit of about a million or over. In the conclusion—a wise conclusion—which I think will be echoed by this House, and in which the Government will have the co-operation and cordial help of this House to endeavor to live during the year within our income and if our income is less, to resolutely keep down the expenditure, so that in the end we shall not have that unwelcome visitation which so often made its appearance to my friend who sits opposite me—any private gentleman, any householder, would take that course of action; and in the national house-keeping it is equally incumbent, it seems to me, to follow the same."

These are the brave words—very brave words indeed. Not even ancient Pistol could have mouthed his heroic resolutions more loftily, and not even ancient Pistol could have failed to carry them out more unflinchingly when put to the test. This is what Mr. Foster said, but what did Mr. Foster do? He knew right well, almost as soon as he had delivered that speech, at any rate long before the house rose, that the year must terminate with a deficit of a million or over. He knew right well, or, at any rate, he had been warned often enough by himself and others, that Canada was perfectly certain to suffer during the current year to a further extent in consequence of the commercial disasters of the United States. Sir, Mr. Foster's language was all right, but his actions displayed a most deplorable lack of nerve or knowledge.

You heard his professed determination to live within his income; also to stop strict economy; and yet Mr. Foster's first acts were to throw away nearly half a million dollars of revenue by agreeing to a reduction in the duties on beer and wine; and then, with a full knowledge of the existence of a large deficit for 1894-5, and of the probability of a much larger one for 1894-5, Mr. Foster, by way of emphasizing his own declarations, deliberately proceeded to add a million a year to our fixed charges by granting several millions of additional and wholly unnecessary railway subsidies, and by engaging to pay three-quarters of a million a year for a fast Atlantic service—and all without making the smallest provision in the way of additional taxes, for either the original deficit or the loss of revenue, or these additional charges! Not much wonder, you will say, under such circumstances Mr. Foster evades meeting Parliament and utterly declines to give any intelligible explanation of his intention. Unhappily the real explanation is not far to seek. It is simply that Mr. Foster is agreeing to these things was overborne by his colleagues, and that he lacked the will and courage to do his duty, and to maintain the position he had originally and correctly taken up.

So also as regards his attempted tariff reform. It was a weak and ineffective scheme at best—about as likely to afford any real, substantial relief to the consumer as the proposal to reduce a ton load by lightening it to the extent of an ounce; but poor and small as it was, it was still a move in the right direction. But here again Mr. Foster was reckoning without his host, or rather without

FOSTER AND HIS DEFICIT.

How the Government Endeavors to Live Within Its Income.

(Sir Richard Cartwright at Sarina) Our friends the enemy have not forgotten their old tricks. As it was with them in 1873, so it is now in 1895. If they must resign the treasury benches, they will at least leave a precious legacy to their successors. Then as now they heaped up obligations without making any, even the slightest effort to provide for them. Then as now they seem to have deliberately calculated that if they retained office they would trust to the chapter of accidents and blind chance to pull them through, and if they lost it that they would try to saddle their successors with the responsibilities which they right should have rested on themselves. Sir, I very well remember that when I took office in 1873 the very first circumstance to which my then deputy called my attention was the pleasant fact that the former Government had deliberately increased the yearly expenditure by just \$4,000,000 without making any provision by new taxes or otherwise for one single copper of it, and at the same time entered into obligations involving an outlay on capital account of some \$80,000,000, also unprovided for, the interest on which would involve a further annual charge of about three millions a year more. It is scarcely necessary to add that when these proceedings had borne their natural fruit and when the necessity of providing for these huge outlays, coupled with the loss of revenue arising from a very prolonged and very wide-spread period of depression, had resulted in a deficit of these very men whose own intolerable extravagance and improvidence were the direct and manifest causes of our difficulties, were the first and the loudest to censure Mr. Mackenzie and myself because we could not at once and at once completely overcome the deficits which were the direct results of measures entered into in denance of our protests and our strenuous opposition; nor have I the very slightest doubt that if the Reformers took office to-morrow the whole energy of the Conservative party would be devoted to proving, or rather asserting, that to us and to us only was it due that this year of grace, 1895-5, is likely to all appearance, to end in a deficit of six millions.

And now, Sir, to see how far recent action of the Minister of Finance has justified my charges. And here—just here, as Mr. Foster is wont to say—I will give you in his own identical words, his own statement of his duty, in the position which he found himself in about one year ago. Mr. Foster then declared:— "If the expenditure from the 10th of March to the end of the year should be normal that would leave us with a deficit of about a million or over. In the conclusion—a wise conclusion—which I think will be echoed by this House, and in which the Government will have the co-operation and cordial help of this House to endeavor to live during the year within our income and if our income is less, to resolutely keep down the expenditure, so that in the end we shall not have that unwelcome visitation which so often made its appearance to my friend who sits opposite me—any private gentleman, any householder, would take that course of action; and in the national house-keeping it is equally incumbent, it seems to me, to follow the same."

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his paymasters, and when the irate manufacturers descended upon him, poor Mr. Foster had literally to take to the woods to devour all his own words, and reconstruct the tariff, till in many cases the duties levied were, if anything, rather higher than they were before. As to the absurd pretence that the present loss of revenue is due to any appreciable extent to the reduction of taxation, allow me to call your attention to one or two simple facts. I have here a short table showing our imports of dutiable goods for the months of November and December in 1893 and 1894, and also the exact duties paid thereon, and I find it reads as follows:—

Table with columns for Total amount, Duty thereon, and Percentage of duty. Data for Nov and Dec 1893 and 1894.

SAMSON.

The London Speaker, which ranks very high as a literary authority, said in its issue of March 2nd that the best American poem published in many years was "Samson" by Rev. Frederick George Scott. The poet is a son of the late Dr. W. E. Scott, late professor of anatomy at McGill University, and is an Anglican minister at Drummondville, Que. "Samson" is only one of his many striking poems. It first appeared two or three years ago, but was republished in Mr. Scott's last book, "My Lattice."

The poem is as follows:— Flung in night, I sat alone Eyes on this dungeon stone, The whole energy of the Conservative party would be devoted to proving, or rather asserting, that to us and to us only was it due that this year of grace, 1895-5, is likely to all appearance, to end in a deficit of six millions.

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RESUME WORK AT ONCE.

Ald. Bragg Moves for the Completion of the Electric Light Plant.

Ald. Bragg, chairman of the electric light committee, bulletined the following notice this morning: "I hereby give notice that at the next regular meeting of the city council I shall move that tenders be called for completing the new electric light plant of the city. "I hereby give notice that at the next regular meeting of the city council I shall move that tenders be called for supplying coal to the corporation for electric light purposes."

club, was called upon by for a song; he declined at the ruling of the president that he must sing or make a speech, Mr. the platform. He did not protection did Canada; all very well in the United stretched over the north, then down to the equator the equator again (laughter); I know it does, however told me so. (Great however, seriously. Me that protection might be at the States where they can really everything the people in a country like Canada, different, and he believed a to be allowed to trade for which she could not produce from the trade question. immense one, there were be discussed and reasons ent administration should of power. They had not in any respect, and ice for the present the la- with which we had been small matter of removing gazette from the park. odwell called upon J. O. he noticed was present. I old Liberal, a few words an.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, mentioning 'The Dancing Master' and 'The Prescription'.