

# MR. T. J. COLLINS,

## ~ DENTAL SURGEON, ~

(Ten Years' London experience.)

### 82 PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

(3 doors above G & T Young, Jewellers.)

"Oh, no;" Mr Armstrong replied. "I'll push slowly backwards, and get home at my leisure. I'll only ask Tom to come as far as the bridge first to put my line through the rings."

An hour later as Mr Armstrong, rod in hand, and basket on back, was bidding Nannie and Nellie good-bye over the gate of their little flower garden, Nellie exclaimed in surprise:—

"Oh, there is Alice in our meadow."

So it was; and waving her hat to attract their attention.

"And here is Ponsonby coming up the meadow, backwards, and blowing his whistle," said Nannie.

"Yes," Tom remarked, "I guessed the greyhound followed him. There he is in the lawn; he doesn't know what to do to get across the river. 'Tis too wide for a jump, and he doesn't like the water." The white greyhound stood upon the bank, looking wildly after the retreating figure in the green shooting jacket, and bare-skin cap, seeming too fascinated by the sound of the whistle to think of availing himself a second time of the bridge. He went as if to make the spring at all hazards, as Ponsonby, still moving backwards up the meadow, blew a longer and clearer note, but again straightened his limbs, erecting his graceful neck, and gazing wildly towards the whistler, but remaining as motionless as a white marble statue. Another piercing note, and poor Rover became quite distracted. He looked all around, as if seeking for assistance, ran frantically about the lawn, turning and twisting as if in pursuit of an imaginary hare, finally coming back to the river bank, and standing erect and motionless as before. He then crouched upon the bank, and letting his fore-paws slowly into the river—deeper, deeper, but scarcely with a shiver, as a little wavelet splashed against his proud chest.

"Oh, she's back again," said Nellie, on seeing Alice Cormack by the side of the white greyhound, with her hand against the side of his head.

"Look at that, Tom," exclaimed Mr Armstrong, delightedly. "There's a picture! There's a group! She's one of Diana's loveliest nymphs! And the snow-white greyhound! No artist can imagine anything more perfectly beautiful. I'm very thankful to you, Ponsonby for giving me that dog."

"I don't know how he got across the river," returned George Ponsonby, who by this time had crossed the meadow and got out upon the road—looking very earnestly as he spoke at the crows in the tall elm trees. "I blew the whistle after getting over Poul-na-copel, the way Tom showed me last night. I was never thinking of him; but to my surprise when I got through the grove, and went up a leap into the rushy field, who should be by my side but Rover. I came back again with him, but you see he won't face the river. That's what surprises me—how did he get across after me? Miss Alice is very proud of Rover, and he's very fond of her. See how he leans his head against her arm."

"I'll tie him up till he gets used to the place," said Tom Dwyer.

"Tie him up," returned Ponsonby. "Not at all. He'd never stir only for the whistle. Don't I leave him at Mick Shea's? I never have to say 'Stay here, Rover, till I come for you,' and he'll stay as quiet as a lamb. But nothing could stop him when I blow the whistle. She how he looks up into her face. That's because he's in misery and wants her to comfort him. Sure there's not a bone in his body that I don't know. 'Tis surprising," added Ponsonby, turning his lustrous brown eyes towards the bridge, and raking his black beard with his long thin fingers. "'Tis surprising how like the Christians dogs are—only the dogs are better natured, except a few. There's some Christians, I know," added Ponsonby, but with considerable hesitation and uncertainty, "that would not let it go with any dog, but not many."

"Come on to the bridge," said Mr Armstrong, laughing at Ponsonby's concession in favour of "the Christians," "and Rover will come to us."

"I am wondering why he never thought of the bridge," returned Ponsonby. "But Miss Alice bothered him. She made me show her how to get over Poul-na-copel; 'tis quite safe and easy when you'd know how to find the crooked bough. But you see there's something bothering about Miss Alice. I'd feel it myself when she'd be talking to me. She looks straight into your face, and—there's something I can't describe in it," added Ponsonby quite solemnly, as his wandering eyes rested for a moment upon Alice Cormack, who seemed to be directing the greyhound's attention on the bridge—"I can't describe it; but some girls are bothering, and Miss Alice is one of them. That's why Rover couldn't think of the bridge."

"Didn't I tell you not to tell anybody how to cross over Poul-na-copel?" Tom asked.

"My God," exclaimed Ponsonby, turning quickly round, and looking in indignant astonishment at Tom Dwyer; "Tom, how could I help it? I couldn't think of anything but just to do whatever she'd ask me. I hope she'll never ask me to throw myself into Poul-na-copel," he went on dreamily, "as I don't know how to swim."

"I suppose it was all Rover's fault," returned Tom Dwyer, laughing. "Only for being obliged to come back with him you would not have met Miss Alice."

"Of course I wouldn't," said Ponsonby. "These things turn out very queer. So many things happen that wouldn't happen only that something else happened, that it puzzles my brain to explain it. I do be thinking of these things while the world is asleep, and Bob Dee snoring like Tom Quinn's bellows. But I can't come at it at all to my satisfaction. And things that you'd think the unkindest things that could happen to you might turn out to be the kindest."

Ambrose Armstrong remembered these words in after years, and asked himself what this poor crazy fellow gifted with a sort of second sight? Many a time was the remark made in Mr Armstrong's hearing that George Ponsonby's white greyhound "was an unlucky dog to Tom Dwyer." But had it not been for the white greyhound Alice Cormack might never have learned the secret of crossing over the "Pool of the Horse," and . . . But it is better to wait till the occurrence we were on the point of blurring out before its time, comes to pass in the regular and natural course of events.

"You sold the pass on me," said Tom Dwyer, shaking his head.

"For heaven's sake, don't say that," returned Ponsonby, twisting his fingers in his flowing beard. "Do you want to compare me to Bob Dee? I tell you her voice and her eyes put everything out of my head, except just to do what she asked me."

*(To be continued.)*

## CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

### ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL, WAIMATE.

*(From an occasional Correspondent.)*

THE annual distribution of prizes in connection with St Patrick's School, which is under the supervision of the Sisters of St Joseph, took place in the schoolroom on the evening of the 22nd of December, and the proceedings were an unqualified success. This, too, is the occasion on which the display of fancy work, etc., is held. The attendance of parents and friends was very large, who evinced the greatest interest possible in the proceedings. The Rev Austin Aubrey, inspector of schools for the diocese, was present. The schoolroom was beyond description, the work of the Sisters and kind friends, the decorations consisting of lovely flowers, ferns, etc. The stage presented a unique appearance. It would have been impossible to improve the artistic get-up. The draping was very tastefully arranged, and the footlights consisted of fairy-lights of a variety of colours, the stage itself being lighted up with Chinese lanterns, over the centre of the stage stood out very prominently the motto, "Oead mille fallthe," being supported on each side with the greeting, "A Merry Christmas," which was worked in gold on a green ground. So splendidly was the room arranged—the stage and other decorations; in front of the stage the beautiful display of fancy work, etc., by the pupils, and the handsome prizes to be presented to the successful scholars—that one would almost imagine he were in some great exhibition. The whole reflected infinite credit on the artistic taste of the Sisters of St Joseph. The entertainment usually given at the breaking-up of the school also took place, and was successful beyond measure, every item being applauded in a very hearty manner, and this truly not without justification. Every item given was stamped with almost inconceivable patience in its tuition, and the Sisters really deserve to be complimented on the self-sacrificing labour of love it must have entailed in preparing so varied and excellent a programme. But after all this is nothing out of the common with the Order. Wherever the Sisters of St Joseph are there their benign influence is felt, and admirable results follow. The entertainment was opened with the duet, "Osborne Quadrilles." Needless to say that Misses Crimmins, Wall, Dooley, and St George did it full justice.