## Black For Luck

Abundance Brent was returning home at the close of a hard day's work. She had been helping Mrs. Stoddard with her fall housecleaning Mrs. Stoddard was the kind of woman who never spares herself, much less her handmaiden.

Abundance was a little woman, with brown hair and old, sad, weary eyes. She was about 36, but she looked much younger, for she had the light conscience and the mnocent heart of a little girl. However, a light conscience and an innocent heart cannot make one happy when fate and the world combine to make one wretched. Abundance had given up her girlhood and her young womanhood to caring for her helpless father, whose long and increasing illness had cost him all that he possessed save this little gray house on a back street. Even that was mortgaged, but because it was the only home she had ever known Abundance was trying to meet the demands of the mortgage and save from foreclosure. She had never been trained in any except housework and so she was going about wherever she could get a day's hire. From spring until fall she was busy, but him up. He seems to have taken winter was a time she dreaded, be- great fancy to you." cause then she was idle and alone. Winter was coming on now.

ishment. She had no cat. Her neigh- contentedly. bors had no cats. Whose, then, was ture?

She took him in her arms.

"Are you hungry?" Abundance "He likes your cooking, I guess,

Abundance lit a fire and set on her ly. Abundance gave him the milk into her face. she had saved for her tea. While he was lapping the milk she set her man said. "Couldn't you?" He faltercat had finished the milk. He came had each other-" and sat down close beside her, still watching her and purring. They had dy in her arms. A big tear splasha jolly time together. Afterward the ed down on his shining coat. "If-if cat when to bed on the couch in the I had Dandy-and you," she said, "I

The next morning he breakfasted earth with Abundance. When she went to work she put him out of doors, but held her protectingly and lovingly. She thought that he would wander would burst for joy. home some time during the day. But when she returned at night he was again waiting for her on the door-

It was pleasant having even a car to come home to. Abundance could not afford to keep a cat, but she arstay she would share with him. have more.

Abundance called the cat Bob. She had always liked that name. It Anna Gould, of New York. know his name as well as she knew German property in France. hers. One evening she sat on the turned in toward the house. He look- death in 1910. ed at her inquiringly and lifted his He was a tired looking man, neat but shabby, of about Abundance own age. As she raised her eyes she perceived that she had never

He looked at Abundance with his Oak Leaf and Soperton, jointly, face alight. "I tell you I'm glad to the other. The contest ended in ably. I'm not much of a cook,"

I-I kind of hoped he'd stay. 'I'm Belgian relief fund alone, too, and he's real company. "He is company," said the man. "I suppose it seems foolish for a man that's living alone to keep a cat, but it means a lot to me when I come home from the factory tired nights to find Dandy waiting. don't know how to thank you enough

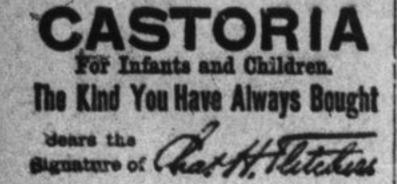
for taking such good care of him. After the man had taken Dandy away Abundance felt very lonely. It had meant something to her to come with rifles. The guard prepared for

to find him again purring upon her They were nearly starved to death. doorstep. It was like seeing a longlost friend. Abundance hugged him and cried over him.

The next day was Sunday. Abundance went to church and left Dandy asleep on the couch. After service, as Some had held the name disrespectshe was stepping out of the pew, she ful. came face to face with Dandy's master. He looked very nice in his Sunday clothes. And he recognized her instantly. Abundance whispered "he's back again."

"I suspected it," smiling.

afternoon as Abundance again sat on the doorstep the man tion, not long ago, however, decided came. "I don't know what to do with that he was getting along in years,





THE MILITARY CAMPAIGN IN ASIA. The Turks have evacuated Beirut, and it is expected an allied force will occupy the place. The Goeben bombarded Batum on the Black Sea. The czar is reported at Tilfis inspecting the Caucasian army. His troops are at Erzerum also fighting the Turks west of Tabriz in Persia. British are forty miles north of Bazra holding back the Turks east of the

He stayed a little while and took the cat away. Two or three days Her eyes were downcast and so passed before Dandy returned. The she was close to her own doorstep man came after him again, patiently before she noticed that company wait This time he sat and talked with ed for her thereon. A great black cat Abundance a long while. He told with a white bib and a nose pink as her all about himself and she told a rose leaf sat quietly purring a wel- him all about herself. Dandy lay on come. Abundance stopped in asten- the floor between them and snoozed

This went on for several weeks. this beautiful, glossy coated crea- The weather was getting cold and Abundance had less and less work to She stayed at home nearly all snuggled against her, bunting her the time now. And Dandy was with cheek and working his claws ecstat- her a great deal. Under her care he was growing fat.

The cat mewed. And now the man said to her one Saturday Abundance noted that under his afternoon when he had come to take splendid coat his backbone was pro- the cat home. He lingered wistfully, minent and his sides woefully sunk- "He likes you, too. Dandy's smart." He sighed and turned to go.

At that instant the cat made a teakettle. The cat watched all her leap, eluded his master and ran back motions, intelligently, purring loud- to Abundance. Mewing, he looked up "He wants you to go, too," the

little table very daintly with her sup- ed. "I wish you'd marry me. I have per of bread, butter, and apple sauce n't got much of a home, but if I had By the time she was ready to eat, the you and you had Dandy and we both

wouldn't want anything else on this It is done. The last parcel is tissue

And he took her in his arms and Decided in each Christmas issue.

DEMANDED AS REPRISAL.

Breslau Newspaper Wants Principality of Sagan Confiscated.

Breslau, via Berlin, to London, gued with herself that if he wished to Dec. 16 .- The Breslauer Zeitung de-By mands the confiscation of the Prineating a little less herself he could cipality of Prince Howard of Sagan. son of Duke Helie and the Duchess of Talleyrand. The duchess was had a good, honest, masculine sound. | confiscation is demanded as a repris-In a few days the cat seemed to al against the alleged confiscation of

The principality of Sagan em doorstep with Bob in her arms, rest- braces the handsome castle of Sagan ing and thinking, She was wrapped and twenty-four estates, aggregating And so much joy I have not had in a shawl which covered Bob, too, 60,000 acres. Duke Helie renounced all save his pink nose. A man came, his title of Prince Sagan in favor of down the still, narrow street and his son at the time of his father's

Patriotic Concert At Charleston.

Charleston, Dec. 14.-The repeated patriotic concert, which was put on at the hall, Oak Leaf, on Friday "I'm looking for my cat." he said evening, brought out a full house. D. "a big black and white cat. I was Johnson occupied the chair and weltold up the street that you had had comed the visitors. Each number was a cat come to you and I thought per- loudly applauded. The tableau, "Canada's Gift to Her Country," was well He stopped. Bob had heard his presented. Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Ka voice and popped out of the shawl. | vanagh rendered some choice musical "That's he! That's Dandy!" cried selections. Mrs. Kavanagh was the the man. He whistled sharply and accompaniest for the evening. The away went the cat swarming up his most interesting part of the pro legs to the very shoulders. "Vay, gramme was a spelling contest be-Dandy, what did you run away for?" tween Charleston on one side and It's what I'm going to give, I said, find him. I've looked over a week victory for the former, amid loud Besides, you know the Bible text, for him. You see, I live on Caper cheers from the Charleston boys. Thostreet, and he's the only companion mas H. Follick, M.A., principal of I've got. I haven't been here long. I Athens high school, pronounced the guess he missed my sister consider- words. The singing of the national anthem brought the entertainment to "He's a dear," Abundance said. a close. The proceeds will go to the

War Oddities.

Amsterdam-A remarkable gun built on the principle of the old Roman catapult, is being used by the In a parlor chair sat Molly, Austrians in operations against the Servians. , The machine throws bar- From the chandelier hung holly rels filled with rocks and explosives. dashed into the British lines bearing on the top seats 12 German soldiers Mistress Molly sat demurely,

The next night she dragged home that the Germans had surrendered. London-The Very Rev. Arthur Purey-Cust, dean of York, defends the use of the term "Tommy Atkins," applied to the British soldier. "It Tresses and assumed a frown, is an honorable name," he declared.

Going Him One Better. The head of a manufacturing concern who built up his business from nothing but his own dogged and persistent toil, and who has never felt that he could spare time for a vaca-Dandy," he said. "I can't bear to shut and that he was entitled to a rest. Sing hey! Sing ho! Calling his son into the library, he The mistletosly, said: "Tom; I've worked pretty hard When it hangs above them. for quite a while now, and have done Ye maidens may very well so I have decided to retire Not say us nay and turn the business over to you If we truly love them. What do you say?" The young man pondered the situation gravely. Then "I say, dad," he suggested, "how we do do. retire together,?"

FATHER NEVER FAILS. It is done. The last parcel's in tissue And ribbon and holly seal; Decided is each Christmas issue. Concluded is each Christmas deal

and dollies. hoods: there are gifts for our Jennies and

For father delivers the goods. There are tokens of linen and cot

And satin and velvet and lace; And none that we love is forgotten, There's something for Mabel and

Grace There are bits of the jeweler's fancy The products of mines and the

And though father may rear up and prance, he At Christmas delivers the goods. Has he told us he couldn't afford it

Has he grumbled about the ex-Mentioned money, and threatened to hoard He has, I'll say in defence

It is only his manner of jesting. Just one of his Christmassy mood Abundance stooped and took Dan- And the gifts we have bought are attesting That father delivers the goods.

And ribbon and holly and seal; Concluded is each Christmas deal left a saucer of milk on the steps. while Dandy sung as if his heart [ To-day they will send him with bun-

To tramp through the gay neigh-And to prove, as gift-bearing he trun-

That father delivers the goods. LITTLE POLLY'S POEM. By T. A. Daly. All Christians who correctly live

Know it is better far to give Than to receive. And that should be the greatest joy To every Christmas girl and boy On Christmas Eve.

I've bought some gifts to make folks Since I was born:

And I'll rejoice to watch their eyes And see their pleasure and surprise On Christmas morn.

Some thing for them, but not just what, And I declare If they in turn should fall to bring

I would not care. Ma knows I've bought a gift for her. And when she asked what I prefer I tell her such And such and such-or if I got

Or send to me a single thing

Just one would please me for I'm not Expecting much. Will make me happy going to bed On Christmas Eve "Blessed are they that don't expect

They shall Receive." SING HO! THE MISTLETOE Sing hey! Sing ho! The mistletoe!

When it hangs above them, Ye maidens may Not say us nay

If we truly love them In another Master Joe, And-a spray of mistletoe. Paris-A heavy London motor bus Master Joe bethought him: "Surely, That was fastened there for me

Feigning that she did not see, an attack when the driver shouted By and by, toward her leaning, "Sure," he whispered, "you must know There's a wealth of blissful meaning

In that pendant mistletoe." Molly tossed her silken, yellow "Really, you're the boldest fellow Most impertinent in town." Master Joe, therat affrighted, Sat a moment, stricken mute; Then, by deep remorse incited,

Called himself "a thoughtless! Rising, he advanced to show that He was penitent-and there Saw a sprig of mistletoe that She had fastened in her hair!

Happiness depends quite as much bright idea seemed to strike him, on what we don't do as upon what To Him who sends the north wind would it be for you to work a few Some people are quick to take of- But God have mercy on his soul ears longer and then the two of us fense and others are satisfied to borrow trouble.

HOLDERS OF THE CROSS | The Saint We Once AWARDS SINCE WAR BEGAN IS

TWENTY-ONE. Recipient Is Survivor of 15 Who

Slew 60 Germans.

during the present war up to twen- pack? ty-one. pension of fifty dollars a year. Offi- Claus. cial lists of surviving holders of the What pictures of childhood more honor at the beginning of the pres- | delighted us than those of the fat,

ent war contained about 150 names. rosy-cheeked old gentleman, muffled The ten latest V.C., awards are as and fur-coated, benevolence radiatfollows: Private Sidney Godley, Roy- ing from every portion of his anaal Fusiliers for coolness and gallan- tomy? But even more interesting try in firing his machine gun under than the man, if possible, was the a hot fire for two hours after he had wonderful reindeer, with his branchbeen wounded at Mons on August ing fantastic antlers his long warm-

ery; at Le Cateau on August 25th, the home of the dear old Saint, How as volunteers, helping to save guns sleek and dainty was the reindeer's under fire from hostile infantry 100 gose, and how bright and spirited yards away.

Major Charles Yate, deceased all the many wonderful things about King's Own Light Infantry; com- this wondeful animal was the cloud manded one of two companies that of stream that jetted from his nosremained to end in trenches at Le trils, suggesting the very cold wea-Cateau on August 26 when all other ther. There are books, there are soldiers officers killed or wounded, led his How much to the childish mind, ninteen survivors in gallant charge. depended upon the reindeer! Would

ed man from trenches under heavy derful day be lost? fire; later assisted to drive a gun out of action by taking place of a wound-

ed driver. ed, Royal Horse Artillery; organiz- its indescribable charm, its fancy ed defence of battery against heavy and its wonder pictures, had he odds at Nery on September 1.

Captain William Henry Johnston, Royal Engineers; at Missy on September 14, under heavy fire, worked for the young people, the real mythitwo rafts bringing back wounded and cal Santa Claus, with reindeer and returning with ammunition.

Drummer Spence John Bent Ask Lancasaire Regiment; for taking command and succeeding in holding a position after his officer had been struck down and other deeds of

Bombardier Ernest Harlock, now sergeant, Royal Field Artillery, for conspicuous gallantry on September 15 near Vendresse; although twice wounded, persisted in returning to lay his gun each time after wounds

dressed. Lance Corporal Dobson, Cold stream Guards: for bringing wounded men into cover on two occasions while under heavy fire.

The most conspicuous of these ten heroes is Captain Bradbury, whose battery, "L" made a determined stand near Complegne on the last day of the retreat towards Paris. Battery "L" which covered the retreat, was attacked by a strong German force with ten field guns and two Maxims. Three British guns were brought into action, but two of them were quickly silenced. Bradbury and his men served the remaining gun so well, however, that all but one of the German guns were silence ed, and when Battery "L" was relieved this gun was captured. account of the action says:.

"Captain Bradbury was the hero. He got the gun into action and gave the orders. Mundy knelt on one side as ranging officer; Bradbury, Campbell and Giffard, with the battery sergeant-major, gunner and driver, served the gun. Bradbury had one leg taken off, but still went on; Campoell and Mundy were killed. Bradbury had his other leg taken off and Giffard was badly wounded, but still they kept the gun going and when Battery "I" came up they found the Germans had bolted. Only the major and Giffard, who received five bullets, survived."

Three V.C.'s have now been awarded in connection with this fight: Sergeant-Major Dorell and Sergeant ies, each of whom had been given a Nelson having already received the rich godfather, but there was no help decoration. In addition, Lieut. Giffard, Gunner Darbyshire and Driver Osborne were awarded French de-

The first Indian to be recommended for the V.C. is Havildar (Sergeant) Gagna Singh, of the 57th Wilde Rifles. The havildar, with poor indian driving a caravaan of llafifteen men, was dawn by an overwhelming German force. In the brief and told him he wanted him to be hand-to-hand struggle which ensued. sixty Germans were killed. Gagna Singh, sole survivor of his little company, was left for dead in the trench with five bullet wounds. When pick- told of his vow and finally persuaded ed up he still held tightly the sword the Indian to avoid the position. of a German officer whom he had dispatched.

has been possible for an Indian to ed his godson as he left the church win the Victoria Cross. Eligibility to and the next day came back into Cuthe distinction was one of the boons granted by King George at the Durbar in 1912.

THE WAR WIND. The north wind sweeps the country- a gift.

And brings the blinding snow: The way wind sweeps the country- court of the house. Some time af-With fierce advancing foe;

And man may hide from the north But from the war wind-no!

The rainstorm beats the crops And frees the foaming flood: The war storm breaks the men like story come to Cuzco, and the people

And the rivers flow with blood; And man may brave the rainstorm. But the war storm heeds no hood.

After the north wind comes After the storm the sun: But the war wind leaves no living It's human nature to want After its race is run;

And the war storm needs to blow but | | | | | | | | | | | | | Do not soft once---Its work is fully done.

Unending praises be: Who sets the war wind free. -Percival U. Birdseye, in N:Y. Sun. Believed In

Breathes there a man among us Heroes Of "L" Battery-First Indian with soul so dead that he does not often, when the Yuletide season comes round, recall with boyish delight the good old days when he firm-The granting of ten Victoria Cros- ly believed in a real Santa Claus, ses within the last few weeks brings and, best of all, in the reindeer and the total number of these awards sledge, piled high with the bulging

Modern realism, and the cut and The Cross is the highest reward dried spirit that has fallen upon the given to the British army "for some age, has done few more questionable signal act of valor or devotion per-things than attempt to rob the world formed in the presence of the enemy. of that ancient myth, dearest of all to The decoration is accompanied by a the heart of childhood, our Santa

looking coat, that could well with-Driver Job Drain and Driver stand the bitter cold of that polar Frederick Luke, Royal Field Artill- country which was supposed to be his eyes! But most suggestive of

And booties and neckwear and Wounded; died in hands of oppon- ne be able to haul the heavy sleigh with its bulging packs through the Lance-Corporal Frederick Holmes, | deep drifts? Was there any possibil-King's Own Light Infantry; at Le ity that they might become stalled Cateau on August 26 carried wound- in a bad storm, and thus the won-

These and a dozen other childish impressions come back to the writer as he is sure that his own childhood Captain Edward Bradbury, deceas- would have been robbed of a lot of been told that there was no Santa

Claus and no reindeer. Christmas without Santa Claus sledge, is a very commonplace and tame affair.

BURIED TREASURE.

Story Which Natives of Peru Have Handed Down.

There has always been fascinations or man in lost or sunken treasure, and this again has been brought home to us by the many attempts which have been made lately to recover from the ocean bed bullion which had laid there for centuries, and in some cases a few weeks only. The sinking of the Empress of Ireland in the St. Lawrence River had added to the number of ships which have taken to their grave beneath the icy waters valuables which are

essential to the works of man. Divers are now endeavoring to recover the bullion abroad the Canadan liner for there are men still willing to risk their lives in the recovery of treasury from wrecks, as in the old days men were ever ready to go into unexplored lands in search of riches reported to be buried there.

The treasure of the Incas of Peru s among many that have defied the efforts of expeditions to locate, and even to this day no definite clue has peen found of the many million dollars worth of gold buried on the approach of the Spaniards into the interior of the present republic.

One of the stories of these lost reasures relates to a Curzco white man of Spanish decent whom the Lord blessed with numerous children. It is the custom here that a god-father shall look after and provide for his godchild, and so, as this man was poor, he tried to add to his esources by getting a corps of good

So as the infants came one after another he named each in honor of one of the distinguished citizens o the town and the man grew poorer and poorer, At last he had nine babforthcoming. The father swore that he would leave the rich and chose as the patron of his next child the first man he met on the street after its birth.

In due time the stock came again and the man, rushing out, saw ; mas into the town. He stopped him

godfather to his child. The Indian objected, saying that he was poor and not fit to be godfather to a white child. The man then

In due time the baby was baptized and the Indian appeared at the This is the first war in which it ceremony as its godfather. He kisszco with a score of llamas, loaded with wood. He took this wood to the father of his godchild, saying that he had brought what he could and that he must accept the wood as

> The man was thanked and wood was duly stored away in the ter that the bundles of sticks and roots were opened, and inside of each was found a great bag of gold in nuggets and dust. In the meantime the Indian had disappeared and could not be found.

> The man took the gold and built two large houses on the street called Triumph. If you do not believe this show you the street and point out the house.

You can always tell a good friend from the fact that he generally keeps the his opinions to himself. The man who isn't true to himself isn't true to anybody. people to be liberal

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