

**McWilliams.**

(Our own correspondent.)

This beautiful December weather is surely a boon to farmers and a good opportunity to get their work done.

Mr. Oliver Sibbet of Durham visited the Hartford home over the week-end.

Messrs. Lawrence McFadden and Abraham Hooper have had the Bell telephone installed recently.

Top Cliff school is making preparations for a box social and concert on the 21st of this month.

At the last regular meeting of L.O. L. 1192, the following officers were elected: Thomas Whitmore, W.M.; Reuben Watson, D.M.; George Whitmore, Chap.; George Hopkins, Treasurer; George Bell, Recording Secretary; Lawrence McFadden, Financial Secretary; John Andrews, D. of C.; Donald Watson, First Committeeman.

Mr. Henry Sealey has completed a log stable as a shelter for his stock and will, in a trivial way, replace the buildings burned a few weeks ago. We understand he intends building another addition next summer.

We wish to extend our sincere sympathy to the Macfarlane family in this, their bereavement and trouble. For years we have known Mr. Macfarlane as a clean-lived, hard-working and industrious man. The funeral to Durham cemetery on Friday last was very largely attended by mourning relatives and friends who turned out to pay a last tribute of respect to another of our faithful pioneers who has passed on to meet the absent ones who had gone before.

Mr. Hector McEachern of Top Cliff is assisting us for a few days.

Bunessan U.F.O. Club held their annual meeting on Monday night and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Archie Beaton, President; G. A. Watson, Vice-President; Dan McArthur, Secretary.

We extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. Joe Dixon and Miss Gladys Tucker, who united heart and hand on Wednesday last at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tucker, where the marriage was witnessed by only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The young couple start out under bright prospects on the groom's fine farm, where we hope nothing will foil their happiness or prosperity.

**OLD EARTH CELLAR IS THE BEST FOR APPLES**

(Experimental Farms Note.)

One of the problems of the householder each year is what quantity of apples he can store economically, and another question: "Why did not my apples keep well last winter?" or "Is there any way by which I can keep them better this year?" This does not apply, of course, to those who are fortunate in having the old-fashioned cellar without a furnace which was cool, but frost-proof, and moist without being damp. It was and is in such a cellar that apples can be kept to the best advantage and where they will best retain their flavor. The nearer the conditions approach these in this old earth cellar the better the results will be. First, the fruit should be kept as cool as possible without freezing. If the temperature can be kept between 35 and 40 degrees Fahrenheit, this would be best. The higher the temperature the shorter the life of the fruit.

Next in importance is retaining the moisture in the fruit. If the individual specimens are exposed to a very dry atmosphere they will wither, hence the desirability of keeping them in such a way as to retain the moisture as much as possible, even though the air of the storage room be dry. This can be obtained to some extent by keeping the fruit in a closed package and, better still, in addition, by wrapping each individual specimen in waxed or oiled paper, which will do much to preserve the moisture in the fruit and to keep disease from spreading from one specimen to another. It is also desirable, if one has nothing else in storage that will be adversely affected, to keep an open vessel with water in it in the room.

A careful choice of varieties should be made if one is going to lay in several barrels, or more than the family can use in a month or so, as notwithstanding favorable conditions for storage, the length of season that any variety will remain in prime condition is limited.—W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist.

**Timely.**

"That certainly was a very fine sermon," said an enthusiastic church-member who was an ardent admirer of the minister. "A fine sermon, and well-timed, too."

"Yes," answered his unadmiring neighbor, "it certainly was well-timed. Fully half the congregation had their watches out."—Watchman and Examiner.

**OWEN SOUND IS FACING PROSPECT OF THREE BY-LAWS**

Industries of Baby City Want Concessions.—Election on January 1.

On January 1 the electors of Owen Sound are likely to be faced with the necessity of making a decision on three by-laws presented by three of Owen Sound's manufacturing industries.

The North American Bent Chair Company is asking for a fixed assessment of \$20,000 for 10 years. This, however, will not affect the amount of taxes to be paid by the firm for school and local improvement purposes.

The Owen Cereal Mills Limited wants a loan of \$25,000 from the city with a first mortgage on their plant as security. This company is in process of reorganization and without the loan from the city it will be difficult for the company to effect any arrangement whereby business can be continued.

The Canadian Malleable Iron Company's term of exemption from taxation has expired and the company is asking for a renewal of this exemption and at the same time the rearrangement of the principal and interest due the city on a large loan received 10 years ago. The principal and interest in arrears is \$20,000 and the company is asking that this amount be made payable in ten equal annual instalments commencing in 1924. They intend to maintain payments on their present loan.

**MAN AND WOMAN FINED UNDER NEW HOTELS ACT**

Frank Ross and Woman Brought From Meaford Hotel and Heavily Fined in Owen Sound Police Court.

Frank Ross, whose permanent place of residence is Niagara Falls, Ont., and who has been living in Meaford for several months past, was convicted in the police court in Owen Sound on Wednesday afternoon of last week under the new Standard Hotels Registration Act of 1923, which came into force on May 8 last.

Ross and the woman with whom he had been living were fined \$300 and costs and \$100 and costs respectively by Magistrate Creaser upon pleading guilty to the charges laid against them.

Provincial Constable Jones and License Inspector Beckett visited Meaford Wednesday afternoon and brought the pair back to Owen Sound. They appeared in court upon their arrival with the result that they pleaded guilty and were fined.

The charge was laid under section 5 of the Act which states that a man may not procure lodging in a standard hotel for himself and a woman not his wife, and that both man and woman are liable for such an offence. It is new legislation with which the public has not become entirely familiar.

Ross denied that he was married. The woman in the case is said to be a member of a respected family in Hamilton.

**JUST BE THE BEST**

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,

Be a shrub in the valley,—but be The best little shrub at the side of the rill;

Be a bush if you can't be a tree, If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,

Some highway to happier make; If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass—

But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,

There's something for all of us here; There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,

And the task we must do is the near, If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail;

If you can't be a sun, be a star, It isn't by size that you win or you fail—

Be the best of whatever you are.

**He Rose Again.**

A certain colored preacher was holding a meeting in a large tobacco barn in Kentucky. An empty hog-head was used as a platform. Warming up to his subject he soon became excited. Swinging his arms into the air above his head and elevating one foot, he exclaimed: "De righteous shall rise, and de wicked shall fall." At the word "fall" he emphasized his point by bringing his foot down vehemently upon the hog-head. Like a flash it gave way and he dropped out of sight, being of short stature. During the uproar, he grasped the chime of the barrel and drew himself into view, when he shouted: "Bress de Lawd, dey shall rise again!"

The first successful cable across the Atlantic was laid 72 years ago.

**The "13" Superstition**

(From The Glasgow Herald.)

Don't you believe the individual who insists that the "13" superstition is exploded. It is not. Evidence of its existence is forthcoming every day, and while you do undoubtedly come across some stern matter of fact people who openly laugh at the old superstition, it is quite the reverse with those folks (and their number is legion), who are brought into intimate touch with the ill-omened number and its sinister significance.

Just the other day, for instance, a wedding party in a town in the north were thrown into a state of something approaching panic when it was discovered that there were 13 in the company, and not one of them would sit down to the table until another guest had been secured! As the wedding feast was taking place in a hotel the difficulty was got over and the States duly propitiated by inviting a stranger from the adjoining smoking room to become one of the party.

The very prevalent superstition that it is unlucky to sit down 13 to a table is as old as it is general. This is usually traced back to the fact that 13 was the number at the Last Supper, Judas being the thirteenth. Some authorities carry the origin of the association of the number with misfortune still further back. Among the Hebrews the sign representing "13" and that representing "death" were identical. The twelve tribes, too, were said to correspond to the twelve months in the year, but the year held 13 lunar months, and for that reason the number "13" was declared unlucky. Beyond this, however, it is an actuarial truism, founded on the calculation of insurance offices, that out of 13 adult persons, taken indiscriminately, one will probably die within a year.

On the other hand, an eminent gastronomic writer says that it is only unlucky to dine 13 at a table if the food is but sufficient for 12! Fuller refers to this in an anecdote telling how a covetous courier complained to King Edward VI. that Christ's College, Cambridge, was a superstitious foundation consisting of a master and twelve fellows, in imitation of Christ and his twelve Apostles. He therefore advised the King to take away one or two fellowships so as to dissolve that unlucky number. "Oh, no," replied the King, "I have a better way than that to mar their conceit, I will add a thirteenth fellowship to them—" which he accordingly did.

Whatever the reason may really be, the dislike of the number 13 is almost universal. Speaking of superstitions recently, a gentleman who has travelled the world over said that of all the strange beliefs with which he has come in contact the "13" superstition is the most prevalent; and never yet has he seen 13 sit down to a meal without some one rising.

A famous prima donna actually swooned away in the middle of a meal when some one pointed out that the company numbered 13. Actors and artists generally are peculiarly subject to the "13" superstition. A certain notable impresario,

for example, who used to take concert parties and opera companies round the provinces, found that few of his artists (certainly none of the foreigners) would sit down 13 at a table, or occupy room number 13. Probably the most weird and curious of all the numerous stories concerning the 13 at table superstitions is that told in The Life of Sir John Millais, the celebrated painter, by his son. On one occasion Millais was at Birnam Hall, Murthly, with a number of guests, including Matthew Arnold, Miss G. S., and three of his son's old college friends, Edgar Dawson, Arthur Newton, and E. S.

At dinner one day Miss G. S. called attention to the unlucky circumstance that 13 had sat down at the table. She dared not, she said, be one of the 13 after her painful experience on a former occasion, when 13 were present; and Millais, failing to laugh her out of superstition, asked his son to go and dine in the drawing room.

Still the lady was not at ease; she became very anxious and said repeatedly: "I fear some calamity will happen."

When the ladies were about to rise Matthew Arnold observed with a laugh: "Now, Miss S., the idea is that whoever leaves the table first will die within a year; so, with the permission of the ladies, we will cheat the fates once. I and these fine, strong lads," pointing to Edgar Dawson and E. S., "will arise together and I think our united constitutions will be able to withstand the assault of the Reaper."

The three men then rose. The sequel was remarkable. About six months later Matthew Arnold died suddenly of heart disease. Next, E. S. was found dead in bed with an empty revolver by his side. And finally Edgar Dawson, coming home from a trip to Australia, went down in a ship which foundered off the coast of New Guinea. All three deaths happened within a year of the 13 dinner!

No sane person, of course, really believes that if there had been 12 or 14 at that table instead of 13, their deaths would not have occurred. It is difficult, nevertheless, to entirely eliminate the sinister influence of the ill-omened number; and needless to say, a story like that with its tragic sequel does not tend to lessen the number of those who swear by the superstition.

Public men of the first rank, at any rate, are not often influenced by superstitious beliefs. Yet Parnell, one we would have thought the least likely of victims—was a devout believer in this particular taboo. He would never dine 13 at a table, nor occupy a bedroom numbered 13, and when he discovered that the draft of a bill amending the Irish Land Act had 13 clauses he threw it aside, according to the account given by Sir H. Lucy, "as if he had been stung."

"We must change it," said Parnell. "It's too unlucky!" and another clause was added forthwith.

In pre-war days landlords and house agents everywhere found it extremely difficult to let houses numbered 13. As a matter of fact, not so long ago a well-known specialist declined to accept a house in the West end of London because it was labelled with this unlucky num-

ber. How this superstition practically ruined a house and deprived a woman of her method of making a living was strikingly illustrated in the case of a certain London boarding house keeper. The lady rented on a long lease a house which was numbered "13." She had no superstition herself, but soon found that the would-be boarders had.

Lodgers gave notice after stopping with her for a little while, because any misfortune they fell in with was attributed to stopping in a house numbered 13. Other lodgers passed her by.

Accordingly, she changed the number to "12a," but unfortunately omitted to ask the consent of the London City Council first. They insisted that she had no right to change the number of the house. Finally she was compelled to dispose of the lease at a great loss and move elsewhere.

So universal, indeed, was the objection to number 13 during the years just preceding the war that this number disappeared from about 25 per cent. of the streets of the Metropolis, and "12a" appeared in its place. Many hotels have no rooms with the unlucky number, and on board many liners it is conspicuous by its absence from the cabins.

It is the same in many other countries. On the Continent you may search all the hotels without finding a bedroom numbered 13. The unlucky bedroom is numbered, as a rule, "12b," or "12a," which is supposed to make it safe to sleep in. In Italy the Italians expurgate 13 from the numbers in their popular lotteries, and the Turks so dislike it so that the very word is never used. The popular objection to this unpopular number in Austria was so strong that No. 13 boxes in the Imperial Theatre were never let, and all had to be renumbered. In the Austrian hospitals the same prejudice is also apparent, for none of them contain any one of the follow-

ing:—No. 13 ward, No. 13 block, No. 13 staircase, No. 13 bed.

Of course it is only the misfortunes and sinister associations of this evil-omened number that are recorded, though a very interesting field of inquiry lies open to the statistician in connection with the other side of the story. Some people will tell you that instead of 13 being their unlucky number it is actually symbolic of all the good they ever had. Ex-President Wilson is one of those who pin their faith to 13, and that well-known sportsman, the Duke of Portland, has also happy recollections of the luck associated with the same number. He once lived at 13 Grosvenor Place, was married from that house and while he resided there his horses, Ayrshire and Donovan, won the Derby!

**All Serous.**

The Florida beach and blue sky looked inviting to the tourist from the north, but before venturing out to swim he thought to make sure.

"You're certain there are no alligators here?" he inquired of the guide.

"Nossuh," replied that functionary grinning broadly. "Ain't no 'gal'rs hyah."

Reassured, the tourist started out. As the water lapped about his chest he called back:

"What makes you so sure there aren't any alligators?"

"Dey's got too much sense," belatedly the guide. "De sharks done skeered dem all away."—American Legion Weekly.

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