

GRIMSBY AND BEAMSVILLE.

Grape Juice Company at Work—New Raspberry Crop.

Tennis Club Had a Delightful Dance at Grimsby.

Hockey Club Re-organized—Many Social Events Reported.

(Special to the Times.) Beamsville, Nov. 20.—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Waller, Hamilton, were the guests of A. J. and Mrs. McArthur on Thursday.

Quite a few friends of Mrs. Court Thompson, nee Cousc, went up to the city on Friday afternoon to be present at her first reception day.

Mrs. Mackie gave a delightful tea on Tuesday, to say farewell to Mrs. Merrill, who is going back to her home in California after a long visit in this vicinity.

The Social Club's dance next Friday night will be the event of the season. The boys are sparing no pains to make it as successful as any that have gone before.

Mr. E. L. Jemmett left for Wapella, Sask., on Friday night to look over an area of land he has purchased near there.

The Young Ladies' Guild of the Presbyterian Church have a lot of nice things ready for their annual sale of work a week from next Friday night in the school room.

Mrs. Brine and Miss Brine, Bay street, Hamilton, were in town on Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Day has been visiting Mrs. J. L. Swartz in Jerseyville.

Mrs. Wesley Hull, North Seneca, was the guest of her brother, Mr. William Jerome, lately.

The trustees of the Thirty School are filling in the yard around the building with loam, and intend to have a flower garden next season that will be on a par with the Vineland ones. New cement walks are now finished.

Mrs. Scott and Miss Scott, Power Glen, have been visiting old friends ere their departure for their new home in Boston, Mass.

Mr. Marshall starts on his circuit as judge of rat rows next Saturday. The one at Pittsburg comes first.

All the hunters are home from the north. Every one of those who went from here got their complement of deer.

An exodus of six or more left on Wednesday for their homes in the old land.

Joseph Ryckman has returned from the west.

Reeve Jacob Fawell and the Council of the township of Clinton look very much like being returned, by acclamation for their splendid work during the year.

Miss Stallwood, of the public school staff, who has been home on sick leave, has returned to resume her duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Prudhomme have the congratulations of their friends on the arrival of a new jeweler.

Mr. R. O. Howley reports that his elder mill turned out 2,500 gallons of juice last Friday.

Robert Rues, Dayton, O., has been spending a few days with his brother, Cyrus.

Sunday in the churches: St. Alban's, morning, subject, "Caesar or God"; evening, "Gathered Fragments."

Presbyterian—Morning, "The Right Ideal," evening, "The Voice of the People." Methodist—"Why is a Boy Bad" in the morning; "The Value of Purity," in the evening.

Baptist—Rev. Dr. Thomas at both services.

Miss Mabel Green and Mrs. Walter Booth in Enoch Arden, at the Methodist Church on the evening of Tuesday, Nov. 30.

Miss Gray is spending a short time in St. Catharines with Mrs. James Mills.

A number of growers have been picking raspberries in considerable quantities during the past few weeks, though at the present time the strawberry men have not been heard from.

John Ritchie, Lindsay, was home over the week-end.

County Road Superintendent Russ is doing some late and laudable work on the Q. and G. road, just west of the corporation. If conditions make it possible, it is his intention to put the road machine over the stretch inside the municipality once more before the end of the year, and also give the ditch a cleaning job.

A coating of stone on the Tulin hill, a much used portion of this township road, is being favorably received in No. 3 division.

The Randall Grape Juice Company have already contracted for eighty tons of Concord Grapes to start operations in the old Saure Cider Mill at Jordan next fall.

H. V. Groat, A. E. Marshall, Miss Beatty, Miss Sinclair, Dr. Freeman and W. Sinclair were at Winona on Thursday night attending the Tennis Club's dance.

A. B. Tufford is hustling in the real estate line. Buyers are numerous and inquiries for fruit and farm lands are brisk.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Stewart, Clinton Township, were the hosts of a merry party of young people on Wednesday night.

John and Mrs. Amis were in Hamilton on Monday for the funeral of the late Mrs. Burton.

Mr. James Stevens, who is representing one of the large nursery stock companies, and who has only been drumming up trade for the last three or four days, says that growers are putting in very large orders for stock. Especially is this so for peaches, cherries, and currants. The outlook seems to be for an unparalleled planting of fruit stock next spring.

tificial apple boughs, and the sparkle and glitter of the lovely dresses of the elite of the fruit garden made a splendid scene. A very large number of guests were present from Hamilton, Toronto, Grimsby, Beamsville and St. Catharines. Late cars on the H. G. & B. look as many as possible of these to their destinations at an early hour. An innovation, productive of excellent results at this dance, was the buffet luncheon from 10.30 to 12.30 o'clock. Every arrangement was quite in keeping with the club's general order of things, and they are to be congratulated on the splendid success that awarded their various and individual efforts to give their numerous friends a gala evening.

The Guild of St. Andrew's Church have completed arrangements for the oyster supper in the annex of the inn on Tuesday afternoon and evening. The menu will be: Oysters, celery, bread and butter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ball returned from their wedding trip on Wednesday.

A very popular young citizen in the person of Oliver McInch passed away at his home here on Monday at the early age of 22 years. All that time he had practically lived in Grimsby.

For the past year his health had failed and failed until the silent hand relieved him of further pain. In the heyday of hockey he was one of the stalwarts of the team and fought for the glory of the game in many a hard won battle.

He leaves a wife and two little children, besides three brothers. The funeral, which was largely attended, took place on Wednesday afternoon at Queen's Lawn.

St. John's Church, Winona, never fail to have their annual bazaar, and as each season passes it grows bigger and better. The ladies have promised to have something out of the ordinary next Friday in the hall, and are already thinking about the finest line of chicken pies, trays and salads that have ever been laid on a table by their hands.

There was a fairly good attendance at the regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Institute yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Weeks.

"For a Greater Grimsby" is the slogan of those who are fighting against local option. There will be a big meeting to-night in the parlors of the Mansion House to carry out the work of the campaign.

A hockey club has been organized and officers elected as follows: President, John Kerman; Vice-President, Alex. Geddes; Secretary-Treasurer, F. Chapman; Manager, Illa Furry. Arrangements are being made to get the team into one of the lively O. H. A. divisions. There is plenty of good timber in the Grimsby woods for the making of a crack seven, and there is no reason why some good hockey should not be seen here this winter. A winning team will get the support of the community, and with such an up-and-doing list of officials the cry of quits should not be heard.

Yesterday afternoon a Court of Revision for the village voters' list and for those who did not get their names on the regular list so as to entitle them to vote in the local option contest next January was held. Both sides worked like beavers, and it was decidedly the most interesting Court of Revision that ever took place in this municipality. Out of 162 names to be added, the local option people, it is claimed, got on 20 and the anti O. H. W. McInchmont, of Hamilton, acted for the local option people, and G. B. McConachie for the other side. Both factions are now arrayed for the fight, and it will be carried on without ceasing until polling day.

Mr. W. F. Pottinger, local manager of the Bank of Hamilton, is nicely recovered from a rather severe attack of influenza which he had in the latter part of the week.

The manager of Bessie Belle's Boisterous Blondes gathered his company in the dining room of the hotel and said he was glad to see that Mudville had woken up for once. He also announced that the regular list so as to entitle them to vote in the local option contest next January was held.

They turned the water on in the bathroom, and for a moment the gallant firemen faltered. But Hank Pennyfeather roared, "Get in there! Nobody's got to take a bath." And then the rush was terrible: the whole Mudville department making a dash across my face. And that's a thing no one would care to countenance.

The report that Ike Skinner had opened the bar among several firemen in the uniform was to be awarded a drink for heroism caused the entire department to rush back again across my prostrate face. Not a one of them wore a thing on their feet but hobnails. And for a month afterward my face looked as if all the settings had fallen out.

I was just coming to, for I heard the voice of Pennyfeather say, "And this round is on me. Everybody take something," where Abe Coakley, who was the chief, and his force of Mudville, grabbed me by the slack of my pants, and said, "Git out of the fire lines!"

"I was dazed and confused. 'Where' I I go?" I asked.

He told me. But if I had gone there I'd still be inside the fire lines, and I told him so.

This made Abe sore, and he drew me out. He was greeted with cheers, and everybody was under the impression that he had saved my life. Everybody said I ought to give him something. I would have liked to do it, too, but the law was on his side.

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The Mudville Fire Department

(By Roy L. McCardell, in Buffalo Times.)

Mudville had grown to be a big town when fire broke out in the bathroom of Skinner's Palace Hotel.

Bessie Belle's Blondes had played in Town Hall that night, and members of the Mudville fire department rushed immediately to the hotel.

"Save the girls!" was the cry. In that hour of peril the first unselfish thought of all was "Woman first!"

The onrush of the rescuers was so sudden that they choked up the stairway, but this was also because the smoke was very thick.

Finally Ike Skinner, the genial and popular fire-sprocket, appeared and shouted: "If you fellows want rooms here, come up one at a time. And I'll cost you a dollar apiece."

A dollar was a lot of money in Mudville those days, and the rescuers faltered.

Just then a tall female appeared shrieking in the hall at the top of the stairway. She was attired in a rain-coat. This shows what excitement will do, because there were no indications of rain whatever. Hank Pennyfeather was the first to recover his presence of mind.

He rushed up and grabbed the blonde in the raincoat and carried her out.

Lem Dusenberry, assistant foreman of Mudville, No. 1, shouted to his men, "Where's your hose?" And the rescued lady, thinking he was addressing her, said, "Mind your business!" And as soon as she set up her feet she rushed back into the hotel again. This time Peter Mason saved her. But she wouldn't stay saved, and every member of No. 1 made a hero of himself, until finally the tall blonde in the raincoat said: "If you smarties don't let me go back to my room and get my false teeth and puffs and put some more clothes on I'll bite an ear off you! Oh, to think of my being here a defenceless girl without my puffs!"

Modesty forbids me to boast, but, although not a fireman, I was foremost among those who braved the fire demon to save the terrified women. But they refused to be rescued and insisted on walking out. Anyway, they did not look good off the stage, and they were too heavy to carry.

It was now discovered that the fire had started among several firemen in the bathroom, which had been locked since September, when the bathing season ends in Mudville.

It didn't amount to much as a fire, anyway, but the damage by water was terrific. Just as Ike Skinner had burst into the bathroom and stamped out the blaze, the fire engine got its pressure up, and a stream of water struck me and knocked me down.

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CHURCHES TO-MORROW.

Special Services and Special Music.

George Matthews will sing in St. Peter's Church Sunday evening.

In Central Presbyterian Church Rev. W. H. Sedgewick will preach at both services.

Rev. J. Bruce Hunter, of Victoria University, preaches both times at Charlton Avenue Methodist Church to-morrow.

In the evening Miss Ethel Jerome will sing "Twill Not be Long" (Johnson), with chorus by the male quartette, in Knox Church.

Bishop DuMoulin will preach at the morning service of St. Peter's Church. In the evening Rev. J. W. TenEyck will be the main preacher.

Rev. John Young will speak on the "Sin of Sabbath Desecration" to-morrow evening. A brief song service will precede the address.

At Gospel Tabernacle Pastor Philipott will preach in the morning on "Worthless Praying," and in the evening on "The Choice That Makes a Man."

Rev. Dr. Williamson will preach twice in Emerald Street Methodist Church to-morrow. His evening subject will be "Wireless Telegraphy," Special music.

The pastor will preach at both services in Knox Church Sabbath school and Bible classes at 3 p. m. Services at Knox Mission will be conducted by Rev. H. D. Cameron.

At the Men's Own P. S. A. Brotherhood in the First Congregational Church to-morrow afternoon Mr. Sam Landers will be the speaker and Miss Marie Macartie the soloist. Every man welcome.

At Central Methodist Church Rev. I. Tovell, D. D., will preach in the morning. In the evening Rev. Isaac Couch, M. A., B. D., will speak on "What Constitutes a Christian." Attractive singing. All welcome.

At the First Congregational Church to-morrow evening Rev. E. H. Hippen will take for his subject Cousin Kernahan's booklet, "The Child, the Wise Man and the Devil." Seats free, very-body welcome.

Rev. J. V. Smith, D. D., will occupy the pulpit of Centenary Church to-morrow, his morning subject being "The Ideal Life," and the evening "Looking for the Morning." Appropriate musical services by the choir.

At St. Giles' Church the pastor, Rev. J. B. Paulin, will preach at both services. At the morning service Mr. Edward Montgomery will sing "Forever With the Lord," and in the evening Miss Bessie Vallance will sing "Ninety and Nine."

In Victoria Avenue Baptist Church on Sunday morning the pastor will preach the second sermon of the series on the Lord's Prayer, the subject being "The Parental Responsibility of God." In the evening, by special request, the pastor will preach on the subject of "The Great White Throne."

The Rev. M. J. Bieber, M. A., Bishop of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Central Canada, will preach in Trinity English Lutheran Church (Conservatory of Music, at the morning service to-morrow. The evening services will be conducted by Rev. Mr. Miller, Sunday school at 3 p. m. All are welcome. All seats free.

In First Methodist Church the pastor, Rev. E. B. Laneley, will preach at both services. His morning subject will be "Are the Teachings of Jesus Practicable?" At the evening service the fourth sermon of the series, "A Young Man and His Evening," will be preached, dealing with the subject, "An Attractive But Corrupting Stage."

At James Street Baptist Church to-morrow Rev. E. Hooper, M. D., will preach morning and evening. 11 a. m., subject "The All Seeing God," Anthem, "Jesus the Very Thought of Thee," Quartette, "A Dream of Paradise," 7 p. m., subject "The Gospel—An Individual Matter," Solo, "The Light of Heaven's Own Day," Mr. Henderson, Anthem, "Sweet Thy Mercy, Lord."

Ryerson Methodist Church celebrates its first anniversary to-morrow and Monday. Rev. Dr. S. P. Rose, a former beloved pastor of Centenary Church, now of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, will preach at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. The choir will be assisted by Mrs. Geo. Allan. On Monday evening Dr. Rose will lecture in Centenary Church, and Mr. Hewlett will give an organ recital and musical programme. The proceeds will be in aid of Ryerson building fund.

A Beacon Hill Conspiracy. The Appleton twins were holding a conclave in the library of their home on Beacon Hill. They were born intriguers. This tendency probably came to them through the French ancestry of their mother, and was happily directed to altruistic ends by reason, no doubt, of the philanthropic strain in the paternal pedigree, which was traced to the City of Brotherly Love.

The subject before the meeting was the sad case of their grown-up sister, Lily.

"She is growing awfully touchy; positively cross sometimes, and since Cedric was born she cries a good deal. It's dreadful!"

"Yes, I know it. Cedric was the last drop in the bucket. He was the only one of Arthur's presents she didn't send back."

"Oh, dear! Just think of engaged people quarrelling over politics. I guess if I were engaged to any one so splendid as Arthur I wouldn't mind if he was a Democrat."

"Well, you know he did say horrid things about our party, and papa in the Legislature, too. But after he apologized I should think she might have forgiven him. She cares for him terribly, I know. But she is so proud, and he is so proud, that neither of them will begin making up first."

"Well, we must do something! Do we dare write him a letter and sign Lily's name to it?"

"Horrors, no! That's forgery. Besides, Lily would never forgive us. She started up suddenly one day and she started up with a cry of delight. 'I have it!' she exclaimed. 'Austin Dobson's 'Au Revoir.' We won't have to commit forgery and we can write a letter!'"

Eagerly searching the book shelves she triumphantly brought down a pale green volume with the counterfeit presentment of a golden harp on the cover.

"At the Sign of the Lyre." Just read this, turning the leaves excitedly until she read the poem she wanted.

During the next hour suppressed shrieks of mirth might have been heard emanating from the library, and finally two young girls, dressed exactly like in navy blue serge, deposited two letters in the green post-box on the lamp post at the corner.

Arthur Fairfax rose irritably from his unfinished breakfast. His irritability dated from the receipt some months

back of an express package containing, among other valuable articles, a solitaire diamond ring.

"What is that infernal barking?" he demanded, dreading to the front door. A dainty English terrier came wriggling delightedly into the hall.

"Why, Cedric," exclaimed the young man, in surprise, "By Jove! If she hasn't lost the dog, too! Talk about cold-bloodedness!"

The little dog was leaping and barking with the joy of finding his old friend. A frayed piece of rope dangled about his neck.

While Arthur, with bitter thoughts, was untying the clumsy leash, the postman left the morning mail. A letter for Arthur read as follows:

"If you will be at the Gardner Brewer fountain by the Park street mall Saturday morning at 9.30 you may meet the lady who is most in your thoughts. Don't miss it. From a friend."

"What impudent meddling is at work here, I wonder," said Arthur, as he read. "But in spite of his disgust, as his way to his office led him up to Beacon street, Arthur could not resist straying along the elm-shaded mall in the direction of the fountain mentioned. The happy Cedric tugged at the end of a leash, befitting his beauty and pedigree. Arthur's heart pounded violently as he recognized the outlines of the young lady standing by the low iron railing, apparently studying the pleasant family in bronze resting placidly at the base of the graceful fountain. This was before the sanctity of the Common was invaded by subways and few people wandered from the principal malls to this quiet spot. Cedric had broken away and was capering about the lady, who caressed him with delight. She looked up and saw the gloomy young man approaching with extreme diffidence. For a moment only she paused, then walked impulsively toward him, holding out her hand.

"How good of you!" she said, with shining eyes, Arthur was loth to deny the virtue thus attributed to him, though he knew the commendation to be unmerited. He eagerly took the extended hand.

"How did you think of such a funny way to return Cedric, asked Lily, as soon as words seemed appropriate.

"How did you happen to be here?" enquired her lover.

The girl's brows contracted as she produced a letter. Arthur read: