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J. A. HACKING,

LISTOWEL, ONT.

Retrospect of Life.

Autobiography of Rev. E. St. Yates.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

I TAUGHT no ecclesiastical polity, but Christ as the Saviour of the world. I delivered that year nearly four hundred sermons, addresses, etc., in different parts of western Ontario. But the business was not a success, it needed more strict personal supervision than I could give. Then I travelled a short time for a New York firm, but I knew little of business and cared still less. Three months were now spent in hard reading and deciding upon my future line of action. This was no easy matter, as I plainly saw my whole future depended in a very real way upon developments of causes which would necessarily be started in action through my decision. I was still young, just turned nineteen, but apparently a good deal older. Indeed, I was at that time often taken for thirty. The money I had earned in England was gone and I had made none in Canada. The resolve never to accept anything from home was still as strong as ever in my mind, and I have faithfully kept it to this day.

I HAVE NEVER SINCE THE AGE OF 12 RECEIVED \$5 FROM HOME,

or from any other source that was not honestly and hard earned either by my pen, my tongue, or my hands. At length a course presented itself, and being satisfied as to its claims, yet I saw at first no means of reducing it within the limits of practicability. The scheme was, to go to New York city and complete my education in the University of the city of New York, but I had not sufficient cash to pay travelling expenses even, and what was to become of me were I to arrive, penniless and friendless in that most busy city, so absorbed in its own greed, so forgetful in the rush of the many, of the needs of one poor, solitary individual. But had not my life been from its early youth one continual struggle against difficulties, had not every step gained been attended with suffering privation and pain, what if to-morrow was a vague doubt, had not yesterday been an impenetrable mystery until illumined by the light of today, I determined to go. It was the latter part of the summer, but lovely weather. The distance (as the crow flies) about six hundred miles. This did not appal me, life for me all through had been full of inscrutable motives. Over my young head had ever hung mysteries, and on my shoulder an almost intolerable burden of care and anxiety had been carried from my boyhood. And again that stubborn determination so characteristically English, came to my relief. So after a sleepless night I rose early one beautiful Friday morning, and packed my knapsack and took my gun.

I STARTED OUT ON FOOT WITH A HEAVY HEART TOWARDS NEW YORK CITY

at 7:45, sad and lonely. I walked steadily about four miles down the G. T. R. track from Woodstock as far as a small village called Eastwood, then climbed over the fence and took the stone road, the same I believe that runs from London to Hamilton. After I had walked about twelve miles I came to a cheese factory, on the boundary line between Oxford and Brant counties, where I regaled myself with milk. Then through Cathart village, which brought painful recollections to my mind, as I had an aunt married to a wealthy gentleman of this name in London, England, living in Westminster Road, then on through the village of Burford, which is a centre for young Englishmen sent to this country to learn farming. I suppose there are nearly a hundred of such in and around this village, not one of whom is without a history. The road between this and the city of Brantford lays through a beautiful country and the scenery for Canada is very fair. I arrived in Brantford about four in the afternoon, which made about thirty miles for the first day. I had tasted nothing since leaving Woodstock. I stayed that night with a Mr. Somerville, whose guest I had often been when preaching in the city on former occasions. I rose about seven the next morning and had breakfast, then started out.

At first you will readily believe I was stiff and tired. After a few hours brisk walking this passed off and I arrived at the pretty village of Cainville, and finally arrived at Ancaster about noon. This to my mind is the prettiest nook in Canada, so beautifully situated among the hills. I paid a flying call to my friend Mr. Clark, the rector of the village, then pushed on down the hill in the direction of Hamilton, which city began to loom up in the distance. The scenery around here is fine, it reminded me so of my beloved Kentish hills in my native land. But the stern necessities of that time dispersed any pensive reflections that under other and kinder circumstances might have taken more definite shape. The stage passed me about half way up the hill going into Hamilton, and being tired I jumped in and rode as far as the corner of James and King streets. This was about five o'clock on Saturday evening. I had rich friends in the city, but was too proud to call on them, and pushed on, taking the main road running along the base of the mountain to the town of Grimsby. I had walked about two miles, when a wagon came along, I got in and rode, but it was so dusty that in a few minutes I was white with dust. I travelled in this way about two miles when they left the main road and as a consequence left me. I walked about two miles, then got another ride to Winona, a small village on the lake, about twelve miles from Hamilton. Then I got another lift in a democrat with a farmer returning from market, which took me nearly to Grimsby. I had some supper here, the first I had since leaving Brantford. And what I am about to pen I hope will be judged with charitable eyes, considering yourselves what you would do were you placed in similar circumstances. I went down to the station and boarded an empty freight car going east on a mixed train, and had got about four miles down the track when they stopped the train and put me off in the midst of a swamp, not a light to be seen and some dangerous bridges between me and Grimsby. However, with that determination which admits of no defeat, I started to trudge back to Grimsby, where I arrived for the second time about 12 p.m. There was another freight in readiness to start, so, nothing daunted, I boarded another car (this time an empty coal car) and was unmolested as far as Merriton, where I slept the remainder of the morning on the station floor. The morning dawned at last. It was Sunday and raining in torrents. I spent about the last I had to get a breakfast in the hotel. Then set out down the G. T. R. track. I had not walked half a mile before I was drenched to the skin, not a stitch remained dry. I now passed under the Welland canal, and after I had emerged on the other side, went up the steep and now slippery bank and saw some beautiful boats in the locks, about two miles along the line beyond this, I saw and examined a natural gas well by the side of the track. About noon

I ARRIVED AT SUSPENSION BRIDGE, and after a rest in the station crossed over to the American side. I had an engagement to preach that night at the town of Sanborn, about eleven miles into the state of New York. Tired as I was and drenched to the skin I had to forget these physical encumbrances and start to walk. I was accompanied by the first half of the distance by an intelligent young Indian, of whom there is a large reserve near Niagara Falls, N. Y. I arrived at Sanborn about five p.m. and went at once to Rev. Mr. Brace, and that night, notwithstanding my clothes yet wet and steaming, preached to a very large congregation. I slept that night with Rev. Mr. Brace and after breakfast and family prayer next morning started off again down the New York Central track. About noon I arrived at the city of Lockport, eleven miles distant from Sanborn. The Catholic element is strong here. Altogether it is one of the handsomest of the smaller cities I have seen in America. I stayed here several hours. The locks on the Erie Canal here (from which the city derives its name) are numerous and very remarkable. One sees a great diversity, of which there is a great lack in American life, around these city locks, and hears some choice provincialism. I thought I would prefer riding on a canal boat for a few miles to walking, and running up on to a high bridge crossing the canal I jumped down on the flat deck (a distance of about thirty feet, I cared for nothing in those days) and rode slowly down the canal through the pretty little towns of Orangeport, Gasport, down as far as Middleport, where we arrived about half past seven p.m. Stayed here all night. Started off next morning about nine o'clock. Got a ride with a farmer for about two miles. He was an old German and a comical old fellow. Walked about 3 miles to a village called Shelby's Basin. Tired and weary I walked along the track to the beautiful little city of Medina. I was then lucky enough to get a ride for about three miles, then walked several more to Knolesville, then trudged along to Eagle Harbor, and got on a canal boat again to Hulberton, through Albion and Murray by the way, past lots of stone quarries worked almost exclusively by Swedish laborers. I walked from Hulberton after dark through a lonely wood to the town of Holly. Stopped here at the Mansion House hotel very tired and footsore, ankles very much swollen and feet altogether very much inflamed. No dinner again this day. I left Holly about half past seven the next morning and walked down the track five miles to the city of Brockport, a city which has beautiful public buildings built of brown stone. Then I walked five more to Adams' Basin, three more to Spencerport, then along my weary way to South Greece, then eight more along the dusty road to the city of Rochester. Had a meal at a farm house by the way. I walked along through the

BEAUTIFUL CITY OF ROCHESTER, down what is in my estimation the handsomest avenue in America—East Avenue. I went on three more miles

to the suburb of Brighton. Spoke here that night in the Presbyterian church. The minister in charge was a Mr. McColl, from Canada. I started out on foot again in the morning, but could hardly walk at all, my feet were raw and limbs all swollen.

I now took a trip west through the state of Michigan, up Lake Michigan, and through the state of Wisconsin. The greater part of the way I had the pleasure of accompanying his Lordship the Bishop of Western Michigan, Rev. Dr. Gillespie, who is a good type of an American bishop, learned yet humble, not only a father in matters ecclesiastical, but truly a brother. We stayed in the

CITY OF MILWAUKEE,

at the celebrated Plankinton House, one of the finest in the world. Some of the Episcopal churches here are very fine, especially New St. Paul's, where there are the finest windows west of New York. I now assisted at one of the Detroit city churches for a few weeks, when I again applied myself to reading, and spent some time in one of the great Jesuit universities.

And now I am drawing near the time

I CAME TO ATWOOD.

Why I came I know not. I had the offer of a larger place, but seemed drawn to Atwood. I accepted and came. You know the ultimate development. I gave you the best I had (of course that best has necessarily to be adapted to your capacities). I tried to be true to all of you; I do not know of a single unkind action toward any of you. If I was guilty of such, forgive me, I did not mean it. I was not often in your homes, but that was your fault more than mine. I didn't think my presence was appreciated there, perhaps I was mistaken, but I thought this and acted accordingly. I thank you all for your kindness. I have moved among grander halls, but I have never moved among kinder hearts. I have lived with greater minds, but never with kinder spirits. There are characters in Atwood in the Anglican Catholic faith who would grace any church, city or country. I thank them for their kindness again. And now I have closed this brief sketch of my own life, and having done so I offer it to you as a memorial of my affection and gratitude to you, my parishioners, who have been so faithful to me; who have been so sensitive of my needs; who have been so indulgent to my failings; who have supported me through so many heavy trials; who have grudged me no sacrifice if I asked for it. With whom I lived so happily and with whom I could cheerfully have stayed to die. And you, especially, dear wardens, who were so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender; who have let me lean so hard upon you, who have never thought of yourselves when I was in question. And in you I gather up and bear in memory those other familiar, affectionate companions and co-workers who in Atwood were given to me, one after another, to be my solace and my daily relief. And all those others, outside the pale of Catholicity, of loving heart and affectionate spirit, who were my thorough friends and showed me true attachment; and I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope that all of us who were once so united and so happy in our union may even now be brought, at length, by the power of the Divine will, into one fold and under one Shepherd.

Yours sincerely,
ERNEST ST. YATES.

Woodstock, May 15, 1891.

NOTE BY ED.—We omit a portion of the autobiography referring to the writer's arrival in New York; street preaching and mission work among the masses; his severe illness brought on by over-work and exposure, and which compelled him to abandon his University studies and return to Woodstock; his call to the pastorate of the Tilbury church, and ministerial work in Forest, Blenheim, etc. We omit this portion of his life believing that its publication would be of little or no interest to our readers.

Queen's Birthday in Mitchell.

Never in the history of Mitchell was Her Majesty's birthday more royally observed than it was on Monday, May 25th, and the congratulation of our citizens are due to the Sporting Association, which had the matter in hand, for the unparalleled and splendid success of the days sports. The following are the prize winners in the athletic games:

100 yards race—1st, R. Wiggins, Mitchell; 2nd, W. Folland, Exeter.

200 yards—1st, Wiggins; 2nd, Folland.

¼ mile—1st, Wiggins; 2nd, H. Tindall, Sebringville; 3rd, D. Laidlaw, Tuckersmith.

½ mile—1st, Tindall; 2nd, Turnbull, Logan; 3rd, Laidlaw.

Farmers' race, ten entries—W. McLaren, Hibbert.

Fat man's race—1st, S. Steve, Monkton; 2nd, Fitzgerald, Hibbert.

Potato race—1st, W. Collins, Stratford; 2nd, E. Dinnon, Lumley.

Three legged race—1st, Tyndall and Laidlaw; 2nd, Wynn and Folland.

Boys race, under 10 years—1st, A.M. Brown; 2nd, Hawkins.

Boys race, under 14 years—1st, Harry Larkworthy; 2nd, J. Balkwell.

Throwing base ball—1st, McDonald, Hensall; 2nd, O'Brien.

Standing jump—1st, Chas. Wynn, 2nd, J. Struthers.

Running jump—1st, Eacrett, Exeter; 2nd, Wynn.

Running hop, step and jump—1st, Wynn; 2nd, P. McNaughton.

Running high jump—1st, Eacrett; 2nd, Wynn.

Putting stone—1st, Wm. Moray; 2nd, McNaughton.

The receipts at the gate amounted to \$417, and at the Opera Hall, \$127.

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—SECURES—

THE ATWOOD BEE

From Now to Jan. 1, 1892

Business Directory.

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J. R. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M., Graduate of McGill University, Montreal. Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Office—Opposite THE BEE office. Residence—Queen street; night messages to be left at residence.

L. E. RICE, M. D., C. M.

Trinity University, Toronto; Fellow by examination of Trinity Medical College, Toronto; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Michigan; special attention given to the Diseases of Women and Children. Office and residence, next door to Mader's store, Atwood. Office hours: 10 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 2:30 p.m., and every evening to 8:30.

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