

**Why I Left the Masons.**

Want to know why I left the Masons. Well, I'll tell you, and I rather think you would leave too, if you got into such a scrape as I did.

Years ago, when I first joined, I was very particular in my attendance at the lodge meetings, much to the disgust of my wife, who with the whole family, was continually quizzing me about our doings at our meetings, and upon my asserting the riding of the goat was a part of my business, she insisted on knowing all the particulars about the animal, until, to silence her, I said I would bring him home and shoot him. Of course I never intended to keep my promise, but an unlucky fate ruled otherwise.

One evening about ten o'clock, as I was plodding home from the lodge, I heard in advance of me a continuous and pathetic bleating, and I soon came up with a large goat standing upon the walk who had evidently lost his bearings, wandering away, and being in great grief, was crying—"I want to go home."

I never liked goats, and my first impulse was to kick this one (and I've always regretted I didn't do it) but the mournful tone of his voice created a little sympathy for him in my breast, and I patted him kindly on the head and went on. But the goat followed close at my heels, and although I glanced him, his house did not see his that way but probably down the street we had just crossed, he persisted. As we approached my home, I more earnestly remonstrated with him on his folly, and finally persuaded him by going with him, and constantly patting him on the rear with the toe of my boot, to return one block. I was much out of breath myself, and I said to the goat, "Now old fellow, sit down on the curb and rest yourself, you're tired. I'll be back in a minute—just want to go round the corner"—and I started on the run, but in a moment the goat was at my heels. I reached home, departed up the steps, opened the door, and with a feeling of relief stepped in, when to my horror through my legs into the hall bounded that goat with a triumphant bleat that echoed through the upper halls and chambers, awakening the whole household. The hall lamp was burning brightly, but the stairway all was dark, and I saw that everything was arranged for the special convenience of guests from above.

The goat had retired to the further end of the hall and stood facing me; occasionally bleating, but as I began to be somewhat exercised in my mind about then, I cannot say whether the tone were those of triumph and ridicule or of defiance. Whatever they were, I declared war at once, and made for the goat, who knew that I meant business, and he met halfway with a blow from his head which staggered me, following it by another and another, till I began to imagine myself a fortress assaulted by a small bettering ram, and about to yield to the enemy. When he had driven me back to the stairs, he reverted to his position at the other end of the hall, and again faced me.

"Round No. 1.—First hit for the goat," came past my ears from aloft, and as I cast my eyes upward a peal of laughter came tearing down the stairs, and I could just perceive a crowd hanging over the banisters of both flights, which I knew full well was made up of my wife, children, a waggish young friend, who lived with us, two visitors and the servants, a full audience in the dress circle, looking down into the pit to see the fun.

"Oh, Pa's brought home the goat," said one of the children. "Yes, and he's practicing with it," said another. "What degree is this performance in?" asked the wife. "Glad we didn't go to the theatre to-night," chimed in one of my visitors.

"Time, time," shouted my young friend from the upper tier, and I thought so too, and I went for the second round.

But now I changed my tactics. I advanced slowly, keeping close to the wall, and endeavored to get behind the beast, thinking I would try the pats on his rear with my boots again, in hopes they would calm him and persuade him to retire as they had done before our doors; but he evidently objected to my "change of base," and once more "charged home" upon me.

This time I caught him by the horns, and the struggle commenced in earnest. The goat lifted up his voice in loud protestations, of foul play, and I opened my mouth and gave utterance to hopes and wishes in regard to goats in general, and this one in particular, which it might not be proper to repeat here, as I had my hands so full at the time that I could not give my thought and attention to the selection of elegant words and expressions which usually characterize my conversation. I finally said, "you brute, you won't go out, ha! ha!" and he butted, and he was the strongest butter I ever met with—so strong, that in spite of my holding on by the horns, he spread himself all over the hall, so thoroughly stirring me up that I lay down to recover my equanimity, at which the goat suggested a series of grand gambolings, which he went through with honor, to ourselves and the great satisfaction of the delighted audience—and at the end of which

I picked myself up from the floor, sat on the stairs and saw the goat regaining his corner at the end of the hall giving a victorious bleat as he did so.

"Round No. 2.—First knock down for the goat," came from aloft, an outbreak of cheers followed. "Get on the goat and ride it me," cried one of the little children. "Oh, yes, do, pa," shouted another, "that will be so nice."

"Don't you need a saddle, dear?" said my wife. "Won't that do?" Human nature could stand it no longer. I was furious, and sprang to the animal regardless of time and situation. He also started for me under full sail, and as we closed, I sprung high into the air with legs wide apart, and his head and neck passing under me, I lit square on his back, seized his short tail, giving it a twist, and at the same time, to make all even, gave my legs a twist under him. I felt that I was getting the best of it this time, and I gave the tail an extra twist, I shouted, "Now goat!" but he must have understood me to say, "how go it," for away he went up and down that hall backwards and forwards, the goat wild and I nearly so, but beginning rather to enjoy my ride as I heard the laughing and cheers of the spectators, and knew they were for me this time, and especially when, through all the chorus of shouts, I heard the commendatory words of my wife. "Don't he ride nice for a now beginner?"

At this point the goat, disgusted either with the use he was being put to, or the peculiar curve I was getting on his tail, bolted out the door, and as he did so I let go, rolling off. I sprang up and shut the door just as the goat, having turned the step, charging upon me again, and came with his whole force crushing against one of the panels of the door, which he split, but from the noise outside I judged the concussion threw him down on the step, and extorted from him a loud bleat of mingled despair and contemptuous indignation.

"Round No. 3.—Goat flung out of the ring!" came down stairs and my wife commenced singing: "See the Conquering Hero come," with the chorus by the whole company.

For some time I had a tender spot which my chair greatly interfered with, and I was invariably saddest when I sat. A charge for "bleat" appeared in my grocery bill, which my wife said was for the goat, although I had used it for poultices. Batteries opened upon me every lodge night, and at last I could stand it no longer, and effected a compromise by giving up the lodge and remaining at home at night. Our compromise has been faithfully kept, and I advise all Masons, no matter how important their wives may be in their curiosity about the goat, never to attempt to bring him home to gratify it, or they may repent it as I did.

A clergyman, who was annoyed by the squeaking shoes of his parishioners, remarked that some people had "too much music in their soles."

"Patrick, you fool, what makes you steal after the rabbit when the gun's not loaded?" "Hush, me darlint, the rabbit don't know that."

"The tune I like best," said a lady, as she started on a shopping excursion, "is the 'Sweet Buy and Buy.' I could keep that up all day long."

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1877. SPRING. 1877.  
**M'LEOD, ANDERSON & CO.,**  
GEORGETOWN.

Take pleasure in announcing to their customers and the public that they have received and opened out for sale the largest, finest, and best assorted stock of DRY GOODS, MILLINERY and MANTLES, CLOTHING, TWEEDS, HATS and CAPS, &c., in this section of the Dominion.

We have ransacked the markets of the world and think that we can suit every one who wants to buy good Goods, cheap. Ladies, we have all the new leading colors and styles in Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, Black Silks, Colored Silks, Poplins, Matelasses, Cashmeres, Persian and Oriental Fabrics, Grenadines, Percales, &c., with trimmings and Buttons to match. Prints an immense variety. Our Millinery and Mantle Department has been entirely reorganized and improved, it is well worth your trouble to call and see our magnificent stock of Stylish Millinery.

ORDERED CLOTHING.—We have the latest styles and patterns direct from the mills. Gents, if you want a really superb fitting suit at a moderate price, call and see our stock of Tweeds, Coatings, &c., we cannot fail to suit you. Hats and Caps, Gents Furnishings, &c., a splendid stock, very cheap.

Our Staple Department has had our very best attention, having bought our Cottons, Tickings, Shirtings, &c., last December when Cotton Goods were so very low, we can offer and are selling goods less than we can buy them to-day. Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, Lace Curtains &c., and House Furnishing Goods of all kinds. Housekeepers you should call and see our splendid stock of Carpets, etc.

Boots and Shoes.—We are this season selling very cheap and keep a very fine assortment on hand. We propose to sell everybody who has any money to lay out this spring, the very best of Goods at the very lowest bottom prices. We would return our thanks for the very large and increasing patronage hitherto so liberally bestowed upon us, and we are prepared to sell Goods cheaper than ever for Cash only.

**M'LEOD, ANDERSON & Co.,**  
April 8, 1877. MAMMOTH HOUSE, GEORGETOWN.

**SPRING HAS COME.**  
AND WITH IT  
**Immense Quantities of New Goods**  
FOR THE LION.

Our new purchases are coming forward from the Old Country by every steamer. Already we have  
**THE LARGEST,**  
**BEST ASSORTED**  
**AND CHEAPEST**  
**STOCK OF DRY GOODS**

West of Toronto.  
This is no empty brag, but sober truth—"which nobody can deny." Our aim has been, and always will be, to keep up the reputation that  
**The Lion is the Cheapest Store in Ontario.**

As an instance we may mention  
FOR THE  
Crompton's Celebrated Adjustable Corset,  
We have just received another lot which we are selling at 87 1/2 cents. This we guarantee to be the genuine article, and exactly the same as that for which others are charging One Dollar.  
Our whole stock is equally cheap. Come and inspect  
Our Dress Goods,  
Our Silks, plain and Fancy,  
Our Cottons,  
Our Prints,  
Our Clothing,  
Our Carpets,  
Our Millinery, etc

And in every branch you will find our prices fully 20 per cent lower than any other house.  
Ask for our New York 12 1/2 cent Dress Goods; very stylish; the new colors.  
Do not forget the  
**SPECIAL NOTICE,**  
**Dressmaking Branch.**  
We have the best Dressmaker in Canada, and our charges are lower than any other House.

**REMEMBER OUR CARPETS.**  
We have a larger stock of Brussels Carpets, Tapestry Carpets, Wool Carpets, than all the other Stores in Guelph put together.  
Herd Times are never felt by those who deal at The Lion.

**J. D. WILLIAMSON & CO.**  
Guelph, April 3, 1877.

**EAST END CLOTHING STORE.**

The undersigned in tendering their sincere thanks to their numerous patrons for the liberal support with which they have been favored in the past as members of the late firm of Dickson & McNab, would beg leave to call attention to their

**SPRING STOCK,**  
Which this year is larger and better assorted than ever, comprising a large assortment of

**TWEEDS—Scotch, English and Domestic Manufacture.**  
The patterns are the choicest in the market. Our stock in

**HATS AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS**  
Is well assorted and at low prices.

*Cottons, Prints, and Staple Dry Goods*  
at prices that cannot fail to satisfy everybody. We respectfully invite an inspection of our goods.

**FYFE & McNAB.**  
Acton, April 17, 1877.

**W. STEWART & CO**  
Have commenced opening their  
**New Spring Importations**  
And in a few days will show the finest stock of  
**FIRST CLASS GOODS**  
submitted for inspection in Guelph. Special efforts have been made to show the newest

*Dress Goods,*  
*Spring Jackets,*  
*Mantles,*  
*Costumes,*  
*Kid Gloves,*  
*Hosiery,*  
*Laces,*  
*Lace Curtains,*  
*Sheetings, and*  
*Mourning Goods.*

**OUR COTTONS**  
were all contracted for before the recent advance. Customers will have the benefit.  
**Gents' Department.**  
In Cloths and Tweeds,  
Dress Shirts,  
Ties, Collars, etc.,  
Stock of Felt Hats,  
Are particularly inviting in styles and price.

**WM. STEWART & CO.**  
Guelph, March 6, 1877.

**THE FREE PRESS PRINTING HOUSE.**  
To Merchants and other Business Men in Acton, as well as throughout the County, the Free Press is an invaluable Advertising Medium.  
Our Unrivalled Facilities for Executing all kinds of  
**BOOK AND JOB PRINTING**  
Enable us to turn out work equal to anything done in the cities.

**SECORD BROS.,**  
ACTON

**NEW GOODS!**  
JUST RECEIVED,  
FOR THE

**SPRING TRADE**  
Bought Low, and will be  
Sold at Prices never Heard of Before

**Barrels**  
Of White and Refined Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Vinegar, Oat Meal, Corn Meal, New Currants, Prunes, Coal Oil, Boiled Oil, Raw Oil, Spirits of Turpentine, Varnish, Japans, etc.

**Kegs**  
Of Prunes, Soda, Red Lead, White Lead, Colors of all kinds, etc.

**Cases, Boxes, Caddies and Sacks**  
Of Biscuits, Confectionery, Spices, Starch, Canned Fruit, Fish, etc., Tobaccos, Cigars, Raisins, Cheese, Soaps, Candles, Washing Crystals, Pickles, Jams, Jellies, Matches, etc.

**Chests, Caddies and Boxes**  
Of Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Japan and Black Teas ranging in price from 10¢ and upwards. The best value in the county.

Acton, March 14, 1877. **SECORD BROS.**

Prepare for the Wet Weather  
**GET A PAIR OF NEW BOOTS**  
**CRaine & SON**  
Have now in stock a splendid assortment of  
**BOOTS AND SHOES**  
Suitable for the Spring Season.

All Sizes and Styles from the very best makers  
**PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST**  
Special Attention Given to Ordered Work  
Repairing Promptly Attended to.

Acton, March 13, 1877. **CRaine & SON**