

ditional Locals

Chox travelling agent for... for several days last week...

regular meeting of the... held in the assembly of the Normal school on...

thorst Herald is published... to the Grenfell Sun...

Brown who went to the... with Mr. Scott, has re-

missioner of immigration... is anxious to ascertain...

aylor, inspector for the... Berkbeck Building Invest-

Commissioner Lawson re-... despatch yesterday from...

Court of the Independent... held their first in the...

PROMOTIONS

April 9.—Announcement is... of the well deserved pro-

Junget, who has for... been in charge at York-

Macdonald, of White... to be an inspector.

THE MUSKOKA POVERTY

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THE GIANT OF CASTLE RUIN

A FAIRY STORY FOR THE BOYS

BY EUGENIE OLEUGH

(Written for THE WEST)

Once upon a time, long long ago, on so long ago that even the oldest inhabitant can't remember when, there lived a little boy who was a great deal of trouble to his parents.

He never wanted to learn his lessons and grow up to be a wise man; he never wanted to run an errand for his mother or to be of any little help to his father by carrying fagots to their cottage or helping him cut wood in the forest; he never wanted to do anything at all, except lie in the shade and sleep, or catch bugs and flies and pull their legs and their wings off, for he was a very, very cruel bad boy, as all boys are; never want to learn, or to help people in any way. His name was Laziness, but they called him Lazy for short, because "Laziness" was quite a long name sometimes when his mother wanted him in a hurry; but she might just as well have taken her time because Lazy would never hurry, not the least little bit.

So it went on like this for a long time; and of an evening after they had had their frugal supper of porridge and brown bread and cheese for they were quite poor and could not have many nice things to eat, the father and mother of Lazy would sit by the fire and talk and wonder what on earth they could ever do to make a good smart boy out of Lazy.

Now at the other end of the little village there was another family with a boy about the size and age of Lazy whose name was Dontcare.

Now Dontcare was almost if not quite as bad a boy as Lazy. They played together a great deal, and his parents could not make him learn anything useful at all. They would buy him neat, good clothes, but he never had them good or neat very long. He would get them dirty and then he would not care enough to brush them; if he saw any mud or water in the street he would walk right through it instead of around it and then would not clean or polish his shoes, and as to his face and hands he never kept them nice and clean. So really he was just as bad in every way as Lazy and they were the worst two boys in the village.

All the other parents had them as bad examples for their own children and would warn them against being like Lazy and Dontcare.

away. They hurried off because the brook kept saying "ker-splash, ker-splash," "come in, come in" and it and it sounded so much like the water in their mothers' tubs that they were afraid they would have to take a bath, so they ran as fast as they could go till they couldn't hear the pretty little brook any longer. They ate some more berries which grew plentifully along the way, and after a while, as they walked on and on, chasing strange birds and new, glittering butterflies, they came to the edge of a hill. Here they stopped and looked down. They wondered what road that was, they had never seen it before. How nice it looked; how easy, not a single hill to climb; in fact it looked one lovely, broad, all-down-hill itself. If one slipped why he'd get to the bottom all the faster, no trouble at all. So they decided they would go down this road after resting at the bottom of a big tree for a while, for Laziness was sitting down and hated to get up just yet.

While Lazy was lying on the grass and Dontcare was throwing stones at a little green toad that was winking and blinking at him, they heard a rustle in the trees overhead. Looking up they saw a queer looking creature that looked very solemnly at them. Their hearts gave a queer little thump; not fear exactly, but a kind of little pain in it. They remembered feeling that same little pain once or twice before, but it was always when they were going to do something very wrong.

"Hello, Lazy and Dontcare! What are you doing here?" said the queer looking creature.

"Nothin'," said Lazy.

"Well you are always doing that; so I am not surprised," answered it; "whatever it was," said Dontcare for "He just came," said Dontcare for somehow he had to say something.

"We wanted to go somewhere," we didn't care where. We are tired stayin' at home and bein' told to do things and keep clean like those other fellows have to. Who are you anyhow?"

"I am Conscience, and I live here!" "I don't see where you live!" "I don't see no house."

"Well my house is invisible, like I am; only when I want to be seen. But you shouldn't say 'I don't see no house,' that is bad grammar; you know that rule about two negatives making an affirmative?"

But no, of course you don't; you don't care anyway. Yes, I am Conscience and this is my house; right here at the beginning of the road to Ruin. I've been to see you and Lazy several times. You always knew when I came, but you could not see me. I have not been to see you for quite a while now; because you got so you didn't pay any attention to me; and I don't go where I am not wanted. I call on all the little girls and boys, and when they treat me nicely I call on them every day; and by and by I give them nice things; and when they are always good to me I take Happiness and Contentment, who are both very dear friends of mine, and they take many of their richest gifts, for they own everything that is worth having and they have got enough to give everybody in the world."

But somehow, the voice of Conscience disturbed both Lazy and Dontcare. She spoiled all the fun, she did not look at all pretty to them; she looked all dwarfed and crooked, and they were half afraid of her. They put their fingers to their ears so they could not hear her; but that didn't matter. Why how funny it was? Here must be a fairy voice because they could hear just the same, so as it made Lazy tired to hold his hands up, he unstopped his ears and tried not to listen, and Dontcare was so impolite that he even whistled so as he couldn't hear, but that didn't make any difference either. Now Conscience is a very peculiar person. When she begins talking she is going to have "her say out" no matter what happens. Then she was in her own house so she had a right to talk if people didn't listen it was their own fault.

"Now Lazy" she was saying, "you and Dontcare had better turn right around and go back home. You ought to be ashamed to leave your parents like this. Don't you know that you are on the road to Ruin? Well maybe you don't, but you are. Now you have heard about the awful road to ruin; and the giant Destruction that lives at the end of it. It looks nice, I must confess; for the Giant keeps it all very beautiful especially the first part of it, but after you get away down it, it is almost impossible to get back. And you, Lazy and you Dontcare would never get back, because you would never will try to overcome the least little difficulty. So I warn you, do not go! For the Giant Destruction will surely destroy you, and destroy you in the most hideous and horrible manner. Gosh mind what Conscience tells you; go back home, try to be good boys and I will help you."

By this time the voice of Conscience was falling on deaf ears. The two boys were gazing down the road with its trees and flowers, its fountains of waters that sparkled and bubbled like the wine they had seen a gentleman drink at the tavern. And look at the beautiful fruit that hung on the trees within easy reach. Oh, Conscience and old croakers could talk about the "awful road to Ruin" because they hadn't been there, but the road was lovely, nothing awful about it, and they meant to go. So while the voice of Conscience grew fainter and fainter as if she were fading away, Lazy and Dontcare started, hand in hand, down the hill on the road to ruin.

gence of the Giant Destruction. Their poor parents never heard of them again; people often wondered what became of them. Nobody but Conscience knows and she will always tell them that the last she saw of Laziness and Dontcare they were going hand in hand along the Road to Ruin.

TO SWING LINE NORTH

Memorial From Legislature to Dominion Government—Initiative by A. B. Gillis

On the initiative of A. B. Gillis, M.L.A., the legislature unanimously adopted a resolution requesting the Dominion government to have the location of the C.N.R. line to Regina changed so as to afford better facilities for the people between the C.P.R. main line and the Reston-Wolsley branch.

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