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TELEPHONE 9.

Thursday, February 10, 1927.

I pray Almighty God that the words I write in this house may be pure and honest—that they be dictated by no personal spite, unworthy motive or unjust greed for gain; that they may tell the truth as far as I know it—and tend to promote love and peace—amongst men.
—William Makepeace Thackeray.

A Real Job.

It is announced that it is the intention of the Ontario government to make the government control measure the chief work of the legislature at the approaching session, and that the fullest consideration will be given to its drafting. The government will be justified in giving the matter the most careful attention. The question of government control was the main issue and practically the only issue of the election campaign.

It is a difficult task the government has upon its hands. It has undertaken to give the province a measure of government control that will be in advance of the O. T. A. as a temperance measure. If the government is to keep its promise the measure for government control must be framed, not merely to meet the demands of any class, but with a view to the promotion of temperance.

The report of the Quebec liquor commission for last year shows a profit of \$4,421,335 after payment of all charges. In addition the province derived a sum of nearly \$1,400,000 from permits, duties, fines and seizures, so that the net profits are placed at \$5,546,490. Of the year's receipts the federal government received over \$7,000,000 in customs, excise and sales tax.

Financially Quebec's system of government control may be regarded as a success. As to the success of the system from the point of view of temperance there is a difference of opinion. From the point of view of those who are utterly opposed to the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage the more money the system yields the worse it is.

No doubt the financial success of the operation of government control in Quebec will give encouragement to the advocates of the government's proposal in Ontario. But the success or failure of the Ontario proposal will not be determined by financial results alone. It should be constantly kept in mind that government control as proposed in Ontario was offered to the people as an improvement from the point of view of practical temperance, on the Ontario Temperance Act. The Ontario plan must therefore justify itself by its results as a temperance measure. If the Ontario government's pledge is to be redeemed government control must not only prove effective in the promotion of temperance but more effective than the O. T. A.

According to a member of the U. S. Congress all the senators who refuse to take a drink if offered to them on the quiet could be put in a taxicab. He appears to have neglected to add that when they found themselves in a taxicab they would probably drive to the nearest boot-legger.

The point sought to be made by the representative is that these senators, who are always ready for a drink can be counted upon to present a solid front against any change in the prohibition laws. But this would simply prove that it is no longer fashionable, if it ever was, for reformers to begin with themselves. If each before his own door swept, the village would be clean; but the popular idea is to make other people do the sweeping.

Nothing is easier than spending the public money. It does not appear to belong to anybody. The temptation is overwhelming to bestow it on somebody.—Calvin Coolidge.

The idea is rather general that the chief curse of life is to work for a living. Thinking men know that work is the salvation of the race; morally, physically, socially. Work does more than get us our living; it gets us our life.—Henry Ford.

THE RANEE'S CRYSTAL

A short story of an adventure in Bombay, complete in this issue.

John Barclay, a young man prominent in New York Society and still more prominent in diplomatic circles, had just completed a most delicate mission which had taken him first to London, where he had met many distinguished people in high life then on to India, where his task was finished. Never having been in that part of the world before, he wandered around for some time making himself familiar with the sights and customs of the country.

For a week he had been in Bombay fascinated by the odd streets, beautiful temples and palaces and the general mysticism of the life of a people so totally different from that experienced in any other part of the world. On the eve before his departure from the city John Barclay stood on Temple Hill, and Bombay seemed very far away that breathless night as he looked toward the mystic towers of the city that lay a few miles distant.

Temple Hill was in a suburb of India's great city, and John Barclay had spent a delightful day in examining the ruins of ancient temples and in wandering through the beautiful garden of a deserted palace.

Now the garden lay behind him, at the foot of Temple Hill. Overhead the moon shone a soft luminous disk against the dense blue sky. The great stars beamed; not a cloud flecked the sky! not a zephyr stirred the hair on his temples.

From some distant garden came the sounds of music and merrymaking.

After awhile that died away and there was no sound save the weird call of a night bird or the distant cry of a jungle prowler.

John Barclay was lost in dreamy abstraction when he felt a touch on his arm.

He started violently and drew away from the gaunt framed Hindu who had touched his sleeve.

"What do you want?" demanded Barclay sharply.

The man salaamed.

"Pardon, sahib," he said softly, "but the ranee requests your presence at once."

"The ranee? Let me see," mused Barclay. "The ranee is the woman ruler of a district or province. Sort of a lady rajah eh?"

"Exactly!" put in the Hindu calmly.

"The dickens! so you understand English pretty plainly my man! Well, what does her royal highness want of a poor American tourist?"

"She would speak with the sahib."

"Very well, lead the way," decided Barclay, ready for adventure. "I hear the ranee is young and lovely." He smiled to himself as he followed his guide down the hill and through the gate that led into the very garden in which he had spent the beautiful afternoon.

The guide walked silently and swiftly through the garden, and Barclay thrilled with the mystery and romance attending his summons to the presence of the ranee, followed.

Heavy scents of roses, jasmine and lillies clung to him as he walked. A nightingale burst into rapturous song from some hidden covert.

The walls of the palace rose dark and forbidding. There was only one ray of light to be seen. Only the white turban of the Hindu served as a guide for the American to follow.

"Here, sahib," said the man, pausing suddenly before a low arched doorway. "Follow me."

A man of weaker nerve than Barclay might easily have quailed at the risk taken in following so blindly a guide on an unknown mission in a country like India. He well knew how mysteriously people disappeared in those big cities of India, never to be heard of again. Of course a sense of the danger flashed through his mind, but his nerve was good, and he rather enjoyed the thrill of excitement in the adventure. Added to this was his curiosity to see the inside of one of those wonderful palaces of India and to be in the presence of according to report one of the world's most beautiful women.

Barclay stepped close behind the other as the man's softly shod feet noiselessly trod a stone passageway and mounted a narrow flight of stone steps.

Up, up they went until at last they emerged upon the flat roof of the palace.

Under a silken awning a lovely woman reposed on a soft divan, Barclay caught a general impression of perfect features, dusky hair twined with flowers and jewels and the wonderful harmony of a silk robe that drifted away from her little slippered feet.

There were no attendants, no ladies in waiting. The beautiful ranee sat alone, her glorious dark eyes fixed expectantly on the approaching American.

Barclay salaamed as he had seen the Hindu salute his noble mistress.

To his surprise the ranee spoke in English.

"Thank you for coming stranger," she said in a rich musical voice.

"I am at your highness' service," said Barclay clumsily.

"You know who I am?"

"The ranee of Obdurah. She is said to be the most beautiful as well as the wisest among women rulers of India," was Barclay's quick response.

The ranee shrugged her shapely shoulders.

"And the most miserable, they might have added," she said bitterly.

Here was all the warm luxury of eastern life—gay awnings, soft, silken rugs, cushioned divans, delicately shaded lights swinging to and fro, sweetmeats and luscious fruits heaped on low tables and over all the sweet pervading fragrance of many flowers.

"I am at your service," reminded John Barclay.

"Thank you."

The ranee took from her girdle a tiny box, a half inch square of ivory

From this she extracted something pale and gleaming and held it toward him.

"What is this stranger?" she asked.

John Barclay examined it. "A bit of polished rock crystal," he announced.

"Right," she murmured complacently. "Your errand for me is to take this to a very high official in London. You will be amply paid for the service. If I should die before you reach your destination you need go no farther. Turn about and go home and keep the crystal in memory of a most unhappy ruler." The ranee closed her eyes and shuddered.

"I trust your fears are groundless," said Barclay cheerfully.

"Perhaps—who knows?—you may bring me luck," muttered the woman. "Now will you do this errand for me?"

"I will," said Barclay, without hesitation.

"Good! The reward for your ac-

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