

sank and was caught by the riffles. Each night a man was posted to guard the sluice-boxes. And each night Hansard studied this watchman, noting his habits and customary position.

On the fourth day, the day before the clean-up was to be made, Cayley's men saw Hansard launch his Peterborough canoe in the high water of the creek. They saw him load in all his provisions and belongings and embark with the little girl.

"Going away for good," they told each other. "Sick of sitting around and seeing what he missed."

But Hansard went only a few miles down and waited for night, not the dark winter night, but the twilight summer night of June. Then he cast all his belongings away on the bank and paddled back upstream. His canoe, lightened in the face of possible need to racing condition, held, besides Bernice, his rifle, a bag of provisions, a rolled tent, and a square tin box filled with the mercury he had bought in the winter. He made his way upstream cautiously. Below the limits of Twenty-two he gently grounded the craft and took the tin box from the bow.

"Stand ready to push off as soon as I come," he warned Bernice.

Stooping low and skirting the creek bed, Hansard disappeared in the soft mist that filled Gold Run Valley. Halfway up the claim he cached the tin box because it was likely to rattle an alarm against the pebbles. Crawling on all fours, he reached the end of Cayley's sluice-boxes. Part way down the watchman was leaning with his back against the framework of the box line. Hansard lay flat and

began to worm his way towards him. The shingle was wet. He made no noise. Like a phantom out of the mist he rose behind the man and jumped.

Hansard's hands were over the other's mouth, Hansard's knees in the other's stomach as they fell fighting in the muck. The watchman struggled hard, especially to uncover his mouth, but Hansard was too powerful. In three minutes Cayley's guard was gagged with his own coat and bound hand and foot with a couple of pack lashings. And bound he would stay, Hansard made sure, till morning.

Hansard worked swiftly and silently. He brought his tin box, poured some of the mercury in the upper end of the sluice-boxes, and caught it at the lower end. The grains of gold adhered and were gathered up by the mercury in its descent. Several times the operation was repeated, and just to make a good job of it Hansard lifted out the cleat-like frames of the riffles and scraped up what was left. He did not consider himself a thief at all. Cayley was the thief. He, Hansard, simply re-possessed himself of his own.

There were many thousand dollars in the two bulky pokes on his shoulders as he slipped like a shadow down Gold Run and into the waiting canoe.

"What's that you got, pap?" Bernice asked, as they shoved off.

"Our clean-up, kiddie," Hansard answered. "Dolls and dresses and schools and such!"

"Then it was meant for us after all?"

"It sure was, Bernice. And we'll be well over towards the American boundary at Forty-Mile before they find it out."



## A Government Guarantee

WHERE we make a great mistake—we English people with our passion for what we so often mistakenly call "liberty" when we are really referring to submission to spoliation—is in fearing to take advantage of the power of government. We do not allow government to do one fraction of the things for us that it could do and that it should do. To illustrate—the other day, I was standing in chat with a friend opposite a new house just being put up. He knew a lot about house-building, for he had built several; and he knew a lot more about this particular house, for he had watched it in process of construction. So he remarked—I think I am quoting him correctly, though I will not swear to the figures, so little do I know on the subject—"That is a remarkable wall there. It is an eighteen-inch wall." "Oh, is it?" I replied, with more than my customary vacuousness, wondering whether that meant that it was liable to blow over in a high wind or if it were a waste of material. "Yes," he went on. "A twelve-inch wall is good—very good. An eight-inch wall is the wall of commerce." "Oh!" I said, acknowledging enlightenment; "the man must be going to live in the house himself. It is not for rent, I take it."

LATER, it occurred to me that, if I had been going to buy that house, there was no way in which I could tell whether it had an eighteen-inch waist—wall, I mean—or only an eight-inch wall. The man might tell me it had the eighteen-inch variety; but, as I was dealing in walls and not waists, how would I know that he was telling the truth? Perhaps there is some way to tell—I don't know—but why not have the Government step in and plainly stamp each wall on the outside, so that the wayfaringman, though as ill-informed as I am, should not err therein? Why not have the Government go further, and prevent the erection of walls which do not recognize the climate? "The liberty of the subject," do you say? Piffle. That is not liberty, but a license to deceive, and to deceive to the serious hurt of the victim.

MERELY use that as an illustration. It may be a bad one. What I mean is that the machinery of government should be employed to guarantee in many sorts of transactions that the purchaser—though unskilled—gets what he thinks he is purchasing. There is no interference here with the play of competition or the barter of the

market. A man is not compelled to make any article that he does not want to make, or to make that article in any particular way. He can make it as he chooses—as he thinks will sell best—as he believes will win him the greatest profit. But he should be compelled to put into the hidden parts of his article the quality of material that he claims credit for putting there. That is no more than the enforcement of honesty. What difference is it whether a man tip-toes into your front hall and "lifts" a coat worth twenty dollars, or whether he sells you a coat on representations which—if true—would make it worth thirty dollars, when—as a matter of fact—it is only worth ten? The theft is the same in both cases, though it is a bit meaner and considerably more annoying in the latter.

WHAT I want government—municipal, provincial, federal, each in its own field—to do for me, is to guarantee that, when I buy an article, I get the article which is represented to me as being sold. Government does a certain amount of this work now. When I buy pure milk—no one would dream of buying any other kind for the "kiddies"—the civic government makes a sort of an effort to see that I get pure milk. If it didn't, in nine times out of ten I could not tell. How am I going to discover from the face of the milkman or the look of the bottle that the innocent-looking fluid which pours so seductively out of the pitcher, really spent last night in a filthy cow-stable and is this morning an aquarium of deadly germs? I cannot tell. The municipality makes a mild-mannered attempt to find out for me; and it does to some extent decrease my risk. By doing so, it admits the principle that government has some responsibility for seeing to it that I get the article I pay for. Why not, then, simply extend that responsibility and make it as nearly as possible universal?

WHY not, for example, make it a crime to sell me a garment with cotton in it when the gentlemanly clerk assures me that it is "all wool"? Why not compel merchants to stamp on goods, about which there can be serious doubt as to their composition, just what is in them? Then when a merchant sells you a shoe with brown paper in the sole, you ought to find stamped on the sole—"Mixed leather and brown paper." Of course, if you want that kind of shoe-leather, that will be exactly the shoe you will buy. You pick up goods now, stamped with the name of the country of origin. We are supposed to be so patriotic that we want to know

whether our purchases are of native manufacture, or made by the "cheap labour" of whatever foreign country they come from. So we stamp them—"Made in Germany," "Made in Austria." But it is surely of nearly as much importance to know what is in them. Our desire not to be cheated must be pretty nearly as strong, as a rule, as our desire not to patronize foreign industry.

GOVERNMENT can do these things. Private sagacity seldom can, over any large area. A house-keeper gets to know the choice "cuts" and can tell tender and tasty meat from tough and tasteless. But even the house-keeper must depend upon government inspection to make sure that the animal did not have tuberculosis when it was killed. It takes an exceedingly good judge to pick up a piece of cloth in a shop and be quite sure that no fancy process has disguised its plebian origin. But an official stamp, backed by heavy punishment for false stamping, would do the trick very neatly. A little law with a big fine attached, and an appendix threatening imprisonment for a second offence, would be all that was required. A few inspectors, costing the tax-payers a few thousand dollars, would save them millions in the course of a year. Why do not we Canadians, as a thrifty and businesslike people, make this investment? And we could comfort our souls with the additional unction—so dear to us—that we were performing a good moral action by making honesty more prevalent.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## Interior Storage Elevators

THERE are rumours that the question of interior storage elevators for the West may come up in Parliament shortly. This subject was discussed in the CANADIAN COURIER in January, 1912, owing to a suggestion made about that time by Mr. Sclanders, of Saskatoon. The topic has also been discussed by various agricultural associations in the West and by the different farm newspapers. It was a very lively item of conversation during the time of the wheat blockade last year.

The railways are doing their best each year to move the West's big grain crop in three or four months after harvesting begins, but it is well nigh impossible. As the annual harvest grows larger the impossibility will increase. Some method must be devised whereby wheat can be stored, dried, cleaned and graded at central elevators situated at Regina, Saskatoon, Battleford, and other interior points. This will relieve the strain on the railway lines between Winnipeg and Fort William and on the elevator equipment at Fort William and Port Arthur.

As the COURIER remarked in its issue of March 9th, 1912, "The wheat wasted this season would have built enough elevators at Saskatoon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Indian Head, Battleford, Wetaskiwin and Edmonton, to store fifty million bushels a year. And the elevators would have been good for twenty-five years' service."

The subject is one well worthy of the attention of the Dominion Government, which has recently built a big storage elevator at Fort William. If it will add to its programme some large, well-equipped drying and cleaning elevators at central points in the West, it will do much to relieve the annual congestion, besides enabling farmers to get quicker and larger advances on their grain.

## Light and Air

SPECIAL pleaders for skyscrapers say that the people in the top storeys get light and air. True, but what about the people whose light and air are cut off by the skyscrapers? Have they no claim to consideration? And what about the draughts these big buildings create in our streets? Are we to bear these in patience?

In Boston, buildings are limited to 125 feet in height. Cleveland says 200 feet or sixteen storeys. New Orleans decrees two and a half times the width of the street. Montreal and Vancouver stop at ten storeys. New York restricts its tenement houses to one and a half times the width of the street, which is Europe's general rule, but New York says nothing of office buildings. Chicago had a building limit of 394 feet, but later put a limit of 260 feet. Last year this was reduced to 200 feet.

All Canadian cities should have a limit of at least two and a half times the width of the street. This would preserve some light and air for the adjoining buildings and would to some extent prevent congestion of traffic in office sections. Boston is a better guide than New York. It is a much more ideal city.