

developing, but were handicapped by delays arising from disputes about jurisdiction between the Governments of Ontario and the Dominion. In spring we came in the course of our explorations upon what is now the Ophir Mine. Plodding and stumbling our way through the thick underbrush, George Heenan, the most faithful and firm supporter of Lake of the Woods gold fields, and who was one of our party, picked up a piece of "float," that is, quartz broken from a vein and knocking about on the surface. After spitting on it and rubbing it to remove the dirt, we heard George make, in his slow way, the characteristic remark: "Isn't it a Jim Dandy?" On looking at the piece when cleared of dirt we saw a splash of gold that would about cover a 50-cent piece. This excited us to such a pitch that we began to cut down the underbrush, dig away the moss and uncover the rock, when we found the true vein of quartz. A few strokes of the pick put us in possession of a large number of pieces of quartz of so rich a character that the gold stood out in nuggets from the size of 'a pin-head to that of a bean. It seemed as if some one had emptied a melting pot of pure gold and run it amongst the rocks just there.

We at once covered up the find, leaving hundreds of dollars of pure gold visible to the naked eye in the exposed rock, with a view that any intending purchasers of the property could see for themselves the state in which nature had formed the locality. Not long was it before I had, through Mr. Allan Granger, interested an English syndicate, who agreed to purchase the mine for \$150,000. They started work, but after sinking thirty feet (and the last shot in that 30 feet was as rich as the first shot), they were driven from the island by the Keewatin Lumber Co., who had a timber lease which had not yet expired, the nature of the lease being such as to give the company possession of the ground, though without mining rights. Nothing, therefore, could be done until the expiry of this lease.

In the meantime, everybody in the neighborhood, although we tried all we could to prevent it, kept carrying away specimens, hundreds of dollars worth; and, indeed, it is currently reported that half the mines of the locality were "salted" with chunks from the Ophir. This find being such an extraordinary one, and being so close to the Sultana, Mr. J. F. Caldwell, who was possessed of sufficient wealth at the time, made arrangements to acquire the Sultana from Hennessy. Putting everything he possessed into the working of the mine, though meeting with all sorts of disappointments, he was still spurred on to superhuman exertions by the knowledge of what riches were contained in the Ophir; he having meantime acquired a twentieth interest in the Ophir Mine, was in a position to know the value of the Sultana.

The newspapers of the present day have very fully described the workings of the Sultana Mine from time to time, and have given to the world the fact that Mr. Caldwell, by his indomitable pluck and energy, has developed the untold wealth of that mineral-bearing district. It will tend to show you the curious mutations of mining life and work if I tell you one peculiar feature of the whole affair, which is this: that Hennessy had sold in 1887 one-half his interest to a man named Kirkland, of Milwaukee. This same half I bought for the sum of \$200—two hundred dollars! think of it!!—in 1889: but having all I could attend to in the Ophir, I sold this half for \$250 to Messrs. Hart and Bulmer, of Montreal. I have in my possession, let me see—yes, here it is, the original draft for \$200, for which I bought the half interest, now worth two thousand times two hundred. You see, therefore, how close some of us may come to being rich, and yet just miss it. Anyhow, we Lake of the Woods explorers are still rich in happy memories of the gilded age, when we were "millionaires for a minute" in 1888.

Mind you, old man, I'm a believer in the Lake of the Woods gold district. In my judgment, no district out of doors, between the great lakes and the ocean, east or west, can surpass it in mineral riches.

Toronto, December 18th, 1896.

FENCE ADVERTISING.

Whatever view one may take of the utility of covering with advertisements the fences and barns along miles of country roads, whether deciding that it is a waste of money and of trouble, or admitting that it may occasionally "pay," the fact remains that many merchants seem to believe in the practice, for scores, perhaps hundreds of miles, of road leading into every Canadian city and considerable town, contain evidences of their faith, or at any rate of their hope, that such advertising attracts custom. Having lately had occasion to observe, in the course of country walks, a great number of advertisements of this class, the writer considers that readers of THE MONETARY TIMES may be amused or interested—it is not pretended that they will be seriously instructed—by an account of a few of them.

It is a little curious to notice how the methods of such advertisers vary in different localities. In some places it would appear that a sign-painter or fence dauber of a humorous turn, or perhaps of a poetic vein, had made up the advertisements "out of his own head" and given them originality. In others they are very ordinary, indeed there is a

tiresome sameness in both conception and execution. Some resemble in their style the crude device of the porter described in *Our Mutual Friend* :—

*Errands gone
on with fi-
delity by*

*Ladies and gentlemen.
Your obedient*

*humble servant
Silas Wegg.*

And there are others which have for their manifest foundation, varied in subject though not in metre, and its sentiment adopted with the utmost latitude of paraphrase, the stanza, common to the signs of country taverns in two English-speaking countries :

*Within this hive we are all alive,
Good whiskey makes us funny;
If you are dry, come in and try
The flavor of our honey.*

On the gray palings of a moss-grown fence you may see little wooden slabs containing, in black stencil on a white ground, words which in their fewness and bluntness indicate an attempt at forcible simplicity. As for example: "MAY SELLS CHEAP." And on others, white letters on a black ground declaring that "VAN VALKENBERG KEEPS EVERYTHING." Now there may be method in this marked brevity and reticence; for if such announcements have any effect at all, they may possibly stir the bucolic mind so far as to impel the teamster to find out May, and to see if he really does sell cheap, or to call on Van, as one fellow did, and ask for some article impossible to be kept in stock, telling the storekeeper with a grin: "We jist come in fur to see if ye wuz a English 'partment store or if ye wuz a liar."

Daubings on the fences or barns of patent medicine names and virtues in rude black half-block letters are common. The fashion for this sort of thing may have been set by the talented proprietor of Drake's Plantation Bitters, when years ago he stimulated the curiosity of the public and likewise afforded it some biographical and commercial information with his

S. T. 1860. X.

It would be no exaggeration to say that thousands of barns in Canada, tens of thousands in the States, have had their roofs or sides blackened with paint, on which funereal back-ground may be discerned in yellow letters a single word indicating a remedy which children are said to cry for. Another familiar sight in Canadian cities, also in disfiguring yellow and black paint, is whole walls of brick houses covered with huge letters celebrating hog-products of a Chicago firm. Far more seemly, at all events less unwelcome, is it to see on brick or wooden walls in town and country, gigantic and well-executed figures of smiling darkies, or simpler advertisements in colored letters, calling attention to the merits of Davis' cigars and Tuckett's tobaccos, or Fortier's cigarettes.

But to go back to the fences. One merchant will content himself with inviting customers on a tin card by the legend, "GO TO MILLICENT FOR WEDDING RINGS," while another gives warning—the first two words in large letters, the rest in small—that "MONEY IS LOST BY NOT GOING TO DUNDERBERG FOR TEAS." A modest and rather artistic sign in blue and white, intimating that Smith and Brown sell wall-paper, will be companioned and overshadowed by a splash of yellow and red announcing three times over, "Carpets, Carpets, Carpets, at Dinkelspiel and Dunn's." These are commonplace and inefficient enough. A more taking lure is the intimation in two lines, that

McMURCHY WANTS

TO SHOE YOU.

This plain, though not altogether artless confession of Mr. McMurchy's, is surpassed, in our view, however, as a means of fixing attention, by what may be termed an object lesson to *mater familias* of the following novel kind. On the trunk of an enormous tree, itself a striking object to anybody but a farmer, is—or was some weeks ago—by the side of an admirable macadam road in Ontario, a wooden sign some three feet square, bearing at top and bottom the name and address of a retail shoe house, and in the centre not the words Boots and Shoes, or representations of boots and shoes, but actual leather (and prunella) boots and shoes fastened to the wood by copper nails which clinched behind the sign! It is pleasing to be able to say that the writer saw a vehicle stop in front of this, while one of its occupants alighted and went up to the tree-trunk to examine the samples. A tribute, surely, to the shrewdness with which Messrs. Blank & Blank had gauged human curiosity.

A series of abbreviated notice boards, by an artist in white and