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GOLD AND SILVER MAKE BARE
FACE

There's gold in this Cariboo country. Not enough to start a new rush, like the one that brought 30,000 here 100 years ago, but for John MacDougall, last of the placer miners, it's a good living. When the British Columbia snows melted in late July, and water poured down the Canyon, past old Chinese workings of a century ago, John began the season's work, directing a jet of water against the hillside. The gravel washed down, goes into a sluice box, the first stage of getting gold.

Shutting off the water when the box is full MacDougall and his gang wait for the gravel to sink, meantime scrubbing the rails for gold particles, and then preparing to pan out the pay dirt. Last year his harvest was 540 ounces, about \$6,000 worth. He hasn't always done that well in the 37 years he's worked here, but the indications are that 1958 won't be a bad year at all.

If the streets of London aren't exactly paved with gold, Charterhouse Street, at any rate, seems to be paved with silver. Preparing some old galleries for a re-opening, two Brighton dealers lighted upon an old vault bhock-a-block with silverware worth several thousands. Somehow the vault had been walled up and the contents forgotten, after bomb damage. Had it been fiction nobody would have swallowed the story, yet here it is, cast iron fact; or rather silverware fact, which is a lot better. The theory that it was hidden away by housewives tired of polishing it everlastingly, isn't believed.

Congratulations to the Langford Brothers on a wonderful find.