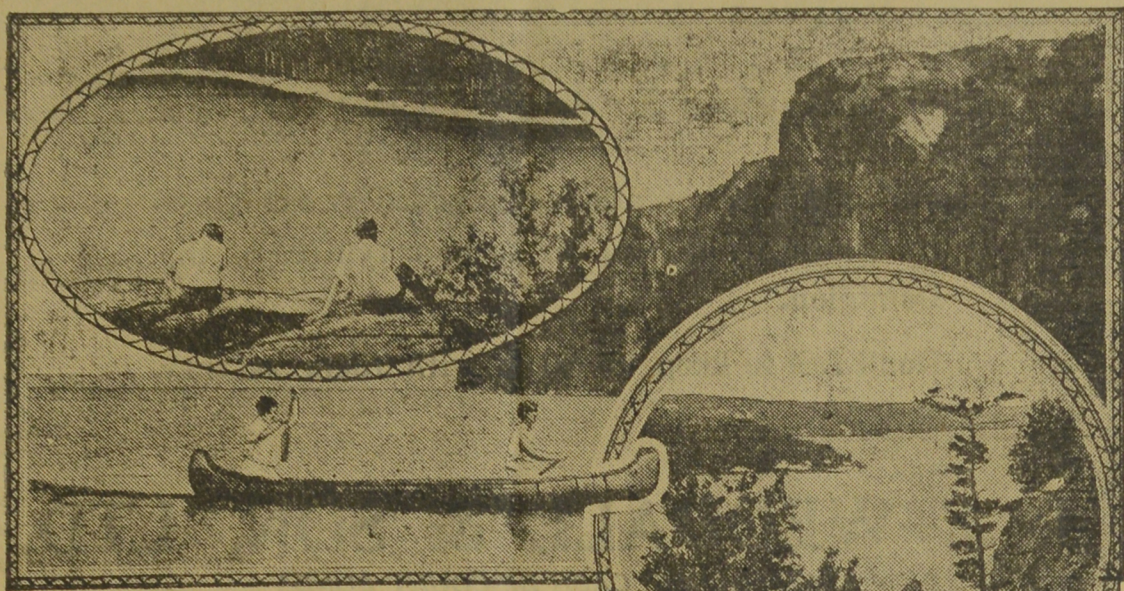


Hidden Treasure of Bon Echo



Central Photo—Scene at Bon Echo. The highest cliff is the "Big Rock" where the silver treasure cave is supposed to be located. Upper inset—Looking down from the cliffs of Bon Echo. Lower inset—Typical scene at Bon Echo.

While the very atmosphere of Bon Echo, one of the most popular summer resorts in the Highlands of Ontario, breathes of romance in many ways, there is nothing to tell of the desperation with which men sought to wrest a secret hoard of silver from the great rocky walls that rise like ramparts from the blue waters of the upper and lower Mazinaw.

There is a host of legends about the lost fortune of silver but the story that is most generally accepted is that it was bullion brought out of the district by the Indians and used in exchange for blankets, axes, whiskey and firearms and that they had stored much silver in a cave in the cliffs. The story goes that one John Myers, who kept a store at Myersville, often exchanged goods for the Indians' silver, but could never discover where the cache actually was. His son, however, was brought up with the Indians and, supplying them with whiskey, induced them to take him to the spot. The three of them went up the Moira River from Myersville to Loon Lake and across country to Bon Echo. Somewhere on top of the cliff they came upon two flat stones. By forcing these stones in opposite directions they discovered an opening about twelve inches in diameter, through which Myers forced himself. What the flame from his pine-pitch torch disclosed is doubtful, but there was silver in some form, so it is told, and immense quantities of it. Filling his pockets and a small bag with the treasure, the adventurer made mental note of the location and commenced the return journey.

The lake was rough and the remains of the whiskey were lost. The two Indians, sobered by their wetting, became sorry for this action and fearful of the vengeance of their tribe. In an attempt to dispose of Myers, they upset the canoe and lost their own lives, while the survivor made a painful way back alone to Myersville, when he soon succumbed to pneumonia. Myers left a map and description of the location, and it is his map which up till quite

recent years has led men to waste their years and substance on the supposed treasure of Bon Echo.

In 1860, George Merrill, grandfather of the present operator of Bon Echo Inn, Merrill Dennison, well known writer, and one John Bull, were among the first to make an attempt to wrest the secret from the Rock. Coming to the foot of the cliff which marks the jointure of the upper and lower Mazinaw Lakes, Bull took the southern face, while Merrill worked in the opposite direction, and is said to be the only man to ever see the cave. Fearing, however, that as Bull had once killed a man, his life would not be safe if his secret were known, he kept it to himself, and later the two men left, one discouraged and the other hoping to return again. He did return, but the great forest fires had so changed the topography of the top of the rock, that he was unable to locate the silver for a second time.

Later, a man named Van Asselstein becoming possessed of the map, mortgaged two excellent farms on the Kingston Road, and spent fourteen years prospecting on the rock to no avail. Then in 1911, two partners, Sills and Scott, were told by a spiritualist, the famous Anna Eva Fay, that they would find a hatchet dropped near the spot by John Myers. They spent over two thousand dollars (all they possessed) in the search, and sure enough found a rusty axe-head with the initials J. M. stamped upon it, but they found nothing else.

Bon Echo, with its ideal holidaying facilities, and its treasure romance, lies a short motor drive from the Canadian Pacific Railway Station, Kaladar, on the Montreal-Toronto line.

MODERN TRAVEL IS NOW A LURE TO THE WOMEN; COMFORTS OF HOME ARE AVAILABLE

(New York Sun.)

So many comforts and even luxuries are now provided for the woman traveler that when she starts across the continent on one of the fast trains bound for the Pacific Northwest or California she really does not miss maid or hotel service. The feeling that beauty may suffer during a four-day trip is now dispelled by the presence of barber, manicurist, masseuse and laundress.

Any one who has crossed desert and dusty plain knows that both complexion and clothing show the stain of travel. And to find that you can have a dress, a blouse or a man's shirt done up on a speeding limited is a delight to one whose wardrobe fails to fulfill expectations of lasting through the trip.

While women are the best patrons of the train laundry, it was a college youth who inspired it. He boarded the North Coast Limited in such haste that some of his bags were left behind. The first day his soft white shirt began to look grimy, and by the second it had become a pathetic appeal to the observation car maid, who suggested that the owner let her have the garment when he was ready to turn in for the night and she would bring it back fresh and clean in the morning.

The valet's room, which is equipped with a pressing board and electric irons, was temporarily converted into a laundry, and the young man next morning was able to make himself presentable in fresh linen. After that the maid always observed the travelers to see if she could be of similar service to any of them. Her next contribution to sartorial cleanliness was doing up a silk dress which the wearer had thought would be suitable for the entire trip, but which she was mortified to find growing more and more dingy and crumpled. A visit to the little laundry in the efficient chaperonage of Alice, the maid, gave it another lease on life. Since then there has hardly been a trip without the laundry being used for passengers. Other maids assigned to these trains have followed Alice's lead, and while the service is not advertised there are many passengers who avail themselves of the domestic assistance.

The barber shop, which was hailed with joy by the men when it was installed in the new cars, is now invaded regularly by women and the barber has to know how to cut a wind blown or a man's bob or any other style of bob that is in favor. A shampoo

is not without the realms of possibility when crossing the continent and the maid will give you a massage to cleanse the dust from your skin.

In the compartment which is an added feature of train service and which is marked "Women's Lounge," There one may smoke at any time without being intruded upon by members of the other sex. There is a woman's smoking room on all the limited trains now and the cigarette stubs in the ash trays testify to the use women make of this special den of their own.

Opening from the compartment dedicated to women is a shower bath with hot and cold water. The maid brings soap, towels, bath mat and rubber bathing cap. If you want your shower in the morning you can have breakfast served in the lounge. If you prefer it in the afternoon a dining car waiter will bring your tea there. Afternoon tea is now served generally on transcontinental trains. Sometimes a different hostess is selected for each afternoon to preside over the tea urn and introduce passengers to each other.

The soda fountain is an oasis for those who make long trips in the summer. Here are served all sorts of soft drinks, chocolate, sundaes, banana splits and other fancy and cooling mixtures.

There are all the latest magazines and a small collection of books in the library section and between a row of chairs in the observation car a roomy davenport gives one a chance to recline and rest. The women's lounge is also equipped with a couch where you can stretch full length and read or sleep.

Fresh air is yours by going to the open end of the car, which is inclosed with a railing, and sometimes with glass windows. And if you feel the need of exercise there is the lounge, which invites the daily dozen during the hours when it is not occupied.

And other thought for the pleasure of travelers is responsible for the installation of a searchlight, which can be turned on and off at will from the open end of the observation car to reveal nearby mountains, rivers and gorges in a moonlight glow.

Special excursion trains boast of a gymnasium, radio, graphophone, bridge room, dance hall, motion pictures and rooms with real beds and private baths, thus providing tourists on land with all the comforts of an ocean liner.

HELLO, LONDON, IS THE CALL HEARD DAILY NOW IN NEW YORK

New York Aug. 24—After little more than six months of service, the transatlantic telephone has been transformed from a curiosity to an everyday necessity. The novelty has worn away. It has been accepted by business men as part of the routine equipment of their office life and today "Hello, London" is spoken as casually as the young flapper calling her friend in Hoboken.

Although figures of the actual number of calls are not available telephone company officials report that the transatlantic service, from all points in the United States is in general use for transacting both business and social affairs and though occasionally the conversations have been bothered by static the service compares favorably with long-distance calls within the United States.

Under normal conditions it is now possible for a person in any part of the United States to telephone directly from his home or place of business to any point in England, Scotland and Wales and the time for completing the call is usually little longer than for completing a call to New York.

Novelty Worn Off.

"The novelty is all gone now" said T. T. Cook who keeps tab for the American Telephone and Telegraph company on the transatlantic service records. "No one looks on the America-to-England telephone as a plaything any longer and there are few complaints."

"Of course there are spots when connections aren't so good but that is because of static conditions and those conditions have been greatly overcome in the last few months. In

general, the service may be said to be on a regular working basis, working satisfactorily and it is used by every one who wants to transact some affair in a hurry."

Records of the telephone company show that the transatlantic phone has been put to a variety of uses. A group of British florists wishing to dispatch their regards to Mrs. Coolidge, sent a basket of roses by phone a prominent man of the south, who has been under the care of a physician in Paris, had a relapse when he returned to New Orleans. The French doctor was consulted by phone and prescribed for his patient thousands of miles away.

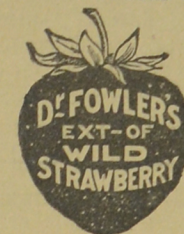
Telephones Song Hit.

Musicians have used it to send new "hits" across the sea. A new song was sung into the United States end of the radiophone while in London a bandmaster took down words and harmonies, and twenty-five minutes later the song was in rehearsal in London.

It has also been popular with prominent men who wish to talk with some one in a hurry. It has been used by David Lloyd George wartime prime minister of Great Britain; Sir Thomas Lipton, Lady Astor, Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, Gov. Al Smith, Mayor Walker of New York, the lord mayor of London the presidents of the cotton exchanges in New Orleans and Liverpool, John McCormack, Sinclair Lewis and the Prince of Wales.

In business records of the phone company show, the transatlantic phone has been used to complete every variety of transaction. Large operations in stocks and bonds, rub-

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ber and sugar. An American firm, for example placed an order for 3,000,000 yards of English broadcloth.

Transocean Realty Deal.

Another unusual case involved the lease of a Brooklyn hotel. To conclude the transaction it was necessary to secure the consent of the former leaseholder's widow, living in Paris. This was done by telephoning London and having an intermediary hold open a line to Paris and relay the conversation.

"It is difficult to say just how many calls are made on this service" says Mr. Cook "because they come now from such a scattered area all over the country from one end to the other but it is coming more and more into general use and now may be safely said to be a part of the routine service of the telephone subscriber."

PREMIER BACK ON ENGLISH SOIL

Special cable to the Daily Mail by the British Union Press

Southampton, Aug. 24—Right Hon. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin arrived at this port today from their visit to Canada by the C. P. R. liner Empress of Australia. They were enthusiastic in praise of the Dominion.

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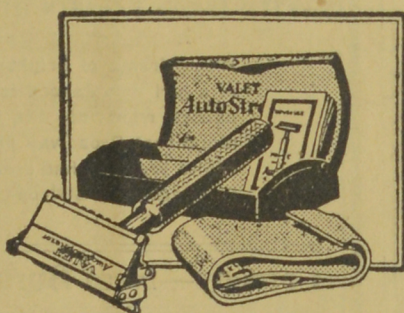
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