

THE CHRONICLE PICTORIAL PAGE



TEACHERS FEDERATION VISITS WINDERMERE BUNGALOW CAMP

Here are seen a group of Ontario teachers members of the Canadian Teachers Federation, who, with colleagues from every other province in the Dominion attended the annual convention of the Federation at Victoria, B.C. The Canadian Pacific provided special trains for their accommodation in both directions. Many of them returned via the Kettle Valley and the British Columbia Lake district, but this party preferred to pass through the Rockies again. They are seen at Windermere Bungalow Camp to which they made excursion. At Banff and Lake Louise they were entertained and local teachers organisations and Boards of Trade at many points along their west and east-bound routes turned out to greet the "Teachers Special" and to afford the delegates to the convention whatever entertainment time allowed. The next annual meeting of the Canadian Teachers Federation will be held in Toronto.

"Allee Samee"—Nice Crabs!"



SOME size to these long-legged creatures—eh what? Bet some of you overseas veterans will say they're almost as big as some of the trench cooties you "felt" over in France. But these birds are not of that species. They're Japanese crabs which the women folk over in Nippon consider a delicacy. This pair ought to make a meal for a whole family.

Hunting Chetah Bags His Game



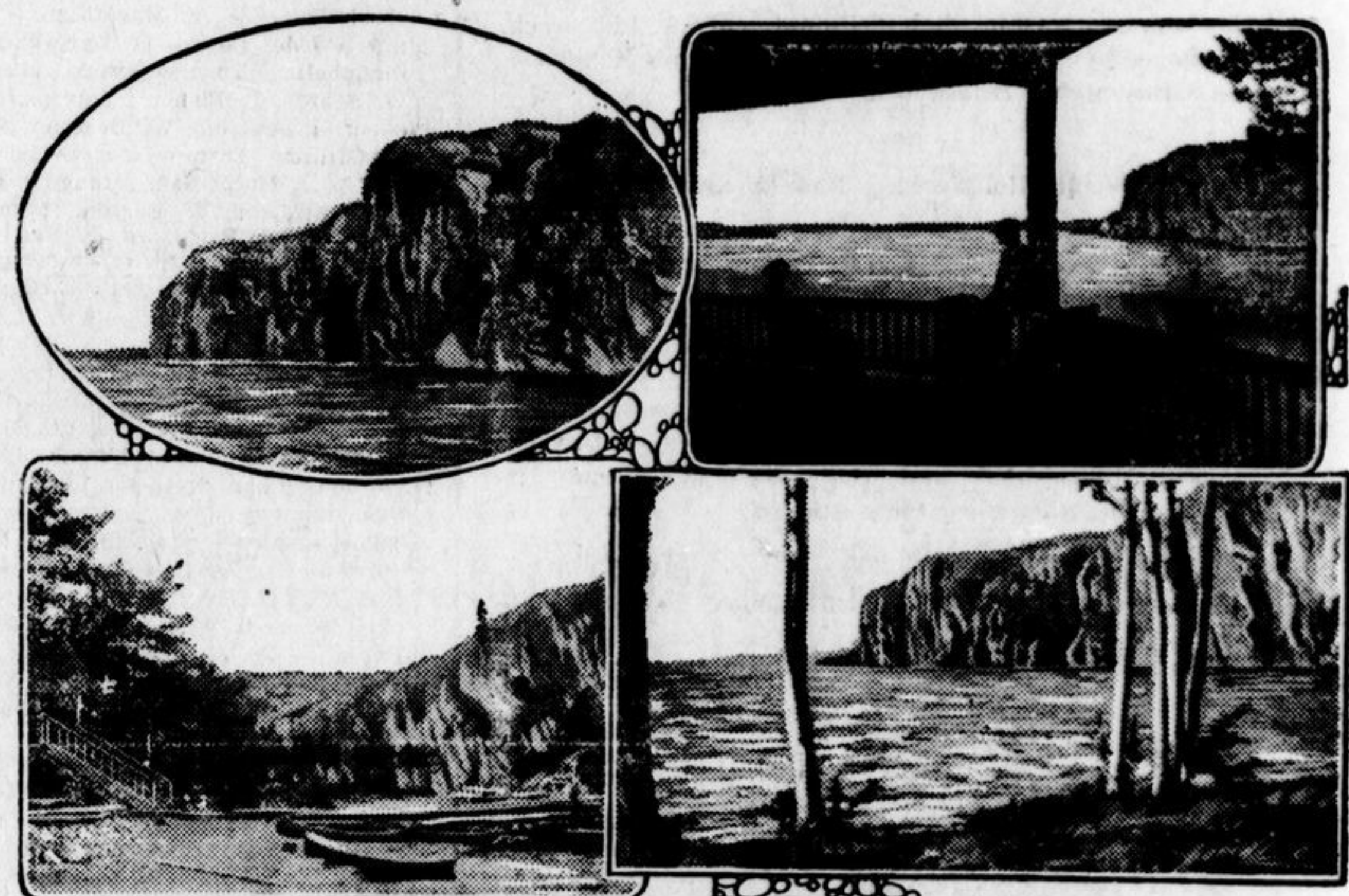
THE Chetah is not the ferocious animal that most people think he is. Over in India, they tame and use him successfully for hunting purposes. This remarkable photograph—made by special arrangement with the ruler of Baroda, India—shows a Chetah just after he had brought down a young buck. The native huntsmen have just arrived on the scene of the kill and are about to remove "his victim" to camp.

"Finger and Nose" Print Lion Cubs



"WEE-OW! Wee-ow! Le go of us. We're not criminals!" If the loving-looking little lion cubs pictured here could talk—that's just about what they would be yelling. You see they're having their nose and finger—or, rather paw—prints taken so that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gay, who are shown holding the "youngsters," can tell 'em apart. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gay, who conduct the only lion farm in the world near El Monte, Calif., had quite some difficulty identifying their many pets until they hit upon the above method. Now, they put every cub through the process. But, judging from the squirming positions of these little fellows—that game may be all right for criminals but for them it's too much of a "stick-up" job. However, it's all over in a minute and then, its back to play again. Not so bad. The Gays have a flock of 200 lions of all sizes and ages. Many of them are being used in the movies—particularly comedy work. Quite interesting.

Indian Treasure Hidden at Bon Echo



Above, left—The Big Rock in which the Silver Hoard is said to be hidden; right—The Rock viewed from Bon Echo Inn. Below, left—The Landing Stage; right—Another View of the Big Rock.

Long before Jacques Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence to discover Hochelaga, a now-forgotten race of people were making pilgrimages to the Big Rock towering above the waters of Lake Maxinawe in Eastern Ontario to observe religious ceremonies, to worship before this great natural altar and to propitiate the gods who dwelt within its granite mass. In the backwoods now, five hundred years ago the Big Rock of Bon Echo was in the center of the greatest white pine forest the world has ever known and on a main highway between the north and Lake Ontario. There were no backwoods in those days, and the streams were the travel routes for the pagan people who followed the seasonal migrations of the animals with which the forests teemed.

To them the Big Rock at Bon Echo must have been a thing of mystery, as it remains today both to archeologists and geologists. None can reconcile the sheer untouched face with the glacial markings along its top, and in the same way the paintings along the face are an unsolved riddle. "Who put them there?" and "what do they mean?" are unanswered questions. Along the face of the Big Rock a few feet above the waterline are the hieroglyphic records of an unknown people. Painted in a virtually imperishable paint, whose composition is unknown, and which has defied the weathering effected of wind and water, these records baffle the archeologists of the continent.

Whether they have a warlike or religious significance is not known, although some people hold that they record a great victory of the Iroquois over the Hurons and Algonquins and have been written in some involved and mystic code.

A more conservative interpretation claims that the paintings of the Big Rock are trail marks, records of the hunt, signboards for other travellers. The natives of the backcountry claim that they hold the secret to the treasure cave located in the Rock, and that the solution of their riddle would open the entranceway to the long lost silver of the Indians.

From Brockville to Trenton, on the shores of Lake Ontario, the legend of Meyer's Cave has long persisted. The hint of such a cave first came when the Indians from the country to the north brought in bars of native silver to exchange for food and firearms. For years they refused to discuss the source of their wealth with anyone, but in time, a trader by the name of John Meyers, who had been brought up in association with Indians, was able to ingratiate himself into the confidence of two members of the tribe and in exchange for liberal quantities of fire-water, they agreed to conduct him north.

One tells of a fissure between two huge masses of rock, a long entranceway through which the trader crawled, and of a cavern at its end. When the fat pine torches carried by his drunken guides illuminated the interior Meyers found himself inside an irregular cube fifty feet in size and along whose sides were piled rough cast bars of native silver, as one piled cordwood.

The trader took what quantities of the metal he could place in his knapsack and in his pockets, and departed, making as accurate a mental record of the location of the entranceway as he could. His companions would not allow him to blaze a tree, or to place a cairn, for by this time they were becoming frightened over their betrayal of the secret. The small party set out for home but crossing the lake at the headwaters of the Skoot River, their canoe was swamped by a heavy storm, and the Indians abandoned Meyers who had made his way to shore with difficulty. In order to save himself from drowning he was forced to throw away all but a small quantity of silver carried in the pockets of his coat. Without food, his firearms gone, ill, wet and hungry he reached Belleville after ten days hardship. As a result of the exposure he took pneumonia and died in the course of few months.

It is an improbable story but one thing is certain. In the Meyers family there are spoons made from the silver he brought down with him. He left a map, drawn from memory, and in time this fell into the hands of a lawyer, George Merrill, who went north and relocated the cave, in company with another man. Loth to divulge the discovery, he did nothing for some years and when he did return the fires had swept through the backcountry and had altered its typography to such an extent that he was never able to locate it again.

Several comfortable fortunes has been spent trying to locate the cave. One man lived for fourteen years on top of the Big Rock going over every square inch of it, time and time and again, certain to the day of his death, that his perseverance would be rewarded. Today in a sheltered hollow there are a few rotting logs at right angles to mark his home.

Another expedition spent thousands of dollars scraping the earth off the central portion of the rock, in a vain search for the cave. Once or twice every summer a group of old prospectors will appear at Bon Echo Inn, and armed with pickaxes and hammers, will mysteriously disappear up the iron staircase mounting the Big Rock, certain that at last they are going to find the lost millions. A day or two later they creep down the staircase, climb silently have come, without the treasure.

And over all the Big Rock watches as it has watched a millions years, serene and indissoluble.

Classifi

Advertisements CASH WITH ORDER of four. Telephone Saturday night of 25 cents. On all ch will be made each

Medical Dir

DRS. JAMIESON & Office and residence ance east of the Ha Lambton Street, Low ham. Office hours 2 8 p.m. (except Sunday

J. L. SMITH, M. B., Office and residence Countess and Lambton site old Post Office. 9 to 11 a.m., 1.30 to 4 p (Sundays and Thurs excepted).

DR. A. M. Office on Lambton Dr. Hutton's office). 2 to 5 p.m., 7 to 9 p day.

DR. BU Late Assistant Roy thalmic Hospital, E Golden Square Throo pital. Specialist: E and Nose. Office: Owen Sound.

C. G. AND BESSIE Chiropactors, Dur The Science that ad and years to life. C In Durham Tuesdays Saturdays.

Dental D

DR. W. C. PICKER Office, over J. & Durham, Ontario.

J. F. GRANT, D. Honor Graduate U into, Graduate Roy Surgeons of Ontar all its branches. 6 Town's Jewellery S

Legal D

MIDDLEBRO' S MIDDLE Barristers, Sol Successors to Mr. C. C. Middlebr located at Durham

LUCAS & Barristers, Solic ber of the firm will Tuesday of each we may be made with office.

Licensed

DAN. M Licensed Auction Grey. Satisfaction sonable terms. Da at The Chronicle O sell.

ALEX. Ma Licensed Auction Moderate terms for sales, as to da made at The Clur ham. Terms on dress R. R. 4, Durh

FARMS F

LOT 7, CO. 21. taining 100 acres, cultivation, hatan convenient to sell ises are a frame stone foundation also hay barn 30x ment; hog pen 2 brick house, tu frame woodshed to house, with water tanks; 30 a 10 acres to swee is well fenced an cultivation. For to Watson's Dair Ontario.

NORTH PART L 22, Egremont, con acres cleared, m bush; in good s frame barn 44x3 concrete stables; cement tank, 4, S and 7, Cor. 4, S taining 110 acres and in good stat the premises are taining seven frame woodshed well at door; ney this farm, mak farm. This pr right to quick p ticulars apply R.R. 4, Durham,

FOR Property in sisting of 1/2 ac is double house trees, hen hous All in good sta to Mrs. J. C. He

PROPER

The George near McGowan house; stable, of land; drilled front trees, and Will sell cheap ly to Mrs. John

BOARD

Four gentler accommodation Turnbull, Geor

WAN

Second hand pair. Full part icle Office.