

Bon Echo

Bon Echo is a wonderland of beauty in the Highlands of Ontario, one hundred and fifty miles from Toronto on the C.P.R. Kaladar is the nearest railway station, being about twenty miles from Bon Echo Inn.

Belleville, Napanee, Kingston, Picton, and Trenton are suburbs of Bon Echo, just week-end motor trips of a few hours.

For the past fifteen years Bon Echo has been known as the most picturesque Summer Resort in Canada.

Dr. Price, of Cleveland, a man of international fame in his profession, built Bon Echo Inn, several cottages and many cottage tents.

He built with the materials at hand, using the natural barks and trees to finish verandahs and interiors.

Quaint rusticity is the dominant note of the place, and while Dr. Price was not an architect, he was an artist.

Dr. Price had an ideal.

He wanted people to be saved in the good old Methodist way, but somehow many folks who were willing to come across a continent to see the natural beauties of Bon Echo did not always want to be saved in just that way!

The Lord's Day Alliance spirit, however, had to give way to a Rational Sunday, with boating, walks through the woods, music and singing, not always from Moody and Sankey's hymnal.

Cards and dancing had been taboo, but free-born Americans, who danced and played cards at home did not wish their personal liberty interfered with, especially in a place where nature shouted of freedom's lavish display on every hand.

The gigantic Gibraltar of old Laurentian Granite with sweeping majesty frowned on a narrow faith.

The primeval pines told tales of free-born Indians.

The deep waters of Lake Massanoga lapped the sun-kissed white sand beaches in untrammelled glee and every one who came to Bon Echo grew bigger in the bigness of the place.

A few years ago Dr. Price was called upon to endure a great sorrow—the incurable illness of an only son, who has since passed to the Great Beyond.

Even Bon Echo, the place he loved and dreamed of, the place made doubly dear with memories of his early married life and the prattle of a baby voice, became the graveyard of his hopes.

Bon Echo then became the property of another, but no one else could ever love the rustic inn, the quaint cottages, the clever pieces